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P 174

— THE —
SELECTED POEMS
— OF —
LIZZIE E. PALMER.



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P174

DEDICATION.

To my beloved husband, this *Selection* from my
Poems is affectionately inscribed.

L. E. P.

Douglas Harbor, N. B.

W. E. Palmer, from his
Mother -

Mrs Isaac A. Palmer, 1989.
The Author of this Book

REPORTER STEAM PUBLISHING OFFICE.

SELECTED POEMS

OF

LIZZIE E. PALMER.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THE REQUEST, AND RESPECTFULLY IN-
SCRIBED TO MY VENERATED FATHER-IN-LAW, DAVID
PALMER, NOV. 1, 1864.

I for a subject asked one day,
A friend whose locks with age were grey,
He gave me one without delay,
 'Twas "Looking unto Jesus."

I've often sung of birds and flowers,
Of verdant meads and crimson bowers,
The nobler theme invites my powers,
 Of "Looking unto Jesus."

When keen despair and guilt oppressed,
And gave our sin sick souls no rest,
We were with peace and pardon blest,
 By "Looking unto Jesus."

When sore distressed by boding fear,
His smile the sinking heart can cheer,
And blackest clouds will disappear,
 By "Looking unto Jesus."

For Christ our mediator bled,
That all His people might be led
To bliss, and saved from justice dread,
By "Looking unto Jesus."

And precious Saviour ne'er may we
Forget our early vows to Thee,
But ever through life's journey be,
Found "Looking unto Jesus."

And thou, dear aged friend! dost know
How vain are all the joys below,
Which seem indeed a fleeting show,
While "Looking unto Jesus."

In the first flush of manhood's hour,
Jehovah called thee by His power,
Of strength to thee He's proved a tower,
While "Looking unto Jesus."

Thou for the truth hast valiant been,
And battled with the "Man of Sin,"
And did the conquest ever win,
By "Looking unto Jesus."

Thy gifted pen has oft essayed,
To soothe the mourners grief had made,
Prescribed the balm of Gilead,
By "Pointing unto Jesus."

Full many a garland didst thou twine,
To wreath the round pure affection's shrine.
Though richly blessed 'twas ever thine
To give all praise to Jesus.

When thou with tuneful numbers sung,
Of Him who once on Calvary hung,
The notes across the Atlantic rung,
Of "Looking unto Jesus."

Thine offspring with peculiar care,
Thou didst instruct with patience rare,
With deep solicitude and prayer,
And "Looking unto Jesus."

May'st thou and thy loved partner see
God's grace in thy posterity—
Thy children's children ever be
Found "Looking unto Jesus."

And though thy strength is failing fast,
By sovereign grace thou'lt bide the blast,
And victory sing o'er death at last,
By "Looking unto Jesus."

MADAGASCAR.

Suggested by an address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the New Brunswick Auxiliary Bible Society, St. John, N. B., January 8th, 1864, by Rev. John Armstrong, Rector of St. Judes' Church, Carleton, St. John.

Fair Nature here most lavishly has given
Abundance to this Indian Ocean Isle,
And woods and mountains, hills and valleys green,
All meet the eye with smiling plenty crowned.
Two Malagese with weary, anxious look,
Have left a tedious hundred miles behind,

And sought the stranger landed on their shores,
To ask a favor humbly from his hands ;
Do they seek gifts of gold and silver store ?
And plead so earnestly for costly gems ?
Oh no, not these ! the Bible's what they crave,
For though their Country's rich in mineral wealth,
This *Pearl* of greatest price—God's Holy Word,
Has been prohibited their Island home.
But they had heard the Sacred Scriptures read,
And "some of David's words" they long possessed,
In common with their families and friends,
And cautiously unfolding, they displayed
A few worn pages of the "Book of Psalms."
The good man wished this cherished relic his,
And gave them a new volume in return,
Which they received with joy, well known to those
Who've hungered for the bread of life in vain,
Through weary years of persecution's fires.
What Christian heart can contemplate this scene
Without emotion deep ! A barbarous Queen
Through a long reign, had blindly tried to crush
The pure religion spreading through her realm ;
And cruel death, or slavery, was the fate
Of many faithful followers of the Lamb.
But still the heavenly flame was not put out :
Its Sovereign Author destined it to live :
His Holy Word was in their souls enshrined—
His was the work, to *Him* be all the praise. * *
The wicked Tyrant's fell career has closed,
And *one* succeeds, not to the Truth opposed ;
The precious gospel can be heard once more,
On Madagascar's fair and fertile shore.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Rev. A. Corrasco of Madrid, and Professor C. Pronier.
of Geneva, members of the Evangelical Alliance, lost with
the *Ville du Harve*, Nov. 22nd, 1873.

In the crowded hall they listened
To the welcome, warm and free,
Which New England's sons extended,
To their friends from o'er the sea.
Joined in holy convocation,
With the good of every clime;
Words of faith sublime they uttered,
That will echo through "all time:"
Institutions—halls of learning—
Scenes of interest they explore,
Breathe the parting benediction,
Then they leave Columbia's shore.
Now on board the stately vessel,
With their brethren they recall
Soul communings—sweet and precious,
Crowning "Jesus Lord of all."
And this gathering from all nations,
In the bonds of Christian love,
Seems a foretaste of the pleasures,
In rich store for them above.
Ah! how *near* those joys celestial,
Little did they *dream* how near,
As they vowed to toil unceasing,
In the cause of Christ so dear;
Saw perchance the fields all whitening,
And the laborers all too few;
Yet the "unseen future" hideth

What Jehovah *wills* to do.
 Thoughts of danger none might whisper,
 As the spacious decks they tread;
 And the giant steamer swiftly,
 O'er the ocean homeward sped :
 None might whisper that "the Master,"
 Soon should call them to His arms ;
 Over fear make them victorious,
 In the midst of dire alarms.
 Suddenly from slumber 'wakened
 On that dreadful night of woe —
 Ghastly death in all his terrors,
 Was to them a conquered foe :
 He but oped the golden portals,
 Where despair and pain ne'er come ;
 And through sovereign grace triumphant,
 They have reached their heavenly home.

TO THE LILY OF THE NILE.

Canst thou tell us lovely stranger,
 Of that far-famed sunny clime,
 Where the pyramids so stately,
 Stand like "Sentinels of time ?"

To the charmed ear thou'rt revealing,
 Page on page of legends old —
 Of that land "with wonders hoary"
 Battle field of warriors bold.

From the "regal courts of Memphis,"
Passed a mandate fraught with pain;
And the white-lipped Hebrew questioned,
"Must our infant sons be slain"?

But one tone of wondrous sweetness
Echoed from the sacred page,
Tells how love and faith have triumphed
O'er a haughty Monarch's rage.

Thy fair Sister's snowy blossoms
Bent above a sleeping child—
Touched his cheek with kisses dainty—
Gently swayed by Zephyrs mild.

And with breath of sweetest perfume,
Filled with balm the morning air,
As the kind Egyptian Princess,
Wandered with her maidens fair—

To the brink of ancient Nilus;
Where among the flags and sedge,
They beheld the floating wonder,
Cradled by the river's edge.

Lovingly young Miriam lingered:
Sunbeams flushed her olive cheek,
As she prayed the royal lady,
"Shall I go a nurse to seek?"

O'er the lotus leaves and lilies,
Fell the Mother's tears of joy,
While she pressed with silent rapture,
To her heart her treasured boy.

Queen of beauty, thy sweet presence
Can a lonely hour beguile ;
And pure lessons softly whisper,
Lily of the "golden Nile !"

WINTER.

Amid the frigid regions of the North,
The frost King reigns with undisputed sway,
The Icebergs huge and tall, grim sentry keep,
That few may with impunity explore
The mysteries of those rigid, drear domains :
Too late, Britannia's titled *Son this sad
Truth learned, who with his gallant band assayed
Through Northern seas to force their way.
And now from his own icy fettered realms
Stern winter comes, his forehead "wrapped in
clouds,"

His beard made white with "other snows than those
Of age"—his sceptre in his grasp ;
His dread approach is heralded by storms
Of blinding sleet, and noisy, rattling hail ;
Upon the furious Northern blast he rides—
With gloomy desolation in his track,
His frosty breath congeals to marble streams
And waters wide, where late the Steamer like
A "thing of life," sped through the yielding wave.
Sometimes in softened mood he clothes the earth
In vestal robes of spotless hue—and decks
With silvery tassels, trees and shrubs—
Which 'neath their lovely burdens bend.

But the old wintry Monarch gray and grim,
 Is but a subject of the *King* of Kings—
His word to obey—'tis He who giveth
 "Snow like wool"—like ashes scattereth
 "Hoary frost"—and "ice like morsels" casts :
 "Where is the *Man* so vainly bold,
 That dares defy *His* piercing cold ?"

*Sir John Franklin.

LINES

Suggested by an engraving of the midnight prayer-meeting held in the saloon of the Ocean Steamer "London," which foundered a few days after leaving Plymouth, England, with 270 persons on board, nearly all of whom found a watery grave. January 1866.

The storm-king vents his fury—
 The waves run mountains high ;
 Exposed to all the tempest—
 The gallant vessels lie.
 " But safely rides the London !"
 A sanguine one exclaims —
 " The best built Ocean Steamer,
 That e'er sailed down the Thames !"
 Vain boast ! she *now* lies helpless ;
 And, filled with sore dismay,
 With one accord, they're gathered
 To hear Christ's servant pray :
 Proud men are bending lowly —
 The scoffers taunts are stilled ;
 And with forebodings fearful,

The stoutest heart is filled :
 Here too is gentle woman—
 And helpless infancy,
 With hands upraised and trembling,
 Clasped in mute agony :
 In fervent tones good Draper,*
 Prays, that converting grace
 May copiously be granted,
 Ere meeting death's embrace ;
 A look of calm entreaty,
 Is resting on his brow,
 As with his God he wrestles,
 "To send salvation now."
 Oh! ye who dwell in safety,
 Know nothing of *such* prayer,
 As rose that night to heaven,
 Mid terror and despair :
 But the All-pitying Saviour,
 Looked through the midnight gloom ;
 And heard those earnest pleadings
 From out that living tomb :
 And in Divine compassion,
 To His redeemed ones said -
 Amid howling tempest—
 "*'Tis I, be not afraid.*"

*Rev. Daniel J. Draper.

 IN MEMORIAM

REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON.

The sunbeams sparkle on the crystal waves,
 The feathery clouds float softly through the blue.

Amid the bending willows robins sing—
 And fill the air with sweetest melodies.
One near the window scans the prospect grand,
 With rapt admiring gaze—but turns to greet
 The friends assembling their regard to show
 To him, who yesternorn their souls refreshed:
 And from the casket of immortal Truth—
 God's holy Word, brought priceless treasures forth.
 Now glancing at his watch, "a word of prayer"
 Proposes ere we part—and his great soul
 Is stirred within him as he each commends
 To Him he serves—a covenant keeping God:
 The parting comes—the Steamer's on her way,
 And hands are clasped—a benediction breathed—
 Which melts each heart with deep emotion stirred.

* * * * *

"How startling is the knell that tells us
 He is gone! That earnest voice,
 Filling the temple arch so gloriously
 With themes of import to the undying soul,
 Enforced by power of fervid eloquence—
 Is it for ever mute? That mind so rich
 With varied learning and with Bible lore;
 That feeling heart, instinct with sympathy
 For the world's family of grief and pain—
 Say, are their treasures lost? He heedeth not
 Praise from our mortal lips. The monuments
 Of bronze or marble, what are they to him
 Who hath a firm abode above the stars?
 Still may his people mourn; may freshly keep
 The transcript of his life; may praise their God
 For what he was and is, nor wrongly ask,
 "When shall we look upon his like again?" 1866.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

I first promise that in this home,
Jehovah's loved and feared—
His law so holy, just and good,
Is constantly revered.

No need that wealth with golden store
And courtly pomp be theirs ;
The glittering meshes which they weave
Oft prove delusive snares.

On true affection's altar, then,
With radiance most benign,
The vestal lamp, with steady light,
Should ever brightly shine.

With deeds of kindness each must strive
To make the other blest —
Not only *feel* the genial glow,
But make it manifest.

Forbearance, with her sceptre mild,
Should o'er the hearth preside :
And cheerfulness, with smiling face,
With her the sway divide.

Disorder and confusion wild,
May never enter here ;
But regulations wisely made,
Guide well the social sphere.

Refinement with emotions nice,
A varied charm would lend;
And intellectual pleasures rare,
With her, would sweetly blend.

No looks austere may chill the flow
Of happy spirits bright;
While home amusements innocent,
The youthful ones delight.

One precept now, will close these hints;
'Tis taught in Christ's own school—
In Mathew's Gospel, seventh and twelfth,
And called the "Golden Rule."

FRIENDSHIPS MEMORIAL.

S. R. A.

How oft happy homes are despoiled by the foe
Whose ravages fill the fond circle with woe—
Who tearfully bend with deep grief and despair
O'er the couch of the dear ones—the youthful and
fair;
And bitterly mourn, in their anguish and gloom,
To see their heart's treasures go down to the tomb.
And now while the buds give sweet promise of
spring,
And glad notes are making the old forest ring—
While the free waters murmur and rivulets play,
The young and the cherished are fading away.
And *thou*, to whose memory these lines are inscribed,

Thou hast passed from our midst in thy youth's
 glowing pride ;
 There are sorrowful tears 'mongst thy kindred to-day,
 Because thou hast gone from their circle away,
 But they trust thou art safe where sickness and
 pain

Will never have power to distress thee again—
 "Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."
 In that fair happy land the flowers never fade,
 While the Angels in beauty celestial arrayed,
 Tune their harps in unceasing harmonious songs
 To the Saviour, to whom all honor belongs.
 And while God in His providence speaks unto all,
 May we give earnest heed to the loud warning call
 To be ready, as we know not the hour nor the day
 When we shall be called from our time-state away.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARION L. H. S.

Over twenty years have vanished,
 Since that lovely Summer's day,
 When upon her couch reclining
 Slowly fading, Marion lay :
 Wedded bliss in sweet fruition—
 And a mother's joy she knew ;
 Yet she felt, to earthly pleasures
 She must shortly bid adieu.
 Naught but grace could soothe the anguish
 Paling lip, and cheek, and brow—
 Naught but grace bring resignation

To Jehovah's will to bow.
 "Mother Dear," she whispered calmly,
 "Bring the flowers I loved so well,
 Dearly for my sake you'll prize them
 When I go from earth to dwell,
 Ah! those dainty buds and blossoms,
 With their beauty and perfume,
 Still will flourish in the sunlight
 When your Marion's in the tomb.
 But redeemed from sin and sorrow
 I shall with my Saviour reign,
 Where I hope to meet our loved ones,
 Free from sickness, care and pain."
 Trusting in Divine protection,
 She resigned her baby-boy :
Then, her happy, blood-bought spirit
 Sought the realms of endless joy.

* * * * *

Over twenty years have vanished
 Since that lovely Summer's day,
 But *one* flower dear Marion tended
 Never yet has known decay.
 Fair Begonia with transparent
 Crimson-tinted foliage green,
 And its dainty waxen blossoms
 In the Homestead may be seen.
 He who wakes its mystic slumbers
 To fresh beauty in the Spring
 From the gloomy grave in triumph
 Will His ransomed people bring.

IN MEMORIAM J. H. H.

Inscribed to his bereaved family.

One year ago he saw with us
The fading of the flowers—
And heard the winds moan fitfully
'Mid Autumn's purple bowers.

When Spring returned with song of birds,
With leaf and bud and bloom,
His kindly presence *then* you missed—
With hearts oppressed with gloom.

In childhood's Home the absent Son
Again the dear ones meet ;
And children in sweet prattling tones,
Their little hymns repeat.

In the far distant West there's *one*,
Recalls with grateful tears,
The generous and unselfish love,
That blest her tender years.

A worker in the Church of Christ,
His place how few can fill !
His Saviour called him—may we bow
Submissive to His will !

His loved ones with emotion deep,
His parting words recall ;
To God's protecting—gracious care,
He could commend them all :

"I know that my Redeemer lives,
And "all beyond is bright"—
Fell from his lips, when earthly scenes
Were fading from his sight.

When nearing the "Sweet Beulah-land,"
To mortal vision dim—
He found the "pearly gates of bliss,"
Were "left ajar" for him.

Dear sainted Friend! what holy calm,
What precious faith was thine!
At close of life—may it be ours—
To know such joys divine.

TO A. L. E.

A shadow rests upon thy youthful brow
My fair and gentle friend, and pensiveness
Looks from thy soft dark eye, even while
The half-formed smile wreathes thy pale lips.
With lavish hand hath Nature spread her charms:
The air is filled with melting harmonies—
And *still* thou'rt sad—still droops the weary lid
As if oppressed with "unshed tears."
But well we know that thou hast cause for grief—
For thou hast pressed a last long lingering kiss
Upon thy loving mother's clay-cold cheek—
Hast seen the love-light quenched, and that dear
form
Arrayed in snowy robes as "bride of death."
No wonder then thou'rt sad, for thy young heart
Has been with anguish wrung, and thou hast longed

With yearnings wild to rest thine aching head
 Once more upon thy gentle Mother's breast—
 "Alas! thy resting place no more on earth—
 Poor aching heart—thy nestling place no more."
 But we would softly whisper in thine ear
 Of Jesus, the compassionate, who wept
 While standing near the tomb of one He loved:
 He is the resurrection and the Life—
 And our beloved ones who've trusted Him—
 "Though they were dead, yet shall they live again."
 Yes, live again in realms of perfect bliss!
 Where sorrow, sin, and death can never come,
 And tears forever shall be wiped away.

LINES.

If I could win poetic fire,
 I'd strike with skill the magic lyre—
 Describe in easy, flowing rhyme,
 The varied charms of Autumn time;
 Her crimson-tinted vestments gay,
 Flashing with gold embroidery—
 Like wild bird's wing, of richest dye,
 Or hues that flush the evening sky.
 'Tis pleasant 'mid her purple bowers
 To muse away the glowing hours—
 Recalling dreamily the past,
 Whose rainbow visions ne'er could last;
 To list the moaning, fitful breeze,
 Coquetting with the forest trees.
 Whose burnished foliage speaks *decay*
 Amid their gorgeous array.

The "sere and yellow leaves" foretell
 The doom of what we prize so well;
 Autumnal garniture so fair—
 Bright beauty's spell on earth and air.
 The "silvery mist" which floats at morn,
 The "blue bird's notes" on zephyr borne;
 The babbling brook, the murmuring stream,
 The flowerets lovely as a dream * *
 It was in pensive Autumn time,
 Our loved ones to a *holier* clime,
 Passed from our midst—to join the song
 Of the redeemed, angelic throng.
 And while the "twilight of the year"
 Reminds us of our "lost ones" dear;
 May heavenly wisdom guide aright
 Our footsteps to the realms of Light

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

It is a lovely night in sweet spring time,
 And fragrant with the breath of early flowers
 Is the soft balmy air; the cloudless Moon—
 Her silvery radiance sheds o'er verdant hills—
 The fertile Vales—and blossom-laden trees;
 So calm, so tranquil, Earth is sleeping 'neath
 The "silent stars," it seems almost that naught
 Of sin, or sorrow's blight could ever rest
 Upon a world so fair. But now the clock
 Has tolled the midnight hour, reminding that
 I am a watcher near the couch of one
 Who's swiftly passing to the spirit-world.
 Scarce ten summers shone on her fair brow, when

That insidious foe—*Consumption*, laid
 Its withering hand upon her budding charms :
 The Rose soon faded from her cheek, save that
 Bright hectic flush which glowed at intervals—
 Deceiving those who prayed—their cherished one
 Might not be taken from their fond embrace.
 But now all hope is gone, and tranquilly
 She rests, like a sweet drooping Lily—
 Gathered ere its prime.

Oh, solemn thought! and is it so, that all
 The active, living mass in this our world—
 Intelligent, both loving and beloved,
 All, all must die? must pass away like waves
 Upon the shore, to be succeeded by
 Their kind, who walk above their sleeping dust,
 Forgetting oft that they must thus become
 A prey to Death, and lowly lie!
 Oh Sin! what hast thou done in this fair world?
 The "King of terrors" found no entrance here,
 'Till thou this ruin wrought, and turned
 A Paradise into a place of woe.
 But God has taught us in His precious word,
 That Christ has died to save us from the sad
 Effects of Sin—has conquered Death for all
 His chosen ones—for them he has no sting—
 The grave no dread.

Hammond Vale, Kings County, N. B. 1853.

FLOWERS.

The blue-eyed Violet first we sing,
 So dainty and so fair;
 The soft South breezes kiss its lip,

And breathes its fragrance rare :
Within the "garden's cultured round,"
Are lavishly displayed,
A radiant band of "lovely things,"
In glowing tints arrayed :
The Rose - the fragrant blushing Rose
Reigns, proudly - queenly there ;
She claims bright Beauty's palm as hers,
With regal courtly air.
How sweet at early Morn to note,
Gay flowers of every hue ;
In graceful homage bending 'neath
The showers of pearly dew :
The costly jewels which adorn
A Monarch's diadem ;
For brilliance and rare loveliness,
Can ne'er compare with them.
The Lilies neither "toil nor spin,"
Yet Solomon's array,
Ne'er vied with them—he never wore
Such lustrous robes as they :
The "Lily of the Vale's" a Type
Of Purity and Love,
Which died—and rose—now glorious reigns,
In Paradise above :
While "Nature's gems" are passing fair,
Her fragrant realms disclose
No flower so precious—lovely—sweet
As Sharon's Sacred Rose."

LINES.

Respectfully inscribed to the Young Ladies who favored
me with a visit. - July 12, 1886.

My theme shall be a merry band -
So innocently gay -
A group of fair young girls who came
To honor my birth day.

Books, pictures, flowers, all lent their aid,
To charm away the hours,
Both Annes with the rest proposed
To lunch in Nature's bowers.

"A picnic," Mary then exclaims,
"Oh, that will be so nice,"
And then with busy hands they filled
The baskets in a trice.

The table cloth was neatly spread,
Beneath the branching trees;
While birdling's songs and insects hum
Were mingled with the breeze.

"There goes a cup of tea," cries Bess—
"Just see that spider run!"
Says Laura, "the cake plates are left,
Pray now what shall be done?"

'T would be as well, so Alice thinks,
To pass the *pail* of cake:
Dan's lost his spoon, and Willie's laugh
The slumbering echoes wake.

O! youth and childhood's happy hearts,
I would not hush your glee!
Nor still one joyous voice that rings
So gladsome and so free!

For if you live to riper years,
Full soon alas! you'll find
That smarting thorns are certainly
Amid the rose entwined.

And that earth's joys are fading like
The buds and blossoms fair,
With which your skilful fingers formed
This fragrant garland rare.

But always bright will memory keep
The pleasures of to-day—
A verdant wreath—an evergreen,
Which ne'er can fade away.

TO GOLDEN CHAIN JOURNAL.

Golden Chain Journal we wish thee success,
And hope that thy "shadow may never grow less:"
Though lately obtaining existence and name,
Thou'rt fairly enrolled on the annals of fame.
First of all we've a treat from the Editor's chair,
Then a choice bit of sentiment racy and rare,
A feast from the Poets, some anecdotes old,
And then a good Temperance story is told;
But O! my dear Journal while yet in your youth,
Don't ever forget to declare the *whole truth*.
Fear not to exclaim against envy and pride,

And scrambling for office be sure to deride:
 You're the voice of the Lodge and I don't fail to expose
 Whate'er of wrong doing "comes under your nose,"
 And of all things contemptible under the skies,
 A tipping templar you will surely despise;
 But I am tiring your patience and think it high
 time,
 To close up this prosy and jingling rhyme:
 May you keep all your *links* untarnished and
 bright,
 And now my dear Journal I bid you Good Night!
 1870.

◆
 THE BABY.

What is this precious, dainty thing—
 This birdling rare with folded wing—
 Whose fairy presence pleasures bring?
 The Baby!

"Oh see," says Maude, "what bright blue eyes,"
 "What tiny feet," then Phebe cries;
 While George surveys with pleased surprise,
 The Baby.

Wise little Kate with thoughtful face,
 Has tried to *comprehend* the case,
 And nurses with such quiet grace
 The Baby,

Young master James with conscious air,
 Defiance bids to those who dare.
 Request *him*, lawful *rights* to share
 With Baby,

Dear Mamma clasps her to her breast,
And prays that God by His behest,
Will guide unto the Land of rest
Sweet Baby.

May God hear Papa's earnest prayer,
For usefulness *each child* prepare,
And meet at last in regions fair
With Baby.

Nov. 1862.

— — — ◆ — — —
WRITTEN FOR A CONCERT.

In this Temperance Hall we are gathered to-night,
To hear dialogues, music, to read and recite :
For a very good object no one can deny—
To replenish our Sabbath School Library thereby,
While many delight in the rude drunken revel—
Debasing the *Man* far beneath the brute's level;
For others the gambling saloon has attractions,
Where the oath and the song denote evil passions.
To the pure and refined social pleasures like *these*,
Display talent and taste which surely will please.
For the victims of vice let us labor and pray—
The youth and the children guide in the right way.
From all sinful joys may we ever abstain !
And the precepts of heavenly wisdom retain !
Her Gifts are divine, and her treasures untold—
Are far more enduring than silver and gold.

TO THE MOON.

Majestic and unclouded Moon,
So placid, clear and bright ;
Dispelling with thy lunar rays,
The sable shades of Night !

Thou dost appear most beautiful,
With all thy starry train,
Which glisten in the azure sky,
The attendants of thy reign :

Thy "silver mantle" now is thrown
O'er field and shady bower ;
And lovely Nature, fairer seems,
At this calm moonlight hour.

The whispering Zephyrs are abroad,
Among the blossoms sweet —
And by thy radiant mellow beams —
True friends delight to meet.

On *all* thy borrowed rays are shed —
The wretched and the blest —
While gliding on in Queenly state —
Serenely to the West.

BABY IRENE.

In this parcel by post from Nevada,
What is this these covers between ?
We're delighted to find 'tis a picture —
Can this be the baby Irene ?

Yes, to friendship and art we're indebted,
 Though thousands of miles intervene,
 'Tis the likeness of Annie's fair daughter,
 Her darling, her baby Irene.

'Mong the soft velvet cushions reclining—
 On one dimpled arm like a Queen—
 In her rich 'broidered robes white as snow drifts,
 Quite regal seems baby Irene.

Her ripe lips half apart she is gazing
 With bright earnest eyes at a scene ;
 Quite concealed from *our* view though sufficient
 To attract dear baby Irene.

The fond love of her parents and kindred—
 It cannot be measured I ween ;
 We would join them in all their best wishes—
 For her —their sweet baby Irene.

AN IMPROMPTU.

On the receipt of verses describing the Falls of
 Montmorency.

Most dear friend of mine —
 This production of thine —
 With charming discription replete —
 Displays genius most rare :
 Dispute it who dare,
 'Tis a rich poetical treat.
 Why should you at *one* bound
 Thus reach "classic ground"
 Others toil tedious years to attain ?

Court the fair Muses *nine*—
 Seek Parnassus to climb,
 And the coveted height scarcely gain?
 But this sweet song of thine—
 Was for pleasure of *mine*—
 For me this sublimest of lays:
 So I need not complain—
 If *others* would fain—
 From envy detract from its praise.

ON REVISITING "CHILDHOOD'S HOME."

In memory's cloudland faint and dim
 Our infant days appear
 Like shadowy forms that pass away,
 And left no outline clear;

But many many things remind us
 Of our childhood's years—
 Our hearts were light, our sorrows slight,
 And smiles succeeded tears.

To other eyes it may appear
 Devoid of beauty's spell;
 But "childhood's home" to us is dear,
 We've loved it long and well.

To the old barn this path once led,
 But now it can't be found,
 Each ancient *rafter, beam, and post*
 Is leveled to the ground:

But recollection can recall
It, as in days of yore,
And with our playmates o'er again,
Its *bays* and *mows* explore :

The rope is tied with careful hands,
The merry swing begins,
Again familiar tones are heard—
The roof with laughter rings. * * *

Those ancient willows mind us well
Of childhood's years long past,
When snuggled in our trundle-bed,
We listened to the blast

Which howled amongst the branches, then
Despoiled of foliage bright,
While our soft couch seemed cosier, on
The stormy wintry night ;

In Spring the robin built her nest
Amid the waving green —
And warbled sweetest " wood notes wild,"
In plumes of crimson sheen. * * *

'Twas on this bank, quite near this stream,
The early violet grew—
Which pleased us with its fragrant breath,
And dainty cup of blue :

We heard the silvery waters bright,
With softly murmuring sound,
Pour o'er the bridge and lave the flowers
Which near the brink were found ;

Here Nature formed a verdant bower—
A sylvan cool retreat—
When "Old Sol" from his golden throne,
Shot down his fervent heat.

With book in hand we oft have dreamed
The glowing hours away,
Secluded from Life's busy scenes,
And Summer's burning ray.

While viewing now the sunset flush,
And evening shadows fall,
The varied scenes of earlier days,
We musingly recall.

Our loving parents counsels wise,
Oh, may we prize them more!
A richer legacy they'll prove,
Than Mammon's golden store.

Thrice has the household chain been riven,
By Death's relentless hand,
And nature mourns—altho' we trust
They're in the "better land."

They left us when the blossoms pale,
Hung fading on their stalks;
The leaves that graced fair Summer's reign,
Bestrewed the garden walks.

Our dear loved ones — beloved ones!
We missed them all to-day,
When kneeling in our 'customed place
To hear our Father pray :

His earnest pleading tones they'll list
 With us on earth no more;
 Angelic voices greet them now,
 On yonder heavenly shore!

Their prayers have changed to grateful praise,
 Their sorrows changed to joy :
 Oh may we all reach those bright realms
 Of bliss without alloy.

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN.

My little friends how do you spend
 These evenings now so long?
 Assembled 'round your cheerful fire,
 A merry little throng:

You know that if you misimprove,
 And waste your precious time;
 You will repent it bitterly,
 Before you reach your prime.

Your parents and your teachers, are
 Quite anxious you should learn,
 And to the improvement of your mind,
 Your whole attention turn.

A few short years, and you will be
 Both *men* and *women* grown,
 And in the scale for good or ill,
 Your influence will be thrown.

Oh! may you prize the privileges
 To you so freely given;
 The Saviour love while here on heart
 And sing His praise in Heaven.

Clear

“LITTLE MABEL.”

Thrice, the flowers have bloomed and faded,
 Since her lovely infant form,
 Was caressed by friends and parents,
 With sincere affection warm ;

Now, those active limbs are lying,
 Helpless in death's icy arms,
 And the tears of grief are falling,
 Over Mabel's faded charms.

God in love has called dear Mabel,
 Do not murmur 'gainst His will ;
 To the troubled waves of sorrow,
 He can whisper “*Peace be Still.*”

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

In this Album of thine—
 Decked with roses so fine,
 And dainty forget-me-nots too :
 We find *gems* here and there—
 From *friends* who declare,
 In rhyme, their good wishes for you.
 'Mid these blossom's so fair,
 Gems of thought “rich and rare”
 I would fain, O dear friend of mine,
 Unite with the rest—
 May the choicest and best
 Of blessings, attend *thee* and *thine*.

IN MEMORIAM M. S.

“Fold the hands tenderly o’er the still breast,
Softly, step softly disturb not her rest”—
Vain is the warning—she’ll slumbering lie—
’Till Gabriel’s trump shall resound through the sky:
The world’s weary cares she’ll know now no more,
Her prayers for her loved ones forever are o’er—
And her ransomed spirit in regions of bliss
Is happy with Christ, whom she worshiped in this.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Coldly gleams the glistening sunshine
On the crusted snow—
Coldly gleaming as it glistened
Twenty years ago.

In the sky so deeply azure,
Clouds are drifting low,
Fleecy, feathery, as they drifted
Twenty years ago.

’Neath the eaves the pendant crystals
Glitter in a row,
Flash and sparkle, as they glittered
Twenty years ago.

Wrought with strange device, fantastic,
On the windows glow
Pictures, as the Frost King wrought them
Twenty years ago.

From the West, now rising, falling,
Whispering breezes blow,
In their harp-like tones repeating
"Twenty years ago."

Twenty years! Ah me, the tear-drops
From their fountain flow,
For the cherished ones who loved us
Twenty years ago.

'Neath the white and gleaming marble,
'Neath the crusted snow,
Sleep the forms of some who loved us
Twenty years ago!

But their happy spirits, resting
Where the amaranths grow,
Sing the song of praise commenced here
Twenty years ago!

Sing the praise of Him who saved them
From eternal woe:
Saved them by His love celestial,
Twenty years ago.

Father, may we keep unbroken
(Special grace bestow)
Vows, that in Thy house were spoken
Twenty years ago.

OUR BABY BOY.

How sweetly in his cradle bed
 Our baby boy is resting!
 His dainty limbs composed in sleep,
 Among the pillows nestling.

His cheeks vie with the opening rose—
 His dimpled hands the Lily,
 And soft curls cluster round the brow
 Of darling baby Willie.

He's yet unconscious of our *Love*,
 With *care* so fondly blended—
 Of prayers low whispered o'er the couch,
 With deep affection tended.

Hid from our eyes the future lies,
 A realm by all untravelled—
 But trusting in our God we'll wait
 Its mysteries unravelled.

MY PAPA DETS DRUNK.

Running on the icy pavement
 Of the busy street,
 See that child in tattered raiment—
 Bare, her little feet!

“Why have you no shoes and stockings
 This cold chilly day?”
 Questions *One*—in accents kindly
 “Answer me I pray.”

From her eyes her hair she brushes—
 From those wistful eyes :
 "I don't dot none" (pale lips quivering)
 Quaintly she replies

"You don't dot none"—he repeats it—
 "Tell the reason why."
 "My papa dets drunk"—she answers—
 "That's the reason why."

O, the old, the cruel story !
 Oh, the deadly sin !
 Helpless babes—the helpless victims
 Of *good Rum* and *Gin*.

Of *good Rum* ! the Prince of darkness
 Surely *that* name gave
 Thousands yearly—tens of thousands
 Fill the drunkard's grave.

"My papa dets drunk"—what visions
 Those sad words recall !
 Wretched homes, heart-broken women,
Rum has done it all.

TO MRS. C. B.

A priceless treasure a boon from Heaven,
 A peerless Lily to thee has been given—
 To grace thy nuptial bower ;
 You've tenderly nursed it day and night,
 Lest aught of evil should harm or blight
 The dainty spirit flower.

Queen Flora's jewels are passing fair,
With their delicate tints and fragrance rare,
Bright "nurslings of the skies;"
But thou wilt not deem their charms complete,
As the lovely blossom tiny and sweet,
That on thy bosom lies.
And oft for this cherished Lily of thine,
For all needful blessings and favors divine,
Thou'lt breathe an earnest prayer;
That when its dear presence the loving shall miss,
It may be transplanted to regions of bliss,
To bloom in beauty there.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

In this delightful cool retreat,
We're sheltered from the noon-day heat,
The whispering breeze that fans our brow,
The rustling leaves doth gently bow:
A gay-plumed humming-bird comes near,
Then flashes past in needless fear.
The lovely flowers their fragrance shed,
In grassy nook, and "cultured bed,"
And o'er the blossomed-burthened trees
With murmuring music rove the bees:
The gorgeous butterflies are seen
In robes of purple, gold and green.
Fair Nature here so charming seems,
One might indulge in pleasant dreams,
But we behold the "Serpent's trail,"
And a "lost Paradise" bewail:
If found in Christ, we shall regain
An Eden free from grief or pain.

A SABBATH MORN.

The rich wild music of the grove
Is floating soft and low ;
The silvery streams, the waters wide
In gentle murmurs flow.
The sun looks smilingly upon
The lovely things of earth,
Which seem to speak in silent tones
Of Him who gave them birth.
O, thou our Father and our Friend,
Be pleased thy grace to impart
To those who love thy sacred name,
And quicken every heart.
Inspire thy saints with holy zeal,
Thy gracious spirit give,
To waken those who're dead in sin,
That they in Christ may live.
O, grant to bless the precious truths
That are dispensed to-day,
And midst thy Church here militant
Thy wondrous power display.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AT
WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1887.

A trumpet blast announces her approach :
The choristers in their white bands arise,
And with them that vast audience elate,
Expectant pleasure beaming from each eye.
There is a pause, the royal household's
Gold-laced officers are grouping near

The entrance to the choir, but now they part,
And Bishop with Archbishop, solemn Deans,
In strange monastic-fashioned robes appear,
With Heralds, Princes, Dukes in regal pomp.
But now she comes (alone of that throng *Call*
In plain attire) Victoria, the loved,—
The Empress and the Queen : as on she moves
In graceful dignity, and mien of one
Born to command, she nears the throne,
And pausing for a moment signifies
Her recognition of the homage paid
By Kings and Queens, and all old England's
Proud nobility. The music echoes
Through the arches wide : lit by the sunlight,
The old Abbey's walls are all aglow
With myriad hues, while every head is bowed
Until she sinks in the coronation chair.
In this bright hour supreme, one plainly sees
The impress of that grief, her life long grief,
Which years gone by so stirred the sympathies
Of all who owned her just and gentle sway.
That honored head, with crown of snowy hair
One day must lie beside her young heart's love.
O, may that sad, sad hour be far removed !
And the All-Father who has been her guide,
Be with her to the end. "God save the Queen."

TO MY BOOK.

And now little book,
With a fond parting look,
On thy mission I bid thee to go;
In this simple guise,
You may 'scape the keen eyes
Of the critic - a rhymesters dread foe.

"Lord Brougham" and "Jeffrey"—
The "Review" and "Quarterly"—
Have passed, with their essays profound:
They broke Keats' heart,
Aimed at Byron a dart,
Sad havoc *that* made in rebound.

But assail thee who will,
I am lacking in skill
From the carping of cynics to save:
Thou can'st live thy brief hour;
(To do harm thou'st no power),
Then quietly glide to thy grave.

ERRATUM,—On page 12 first line of verse read:—
"premise" instead of "promise."

