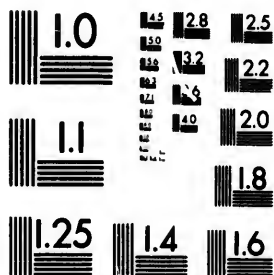


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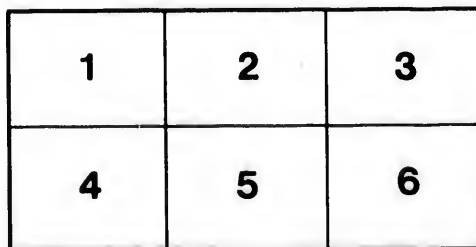
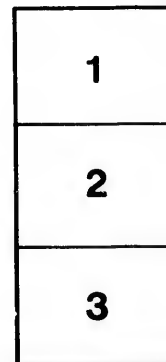
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G

A

GARLAND GATHERED AT MORN.

A COLLECTION OF

SHORT POEMS.

BY

HETTY HAZELWOOD.



DUPLICATE
m.H.

Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE & CO.
1871.

69482

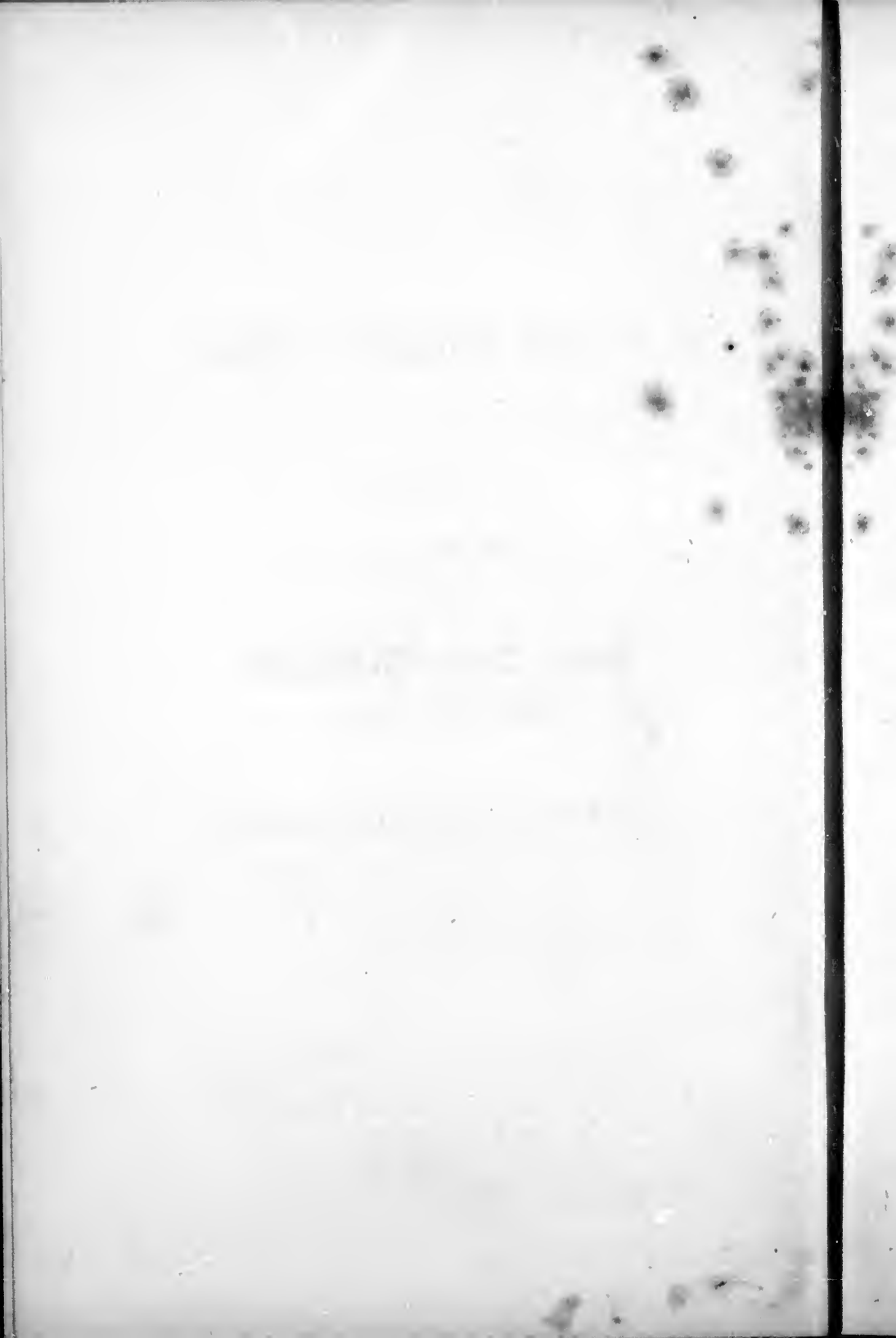
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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
Mary Anne McDonald,
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS
FRIENDLY AND LOVINGLY INSCRIBED,



A Garland Gathered at Morn.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sorrow is not a visitor
That sometimes enters at my heart ;
But in my soul it ever lives,
And of my being forms a part :—
Sweet friend ! upon the hills, where grow
The eternal flower and fadeless leaf,
O, is it wrong to sorrow so,
Or am I selfish in my grief.

I do not mourn because thy life
Hath passed unto a fairer clime ;
Nor that thy soul hath found a joy
Which mine can never know in time :—
Nor that such virtue pure and bright,
Such great and noble human worth,
Are lost unto the lives of men—
Have disappeared from off the earth :

For I believe that on the hills
Thou hast a nobler work to do,
A grander object for thy powers,
And higher aims beyond the blue :
I mourn because I shall not see
Thy face, through all the weary years,
Nor meet the lovelight of thine eyes
Until mine own have ceased from tears.

That there is such a distance placed
 By death, between my life and thine,
 That I can never hear thy step,
 Can never clasp thy hand in mine ;
 Because I cannot hear thy voice
 In tender words of human speech ;
 Because thou art so far away,
 Away, away beyond my reach.

I know that thou art still the same
 As in the happy days of old ;
 I know thy heart can never change—
 I know thy love can ne'er grow cold—
 But I would sometimes hear thy voice
 In loving words from off the height,
 Until we meet, in infinite bliss ;
 Within the light, within the light.

HELP US TO LOOK BEYOND.

We stand upon a lonely mystic shore,
 And at our feet the cold dark waters play ;
 Our loved ones, one by one, are carried o'er
 And vanish in the mists that shroud the bay ;
 The bay on which the glorious city stands
 Whose gates are pearl, whose streets are paved with gold,
 Where white robed angels walk the silver sands,
 And warble songs of joy, of bliss untold.

The dearest and the best go forth to learn
 The secrets of that distant unseen shore :
 We know to us they never can return,
 That we will feel their loving clasp no more :
 The sound of the receding waters fall
 Upon our spirits like a dreary knell ;
 We know they cannot hear our anguished call,
 Yet feel amid our sorrow, it is well.

O! thou in whose kind care we have been blest,
 Who guid'st us safely through earth's dreary night,
 Who in Thy wisdom knowest what is best,
 And in thy kindness orderest all things right,
 Help us to look beyond death's chilling wave—
 To look beyond the parting and the pain—
 To look beyond the silence of the grave,
 To where the "pure in heart" shall meet again.

 TO A POETESS.

The goal is reached at last,—the prize is won,—
 And Fame's bright laurel trembles on thy brow ;
 Thy strains in future ages shall be sung,
 And minstrels, yet unborn, in homage bow :—
 O! may thy soul be filled with love and truth,—
 Thy life be free from every cumbering care,—
 Our Father's arms enfold thee in thy youth—
 Maid of the hazel eye and auburn hair.

The rich shall court thy favor ; may the poor
 Have cause to bless thee ; let no beggar wait
 In vain for alms before thy folded door,
 Or falter undecided at thy gate ;
 But may the poor man's blessing crown thy life,
 His prayers for thee ascend to yonder sky,
 And shield thee 'mid the tumult and the strife—
 Maid of the auburn hair and hazel eye.

 ROAMING THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Roaming through the meadows, beautiful and fair,
 Little blue-eyed darling, free from every care ;
 Buttercups and daisies scarcely bow their heads
 As he passes o'er them with his fairy tread.

Listening to the robins singing in the trees,
 While his flaxen ringlets are borne upon the breeze ;
 Picking clover blossoms, longing for to stray
 O'er the distant meadows and the fields away.

Wondering at the music that the summer breeze
 Makes among the leaflets of the meadow trees ;
 Growing very weary, lying down to rest,
 With the clover blossoms on his gentle breast.

But the summer faded, and the year has flown,
 Now no more he wanders through the meadows lone :
 Buttercups and daisies in the breezes wave,
 And the clover blossoms o'er his little grave.

Sitting mid the daisies at the close of day,
 Earthly cares and troubles fade from me away ;
 And a city rises on my raptured sight,
 With its domes and towers of everlasting light.

And I hear the music of a countless throng,
 On the heavenly breezes gently borne along,
 And I know my darling, is on that fadeless shore,
 But his voice is fuller, richer, and sweeter than before.

And I'm waiting for the angels, who bore my love away,
 To a never-fading summer, and a never ending day,
 For I long to meet my darling on that bright eternal shore,
 And dwell with Christ my Saviour through the glad *forever-*
more.

OLD YEAR A KIND GOOD NIGHT.

Old year a kind good night ;
 Your reign is almost o'er,
 Soon we'll see your face no more,
 And it makes us very sad to part with you.

Old friend, both true and tried,
 We have journeyed side by side
 With your beauty and your pride,
 And your gifts to us were neither mean nor few.
 All the hours of joy you cast
 Round our lives will soon be past,
 Far too bright were they to last ;
 But the friends you gave to us are kind and true,
 And for this we hold you dear,
 Love your very name Old Year ;
 Mourn our parting is so near,
 And the hours you have to live have grown so few ;
 So old year ! a kind good night,
 Your reign is almost o'er,
 Soon we'll see your face no more ;
 And it makes us very sad to part with you,
 But we long to see the light
 Going hand in hand with right,
 And triumphant in the fight
 Over darkness and oppression in the new.

 MAGGIE.

Fold the small hands on her bosom,
 Lightly tread, and whisper low,
 Gently smooth the golden ringlets,
 Backward from her brow of snow.

Close the eyes of heavenly azure,
 Touch the lips so cold and white ;
 Twine a rosebud in her tresses,
 Murmur low your *last* good night.

The false world will bring no sorrow
 To her heart in future years ;
 She will fear no earthly morrow ;
 Shed no bitter earthly tears.

She will never see youth's visions
In their beauty fade away ;
Nor loves idols swiftly turning
In her trembling hands to clay.

She will never watch the dying
Of her hopes in early youth ;
Never learn to know that falsehood
Veils its form' in robes of truth.

She will never see life's brightness,
All that real seemed and fair.
All the hungry heart holds dearest
Slowly melting into air.

She will never learn as we do,
After faith and hope depart,
With false smiles to hide the anguish
Of a void and aching heart.

Earthly trial, care and sorrow,
To her brief life were unknown ;
Heavenly light and joy and glory
Are forevermore her own.

I AM LISTENING TO LAKE HURON.

I am listening to Lake Huron in the midnight all alone,
I love to hear its roar,
As it beats on the shore,
With its ceaseless, sobbing moan,
For it whispers of a loved one who went forth upon the tide
In her beauty and her youth,
In her brightness and her truth,
The happy-hearted bride
Of a year,

Went forth upon the waters dark and cold,
Where the sunbeams never fall,
Far away beyond the call,
Far away beyond the tears,
Of the ones she loved of old.

Ah me !

My heart was very sore,
And life was dark and drear,
And my soul was filled with fear,
Faint and weak,
When first I heard its roar,
And stood upon its shore,
And knew that dear old Huron's waves could speak,
Or that God would whisper " peace " through the waves ;
For they told me of a city where the loved ones never die,
And sorrow can never enter there ;
For the King in all His beauty wipes the tears from every
eye ;
And the happy, happy spirits have no care ;—
And the whispering waters told me what my heart would not
believe.

In its first great bitter anguish and its pride,
When my mad rebellious spirit would do nothing else but
grieve,

That the one who had loved me most of all had died ;
That it was in love undying, eternal, changeless love
That the Master up in heaven took her home

From the earth so dark and dreary,
Where the soul is ever weary,
To a better and a brighter world above,
God is love, God is love !

And there is an angel watching from her mansion in the sky,

O'er the ones she loved so fondly here of yore,
Waiting in her joy and beauty to welcome us on high,
When the pleasure and the pain of earth are o'er,

And in heaven we all shall meet her !

Help us Jesus, Master, Friend,
'Tis through thee we hope to greet her ;
Guide and keep us to the end,
Guard and pity and defend.

OVER THERE.

There's a beautiful clime over there,
 On the banks of the wide rolling stream,
 Where the spring is eternally fair,
 And the glory is bright as a dream,—
 Where the spring is eternally fair, over there,
 And the glory is bright as a dream.

No sorrow is known over there,
 And farewells are spoken no more ;
 And the soul is unburdened with care
 On that distant and beautiful shore ;—
 And the soul is unburdened with care, over there,
 On that distant and beautiful shore.

They are waiting for us over there,
 The loved ones whov' gone on before,
 Where the spring is eternally fair,
 And farewells are spoken no more,—
 Where the spring is eternally fair, over there,
 And farewells are spoken no more.

There's a beautiful home over there,
 And 'tis full of bright mansions I know,
 For the Saviour has gone to prepare
 A place for His children below,—
 For the Saviour has gone to prepare, over there,
 A place for his children below.

O ! live for that land over there,
 Ye strangers who wearily roam ;
 We are nearing that country so fair,
 We are almost in sight of our home,—
 We are nearing that country so fair, over there,
 We are almost in sight of our home.

OLD MEMORIES.

Old memories come thick and fast ;
Old strains of music sweetly flow
Down the fairy isles of the happy past,
From the realms of the beautiful long ago.

Oh ! where are the joys that softly shed,
Their radiance round my early years ?
With the bright, bright hopes of youth they fled,
And left me lonely and in tears.

The friend of my heart lies cold and still
In the beautiful churchyard far away,
'Neath the whispering elms, on the grand old hill,
Where the last faint leaves of evening play.

Oh, faithful heart ! Oh generous hand !
Oh friendship ever true and fast !
Soon shall we meet in that bright land,
Where love and joy forever last.

My parents are sleeping side by side,
Near my childhood's bright and happy home ;
When in life's early morn they died,
How drear earth seemed, how dark and lone !

To see my father's face no more,
Nor clasp again my mother's hand,
Till my weary feet should touch the shore
Of the bright immortal Fatherland !

But dearer than all is she who sleeps
Away in the depths of the orange grove,
Where the prairie wild-rose nightly weeps
Bright tears o'er the grave of her I love.

And I wait for the lonely years to glide
 Away from the future's dreary shore,
 Til' I stand again with my long-lost bride,
 Where sorrow and parting are known no more.

And as I wait, come thick and fast
 Old memories,—strains of music flow,
 Down the fairy isles of the happy past,
 From the realms of the beautiful long ago.

WATCHING.

Tick ! tick ! all through the dreary night,
 Where my beautiful one is lying,
 And they say, but I cannot believe them now,
 They say that my loved one is dying.

Tick ! tick ! one by one they pass,
 Those moments quickly flying,
 And now but an hour remains to her—
 To my beautiful one that's dying.

Tick ! tick ! clock on the mantel shelf,
 List to my heart's wild crying,
 Lengthen that hour to a hundred years,
 For my beautiful one is dying.

Tick ! tick ! vain is the prayer to thee,
 Vain as the heart's low sighing.
 The hour has flown to eternity,
 And my beautiful one is dying.

And now as the years roll on apace,
 I am trying, trying, trying
 To live for the land where my loved one is,
 And the beautiful know no dying.

IS THERE A HOME ABOVE ?

Is there a home above where those who go,
From earth's cold house may find a rest at last ?
Where watching, weeping, parting, toil and woe,
Suffering and sorrow, are forever past ?

Is there a home above where friends may meet,
After the ceaseless toil of weary years ?
Where rest, re-union will be doubly sweet,
After the parting words, the bitter tears ?

Is there a home above, where friends may see
Each other's faces through eternal day ;
And love from every fear of parting free
In realms where death can hold no cruel sway ?

Is there a home above, or do they lie
And moulder into common worthless clay ?
Does all that love, and truth, and beauty die,
Things we've been taught to think would live for aye ?

And are the words I strove that morn to hear,
When death had set his seal upon her cheek ;
(The farewell that my weary heart holds dear,)
The *last* that I shall ever hear her speak ?

No ! for her voice will join the immortal strain.
Through the eternal ages God will give ;
And in that realm of splendor, love will reign,
Beauty can never fade and truth will live !

Oh, sister spirit ! life hath lost its spring,
Since thou was't taken to that world above ;
I loved thee here, where God alone is king,
I'll learn more fully what it is to love.

THE YEAR IS DYING.

The year is slowly dying
 In the dreary, cheerless night ;
 And the wintry winds are crying
 In their fury and their might :—
 In their milder moments weaving
 A shroud both pure and white,
 For the good old Friend that's leaving
 Our homes this wintry night.

WE ARE PILGRIMS.

We are pilgrims, worn and weary,
 And the way is dark and dreary :
 Father ! in thy wisdom guide us,
 Turning from the heavenly splendor,
 Heavenly counsels, wise and tender,
 Father in thy mercy chide us.

Weak and frail and ever falling ;
 Mad with pride, and seldom calling,
 Father in thy strength uphold us
 Snares are in our pathway lying ;
 Hear thy sinful children crying ;
 Father in Thine arms enfold us.

I WEEP THAT I MUST DIE.

I am weeping, sister darling,
 In the midnight cold and still,
 When the darkness deep is lying
 Over woodland, vale and hill ;

When the earth is wrapt in slumber,
And the autumn breezes sigh
Through the gold and crimson forest—
I weep that I must die.

I weep that I must die, sister,
When the earth is all so bright
In its haze of autumn splendor,
In its flood of golden light ;
Weep that I must leave its beauty,
For an unknown world afar
Out beyond the trackless ocean,
Out beyond the evening star.

Where no earthly foot has trodden,
And no earthly voice can come,
Far beyond my life's bright visions,
Far beyond my youth's glad home ;
In the dark and dreary midnight,
When no human voice is nigh
I am longing for thy presence—
I weep that I must die.

I weep that I must die, sister,
In my youth's ambitious day,
When the star of hope is shining
On my love-encircled way ;
When the flowers my hand hath planted
Lift their faces to the sky,
I must leave them all ungathered—
I weep that I must die.

Weep that highest aspirations,
Brightest dreams, so soon must fade ;
Childhood's hopes and youth's ambition
In one early grave be laid ;
With my thirsty spirit panting
For the tempting draught of fame
I must leave it all untasted—
Leave an unremembered name,

With the melodies unmeasured,
 And the mysteries untold,
 And the raptures all unspoken
 That are floating through my soul ;
 Early in the golden morning
 I must lay my sickle down,
 Heiress to a realm of beauty—
 I can never wear a crown.

In the dark and dreary midnight,
 When no human voice is nigh
 I am longing for thy presence—
 I weep that I must die.

TO MARIE ANN.

What blessing can I ask for thee,
 Sweet friend, who ere yon mountain's side
 Hath kissed the sun good-night, will be
 In thy bright youth a happy bride—
 A happy bride.

Thy cup of joy seems flowing o'er ;
 Thy brighter day, but newly born,
 What blessing could I wish thee more
 Upon thy happy, bridal morn—
 Thy bridal morn.

A faithful heart is all thine own ;
 A love that nothing can divide,
 Thou wilt not walk life's way alone
 But with a true and loving guide—
 A loving guide.

Yon rising sun is not more bright
 Than thy glad future looks to-day ;
 God keep thee, darling, by His might,
 And lead thee safely on thy way—
 Thy untried way.

And may the crown of love, which thou
 In thy youth's bright and happy morn,
 Hast placed upon thy lover's brow,
 With pride and joy, be ever worn—
 Be ever worn.

And may the love that long hath twined
 Its tendrils round thy trusting heart,
 Grow mightier in the flight of time,
 And fade not though all else depart—
 All else depart.

In every crisis of thy life,
 In every joy, in every ill,
 Amidst the tumult and the strife,
 God's blessing be around thee still—
 Around thee still.

Until thy brow hath worn the crown,
 Until thy feet have touched the shore,
 And thou hast laid life's burdens down,
 God bless and keep thee evermore—
 Forevermore.

 UNDER THE SNOW.

In an unknown grave she sleepeth,
 The betrayed ;
 And no heart-wrecked brother weepeth
 That she strayed.
 Strangers care not where she lieth
 In the gloom,
 And no mourning sister sigheth
 O'er her tomb ;
 But the wild
 Wind of March
 Soundeth sadly and low
 A requiem for her,
 Who lies under the snow.

No forgiving father strayeth
 Near her bed ;
 There no weeping mother prayeth
 O'er her dead ;
 Virtue points the scorning finger
 At her fall :
 Darker shadows round her linger,
 That is all ;
 But the wild
 Wind of March
 Soundeth sadly and low
 A requiem for her,
 Who lies under the snow.

NO TEARS SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

No tears shall be in heaven, no weeping there ;
 No load of sorrow, and no weight of care ;
 But peace, sweet peace, its waves of bliss shall roll
 Through countless ages o'er the enraptured soul.

No tears shall be in heaven for blessings fled,
 O'er loved ones numbered with the silent dead ;
 Partings shall be unknown on that bright shore,
 And words of farewell shall be heard no more.

No tears shall be in heaven o'er blighted youth,
 O'er those who wander from the paths of truth ;
 From the Great Shepherd's fold no lamb shall stray,
 Nor poor lame feet be turned out by the way.

No tears shall be in heaven, O ! ye who mourn
 For joys departed, and for loved ones gone,
 Know that these trials are in mercy given,
 And weep no more ; no tears shall be in heaven.

SCARLET POPPIES.

I well remember when I gazed
For the last time upon her face,
Lying so still and cold and pale
Among the folds of snowy lace,
And read the short life-struggle there,
Written upon her brow so fair.

Kind friends had crossed the little hands
Upon her cold and silent breast ;
Not dreaming 'twas a broken heart
Her marble fingers calmly prest,
While slumbered 'mid her raven hair
Her flower, the scarlet poppy fair.

They laid her down beside the stream,
Neath autumn sunlight's mellow ray ;
And loved ones wept above her bed,
While *he* was miles and miles away,
But he will come and see them wave
The scarlet poppies o'er her grave.

And friends will sit where she is laid,
When Indian summer's joy hath fell
On all, but none will hear the tale,
Known by the slumbering flowers so well ;
No word they whisper to the stream
The scarlet poppies in their dream.

GOOD OLD YEAR THAT'S DYING.

The wintry winds are sighing
With a sad and sol'mn sound,
And the feath'ry snow is lying
White and cold upon the ground ;
And the year is dying.

Leafless branches robed in white
 Rear their ghastly arms on high,
 Waiting in the silent night
 For the good old year to die,
 At the hour of midnight.

Unseen hands are at the pane,
 Unseen feet are at the door ;
 Soon the clock will chime again,
 And the year will be no more,
 At the hour of midnight.

Would that sighing here might give
 Us our vanished treasures,
 With the power to bid thee live
 With our olden pleasures,
 Good old year that's dying.

But the wish is all in vain,
 Vain as is our sighing ;
 Soon the clock will chime again
 And we'll watch thee dying,
 For the hands are at the pane.

O, our Father ! keep us near
 To thyself, while here below,
 That our spirits need not fear
 When from here they'r called to go.
 Called to go from here.

MOURN NOT THE AGED.

Weep when the infant, promising and bright,
 And clothed in beauty's softest robes of light,
 Tires of the path its infant feet have trod
 And finds its way to heaven and to God.

Mourn when the violet, beautiful and sweet,
Is crushed to earth by careless hurrying feet,
And in the dust obscurely meekly lies,
Emitting gentle fragrance as it dies.

But mourn not when the aged pilgrims go
Forth from these scenes of sorrow and of woe ;
Rejoice that their freed spirits to the skies,
On wings of love and peace, may gently rise.

Their work is done ; why should they longer stay ;
Their souls are longing for the far away ;
Their hearts are weary, and their feet are sore,
O, mourn not that they will return no more.

The flowerets all must droop to earth and die ;
The withered leaves upon the ground must lie ;
Rejoice that their worn bodies too many rest—
Their spirits find a home among the blest.

ALL THE OLDEN TIES ARE BROKEN.

All the olden ties are broken
That bound us heart to heart,
And the words that thou hast spoken
Doom us from henceforth to part,
And although thy friends are many
While fortune smiles on thee
Welcome, should thy friends forsake thee
To the cottage by the sea.
My love is never-dying
My spirit calls for thee,
My heart is ever-sighing
Come to me, come to me.

Sweeter lips than mine may bless,
Softer arms around thee twine,
Fairer hands than mine caress thee,
Brighter eyes look into thine ;

But if with the smiles of fortune
 Friends and loved ones from thee flee,
 Welcome to this faithful bosom
 And the cottage by the sea.
 My love is never-dying
 My spirit calls for thee,
 My heart is ever sighing
 Think of me, think of me.

TO MARIE IN HEAVEN.

Oh! I can see thee with thy dovelike eyes
 And beauteous auburn tresses, in the grove
 Where we have wandered by the river side,
 Discoursing on sweet music, books and love,
 And in thy ringing voice I hear thee speak
 And watch the color glowing on thy cheek.

And I can see thee by the lost one's grave
 With sunset turning into gold thy hair,
 And I can hear thee speak in tender tones
 Kind, loving words of her who slumbers there,
 And I can see thee sad that youth and bloom
 And such high hopes should slumber in the tomb.

And I can see thee in thy lighter mood
 With laugh and jest beguile the fleeting hour,
 Jests that would injure none, and ready wit
 That ever fell in merry harmless showers,
 And I can see thy scorn and pity meet
 For those who stooped to envy and deceit.

And I can see thy smile when I would weave
 Bright hopeful fabrics for thee and me,
 And plan fair schemes of pleasure at the eve
 For the long summer seasons yet to be,
 And I can feel thy fingers mine enfold
 And hear thee call me "sister" as of old.

I cannot see thee lying pale and cold
With the death-damp on thy lip and cheek and brow,
Oh ! I can see thee, darling, as of old,
I cannot think thee still and lifeless now,
They say thou dwellest on a fairer shore
I have thee with me ever evermore.

DO THEY WANT TO SEE ME NOW.

Do they want to see me now
In my sunny childhood's home,
Miss me from their happy circle
Ever look for me to come.
Do they name the absent erring
When at morn and eve they bow
Asking for a Father's blessing,
Do they want to see me now.

Are their hearts estranged forever,
Is there not one tender string
That sweet memory sometimes touches
With its faithful brooding wing,
Bringing up the past before them
With a smile upon its brow
Teaching to their heart's forgiveness,
Do they want to see me now.

O ! if I could know there lingers
A kind thought for one who strays
All alone, unloved, unloving,
In the world's cold, cheerless ways,
That their hearts would grieve a little
When death's hand is on my brow
Soothing all its weary throbbing,
Do they want to see me now.

ON THE SHORE.

Surely somewhere on the shore
They watch and wait,
In the land of evermore
Beyond the gate,
Where the crystal tides are flowing
Ever on,
And the glory bright is glowing
Like the sun.

In the valley where we parted
Bowed with care,
Do we wander weary-hearted
Here and there,
Gazing to the mountain's blending
In the glow,
Where we saw their forms ascending
Years ago.

Journeying on through dreary places
Darkened lands,
Seeing but the last embraces
Clasping hands,
Hearing but the lone heart sighing
Funeral knells,
Voices in the darkness crying
Sad farewells.

Dreaming ever of the glory
On the shore,
Telling each the same life-story
O'er and o'er,
Longing each to quit the pining
And the night,
And behold the splendor shining
On the height.

FLOATING OUT.

Floating out in the twilight grey
At the beck of a shadowy hand
From this cold and desolate land
To the beautiful country far away,
Past the loving words and the tender tears,
Past the love of a life and the hope of years.

Floating out in the twilight grey
And the awful shadow is o'er her now,
But a glory encircles her snowy brow
From the beautiful country far away,
And her bright earth-life will shortly seem
Like the memory faint of a troubled dream.

Forty years have passed away
Since she floated out in the twilight grey,
And I wait for the rising of death's cold tide
To bear me away to my long lost bride,
In the midst of a bright perpetual day,
In the beautiful country far away.

WILL HE KNOW ME OVER THERE.

Will he meet me over there,
In the bright forever,
Where the shades of grief and care,
Cloud the spirit never,
In the realms of light and splendor,
All unseen and all untold,
Will our meeting be as tender
As our meetings were of old ?
In the world so bright and fair,
Will he meet me over there ?

Will he know me over there,
 In the robes of whiteness,
 That the happy spirits wear
 In that land of brightness
 After all the years of sorrow
 That between our lives have rolled,
 On the bright eternal morrow
 Will he know me as of old ?
 In the world so bright and fair
 Will he know me over there ?

Will he love me over there,
 With a love undying,
 Where the spirit knows no care,
 And the heart no sighing,
 In the grander light, and clearer,
 Where eternal loves unfold,
 Will our love be purer, dearer,
 Than our love was here of old ?
 In the world so bright and fair,
 Will he love me over there ?

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN LADY.

One more has run the christian race and kept the ancient
 faith,
 Has fought the battle bravely and triumphed in her death ;
 Has gone to claim the promises, receive the palm and crown,
 And join the band of christians, who have laid their armour
 down.
 O, what a glorious lot is hers ! upon that radiant shore
 To meet the blessed Saviour and the good who've gone
 before ;
 To sweep with angel fingers the golden harp's bright chord
 And join the rapturous song they sing " forever with the
 Lord."

To roam through fadeless meadows, bright with eternal flowers,
 Or rest beneath the tree of life, through glory-laden hours,
 With still one joy her heart to fill, one theme her lips to move,
 One subject grand her lyre to wake, God's changeless, endless
 love.

How great and lasting are the joys, to God's own followers
 given,

How grand the christian's life below, but grander still in heaven.
 With Christ to lead them to the stream whose fount is never dry,
 And God Himself to wipe away, all tears from every eye.

And is there one could wish her back from that eternal home,
 To where the fairest joys of earth are shadowed o'er with gloom?
 No, rather let us seek to join her on that ever radiant shore,
 Where fear of parting, pain of death are felt and known no
 more.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Oh Hatty in thy childhood gay,
 Ere thy young feet had learned to roam ;
 Or from the path of truth to stray,
 The angels took thee safely home.

When thou was't with us here on earth,
 We feared thy stay would not be long,
 Thy beauty was of heavenly birth ;
 Thy voice was like the angels' song.

And often to thy visions free,
 Come voices from their happy band ;
 So thin the veil that hid from thee,
 The glories of the better land.

And though we mourn that from our sight,
 Thy sunny smile is hid for aye ;
 And that those eyes of heavenly light
 No more shall open on our day.

O, we rejoice that from the cares,
Of all earth's children thou art free ;
And that the tempter's wiles and snares
Can have no power over thee.

That with thy sister thou has't found,
The land whose glories are untold ;
Whose happy children are crowned,
And walk on streets of shining gold.

Where harpstrings echo sweeter notes,
Than mortal ears have ever heard ;
Wild music, that triumphant floats,
O'er seas of crystal softly stirred.

Where silver streamlets gently flow,
Through valleys of eternal bloom,
Where fadeless roses brightly grow ;
And fill the air with rich perfume.

Where cruel death can never stray,
Where there are known no broken ties ;
But God himself shall wipe away,
The tears from all his people's eyes.

O, may we when earth's storms are o'er,
And life's rough billows cease to play ;
Meet those we love, to part no more,
Through one eternal, blissful day.

LET ME REST.

Sister I am lone, unblest,
On your bosom let me rest ;
Softly falls the evening's light,
I am lone and sad to-night ;
Faintly on my spirit flow,
Memories of long ago ;

Visions of the vanished years,
 Childhood's hopes and girlhood's fears ;
 Dreams of joy that long have fled,
 Hopes that withered and are dead,
 Idols that I treasured up,
 Yearnings after fame's bright cup,
 Bliss I thought would last for aye,
 Pleasures that have passed away.

I am weary, lone, unblest,
 On your bosom let me rest,
 For my idols, one by one,
 Have been broken, all are gone ;
 Dreams too bright for earth to claim,
 Dreams of love and dreams of fame,
 And in twilight's deepening gloom
 I am weeping o'er their tomb ;
 Only longing now to lie
 Where the low winds gently sigh,
 Where the dewy flowers may weep,
 Softly o'er my dreamless sleep,
 Longing for my name to be
 Forgotten now by all but thee,
 I am weary, lone, unblest,
 On your bosom let me rest.

 THE PAST.

Bright, bright past,
 Where our lone hearts cling,
 Why can't it last, our youth's glad spring ?

Fair, fair shore,
 Where no dark clouds lower,
 Why can't we live it o'er one brief hour ?

Even now, we love
 To sit and gaze
 On your lost beauties O bygone days.

List to your melodies
 Steadily chime,
 Softened by distance and sweetened by time.

'Tis hard to turn away
 And break the spell,
 Yet, 'tis the better way, past, fare thee well.

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

Where art thou ? o'er the ocean roaming,
 Underneath the midnight sky,
 While the waves around are foaming,
 And danger nigh.

Where art thou ? in the gay dance moving,
 Underneath the arches wide,
 With the gentle loved and loving
 At thy side.

Where art thou ? 'neath the moonbeams wandering,
 Gazing on the starry sky,
 Gaily now, now sadly pondering
 On the days gone by.

Where e'er, in sorrow or in danger,
 Or with thy companions gay,
 Or within a land of strangers,
 For thee I pray.

Where e'er, upon the ocean heaving,
 Or beneath the moonlight free,
 Night and morn, a prayer I'm breathing,
 A prayer for thee.

RELICS.

A withered flower of green and gold,
 A faded zone of texture fair,
 A time-worn letter, and a fold
 Of sunny auburn hair ;
 A memory sweet that never dies,
 A little grave beneath the snow,
 Are all that's left me of the ties
 That bound my heart long years ago.

THE SPRING TIME, SISTER DARLING, HAS COME TO
 US AGAIN.

The spring-time, sister darling, has come to us again,
 With its beauty, its verdure and its bloom ;
 But our souls are bowed with mourning and our hearts are filled
 with pain,
 For the may-flowers are blooming o'er thy tomb.

And I sit and sadly ponder, in the grove where hand in hand,
 We have wandered in the summer's happy time,
 Now through fadeless woods thou'rt roaming, with an eternal
 band,
 In an ever-sunny, bright and joyous clime.

But our hearts are sad without thee, and the woods are dark
 and lone,
 And the streamlets seem to murmur at thy stay,
 And the wild-bird's songs are mournful, they miss thy gentle
 tone,
 And the lilies know that thou art far away.

But in the balmy evening thou art whispering words of love,
 Thou art whispering words to comfort and to cheer,
 Though we are here in sorrow, and thou in heaven above,
 To my longing spirit thou art ever near ;

And I'm waiting sister, waiting, for the lonely years to glide,
 Away from the future's dreary shore,
 Till I stand amid the glory, sister darling, at thy side,
 Forever on a bright, immortal shore.

MEMORY.

There is ever some spot in the past, far behind us,
 To which we look back with longings all vain,
 It is hard to believe that the future will find us,
 A joy like the joys that have vanished again.
 The beautiful spring-time we prize not, its splendour,
 Until it has passed from the woodlands away,
 The spring will return with a sweetness as tender,
 But life has for us but *one* beautiful May.

The friends of our youth, the companions of childhood,
 Beautiful beings of life and of breath,
 Are scattered like wind-driven leaves of the wildwood,
 Some wedded to manhood, some wedded to death.
 And we dream of the time when their voices were ringing,
 And hearts were unburdened with sorrow and care,
 When the years in their flight, swift and silent were bringing,
 Nothing but joy on their pinions so fair.

Yet let not our lives be made up of repining,
 And mourning for joys that forever are fled,
 In faith and in hope let our hands be entwining
 A wreath to encircle the brows of the dead.
 And then on to the fields, past the hopes we have cherished,
 There bravely to toil for our Master and Friend,
 Looking not back to the joys that have perished,
 But on to reunion and bliss at the end.

Nor think to too lowly a sphere He's confined us,
 Nor judge in our pride of the Great Master's ways,
 But fill with deep gladness the place He's assigned us,
 And live to his honor and glory and praise.

And then in a realm where the present's full glory
 Is never approached by the joy of the past,
 We will meet our long loved ones and hear their glad story,
 And find rest, joy, gladness and heaven at last.

MY SOUL HAS PEACE TO-DAY.

My soul has peace to day,
 For light has come
 From out the darkness that encircled me ;
 And calm contentment from amid the gloom,
 And morning's mists have melted all away,
 Beyond the sea.

My soul has peace to-day,
 The years that lie
 Upon the future's certain soundless shore,
 The hours and moments, as they hurry by,
 Shine with a light as from the far away,
 The evermore.

I am not glad to day,
 That may not be ;
 The heart that hath learned anguish, knows not joy,
 But may possess serene tranquility,
 That sorrow never more can fright away,
 Nor grief destroy.

A BBRIGHTER HOME THAN THIS.

There are toil and sorrow here below,
 Up there, there is endless bliss,
 And this is our comfort as we go
 To a brighter home than this.

With us our loved ones cannot stay,
 We receive each good-night kiss ;
 But we'll see them again another day,
 In a brighter home than this.

So weeping over the woes we meet,
 And over the joys we miss,
 We journey on, with weary feet,
 To a brighter home than this.

MARIE ANNE.

In the shadow and the sunshine,
 In the beauty of the flowers,
 In the glory of the rainbow,
 After happy summer showers,
 In the air and in the water,
 I thine image plainly see,
 Everything that bréathes of beauty,
 Whispers to my soul of thee,
 Marie Anne.

Though our paths lie far asunder,
 I am ever near to thee,
 And my spirit hovers round thee,
 In the bands of constancy.
 In thy joy and in thy sorrow,
 In the calm and in the strife,
 With a mighty love I've crowned thee,
 And enthroned thee in my life,
 Marie Anne.

Weary years may veil our faces,
 Till our heads are silvered o'er,
 Oceans roll between our earth-lives,
 And our hands be clasped no more ;

But no time our love can weaken,
 And our spirits still will blend,
 Thou art mine, I thine forever,
 Bliss unbroken at the end,
 Marie Anne.

LEAVE ME ALONE WITH MY DEAD TILL THE
 MORNING.

Close the door silently, leave me alone,
 Oh, why should joy listen to woe's weary moan,
 Can she feel for the heart in its bitterness crying?
 Can she be joy still and list to its sighing?
 At the midnight, a voice to my spirit hath spoken,
 Thy soul hath an idol, but it shall be broken,
 Despised was the voice, all unheeded the warning,
 Oh, leave me alone with my dead till the morning.

Let me remain where my idol is sleeping,
 In sorrow that finds not a solace in weeping,
 Let me remain, for no starlight is gleaming,
 In the fair realm where my heart has been dreaming.
 Oh, let no word of vain comfort be spoken,
 My life's hope is withered, love's idol is broken,
 This is a sorrow all sympathy scorning,
 Leave me alone with my dead till the morning.

ALONE.

Out in the desolate street,
 Homeless, forsaken, forlorn,
 Out in the driving sleet,
 Out in the pitiless storm.

Where the bustle, the turmoil and strife,
 Hurry her on to disgrace,
 With the woe of a desolate life
 And the curse of a beautiful face.

Oh! Father in heaven look down,
 And save, in this age of faith,
 This child of a Christian town
 From the doom of a living death.

YOU THINK WE ARE TOO THOUGHTLESS AND GAY.

You think we are too haughty and cold,
 Scornfully calm, disdainfully proud,
 Know we have learned our own hearts to control,
 Know we've been taught our soul's yearnings to shroud.
 We are the women who've learned to be strong,
 In life's early battle, whose spirits are brave,
 Who calmly can suffer the slight and the wrong
 Knowing, believing 'twill end in the grave.

You think we are too thoughtless and gay,
 Merry, mischievous, and alien and wild,
 Know that our life-dreams are fading away,
 And we cover the anguish with smiles, like a child.
 We are the women who either will die,
 Or learn to be calm and collected and brave,
 When the last ray of hope fadeth out from our sky,
 And the faith of our youth lieth cold in the grave.

THE FOREST TREES.

All night I see the forest trees,
 Rearing their ghastly arms on high,
 And hear their moanings, sad and wild,
 Blend with the night owl's dismal cry,
 And still the rain falls wearily,
 And the wild wind howls drearily.

The moon has robed herself in clouds,
 Like many a dainty thing of breath,
 She seeks to veil her lovely face,
 From scenes of sorrow sin and death,
 And the cold rain falls wearily,
 And the wild wind howls drearily.

But in its milder gentler moods,
 It lays its hand upon the door,
 And through the long and dreary night
 I hear it walking on the floor,
 And the cold rain falls wearily,
 And the wild wind howls drearily.

How cold and bare the graves must look
 A night like this upon the hills
 Where they have laid the beautiful,
 And the young sleeps, the vision chills,
 But still the rain falls wearily,
 And the wild wind howls drearily.

Howl on ye winds in wilder tone,
 In the night's music take your part,
 However wild and weird and lone,
 'Twill find an echo in my heart,
 For the sands of life run wearily,
 And the star of faith shines drearily.

 BACK.

Back from the waters of death,
 Back from the river so dark,
 Lying all helpless and pale
 Safe in her young life's frail bark ;
 Back from the silence of night,
 Back to the loved ones once more,
 Back to the life and the light,
 Back to the joy on the shore.

Her white feet were bared to go down,
 Into the pitiless wave ;
 But the arms of His love were around,
 Who is able and mighty to save,
 And the angel of death heard his voice,
 And His shadow was quickly withdrawn
 From her brow when the far eastern sky
 Felt the first rosy blush of the dawn.

Back from the echoless shore,
 From the brink of the great unknown
 Where the waves of eternity roar,
 To her youth's love-lighted home :
 Back from the silence of night,
 Back to the loved ones once more,
 Back to the life and the light,
 Back to the joy on the shore.

THERE IS A HOME.

Out upon a radiant shore
 Where the storms of earth are o'er
 And its tempests beat no more,
 There is a home.
 There my loved ones wait for me,
 In the shade of life's fair tree,
 Out beside the crystal sea,
 Before the throne.

Here our idols turn to clay,
 Here our brightest hopes decay,
 And our loved ones pass away,
 Out to their home.
 But we'll meet them o'er the tide
 Where no power can e'er divide,
 On the Jordan's farther side,
 Before the throne.

Happy spirits over there,
 Free from every earthly care,
 Spirits ever bright and fair,
 Before the throne.

Do you think of us below
 In this vale of sin and woe,
 Do you long for us to go,
 Out to our home.

WE DWELL UPON OUR MAKER'S EARTH.

We dwell upon our Maker's earth,
 Beneath the canopy of heaven ;
 We breathe the air that he has made,
 His sunlight unto us is given,
 And every blessing that we have
 Is from the Great All-wise, All-seeing ;
 His love we cannot comprehend,
 In Him we move and have our being.

He promises eternal life
 Where glory never shall grow dim,
 If we will give Him but His due
 While here to serve no God but Him.
 We form our idols out of clay,
 They pass away we know not whither ;
 We are not humble in our grief,
 But rave at God because they wither.

We waste His gifts in vain pursuits,
 Our success does sometimes upbraid us ;
 And when our lives are waning fast,
 We give the dregs to Him who made us.
 Help us Thou Everlasting God,
 Whose mercy passeth understanding,
 To give to Thee our every power
 In love and thankfulness expanding.

SLEEP ON.

Sleep on, O young and beautiful, thy bed
 Is where the elms their drooping branches wave,
 Where sweetest flowers bloom o'er thy buried head,
 And chase the shadows from thy woodland grave.

Sleep on, O young and beautiful, for one
 O'er thy long rest a lonely vigil keeps,
 And when the stars their midnight watch has sung,
 He o'er thy dreamless slumber wakes and weeps.

Sleep on, O young and beautiful, sleep on,
 No more thou'lt waken in this vale of tears,
 Thy spirit, with the crowned and blood-washed throng,
 The roll of life's eternal river hears.

SPIRITS, DWELLERS OF THE SKY.

Spirits, dwellers of the sky,
 Beautiful things that never die,
 You who from our earth have gone,
 And our joys and sorrows known.
 Do you from your home above,
 Ever look on those you love,
 Or have loved in days of yore,
 'Ere you reached the heavenly shore.
 Do you now from out your skies,
 Gaze on us with spirit eyes,
 Read each word and thought aright,
 Gifted with your heavenly sight.
 Do you now each action see,
 Gaze on each deformity,
 You who thought us good and pure,
 Do you see us as we *are*.
 Then are we no longer dear,
 To the spirits waiting there.

NOW OUR HEARTS ARE STRICKEN SAIR.

To our lanely hearts she came,
 Wi' the sunshine and the flowers,
 Making music in our hame,
 Through the happy gouden hours ;
 Chasing wi' her presence bright,
 Every gloomy thought away ;
 Making every burden light,
 All the lang, lang simmer day.
 Now our hearts are stricken sair,
 For she canna hear our ca' ;
 She can come ta us na mair,
 Fra her hame sa far awa'.

When the gouen's sunny leaf,
 Withered at the autumn's breath,
 Came there wild despair and grief,
 At the voiceless ca' of death ;
 For he took our blossom fair,
 In the brightness o' her bloom ;
 And they hid her beauty rare,
 In the cauld and silent tomb.
 Now our hearts are stricken sair,
 For she canna hear our ca' ;
 She can come ta us na mair,
 Fra her hame sa far awa'.

 BESIDE THE BARS.

She murmurs softly as she stands,
 Beside the bars in evening's gloom ;
 Bowing her head upon her hands,
 "I wonder why he does not come."

She gazes to the distant west,
 Where evening's rainbow colors glow ;
 Folding her hands upon her breast,
 "I might have known it would be so."

Sadly she turns her face away,
 While evening's shadows deeper fall,
 And through the clouds the moonbeams stray,
 "He never could have loved at all."

The starlight gilds the whispering trees ;
 A bird's song from the distant dell,
 Comes gently borne upon the breeze,
 "O simple heart to love so well."

She thinks of all the words he said,
 So old, and yet so sweet and new,
 And wearily she bows her head,
 "I *cannot* think him all untrue."

Across the grass a shadow flits,
 A form advances all unheard ;
 Something is pressed upon her lips,
 She cannot speak another word.

ONLY NINETEEN.

Lost one, now the wild rain falleth
 On thy cold and narrow bed,
 And the wind of autumn calleth
 In sad wailing o'er the dead.
 Lone and dreary,
 Broken hearted and oppressed,
 Worn and weary,
 Sleep on now and take thy rest.

Voices cold may tell thy sorrow,
 Strangers lightly speak thy name ;
 But it matters not, the morrow
 Never more will bring thee shame.
 Loved and hated,
 Broken hearted and oppressed,
 Famed and feted,
 Sleep on now and take thy rest.

Now the rain more wildly falleth,
 From all sorrow thou art free ;
 And the wind more wildly calleth,
 Praise and blame are one to thee.
 Scorned and slighted,
 Broken hearted and oppressed,
 Doomed and blighted,
 Sleep on now and take thy rest.

Oh, heart with wild anguish riven ;
 Oh, bright dream so rudely broken ;
 Young life on the headlands driven,
 Of despair and grief unspoken.
 Proud, disdainful,
 Broken hearted and oppressed,
 Weak and stainful,
 Sleep on now and take thy rest.

 OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river I loved to gaze,
 In the years that have gone be,
 When the autumn sun's last lingering rays,
 Painted the evening sky.

For it was there that my loved ones of earth
 Dwelt in their happiness free,
 And often the sounds of their innocent mirth
 Were borne o'er the waters to me.

But years have passed o'er me and left in their flight,
 But sadness and sorrow and care ;
 They have borne in their course what time cannot bring back,
 For the light of *their* home is not there.

And now o'er the river I love to gaze,
 The river so dark and chill,
 Where lingers none of the autumn haze,
 But the waters are deep and still.

For their voices I hear on the other side,
 In anthems of rapture that flow
 Over the waves of the death cold tide,
 To comfort me here in my woe.

And away on the shore a glory gleams,
 Lighting up river and tree ;
 From the throne of God that glory streams,
 'Tis the light of *their* home I see.

IN THE DARKNESS.

Out in the darkness all alone,
 Beneath an angry threat'ning sky,
 With no ray of light through the blackness thrown
 And none to answer their spirits' cry.

Out in the darkness all alone,
 While we through the mid-day splendor move,
 With the Gospel light in each happy home,
 And each in the hope of a home above.

Go out in the darkness and seek them there,
 And bear to their souls the light divine,
 That free from every sorrow and care,
 In the courts of heaven they too may shine.

ONE OF THE THOUSANDS.

How the wind raves on through the dreary night,
And the rain, the wild March rain,
How it sounds as it tramples the snow in its might,
And dashes and sobs on the pane.

And I know that the rain on the old church hill
At the top, on the new made grave,
With a wilder echo is falling now,
That the winds more loudly rave.

One week ago from the river dark,
And close to the ruined mill,
Was borne a maiden, young and fair,
But, oh, so cold and still.

Her clothes were caught where the tide is strong,
By the branch of a fallen tree,
And out on the cruel waves were borne,
Her tresses wildly free.

Her dress was torn by the wind and tide,
And her hands so strangely fair,
Upon her bosom cold and still,
Were clasped as if in prayer.

And the white, white face to the starlight turned,
Was the sweet face of a child,
But a woman's grief had settled there,
That made it strangely wild.

And they who bore her in her sleep,
From beneath the cold, cold wave,
Left in the church yard on the hill,
A new and nameless grave.

Hast thou forgotten us O Lord,
Is thine arm weakened now,
We bow before thee Father, God,
Unto the dust we bow.

Forgotten ; no the Lord hath said,
 " Hath mine arm waxed less strong ;"
 How long O Lord wilt Thou delay,
 How long O Lord, how long.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away, drifting away, out on an unknown deep,
 Beyond the reach of human aid,
 Out to the depths of the cypress shade,
 And the midnight black
 Is on her track,
 And the angels o'er her weep.

Drifting away, drifting away, out on an ocean fathomless,
 Already her feet have left the shore,
 She is drifting away to return no more ;
 Oh ! sister, woman,
 If thou art human,
 Save her in her distress.

Drifting away, drifting away, and the great crowd standing by,
 Out to the ocean they'll let her go,
 With no effort to save her from her woe ;
 While they laugh and sing,
 And their voices ring,
 She will drift away and die.

Drifting away, drifting away, and the rising tempests rave,
 Oh ! woman, standing on the shore
 Where the light of a glad life floweth o'er ;
 By the Saviour given,
 Your hope of heaven,
 Reach forth your arm and save.

TO KATE.

Come to me now, for my heart is sad,
 And my life is full of care,
 Come with your light voice, free and glad,
 And the smile you used to wear.

And let me feel your soft arms fold
 Around me once again,
 And I'll forget the world is cold,
 And life is full of pain.

And let me lay my weary head
 Upon your faithful breast,
 Till my worn spirit too has fled,
 To that far land of rest.

For all my loved ones there have gone,
 The friends with whom in youth I strayed,
 Afar beyond the setting sun,
 Their last long journey made.

And I too, soon will join them there,
 In that far land of rest,
 Where all is happy, free and fair
 Eternal, bright and blest.

And when, within that happy land,
 I'll wait for thee to come,
 I'll meet thee on the golden strand,
 The *first* to greet thee home.

 THE RIVER OF PRIDE.

What river is so deep and wide,
 As this dark river,
 That rolls its angry, burning tide,
 Onward forever.

Through lands of verdure bright,
Beauty and bloom,
Onward through shades of night
Darkness and gloom.

Who are all those that stray,
On by its side,
Drink of its burning wave,
Lave in its tide.

Hearts full of bitterness,
Envy and strife,
Souls reft of tenderness,
Pitious life.

Who are those on its shore
Sullen and sad,
Will they find peace no more
Never be glad ?

No, for the wave hath borne,
Off on its breast,
The love their lives have worn,
Happiness, rest.

And where the stream is wide,
Angry and deep,
Over its burning tide
Some cannot speak.

Stretch out their hands in vain
Over the wave,
Never to meet again,
This side the grave.

Beware, this stream of pride,
With its foul breath,
Empties its burning tide
Into the sea of death.

ANNIE LEE.

When the shades of evening deepen,
 Over valley, hill and tree,
 Out beneath the tender starlight,
 Wilt thou meet me Annie Lee.
 Life is sweet and full of beauty,
 Full of joy and dear to me ;
 But far dearer than life art thou,
 Dark-eyed, peerless, Annie Lee.

When the bells from yonder village,
 Send their music full and free,
 Out upon the evening stillness,
 Wilt thou meet me Annie Lee.
 Life is sweet and full of beauty,
 Full of joy and dear to me ;
 But far dearer than life art thou,
 Dark-eyed, peerless, Annie Lee.

When the moon comes o'er the valley,
 I will wait and watch for thee,
 At the bars beside the river,
 Wilt thou meet me Annie Lee.
 Life is sweet and full of beauty,
 Full of joy and dear to me ;
 But far dearer than life art thou,
 Dark-eyed, peerless, Annie Lee.

 ONE YEAR.

One year, how short it seems, and yet
 Ye loved ones are now far away,
 Who with us in the old home met
 Upon that happy Christmas day.

And other forms will move to-night
 Before the firelight's ruddy glow,
 And other faces smile as bright
 As those which beamed a year ago.

But from their light and careless mirth,
 One heart shall sadly turn away,
 To dream of those who round our hearth
 No more will meet on Christmas day.

And we may meet on *earth* no more,
 The future is to us unknown ;
 Oh ! let us strive to reach that shore
 Where parting words are never known.

There free from every cloud that lowers
 O'er earthly joy, and far away
 From every sin, we'll spend the hours
 Of one eternal Christmas day.

TREAD SOFTLY.

Tread softly, disturb her not, sleeping
 So sweetly and peacefully there—
 Tread softly, and let not your weeping
 Awaken the young and the fair.

Tread softly, for down to her pillow
 The angels are winging their way
 To bear her across the cold billow
 Where dawns the bright glory of day.

Tread softly, her white hands are sweeping
 Bright harpstrings beyond the blue dome ;
 While mortals in anguish were weeping,
 The bright angels welcomed her home.

I DO NOT KNOW WHERE THOU ART LAID.

I do not know where thou art laid,
Nor yet, what flowers above thee bloom ;
I only know who laid thee there,
And who now weeps above thy tomb.

I only know that death hath set
His seal upon thy lip and brow,
And that the weary, weary years
Will never bring thee to me now.

I only know the fairest, best,
Must lie within the silent grave ;
That, from death's cold relentless grasp,
Love's vigils cannot, cannot save.

I only held thee in my arms,
And heard thy words as in a dream,
And knew thy feet were bared to go
Adown the cold and silent stream.

I only felt thy last embrace,
And kissed thy lips and left thee there,
And turned my face to life again,
With nought before me but despair.

I did not see thee pale and cold,
I could not look upon thy face,
When death had claimed thee for his own,
And held thee in his cold embrace.

And if I smile amid the gay,
And lightly speak and careless move,
'Tis not because my heart is false
Nor that my soul forgets its love.

Oh, sister spirit, 'tis because
I hold thy memory all too dear
To let the giddy world behold
What should be thine alone, a tear.

I do not know where thou art laid,
 Nor yet what flowers above thee bloom—
 I only know who laid thee there,
 And who now weeps above thy tomb.

If I in time can humbly say
 "Thy will be done, my father's God,"
 I then will ask where thou art laid,
 And let my tears bedew the sod.

TO THE BRIDE.

Here beside thy grave I'm lying
 In the forest gloom,
 Where the mighty elms are sighing
 Softly o'er thy tomb.
 When the shades are o'er thee falling,
 And the daisies sleep,
 And the winds of night are calling,
 Here I come to weep.

Here beside thy grave I'm kneeling
 In the forest shade,
 When the moon's last beam is stealing
 From the silent glade—
 Here, where all my heart hath cherished,
 Slumbers sweetly now—
 Here, where every hope hath perished,
 Spirit, hear my vow.

Lost one, 'mid the daisies lying,
 This lone heart shall be
 True to memories never dying,
 Ever true to thee.
 Beauteous spirit, far above me,
 In a world so fair,
 Mine will ever fondly love thee,
 Meet and claim thee there.

WEARY OF LIFE.

Longing to be laid at rest,
Yet afraid to die,
Every joy hath left my breast—
Hopeless, hopeless is my spirit's cry.

Waters chill are round me flowing,
Awful darkness shrouds my form,
And my head is bowing lower—
Helpless, helpless, 'neath the raging storm.

For the reed on which I leant,
By the floods was swept away—
In my time of need it bent,
My only, only earthly help and stay.

Let the darkness round me close,
Let the billows fiercely flow
O'er my form and end my woes
In the dreary, dreary sleep to which I go.

LYING IN UNBROKEN REST.

Lying in unbroken rest,
So calm and silent now,
With the dead leaves on his breast,
And clods upon his brow ;
His life of earnest usefulness from earth has passed away,
But the memory of his noble deeds shall ever with us stay
And be a light
To guide us on
To heaven's eternal day.

THE ROSES HAD WITHERED.

The roses had withered we twined in her hair
 And faded the lilies so white,
 But her beautiful brow was open and fair,
 Her step was elastic, her dark eye was bright.

Her fair brow no longer is open and free,
 Her eyes are now veiled in the tomb ;
 No longer her light step bounds over the lea,
 But the roses and lilies now bloom.

The roses and lilies will all fade away,
 And with earth will be buried in gloom,
 But *her* brow will be crowned through one bright endless day,
 And her fair form eternally bloom.

 THE POET AT HIS SISTER'S GRAVE.

Thine was the smile that cheered my pathway dreary,
 And gave me strength when hope forsook my heart ;
 Thine was the voice that bade me not be weary,
 But in the world's great work to do my part ;
 That spoke of others toiling and repining,
 Who reaped a harvest in the roll of years ;
 Thine was the faith that saw the future shining
 Beyond the mists of darkness and of tears.

And now I stand amidst the august splendour,
 Surrounded by my sheaves of golden grain,
 And vainly listen for the voice so tender,
 In the sweet praise I ne'er shall hear again ;
 I stand alone, success has made me brave,
 But what is life to me and what is fame ;
 Would I could hang my laurels on thy grave,
 And sleep beside thee there without a name.

TREAD SILENTLY.

Tread silently past her low bed,
 Speak gently the wanderer's name ;
 Let pity be felt for the dead—
 Tender pity, unmingled with blame.

O point not the finger of scorn,
 What better art thou in thy pride ?
 The crown thou hast boastfully worn,
 Is gold that has never been tried.

And thou in her place to the wrong
 Might'st have fallen, or wandered astray,
 With no voice to bid thee be strong,
 Or human hand pointing the way.

Tread silently past her low bed,
 Speak gently the wanderer's name,
 Let pity be felt for the dead—
 Tender pity, unmingled with blame.

 THE BROTHER'S LAMENT.

Sleeping, and her hands are lying
 Folded lightly on her breast,
 No more trouble, no more crying,
 Nothing now to break her rest.
 She is sleeping, calmly sleeping ;
 Stranger, wherefore dost thou weep,
 Thinkest thou she hears thy weeping,
 Stranger, she has gone to sleep.

They will talk of her who slumbers
 In this dark and silent dell ;
 Talk of her who joined their numbers,
 Ere the shadow o'er her fell,

She will heed not what they're saying,
 Over in the world of life ;
 She was very weary straying
 In the tumult and the strife.

They may speak in tones of pity,
 Or with scornful lip and brow,
 But no sound can reach the city,
 Where my darling dwelleth now.
 She is sleeping, calmly sleeping,
 Stranger, wherefore dost thou weep,
 Thinkest thou she hears thy weeping,
 Stranger, she has gone to sleep.

AT THE GRAVE.

The wind swept by with a low wailing cry
 As she knelt by the grave alone,
 Then sank to a soft and mournful sigh
 As she stooped to the cold white stone.

A voice from on high, from the calm blue sky
 To her spirit seemed to speak—
 They that inherit the earth in peace
 Are the lowly and the meek.

Rise, cease thy weeping,
 There's work to be done
 Ere thou lie sleeping
 Beside the loved one.

There are worn feet that bleed
 As they wander astray,
 These thou must lead
 In the straight, narrow way.

There are grief-darkened homes
 Which thou must make bright,
 Ere thou canst stand with
 The angels of light.

Thou to the fatherless
 Comfort must bring,
 Ere thou canst join in
 The chorus they sing.
 The willow above her in peace seemed to wave
 And the wind kissed her cheek as she rose from the grave.

 BEAR ME FAR AWAY.

O bear me far away
 Where the bright light shineth,
 Where reigns eternal day
 And no heart pineth.

Where the crystal waves are meeting
 Out upon the golden shore,
 Where the heart with joy is beating
 And the dreams of earth are o'er.

Where rings the angels' song
 And farewells are not spoken,
 Where friendship's chain is strong
 And love's dream is not broken.

My path is dark and dreary,
 O bear me far away,
 For I am very weary
 Of sorrow and decay.

Voices that I know are calling,
 Voices from the golden shore,
 Shadows deep are round me falling,
 Earthly dreams are o'er.

LITTLE BABY.

Little baby sweetly sleeping
 On thy mother's knee,
 Would thy mother knew what future
 Is in store for thee.

Whether flowers will brightly blossom
 Where thy feet may tread,
 Or the storms of adverse fortune
 Gather round thy head.

Whether calm will be life's ocean,
 With its sunny wave,
 Or its billows in commotion,
 While the wild winds rave.

Little baby sweetly sleeping
 On thy mother's knee,
 Would thy mother knew what future
 Is in store for thee.

 FROM THE PAST.

In my chamber dark and lone,
 With the midnight hour so near,
 Counting the hopes that have flown,
 As I watch the dying year.

Forms from the misty past
 Glide silently over the snow ;
 Fingers I loved to clasp
 Beckon me as they go.

Voices that used to thrill,
 In their cadence soft and low,
 In the valley of death long stilled,
 I hear as in days of yore.

Eyes where the love-light hast dwelt,
 Blended with sorrow and pain,
 Glances, that could not but melt,
 Steal on my spirit again.

Hearts that were loving and true,
 Hearts that were noble and brave,
 Hearts where love's brightest flowers grew,
 Welcome me home to the grave.

 AN ACROSTIC.

Wander not in search of joy,
 Earth holds none without alloy,
 Death and sin all bliss destroy.

Never in thy grief despair
 Or surrender unto care,
 Teach thy heart to brave each snare.

For our God is ever nigh,
 On his strength alone rely,
 Raise to Him thy spirit's cry.

Guide us, Father, while below,
 On the way that we should go;
 Let us dwell with thee at last,
 Death and sin will then be past.

 ANSWER TO THE "GIPSY'S WARNING."

Lady, I will not deceive thee,
 What she says to thee is truth,
 Though the tale will sadly grieve thee,
 Cloud the sunshine of thy youth—

Lady, he who stands before thee,
 Broke the heart of one as fair
 As the rose that bending o'er thee
 Sheds its perfume on the air.

Broke the gentle heart, confiding
 In him with a perfect trust—
 All the links of life dividing,
 Laid her beauty in the dust—
 There she sleeps, who loved me purely,
 In yon valley all alone,
 And by bitter sorrow surely
 Lady I have now atoned.

Yet must I receive full measure,
 Say farewell to hope and thee,
 This lone heart's one earthly treasure,
 And a wanderer must be,
 For this life is all too clouded
 Ere to link itself with thine ;
 In remorse and sorrow shrouded,
 It would only darken thine.

Farewell, lady, I must leave thee
 For a distant land unknown ;
 Gentle lady, O believe me,
 I will love but thee alone.
 Scorn not thou the broken flower,
 By her grave in yonder dell
 Must be spent this parting hour,
 Gentle lady, fare thee well :

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

In a little grave on the side of the hill,
 Where the maples and hemlocks grow,
 The first, last love of my desolate life
 Was buried long years ago.

She was taken away when my heart beat high,
 In its doting, idolatrous pride ;
 When I called her my darling, mine only mine,
 My loved one, my beautiful bride.
 I am nearing the end of my journey now,
 Yet weary and worn as I am,
 I weep when I think of the way that she perished,
 My darling, my poor lost lamb.

My life has been lonely and cheerless and sad,
 My heart has formed no other ties,
 But my spirit has rest when I stand by the grave,
 Where the form of my buried one lies ;
 And soon shall my spirit from prison be free,
 And I'll wander again by her side,
 In a land where no weeping or parting is known,
 And I'll call her my *beautiful bride*.
 I am nearing the end of my journey now,
 Yet weary and worn as I am,
 I weep when I think of the way that she perished,
 My darling, my poor lost lamb.

 THE OLD, OLD TALE.

He asked me to meet him down at the bars,
 That lead to the meadow away beyond ;
 Where the fireflies look like an ocean of stars,
 And the sweet lilies grow at the edge of the pond.

He said he'd be waiting for me there,
 As soon as his long day's work was done ;
 When the twilight hung on the meadow air
 After the setting of the sun.

That there was something he wished to say,
 Something he wanted me to hear
 Beneath the moonbeam's quivering ray,
 With none but the birds and the fireflies near.

He said he would gather the lilies white
And a cluster of snowdrops, pure and pale,
To twine in my waving tresses bright,
While he murmured the words of the old, old tale.

I know he is only a farmer lad
With nought in the world but youth and health,
But the sound of his footstep makes *me* glad
And to me his smile is a mine of wealth.

What though he has neither house nor land,
Though his name's unknown and his friends are few,
I know that he has an honest hand,
That his heart is noble, kind and true.

And I'll meet him down at the meadow bars
When the moon is rising o'er the vale ;
I'll meet him out beneath the stars
And list to the words of the old, old tale.

I LOVE IN THE TWILIGHT'S FADING RAY.

I love in the twilight's fading ray,
When the birds and the flowers have gone to rest,
To steal from the scenes of mirth away,
And watch the colors in the west.

And dream of the city beyond their glow,
Where the rapturous songs of the angels rise,
Where the crystal waters forever flow,
And clouds never darken the sunny sky.

To dream of the white-robed hosts that stand,
Neath the tree of life, on the golden shore,
A ransomed, eternal, joyous band,
To welcome those who are passing o'er.

And I love to dream of the music sweet
 From ten thousand, thousand harps of gold,
 Of the children pure at the Saviour's feet,
 Of the glory and beauty and bliss untold.

And I love to dream of the friends who wait,
 My loved ones who've passed to the spirit land ;
 Who wait for me at the golden gate
 To welcome me home to their happy band.

And I love to dream of the time when I
 Shall leave this world with its toil and care,
 For a brighter world beyond the sky,
 And a home with the loved and happy there.

May we all when we lay life's burden down,
 And leave this world of care and strife,
 Receive from the Saviour's hands a crown,
 And rest in the shade of the tree of life.

 PASSING AWAY.

All was quiet in that chamber,
 Save the breathing soft and low
 Of an infant who was passing
 From this world of toil and woe.

And a mother watched beside him,
 Hushing still her very breath,
 While around her precious darling
 Fell thy shadow, cruel death.

And her heart went up in pleading
 To the throne of God most high,
 If it pleased her heavenly Father
 That her darling might not die.

Softly through the open window
Came the evening's gentle breeze,
And without the birds were singing
Sweetest notes among the trees.

All at once the blue eyes opened
And a moment seemed to gaze
On some bright and glorious picture
Far beyond the western haze.

And there fell upon the stillness,
In a soft and gentle tone,
Words she ever will remember,
Mother, I am going home.

And the bright head gently rested
On the young and peaceful breast,
And the mother knew her darling
Was among the good and blest.

THE YOUNG AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

'Neath the willow she's taking her last long rest,
Where the flowerets bloom o'er her fair young breast,
And over her slumbers a vigil I'll keep ;
Oh, why must the young and the beautiful sleep !

In the branches the wild birds sing softly and low,
In reply to the bright river's murmuring flow ;
But among the fair blossoms the dark shadows creep ;
Oh, why must the young and the beautiful sleep !

The birds may sing softly and roses may bloom,
And the still waters glide by that lone woodland tomb,
But when shadows are thickest, I'll steal there to weep
O'er the grave where the young and the beautiful sleep.

When heaven's eternal and glorious day
Has chased all the shadows of earth-life away,
I will learn, when her fingers bright harp-strings have swept,
Why it was that the young and the beautiful slept.

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

Soon life's dream will close forever,
Soon this weary heart shall rest,
Death all earthly ties will sever,
And the flowers bloom o'er my breast.

Lay me, when life's storms are over,
By the every rolling stream,
Where the light winged birds may hover
Lightly round my pillow green.

For it still keeps going, going,
Fleeting like my life's young dream,
To the ocean ever flowing ;
Lay me by the rolling stream.

And t'will seem to mourn so sadly,
That so young my rest I've found ;
But it does not know how gladly
I will lay life's burden down.

Then when I am calmly sleeping
That sweet sleep which knows no dream,
Lay me where the flowers are weeping
By the ever-rolling stream.

TWO AND FORTY YEARS AGO.

How swiftly time's dark waters to the mighty ocean flow,
We sat beneath these willows two and forty years ago ;
And thought time in its onward flight may dry our grief's first tears,
Yet the mighty sorrow dies not with the dying of the years,

Time's wave may bear our loved ones forever from our view,
 May bear away the noble, the kind, the good, the true ;
 But though the *things* we love may fade and leave us here in
 tears,
 Yet the mighty *love* will die not with the dying of the years.

Earth's brightest hopes may wither in time's ever ceaseless flight,
 And earth's fairest dreams may vanish like a meteor of the night ;
 But we hope to meet our loved one far from this vale of tears,
 And this blessed hope will die not with the dying of the years.

BE TRUE.

O ! lover now absent on land or on sea,
 Whoever you are, or wherever you roam,
 Remember the eyes that are watching for thee,
 Be true to the maiden that's waiting at home.

Whatever the pleasures through which you may move,
 Or the wealth and honor to which you may come,
 You will never be happy on earth if you prove
 False to the maiden that's waiting at home.

There are many temptations, O lover, and yet,
 Where'er on the face of the earth you may roam,
 If you are a *man*, you will never forget
 To be true to the maiden that's waiting at home.

THE PARTING.

'Neath the old elms one summer day
 They wandered side by side,
 Where soft the evening breezes play,
 The bridegroom and the bride.

A bride for two bright, happy hours,
 And to this woodland dell,
 Amid the sunshine and the flowers,
 They came to say farewell.

For he must leave his earthly all,
 His childhood's happy home—
 His bride, and at stern duty's call
 Must cross the ocean's foam.

They strayed together through the grove
 'Till evening's shadows fell ;
 'Twas hard to leave the one he loved,
 'Twas hard to say farewell.

But his bark was waiting on the sea,
 His boat was on the shore ;
 They parted 'neath the old elm tree,
 On earth to meet no more.

Sweet be their dreamless sleep
 Beneath the starlight free ;
 His bed is in the angry deep,
 Hers 'neath the old elm tree.

 LIFE.

Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
 Light and darkness and light again,
 Out of the sunshine and into the rain,
 Ever the same, the same.

Meeting and parting, parting and meeting,
 A farewell to-day and to-morrow a greeting ;
 A fleeting sorrow, a joy as fleeting,
 Ever the same, the same.

Weeping and smiling, smiling and weeping,
 Sleeping and waking, waking and sleeping ;
 Reaping and sowing, sowing and reaping,
 Ever the same, the same.

Fear and rejoicing, rejoicing and fear,
 Happiness far off and misery near ;
 A tear and a song, a song and a tear,
 Ever the same, the same.

Dreading to go nor wishing to stay,
 Longing for daylight and fearing the day,
 Yearning for home and yet dreading the way,
 Ever the same, the same.

THE RIVER.

The river is solemnly chanting a dirge
 To-night as it dashes its spray;
 And I listen alone on the bridge to the words—
 To the words which the wild waters say.

They pass the old mill with a murmuring sound,
 But they breathe out a story of woe
 As they near the old bridge where I stand all alone
 And list to the wild waters flow.

They tell of a life's first, last love, of a grave
 Where the pine's gloomy shadow is cast,
 Of a memory sweet treasured up in a heart
 That will ever be true to the past.

From beneath the old bridge they go murmuring forth,
 And I lose the wild words of the tale,
 As sighing and sobbing they sweep round the curve,
 And pass the old pines with a wail.

SLEEP.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Unblessed one,
 Uncarressed one,
 In the grave deep,
 Down deep.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Where pride can never
 Fond hearts sever
 In the grave deep,
 Down deep.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Envy and hating
 For none are waiting
 In the grave deep,
 Down deep.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Sorrow and care
 Are unknown there
 In the grave deep,
 Down deep.

Sleep, sweetly sleep,
 Rest on forever ;
 Oh, waken never
 In the grave deep,
 Down deep.

 A SLANDERING TONGUE.

A slandering tongue can sever friendship's chain,
 Can cleave its solid links of truth in twain,
 And in its place roll forth a stream of pride
 That bears all joy and trust upon its burning tide.

A slandering tongue can poison love and truth,
 Can set a curse upon the brow of youth,
 Destroy the faith that made earth seem so bright,
 Make death a bitterness and life a blight.

A slandering tongue can ruin virtue's name,
 Sully and darken her reproachless fame,
 For all the heart's best feelings sound a knell,
 And for its owner pave the way to hell.

DEAD.

Dead—she is dead—and must I still live on,
 And in life's surging crowd go forth *alone*?
Live—after all the light from life has gone,
 And all its music changed into a moan
 Of anguish, echoing through the future years,
 Wild with the agony of unshed tears!

WEARY.

I am weary of the watching
 And the waiting all in vain—
 Waiting for life's olden pleasures
 That will never come again.

I am weary of the striving
 To be calm and strong and brave;
 Loved one, when thy friend is resting,
 Wilt thou sorrow o'er her grave?

I am weary—oh, so weary
 Living without hope or faith,
 An existence disappointed
 Ending in an early death.

I am weary of beholding
 Life's bright visions fade away—
 Weary calling on love's idols
 In this darkened land to stay.

I am weary, *very* weary
 Of ambition's cruel sway,
 Wearing out the heart's young gladness,
 Giving joys that pass away.

I am weary—oh, so weary
 Of the struggle after fame,
 Let me sleep when it is over
 In a grave without a name.

I am glad that I am passing
 From the tumult and the strife,
 Thankful that my heart is laying
 Down the bitterness of life.

Joyful that my soul hath given
 Up its struggle to be brave ;
 Loved one, when thy friend is resting,
 Wilt thou sorrow o'er her grave ?

 ONLY RESTING.

Only resting 'neath the willow,
 After all her toil and pain,
 Sleeping on her grassy pillow
 Till the morn shall break again.

Not an earthly morn of sorrow
 Where the sickly breezes sigh,
 But an everlasting morrow
 With a bright and cloudless sky.

Only resting 'neath the willow,
 After all her toil and pain,
 Sleeping on her grassy pillow
 Till the morn shall break again.

ONWARD.

Onward, still onward,
 A little each day,
 And plant thy feet firmly
 To mark out the way ;
 For fame's golden goblet
 Is waiting for thee,
 If onward and upward
 Thy motto shall be.
 Then onward, still onward,
 A little each day,
 And set thy feet firmly
 To mark out the way.

The path thou hast chosen
 Is tedious and long,
 But onward and upward
 Let this be thy song ;
 For it leads to true glory,
 To honor and might,
 If thy soul shall not falter
 Or fail in the right.
 Then onward, still onward,
 A little each day,
 And set thy feet firmly
 To mark out the way.

Leave footprints behind
 In each difficult place
 That time's troubled waters
 Can never erase ;

And others, beholding
 The progress once made,
 Shall bravely press forward
 And be not afraid.
 Then onward, still onward,
 A little each day,
 And set thy feet firmly
 To mark out the way.

Let nothing daunt thee,
 Fear nought but sin,
 Love all thine enemies
 But those within ;
 Weary not ever,
 Toil early and late,
 And never forget
 'Tis the good who are great.
 Onward, still onward,
 A little each day,
 And set thy feet firmly,
 To mark out the way.

WE LEAVE THE CHERISHED ONE.

We leave thee, cherished one, with him who gave thee
 To bless our lives a season brief and fleeting ;
 We leave thee here with Him who died to save thee,
 And, by his death, secured for us a meeting,
 Where the eternal day shall dawn in gladness,
 And joy shall chase away all grief and sadness.

Our lives contain the hopes that ever languish,
 And the deep void that never can be filled,
 Thine is the better lot, no pang of anguish
 Can reach thy gentle heart forever stilled ;
 Thou canst not see our sorrow, hear our weeping,
 Sleep sweetly on in the Eternal's keeping.

RICHER MAY WE GROW.

Richer, richer may we grow,
 Hoarding bible treasure,
 That the way we all may know
 To work our Father's pleasure ;
 That our names may live and be
 Bright through all eternity.

SLEEP SWEETLY, LOVED ONE, SLEEP.

Sleep sweetly, loved one, sleep ;
 Heaven's sweetest dews be shed,
 And spring's first flowerets weep
 Above thy buried head.

Sleep sweetly, loved one, sleep ;
 From pain and sorrow free,
 Heaven's brightest angels keep
 Their nightly watch o'er thee.

THE DEMON OF THE SEA.

I dwell where the dark waves
 Madly kiss the shore,
 Answering from their deep caves
 The wild wind's roar.

Frail barks I love to see
 By the waves tossed,
 While the gale brings to me
 The shrieks of the lost.

TAKE THE BIBLE.

Wanderer, lost amid the gloom,
 Drawing nearer to thy doom,
 Wrapt about with clouds of woe,
 Knowing not which way to go,
 Wandering farther every day,
 Going more and more astray ;
 Wouldst thou find thy way aright,
 Take the Bible for thy light.

Pilgrim to a distant land,
 Journeying o'er earth's dreary sand,
 There's a bright, eternal clime,
 Off the gloomy shores of time,
 Where Jehovah reigns alone,
 And all sorrow is unknown ;
 Would'st thou in that land abide,
 Take the Bible for thy guide.

COMFORT.

When daylight is silently fading away,
 Through the gates of the evening so solemn and gray,
 And silence envelopes the mountain and glen,
 More eloquent far than the language of men.
 'Tis pleasant to gaze through the gates of the west,
 To the city of joy on the harbor of rest.

When darkness envelopes the earth like a pall,
 And the rain drops unceasingly, mournfully fall,
 And saddening thoughts on the spirit will come,
 With the memory of loved ones asleep in the tomb ;
 'Tis sweet to believe that we each have a friend,
 Away in the beautiful *world without end.*

When the great busy world greets the bright rising sun,
 And the toil of another long day is begun,
 And the sad spirit shrinks from the turmoil and strife,
 And the weak heart would lay down the burden of life ;
 'Tis sweet to believe there's a home for each one,
 Whose life-work is bravely and faithfully done.

A SONG AND A STORY.

There's a song that will never grow old,
 And we'll learn its full tenderness never
 'Till we hear it on harps of pure gold
 In the holy and happy forever.

Its melody through the wide range
 Of ages eternal is ringing ;
 So old, yet so new and so strange,
 This song that the ransomed are singing.

'Tis the song of the Lamb who was slain
 To redeem us from woe and oppression,
 Who bore all our sin and our pain
 To crown us with honor and blessing.

We sing it 'mid sorrow and care,
 And it loses its tenderness never,
 But wait till we hear it up there
 In the holy and happy forever.

There's a story we ever shall love,
 But we'll know its deep mysteries never
 Till we have them unfolded above
 In the holy and happy forever.

'Tis the story that seraphim hear
 From the hearts of the ransomed ones welling,
 While angels astonished draw near
 To list to the tale they are telling

Of the One who went down to the grave
To open a way to the glory
For all who would come and be saved
By faith on this wonderful story.

It cheers us 'mid sorrow and care,
But we'll know its deep mysteries never
Till we have them unfolded up there
In the holy and happy *forever*.

