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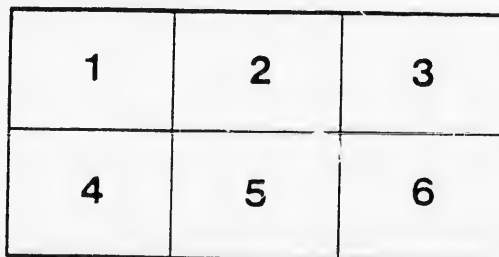
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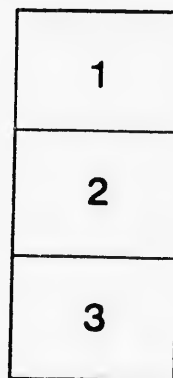
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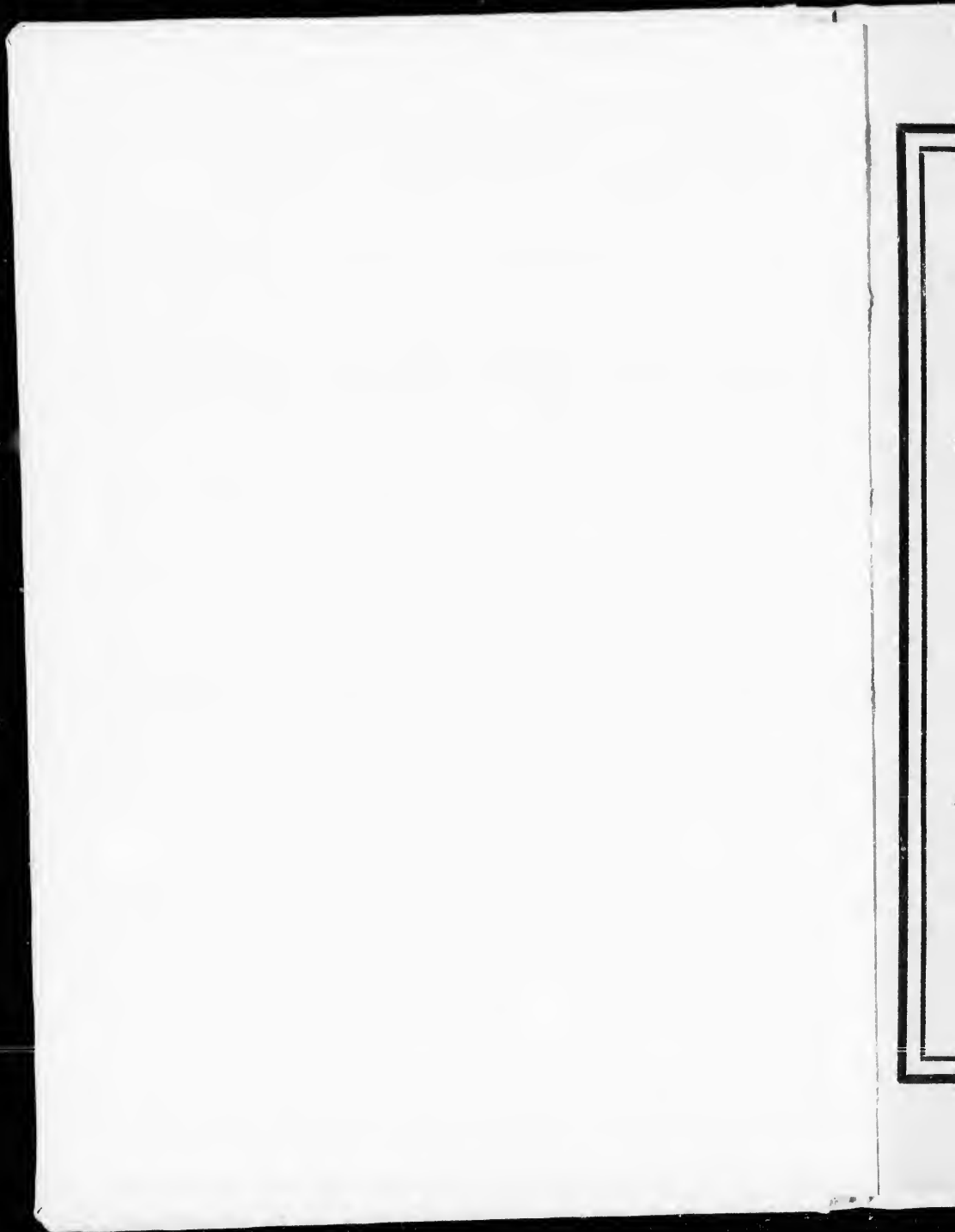
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ORIGINAL POEMS.



By Henry G. Adams.

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Fourth Edition,
Revised and Corrected
with Latest Poems added.
1899.

"Progress" Print, St. John, N. B.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP PORTLAND.

I.

It was in the month of November, the wind blowing a gale,
That the fine steamer Portland from Boston did sail
With a captain and crew of one hundred odd souls,
Whose bodies now drift upon Nantucket shoals.

II.

She sank with her freight of young and old,
In the depths of the ocean they lay rigid and cold,
And many fond hearts will be smitten with grief,
Until the angel of death shall grant them relief.

III.

There were fond hearts on board that were filled with delight,
And dreamed not their souls would be summoned that night,
But the tempest did howl, the waves they did leap,
The Portland she sank with her freight in the deep.

IV.

It was on that surf-beaten shore, where a signal she gave,
Where many brave seamen found a watery grave,
And not one of that number who left in that gale,
Will ever return to relate the sad tale.

V.

It is a lesson in life that when warnings are given [driven ;
We should watch for the storms or on the rocks we may be
For there is always a harbor where in peace we can lay,
Where our anchor will hold by night or by day.

VI.

Farewell to the Portland, with her freight of live souls,
Whose bodies have drifted away from those shoals ;
God grant they may rest in their deep ocean bed,
Until the sea shall be summoned to yield up its dead.

ORIGINAL POEMS

THE BEGGAR.

I.

A stranger he stands, he knocks at your door,
He pleads for a mite from your bountiful store ;
Peels of revelry and mirth are caught by his ear,
While your hearts are as callous as the winter is drear.

II.

He is the son of some mother and has wandered from home,
You have boys of your own, perchance they may roam
And cease to remember their homes that were bright,
As they drift with the tide and are devoid of "That Light."

III.

Turn not a deaf ear to an appeal from the poor,
They have the promise of God, their bread and water is sure ;
Think not that your wealth will ransom your soul,
Or purchase a passport, as you are nearing the goal.

IV.

There are those who are poor in the treasures of earth,
Yet richer by far than those of proud birth ;
There's a glow in their hearts, when fanned into flame,
That will aid them to live as they trust in His name.

V.

The beggar was poor, he was laid at the gate,
The dogs were his friends, with them he had ate,
Although despised by those with wealth in great store,
He was borne by the angels to that evergreen shore.

VI.

Then despise not the beggar, he is some mother's child,
Who has wandered from home and the world has beguiled ;
But think of your own as from home they depart,
And the shaft that they bury in your own bleeding heart.

MY MOTHER.

I.

Can it be she is gone that her spirit has flown?
To those regions beyond : that mysterious unknown ;
The bow is unstrung, the shaft it has sped,
" My Mother" is numbered with those of the dead.

II.

Nevermore will these lips that taught me to pray
Be pressed to my cheeks at the close of each day ;
No more will those arms around me entwine,
" My Mother" has gone, she has crossed that line.

III.

It is sad to be severed from those whom we love,
But there is a promise that's given by our Father above
To those who will seek, both the young and the old,
" My Mother" accepted, she has entered that fold.

IV.

Nevermore will she face the rude winter's blast,
Her race has been ran, her troubles are past ;
And calmly she'll rest 'neath the moss covered stone,
" My Mother," God bless her, has gone to her home.

V.

The time is by no means short when the grave will reclaim,
The foe and friend whom the victor has slain ;
But there's a home in that land, abounding in love,
" Farewell, dearest Mother," I will meet thee above.

THE PRISONER.

I.

Upon a pallet of straw in a dungeon he lay,
Where the sun never shone to brighten the day ;
Where the sounds of a voice never fell on his ear ;
His heart must be sad in that prison so drear.

II.

For days and for months as a beast was he fed,
With the foulest of water and a portion of bread ;
The click of the chains with which he was bound,
Was all that he heard in that tomb under ground.

III.

And thus was he doomed by the foes of his land,
For refusing to join with a murderous band,
Whose hearts and deeds were blacker than hell,
For they sought by their actions their country to sell.

IV.

The days and the nights unto him were as one,
Yet he sent his petitions to God's only Son,
And oft in the height of despair in that tomb,
There were visions of light that dispelled his gloom.

V.

Thus day after day did his life ebb away,
The spirit had flown naught remained but the clay ;
A victim of man, in those days that are gone,
It were better for him had he never been born.

VI.

We thank Thee, our Father, those days are now past,
And love the dear land wherein our lot has been cast ;
With our sovereign so dear, as she sits on her throne,
And pray blessings from Heaven upon her may be strown.

THE DYING CHILD.

I.

A mother stands weeping o'er the cot of her child
With his features so placid, by sin undefiled,
And the songs of the angels resound on the air,
As their burden they bear to his home over "There."

II.

By night and by day did she watch o'er his cot,
And with prayers to her God her child's life she besought ;
But our Father in Heaven who doeth all well,
Has called him from earth, with the angels to dwell.

III.

From the snares and temptations of the world he has flown,
And his body now lies 'neath the white marble stone ;
He was summoned from earth 'ere his troubles began,
And awaits his reward from that eternal "I Am."

IV.

We gazed on that smile that was resting in death,
And beheld the calm features that were bereft of its breath,
We heard the sweet songs of the angels above,
That were clad in bright garments and rejoicing in love.

V.

The last scene in life's drama enacted has been,
The cold clay has been hidden never more to be seen,
Until the day that the trump of the Archangel will sound,
When the dead will arise from their tombs underground.

VI.

The days and the nights in gloom are now spent,
By that mother who oft o'er her child she had bent,
And list to sweet accents that greeted her ears,
With heart broken sighs, the eyes dim with tears.

MY FATHER.

I.

My father who fought on the blood reddened field,
Fell bleeding with wounds yet to no foe did he yield ;
His boys by his side, as they lay in their gore
Bade each other adieu ! their battles were o'er.

II.

Nevermore will he answer the call to the charge,
Or face the huge guns as the gaps they enlarge ;
No more will he charge on the ranks of the foe—
He has gone to his home where all mortals must go.

III.

Though the years have rolled on since his body was laid
In the soldier's lone grave, where so oft I have strayed,
And gazed on the mound that obscures from my view,
That smile on his lips as he bade me " adieu "

IV.

That smile on his lips, is still dear unto me,
And oft in my dreams his blood-stained features I see ;
I hear the sweet voice that oft bid me prepare,
To enter that home its rich treasures to share.

V.

Oft in the eve, when the day it has flown,
I think of the seed in my heart he had sown ;
For he taught me to kneel to none other than God,
And to love the chastisement received by His rod.

VI.

My heart is now sad and burdened with care,
As I journey through life with its troubles to share ;
Its pleasures and ills are alike unto me,
When I think of my father, now in the home of the free.

TO BESSIE BUDD.

I.

The days of thy childhood are passing away,
Thou art but a pilgrim and came not to stay ;
Thy home is not here in this cold dreary land,
It's across the clear river with its glittering strand.

II.

Your father and mother unto you are most dear,
But the time it will come when you cannot be near ,
To those who have watched and caressed you in sleep,
And prayed that the angels their vigils would keep.

III.

No sorrows or cares have e'er darkened thy brow,
Not a thorn in thy heart has been suffered to grow ;
The clouds of despair never darkened thy days,
For thy sun always shone with its brightest of rays

IV.

But think not your journey through life will be strewn
With garlands of roses, that around you were thrown ;
The bush has its thorns as well as its flowers
And bids you beware of the foe in its bowers.

V.

Thou art but a bud not matured into bloom,
Surrounded by thorns that would cause you a gloom ;
God grant that the bud may be free from all blight.
And become a sweet flower shedding fragrance and light.

VI.

Though parted on earth from those whom you love,
There are angels and friends who are waiting above ;
To receive the sweet flower that from earth has been torn,
And in the arms of the angels to its home has been borne.

CUBA.

I.

Beautiful isle of the sea, by tyrants oppressed,
Arise from thy slumbers; let thy wrongs be redressed;
The chains that have bound thee assunder now rend,
And trust in that King whom your deliverance did send.

II.

You are now in the hands of the generous and free;
Come! prove by your acts what your future shall be,
Let those who are now engaged in the strife,
Return to their homes and their duties in life.

III.

Thy isle at all seasons in bright verdure is clad,
But the deeds of thy people are both piteous and sad;
Arise from the wrongs that have degraded thy land,
And prove to thy friends thou art a trustworthy band.

IV.

Though tempests and storms around thee may burst,
There's a power above in whom you can trust;
There are fetters that bind thee both body and soul,
Cast off those bonds and unite with those who control.

V.

The yoke has been broken; thy oppressors have flown;
No more will that yoke by the Cubans be borne;
That flag has now flown with its deep yellow hue,
To be supplanted by one of red, white and blue.

VI.

May the Island of Cuba with freedom be blest,
Her sons and her daughters in peace may they rest;
May they worship that King who free'd them from Spain,
Who treated her God with contempt and disdain.

TO THE DOUKHOBORS.

I.

We welcome thee, friends, to the shores of our land,
And extend unto thee both the heart and the hand ;
We bid thee God speed to thy home in the west,
And pray that thyself and thy labor be blest .

II.

You have crossed the blue sea to the land of the free,
Where no tyrant dare say thou must kneel unto me ;
Here, "A man is a man," and if willing to toil,
Will reap the rewards of fair Canada's soil.

III.

You have come to our land all her glories to share,
Free, like the lark when he soars with his songs in the air ;
And we trust that your homes in the future will be
A reward to those friends, who you from bondage did free.

IV.

You came from a land by a tyrant oppressed —
And are now in that land where men's wrongs are redressed ;
Where mercy and justice, they sit on the throne,
Administer according to proofs that are shown.

V.

You have come to our land—her subjects to be,
And we trust by your thrift her rewards you will see ;
Dark clouds may arise and cause you alarm,
But where is that land that is exempt from a storm.

VI.

Put your trust in "That King" whom your freedom has bought,
He will never forsake you, if by your acts you have sought
To lighten the burdens, that each other have borne,
And rely on that promise He gave from His throne.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I.

In a manger of Bethlehem an infant is laid,
The offspring of Mary, God's own chosen maid;
Although a King at His birth, in a stable was born,
A Saviour for all, yet an object of scorn.

II.

The angels rejoiced at the birth of that King,
The rocks and the hills with their anthems did ring ;
That star in the heavens shone forth in its might,
And directed the shepherds to the home of that Light.

III.

And daily He grew in wisdom and might,
He spoke to the blind, they received their sight ;
In the temple He taught that all may be free,
He bid them beware of the proud Pharisee.

IV.

He spoke to the winds ; His voice they obeyed,
The waves He rebuked ; their anger was stayed,
He spoke to the damsel when in death she did lay,
He bid her arise and His mandate obey.

V.

He gathered the lambs that strayed from the fold,
And bestowed His great love on the young and the old ;
He rebuked the foul spirits and bid them depart,
And cleansed the vile lepers who His pardon besought.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

I.

Hearken ! 'Tis the peel of the bells that are speaking to man,
And call him to worship that great being "I Am ;"
It invites them to come and partake of that meal,
That will nourish the soul and its diseases will heal.

II.

Hearken ! 'Tis the peel of the bells that in sweet music ring,
And call forth a large concourse in reverence to sing,
As the bride and the groom, at the altar they stand,
To be united as one by a bright golden band.

III.

Hearken ! 'Tis the peel of the bells that give warning to man,
And bid us beware that our life is but a span,
As we gaze on the cortege that enters the door,
And view the cold clay—its journey being o'er.

IV.

Hearken ! 'Tis the peel of the bells on a bright Christmas morn,
That proclaim to the world that a Saviour is born ;
That the young and the old in triumph may sing,
And rejoice in that Saviour, the Lord Jesus our King.

V.

Hearken ! 'Tis the peel of the bells that proclaim Easter morn,
And shows us the power of our King that was born ;
May each one rejoice in the sound of that bell,
And when our summon's announced may we say "It is well."

CHRISTMAS MORN.

I.

One thousand, eight hundred and ninety-eight years,
Has the birth of our Saviour been greeted with cheers ;
T'was a day that the shepherds rejoiced to see,
It was foretold by an angel that a King He would be.

II.

'Tis a day that's regarded by the young and the old,
As they gather together with their tales to unfold,
And those who were estranged by contention and strife,
Again are united as they journey through life.

III.

'Tis a day that the children will welcome with glee,
As they wait for King "Santa" who crosses the sea ;
When at eve on their pillows of down they recline,
And dream of the morrow and what shall be mine.

IV.

'Tis a day that the poor will hail with delight,
For the faithful in Christ will grant them their "mite,"
And prove by their acts of benevolence and love,
They are debtors to Him who bestows from above.

V.

'Tis a day that the sick and afflicted will find,
There are those all around who are generous and kind ;
Whose hearts and hands are not slow to extend,
A share of their means by which the sick they befriend.

VI.

Let the peal of the bells sing forth in sweet strain,
And proclaim to the world not our loss but our gain ;
Let us rejoice in this day and our King that was born,
Who was nailed to the cross then treated with scorn.

VICTORIA OUR QUEEN.

I.

Victoria ! beloved by all nations on earth,
We rejoice in that day that gave thee thy birth ;
For thy reign has been one endorsed from above,
And guided by Him the great Father of Love.

II.

As a Mother and Queen, none on earth can excel,
Thy duty to all, thou hast performed right well,
And long may the crown adorn thy fair brow,
For in wisdom and might thy subjects do grow.

III.

Though deprived of thy consort in the prime of his life,
Thou hast guarded thy nation from contention and strife ;
Thy children are lights of a God-fearing Queen,
Protected and honored by Our Father unseen.

IV.

Thy soldiers and sailors proclaim thee a friend,
They shrink not from duty their Queen to defend ;
The heathen in India will bow at thy call,
And fight for their Queen though in death they should fall.

V.

The days of thy youth have flitted and gone,
But thy love and thy virtue like stars have they shone,
And long may our God endue thee with grace,
To be Mother and Queen of His own chosen race.

VI.

May thy memory be cherished by the young and old,
And be valued far more than thy crown of fine gold ;
May He who has given thee power from on high,
Still help thee live and prepare thee to die.

THE LAST TRUMP.

I.

The trump has been sounded, the dead have arisen,
All mortals of clay have been freed from their prison ;
And summoned to stand before Heaven's great King,
Where the angels and seraphs in glory they sing.

II.

There are those who will rejoice when the Father doth call,
And come forth in white robes that were proffered to all ;
On the right of the King they will take up their stand,
To join in the chorus with the Archangel band.

III.

There are those who have despised and rejected the call,
They wish that the rocks and the hills upon them may fall,
As they gaze on that throng with their glittering crowns,
Yet they are numbered with those whom the Father disowns

IV.

The sea has been summoned to yield up its dead,
And myriads come forth from the ocean's deep bed,
Where for ages concealed 'neath the crest of the wave,
They have rested in peace in their deep ocean grave.

V.

The sun has been darkened and turned into blood,
There is weeping and wailing as in the days of the flood,
Oh ! God can it be ? That parents and children divided must be,
And banished for ever from the presence of Thee.

VI.

Thou art a God of all love if we come unto Thee,
And though our sins be as scarlet yet as snow they may be,
If our hearts we but yield as Thy word doth command,
And steer for that port with its bright angel band.

A DREAM.

I.

Peels of thunder I heard as through the clouds they did roll,
And gazed on the lightnings that struck an awe to my soul ;
The angel Gabriel, I saw, with a trumpet in hand,
He was summoning all souls before their Maker to stand.

II.

I saw the graves opened and the rocks that were rent,
And heard the message from God to the dead that was sent ;
I saw Heaven's great King, who from on high did descend,
And heard the deep wails that to Him did ascend.

III.

In the distance the songs of the angels I heard,
Their notes of sweet music my soul it be-stirred ;
I saw my companion with her babes by her side,
She beckoned me come to that home to abide.

IV.

I stood by a river whose waters were clear,
And list to its ripples of silver that bade me good cheer ;
I saw those of my youth—my companions of home,
Who bid me to enter, a stranger no longer to roam.

V.

I saw those who through great tribulation had passed,
Despised, rejected on earth, in the arms of Jesus now fast ;
I saw Hindoos and Brahmins from India's fair lands,
And gazed on the Negroes from Africa's parched sands.

VI.

I awoke from my dream upon the dawn of the day,
I besought my kind Father to help me to pray :
That those sights which appeared to me in my dream,
Will help me to live as I sail on life's stream.

THE SEAL SKIN "SACQUE."

I.

Our neighbours and cousins prove clearly by acts,
 They have no regard for those who wear "Sacques;"
 Is their honor so gone that they stoop to such means,
 In that land of the "Free," Oh! Fie on such scenes.

II.

What will be done with the "Sacque" that was seized?
 Will they send it to those who that law has decreed?
 Or will they present to "that minion" who at Vaneboro stands,
 For his bravery in placing the "Sacque" in their hands.

III.

They are sending their sons to enlighten the blind,
 An action they claim is both generous and kind;
 Yet there are those all around them of kith and of kin,
 They will treat with contempt for wearing "Seal-skin."

IV.

They claim to be friends to Canadians at large,
 But that is only a sham their gains to enlarge;
 The object in view is quite plain to be seen,
 Yet they will find that a Briton is loyal to his Queen

V.

The seals in the Arctic are secured from attacks, ["Sacques,"
 But our wives and our daughters are deprived of their
 And this by a people who professes to be
 A friend to old Britain, the Queen of the sea.

VI.

We wish them success for all the "Sacques" they obtain,
 And hope their exchequers may be filled without stain,
 For no action on earth more mean could it be,
 Although it was done in that land of the "Free."

WINDSOR HOTEL FIRE.

I.

There is sorrow and weeping in our city this day,
For the loved and the lost who were called far away,
Those who arose on the morn of that ill-fated day,
In the bloom of their youth with their spirits so gay.

II.

An alarm has been given. Oh! horrors, " 'Tis Fire,"
And frantic they rush in the wildest despair;
They seek for a shelter, they are fleeing in fear,
But are forever cut off from earth's treasures so dear.

III.

They seek for escape from its windows so high,
But the flames dance around them, no aid is there nigh;
In frenzy they leap from that caldron of heat,
All mangled and bleeding expire on the street.

IV.

The cries of the dying are borne on the air,
And many are weeping as they gaze in despair,
At the flames in their fury and might that ascend,
And sever on earth the father, the mother, the child and friend.

V.

It was little they dreamed when in slumber they lay,
Their souls would be summoned e're the dawn of that day;
But such are our lives—for as vapours they fly—
Today we make merry—tomorrow we die.

VI.

Their ashes now rest 'neath those once towering walls,
Where lately sweet music was heard through its halls;
It has become as a tomb for the repose of the dead—
God grant they may rest in that fire demon's bed.

LOSS OF THE CASTILIAN.

I.

The Castilian is lost which is truly a shame,
And it is claimed that the currents were solely to blame ;
For the sky it was clear and no fog was there nigh,
When the Castilian did run on the rock high and dry.

II.

A cast of the lead proved the water was shoaling,
And the captain and mate upon the bridge had been strolling;
Yet no order was given for a change of the course,
'Till she plunged on the Gannet with steam in full force.

III.

Had her course have been changed as the water did shoal,
She might have crossed the Atlantic and reached her goal ;
But there's a mystery that hangs o'er that wreck on the deep,
Which the captain and crew to themselves they will keep.

IV.

Were she an old battered hulk in a wretched condition,
And fully insured, there were cause for suspicion ;
But a model of beauty, just new from the stocks,
No cause can be assigned for her loss on the rocks.

V.

The blame is attached to old Fundy our bay,
Though there are vessels and steamers that ply it each day ;
That sail in the fog, in the dark and the light,
And enter its harbors by day and by night.

VI.

It is well for St. John that from Portland she sailed,
As it will save our fine bay from being foully assailed ;
And prove to a seaman that when the water is shoaling,
If free he is running, he must haul taut on a bow-line.

ALONE.

I.

I am fighting life's battles of cares and of strife,
A battle that endangers both the mind and the life ;
My friends and companions of youth are all gone,
And I a poor creature doth toil on " Alone."

II.

My father, my mother, in their homes are at rest,
I trust in that land of the pure and the blest ;
My brothers, my sister, their spirits have flown,
And I, by myself, doth mourn them " Alone."

III.

My wife and two babes in the graveyard doth lay,
Awaiting the trump on that great solemn day ;
My kith and my kin, no longer they mourn,
The return of the wanderer now drifting " Alone."

IV.

Three dear little boys, once the joy of my home,
By the death of a mother—from my arms they were torn,
No sounds of their voice on the winds have been borne,
To the father who loves them, but now mourns " Alone."

V.

Yet, why should I murmur or pine in my grief?
When there's a Shepherd so tender to grant me relief ;
No, I will trust in that Shepherd who sits on His throne,
And whispers to me, thou are not " Alone."

GETHSEMANE.

I.

'Tis midnight ! all nature's hushed in sleep ;
Yet angels did o'er One their vigils keep ;
'Twas He who in bitter agony of soul,
Cried forth to God for strength to reach the goal.

II.

'Tis midnight ! He knelt upon the ground and prayed,
While from His side His followers they had strayed ;
Behold the drops that from His face did fall,
As He in agony upon His God did call.

III.

'Tis midnight ! the traitor's hour is near :
He leads the band ; he kissed his Master dear ;
No friendly hand was stretched, no pitying tear did fall,
For He who loved : for He who died for all.

IV.

'Tis midnight ! and the treacherous work is done,
And Judas, in his thirst for gold, betrays God's only Son ;
As now with swords and staves thus forth they did Him bring,
Upon their knees they mocked and hailed Him as a King.

V.

'Tis mid-day ! the sky is dark o'er Calvary's Mount ;
Behold the Cross and gaze upon that living Fount ;
See ! see ! the blood as from the wound it poured,
And gaze upon His side that by the spear was gored.

TO MY CHILD.

I.

Dear Sadie, thou art gone ; thou has left me alone,
Yet still all my prayers shall ascend to His throne ;
That I who have watched thee by day and by night,
Will meet thee again in Heaven so bright.

II.

Remember, dear child, our days are but few,
And that Jesus is speaking to me and to you ;
Our days that are gone we cannot recall,
But He tells us His grace is sufficient for all.

III.

Then think of your mother who taught you to pray ;
And remember His promise while yet it is day ;
Of your brother and sister, who now dwell above,
And pray God in His mercy to grant you His love.

IV.

Then think of your father, whose sorrow you brought,
Of the arrow you planted so deep in his heart ;
And when on your knees to Jesus you go,
Remember poor father who still loveth you so.

V.

And if it be so that to you I must bid adieu,
I pray God and His angels to watch over you ;
And that He in His mercy will stand by your side,
Till again we shall meet in our home to abide.

JESUS MY SHEPHERD.

I.

Oh Jesus, my Saviour, Thou Shepherd divine ;
Come dwell in my heart, and guard it as Thine,
And day after day as I'm stemming the flood,
Oh wash me and cleanse me by Thy precious blood.

II.

My days may be many, they may be but few ;
But, oh ! give me strength to devote them to You ;
And if by affliction Thou dost me chastise,
Oh ! Jesus my Saviour, turn not from my sighs.

III.

All my thoughts and my deeds thou knowest right well ;
And Thou has promised Thy child in the lone heart to dwell ;
Then Jesus my Saviour, draw nigh unto me,
And help me to cast all my cares upon Thee.

IV.

Tho' oft have I wandered and strayed from the fold,
And wandered through deserts, like Israel of old ;
Yet still in my heart there lingers a spark,
Which quickened by Thee, will lead safe to the ark.

V.

Then help me, dear Jesus, to cast at thy feet,
The burdens and cares that in life I may meet ;
And when upon earth my race has been run,
Oh ! grant I may rest with the glorified Son.

WHAT IS LIFE.

I.

It is but a shadow that is passing away,
A dream of delight ; the dream of a day ;
Like a flower in the morn, as its petals unfold,
But droops in the eve 'neath the dews and the cold.

II.

It is but a race we have already began,
The goal is but short, 'tis only a span ;
It is but the drops that in the ocean doth fall,
Yet it teaches a lesson to one and to all.

III.

It is but an echo that falls on the ear,
And reminds us of friends that no longer are near ;
It is but the voice of the birds as they sing,
And declare the great love of Jesus our King.

IV.

It is but the dews that from Heaven descend,
And shows us how quickly our lives they may end ;
It is but the sound of the winds as they sigh,
And whisper the warning, remember ye die.

V.

It is but a step from the cot to the tomb,
It is but the road that leads to our home ;
Then why should we murmur or grieve at our lot,
When Jesus, the King, our freedom has bought.

DEATH.

I.

Oh! Death what art thou? A monster defiled,
So dreaded by those whom the world has beguiled,
Relentless and keen is the scythe in thy hand,
No mercy, no pity, for the poor or the grand.

II.

The scythe in thy hand o'er the ocean doth sweep,
Thy victims lie slain in the tombs of the deep;
The palace, the cottage are alike unto thee,
Thy scythe spares not the king, the bond or the free.

III.

No prison so strong but thou canst enter therein,
And lay claim to thy victims, be it peasant or king;
No chains or no links but thou canst rent them in twain,
And cause them to feel the dread of thy sting.

IV.

No time of the day will deprive thee of power,
No skill of physician can lengthen the hour;
At the break of the day, at the dawn of the night,
Thou wilt enter the chamber and assert all thy right.

V.

But there's a balm if applied will deaden thy sting,
And safe to the haven your soul it will bring;
'Tis the Blood of the Lamb who on Calvary was slain,
That we through His blood might our pardon obtain.

TO THE ATHEIST.

I.

Thou worm of the earth, go gaze in delight
On the star-spangled heavens emitting their light ;
Go gaze on the dews that moisten the sward,
Then from the depths of your heart deny there's a God.

II.

Go Atheist, go to the chamber of death,
And gaze on the clay that's bereft of its breath ;
Go mark ye the features so meek and so calm,
Then deny there's a God who can supply you a balm.

III.

Go Atheist, go when your heart's all aglow,
And gaze on the tides as they ebb and they flow ;
Go list to the voice of the wild breakers roar,
Then deny in your heart the God they adore.

IV.

Go Atheist, go to that great city of old,
Where Jesus your king all its woes He foretold,
Go gaze on her streets as with blood they did run,
Then deny from your heart the power of God's Son.

V.

Go Atheist, go to that God you ignore,
Go plead with your God your peace to restore ;
Oh ! think of the leap at the end of your goal,
And pray God in His mercy to receive your poor soul.

MARY.

I.

'Tis a name that is known to young and to old,
A name that is valued as silver and gold,
'Twas the name of the mother of Jesus our King,
Who was born in a manger of Bethlehem's Inn.

II.

'Twas the name of the damsel who annointed His head,
And in meekness of heart by her Master was led,
While the tears from her eyes on His feet they did fall,
And the hair of her head she used as her towel.

III.

'Twas the name of the mother who on Calvary stood,
And gazed on the form of her crucified Son ;
On him that was mocked, by the mob ridiculed,
As He cried to His God, and His soul He did yield.

IV.

'Twas the name of the one, who at break of the day,
Went forth to His tomb, her tribute to pay,
When the tomb had been sealed and a watch had been set,
But the angel of God neither slumbered or slept.

V.

'Twas the name of the maid to whom Jesus appeared,
In that beautiful spot where so oft He had prayed ;
'Twas the name of the one who the first tidings spread,
That Jesus, the Christ, had arose from the dead.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

I.

Behold the forerunner of Jesus, Our King,
Ordained by God glad tidings to bring ;
With girdle around him, the desert he trod,
A staff in his hand and with sandals was shod.

II.

Repent ye ! repent ye ! oh ! why will ye die,
Draw near to your God for His kingdom is nigh ;
Then believe on that Word that I'll preach unto all ;
Confess ye your sins and obey the Lord's call.

III.

Oh ! vipers and harlots, why tempt ye the Lord,
For the axe at the root of the tree it is laid ;
The wheat will He gather, the chaff will He burn,
His garners He'll purge, oh ! vipers return.

IV.

So if by your works ye shew me your faith,
I'll lead you to Jordan, and baptize in His name,
But do ye not think it will cleanse you from sin,
If outward ye are righteous yet defiled within.

V.

John's work it was done ; into a prison he's thrown,
By Herod that fox who sat on the throne ;
His head on a charger to a harlot was given,
But his soul had ascended to his Master in Heaven.

MOUNT CALVARY.

I.

On Calvary's dark mount, where three crosses stand,
Surrounded and mocked by a murderous band,
Is Jesus our King, with a thief on each side ;
By the mob ridiculed, by the Jews crucified.

II.

One thief on the cross His pardon besought
And was answered by Jesus, thy pardon is bought ;
No question was asked by that Saviour divine,
But in an instant replied, poor thief thou art Mine.

III.

A crown of rude thorns was placed on His brow,
And they gazed on the drops from the wounds that did flow,
"I thirst," was the cry of Jesus their King,
When a sponge filled with hysop to Him they did bring.

IV.

"'Tis finished, 'tis finished," cried the crucified King,
He had given His life to atone for our sin ;
The heavens grew dark, the thunders did roar,
As Jesus, the Christ, to His father did soar,

V.

Now lies in the tomb so pure from all stain ;
The angels did wateh o'er the King that was slain,
His tomb had been sealed, a watch had been set,
But the angel of God neither slumbered or slept.

ORIGINAL POEMS

THE ALMS HOUSE.

I.

Not far from the city, on its confines, there stands
A building erected by charity's fair hands,
'Tis a home for the poor, the aged, the blind,
With a master and matron both generous and kind.

II.

Its inmates are those from all stages of life,
Whose lives have been blighted and shattered by strife,
There are those of all ages, all classes, all creeds ;
With ample provisions to supply all their needs

III.

Its rooms and surroundings are scrupulously clean,
No filth or foul garbage around can be seen ;
While the habits and morals of the inmates within,
Are watched and guarded by the kindly matron.

IV.

A teacher of Scripture each Sabbath appears,
And directs them to Him who knows all their cares ;
While the doctor each day, so genial and kind,
A balm for the sick and afflicted doth find.

V.

Then, ye that have wealth and still striving for more,
Go pay ye a visit to that house on the shore,
It will gladden thine heart, it will moisten thine eye,
It will teach thee a lesson from our Master on high.

THE BATTLE SHIP MAINE.

I.

Columbia, Columbia, why do ye refrain,
From proving your power to the tyrants of Spain ;
Remember your fathers, the Britons of old—
Who fought for their honor, not for their gold.

II.

The sons and daughters of thy nation doth mourn,
For the loved and lost who have gone to their bourne ;
The blood of thy sons—from the wreck of the Maine
Appeals unto thee—thy fair name to sustain.

III.

'Twas no honorable foe that challenged thy Maine,
And sought by their valor a victory to gain,
'Twas a demon of darkness who sought but revenge—
That laid all his plans and accomplished his ends.

IV.

Let the eagle arise and his full height attain,
Then swoop on the blood-thirsty tyrants of Spain ;
Columbia, arise, go marshal your men
And beard the foul Spaniard "alone" in his den.

V.

Columbia, go forth in the strength of your God,
And spare not the tyrants who your vessel destroyed,
Go teach them a lesson, like your consins of old ;
And by force of your "arms" your honor uphold,

THE TROUBLESOME CALF.

I.

How do you do Uncle Sam? I see your hands are now full,
As the calf you are adoping may prove a furious old bull ;
With his horns and his hoofs he will keep you at bay,
And give you cause for alarm both by night and by day.

II.

It is bred in his blood, his bone and his gaul,
He will grind you to powder if under his feet you should fall;
So put the yoke on his neck and compel him to kneel,
If that does not suffice, bring him too with your steel.

III.

Put the tether upon him and keep him in check,
Let him know he's but a calf with a yoke on his neck ;
That he must bow in submission to what is thy will,
And in the future obey, be it for good or for ill.

IV.

There are those like himself that would help him to gore,
But they see that the time for their games are now o'er ;
And also would feed him with malice and ire,
But they fear it would kindle an alliance of fire.

V.

Then faer not, Uncle Sam, the threats that are made,
You have men in your ranks who are not afraid ;
Your ships on the deep have proved by the past,
That of all other nations thou art not the last.

VI.

Let the Eagle scream out as he soars up on high,
And proclaim to the world that no danger is nigh ;
Let the Lion and Eagle be chained to each other,
Then no fire will be kindled but what they will smother.

EASTER MORN.

I.

All glory and honor to Jesus our King,
Ye Angels and Seraphs let your glad anthems ring !
No longer the grave had power to retain
Messiah the Christ, who for sinners was slain.

II.

A new era begins on this glad Easter morn,
Which announces to all that again ye must be born ;
It has opened the path that to glory will lead,
If you trust in that King who arose from the dead.

III.

For thirty odd years He sojourned on earth,
And proved by His life 'he truth of His birth ;
The lame and the blind unto Him did appeal,
Who in tender compassion at once He did heal.

IV.

A Shepherd so tender, He watched o'er His fock,
And fed all the lambs—both the young and the old ;
No mansion was His ; no comforts of earth did He seek,
But dwelt in the homes of the lowly and meek.

V.

Then all hail to this day, this glad Easter morn,
And pray God that ere night new souls may be born ;
'Tis a day to rejoice and your thank-offerings bring,
And lay on the altar for Jesus your King.

HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

I.

The days of my youth like a shadow have passed ;
As a ship on the rocks my life has been cast ;
My days and my nights in keen anguish I spend,
As I pray to my God that my sorrows He'll end.

II.

No kindred or friends seek my sorrows to share,
Nor lighten the burden my heart has to bear ;
The children I loved from my arms have been torn,
By the deeds of a demon that has caused me to mourn.

III.

And thus do I wander and drift with the tide,
Bereft of all friends or a place to abide ;
'Tis hard for to fight against God's holy will,
And list to that voice, peace be thou still.

IV.

For sixty long years have I traversed this earth,
And witnessed fair scenes of joy and of mirth,
In the North and the South, in the East and the West,
My days have been spent, my life has been blest.

V.

And now as my days draw nigh to an end,
I trust in my God His blessings to send ;
That the rod of affliction He has laid on His child,
Will lead to that home by sin undefiled.

VI.

Then pity the sorrows of a poor aged man,
Whose life is a burden, though 'tis only a span ;
And when to His throne your prayers shall ascend,
Remember your brother who draws nigh to his end.

TO LORAINÉ AND ANNIE WOODS.

I.

Ye cherubs of Jesus! Ye lights of the morn,
May no clouds of adversity on thy brows ever dawn;
May thy pathway of life with roses be strewn,
By the seeds in thy hearts that a mother has sown.

II.

May virtue and love in thy young hearts abound,
And smoothe the rough road that is oft to be found,
It will lead and will guide through your journey of life,
And land you safe in that haven that is free from all strife.

III.

The playmates of youth may treat you with scorn,
But trust in your Shepherd to shield you from harm;
'Twas he who commanded the children to bring,
And sought by his love their affections to win.

IV.

The days of youth will quickly pass o'er,
As you are travelling the road to eternity's shore;
'Tis a road that is fraught with dangers unseen,
Yet the goal you will reach if on Jesus you lean.

V.

'Tis the wish of the friend who pencilled these lines,
That he will meet you again in those beautiful climes,
Where parents and children together will stand,
With crowns on their heads, with harps in their hands.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

I.

'Tis a beautiful gift from our Father on high,
That teaches to live and prepares us to die ;
'Tis a chart He has given to guide us through life,
And enter that mansion ne'er darkened by strife.

II.

'Tis the anchor that holds on the surf-beaten shore,
And defies the proud waves as they break and do roar ;
'Tis a beacon whose light from afar can be seen,
And lighten your journey as you sail on the stream.

III.

'Tis the table of laws that was given to man,
Signed, sealed and delivered by the eternal I Am ;
'Tis a book that on earth no power can amend
Nor alter the message its pages doth send.

IV.

'Tis the balm of delight to the sin-stricken soul,
As waiting and watching they are nearing the goal,
'Tis the message of mercy that comes from above
And proclaims to the world that Saviour of love.

V.

'Tis the Book from above, that glad tidings bring,
But declares the unclean cannot enter therein ;
'Tis the book that is read by the young and the old,
And its teachings more valued than silver or gold .

VI.

'Tis the book that my mother first placed in my hand
And bid me to seek for a home in that land ;
'Tis the book that to me is the brightest of all,
As I wait on my God to answer his call.

SPRING.

I.

Oh ! spring beautiful spring, we welcome you in,
As we list to thy songsters that warble and sing,
All nature awakes from her long winter sleep,
And bids us beware and our vigils to keep.

II.

The sheep and their lambs in the meadows are seen
As they gambol and sport on their carpet of green !
The brooks and the streams as they murmur and sigh,
Declare the great power of their Master on high.

III.

The woods and the hills now clad in bright green,
Teach a lesson to each as we drift on the stream !
The buds on the trees from their prison are free'd,
And break forth in that splendor the Almighty decree'd.

IV.

No longer the blasts of winter are heard—
But now are replaced by the songs of the bird ;
The tiny wee fish in the waters so clear,
Are emblems of love from our Master so dear.

V.

Though our winters be drear and our skies overcast,
Let us rely on those words, I am the First and the Last ;
And if the dark clouds of sorrow should fall,
Rejoice in that Lamb that was slain for all.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

I.

There is one, my dear Saviour, I pray thee restore,
And endue her with grace Thy dear name to adore ;
As a lamb from Thy fold has she wandered away,
I pray Thee, my Father, to guard her each day.

II.

I pray Thee, dear Father, to grant her Thy love,
And choice blessings upon her bestow from above ;
The Shepherd rejoiced o'er the lamb that had strayed,
As it entered the fold in white garments arrayed.

III.

I pray Thee, Oh ! God, if consistent it be,
Thou wilt restore her to health, and also to me ;
That the lives of each one in the future may be,
As two gems in a crown that were chosen by Thee.

IV.

I pray Thee, dear Father, Thou wilt smile on my child,
Who bereft of a mother, the world hath beguiled ;
Be Thou her Father, her Guard and her Guide,
And grant in Thy fold she may forever abide.

V.

I pray Thee, dear Lord, have compassion on me,
And smooth the rough billows of life's troubled sea ;
Oh ! help me to steer for that light on the shore,
And grant I may dwell in Thy home evermore.

UNHAPPY SPAIN.

I.

Boast not of tomorrow, thou proud, haughty Spain,
Thy ships have been vanquished thy sons have been slain ;
Columbia's fair sons have smitten thee sore,
And proved by their deeds, both their valor and power.

II.

No nation on earth can mourn o'er thy fate,
Thou hast given thy subjects a reason to hate ;
By dissention and strife thy land has been riven,
And the blood of thy murdered appeal unto heaven.

III.

Thou proud, haughty Spain, once a menace to all,
Art bowed in the dust, thy pride it must fall ;
Thy sons and thy daughters may weep and lament,
For the wrath of our God upon thee has been sent.

IV.

There's a yoke on thy land that is bowing thee down,
An abhorrence to God who sits on His throne ;
The Sabbaths adore, as our Lord did command,
Thy bull-fights abolish—a scourge to thy land.

V.

Put your trust in your God not in mere man,
'Tis He who will rule while no other can ;
Then cast off the fetters with which you are bound,
And pray God in His mercy your land to surround.

GOD'S PROMISES.

I.

Man what art thou? a mortal so frail and so weak,
That thou despisest thy God who has bid thee to seek,
First the kingdom of heaven which is free of all strife,
And who purchased thy soul with His own precious life.

II.

He has promised to those who His children would be,
To all that seek, both the bond and the free;
To the young and the old, to the lame and the blind,
A dear loving Saviour and Shepherd, most tender and kind.

III.

He has promised to shield us when danger is near,
And strengthen our hearts when weakened by fear;
To be our Friend and our Father, our God and our King,
And safe to His mansion our souls He will bring.

IV.

He has promised to hear when our voices ascend,
To Him on the throne as the sinners' true friend;
To list to the beats of the poor bleeding heart,
And grant us a balm that will lessen the smart.

V.

There is one other promise He also has given,
When the rocks and the mounts and the graves shall be riven;
The dead shall arise and at His great throne appear,
The sentence of life or damnation to hear.

GOD'S WORKS.

I.

As we gaze on those blue-vaulted heavens above,
And behold the bright gems that speak of His love ;
Should it not send a thrill of joy to our soul,
And assist us to seek for that bright happy goal.

II.

In wonder we view that far distant mount,
Clad in garments of white, pure as Jesus the Fount ;
The rocks and the hills re-echo the sound,
That their Maker and Keeper in might doth abound.

III.

The ocean so grand, with its tempest and calm,
Proclaims the great power of That Being I Am ;
With its waves as they dash on the surf-beaten shore,
Then return to their beds as their journey is o'er.

IV.

The lightnings that flash, the thunders that roar,
Present to our view that God of all power ;
It is but His voice that descends on our ear,
And causes our heart to tremble with fear.

V.

The birds and the beast in the forest that roam,
Prove clear to our view He provides them a home ;
Yet man in his pride will treat with contempt,
The message from God to him that was sent.

THE DEPARTED CHILD.

I.

The angel of death into our home he hath strayed,
And laid his cold hands on our dear little maid ;
No longer her voice on our ears will it sound,
For she dwells in her home where the angels abound.

II.

Her footprints in our garden no longer are seen,
Where she gathered the rose and the sweet jessamine ;
Still her soul seems to linger and bids us prepare
To meet her in heaven, its bright treasures to share.

III.

She has gone from our home in the graveyard to rest,
No more to recline on a fond mother's breast,
Though our hearts may be sad—yet we would not recall
The child that was loved—now regretted by all.

IV.

Her chair is now vacant yet it stands in its place,
Where always she sat with a smile on her face ;
And oft in the eve at the close of each day,
We think on her voice as she knelt for to pray.

V.

But why should we murmur or grieve for our child,
When she has entered her home by sin undefiled ;
It was Jesus our Lord, our Saviour, our King,
Who gave his command the children to bring.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I.

We read in our Bible that sweet story of old,
Of that Shepherd so tender who watched o'er His fold ;
Whose days on the earth were spent not in vain,
As He sought by His works our salvation to gain.

II.

A King was He born, though so humble His birth,
That homeless and friendless He wandered on earth ;
He sought for the lambs that had strayed from the fold,
And bestowed His fond love on the young and the old.

III.

He spoke to the waves that in anger did roar,
And bid them recede through His might and His power ;
At once they did yield to the voice of their King,
And safe to the shore His disciples did bring.

IV.

The hungry were fed in that desert so drear,
When the five barley loaves were all that was near ;
With two little fish obtained from a lad,
He blest then He brake and their hearts He made glad.

V.

The lepers besought and beseeched Him to heal,
And it was not in vain they made the appeal ;
The woman who sought but his garment to feel,
Had faith to believe her disease it would heal.

WHERE IS MY HOME.

I.

Oh! where is that home? where the weary can rest,
And forever repose in that fair land of the blest;
Where sickness and sorrow no more shall be known,
To those who have striven to enter that bourne.

II.

'Tis not in that land where the evergreens grow,
And the sun in its beauty its power doth bestow;
Where the beasts of the forest in their freedom do roam,
Unacquainted with man as they dwell in their home.

III.

'Tis not in a mansion where earth's treasures abound,
And the song and the dance cause its walls to resound;
Where the gay festive board with its dainties are spread,
Regardless of Him who arose from the dead.

IV.

'Tis not on the ocean with its beauties so grand,
Where the tides ebb and flow on its glittering strand;
Where the cry of the sea-fowl will fall on the ear,
And bid us beware as dangers are near.

V.

'Tis in that beautiful city in that land of the blest,
Where my wife and my babes in peace are at rest;
And I pray Thee, Oh! Father, my guide Thou wilt be,
Till safe in that Home my soul shall be free.

FROM THE COT TO THE TOMB.

I.

The days of our childhood have vanished and gone,
As a spray of the deep in the midst of the storm ;
The road is but short from our cot to our tomb,
With dangers unseen and with hardships bestrewn.

II.

Has no cloud of dire sorrow ere darkened our brows,
Or caused us to weep for those stricken with woes ;
Have our days like the sun in rapture been spent,
And our nights in sweet slumber as of the future we dream't.

III.

Our childhood has passed and our youth has began,
And we look back on that journey that was merely a span,
One step farther on and we to manhood attain,
And seek but for pleasure and earth's treasures to gain.

IV.

The years have rolled on and the locks are now gray,
The voice it now falters that once was so gay ;
The eyes once so bright no skill can amend,
And betokens our journey draws nigh to its end.

V.

Our race has been run and our spirit has flown,
To reap the rewards of the seeds that were sown ;
That clay that was formed by the hand of our God,
Has returned to its home beneath the green sward.

THE STORM AT SEA.

I.

The heavens are frowning on the ocean so deep,
And the lightnings are flashing on the billows that leap ;
The thunders they roll and re-echo their sound,
And causes the barque by their strength to rebound.

II.

The waves in their anger with fury doth leap ;
And awakes from their slumber the hordes of the deep,
The rain from the clouds in torrents doth fall,
And bespeaks of that day when the Master shall call.

III.

That frail barque, she is borne on the crest of the wave,
Then engulfed in the trough that betokens her grave ;
Her canvas is rent by the force of the gale,
And her timbers they creak from her keel to her rail.

IV.

Yet onward she speeds like an eagle on wing,
And defies the proud waves as they leap and do sing ;
While her seamen so bold with their hearts true and brave,
Heed not the wild storm nor shrink from their grave.

V.

Still onward she speeds, now a pitiless wreck,
Engulfed in the billows as they sweep o'er her deck ;
One lurch and one struggle as downward she tends,
And buries forever the foes and the friends.

WHAT HAVE I DONE.

I.

The summer is over and the harvest has gone,
Have I spoken kind words to the poor and forlorn?
Or gathered the sheaves that were ripened with years,
And brought them to Him who has recorded their tears?

II.

Have I gone to the homes of those without light,
And disposed of my means though it were but a mite?
Or spoken to them of that bright morning star,
Who though absent on earth may be approached from afar?

III.

Have I buried the talent He lent unto me,
And robbed Him of interest which there surely would be?
Have I lightened the burdens my brothers did bear,
And sought by my deeds their troubles to share?

IV.

Have I gathered the lambs that were out in the cold,
And striven by means to replace them in fold?
Have I striven with those who are now in the cold,
To return to their homes and that light to behold?

V.

Have I finished the mission He gave unto me,
And shown by my life what His soldier should be?
Can I lay down my arms with His sword by my side,
And trust in that Jesus who on Calvary has died?

A SNAKE IN OUR HOMES.

I.

There is a snake in our homes with a venomous sting,
With charms for all classes, from the peasant to king ;
The father, the mother, the wife and the child,
Are beguiled by its powers and their lives are defiled.

II.

It enters our homes at the dead hour of night,
And brings misery and woe where once there was light ;
It raises the hand to the heart-broken wife,
And brings sorrow and strife to that once happy life.

III.

It has caused that son, who a fond mother bore,
To become a vile monster when seduced by its power ;
And the tongue that was taught by a mother to pray,
Now delights in a curse her fond love to repay.

IV.

The husband who once was both tender and kind,
Transformed to a demon now to all virtue is blind ;
The tempter around him its coils it has wound,
And bound him with fetters that his soul doth surround.

V.

It has severed the ties of friendship so dear,
And blasted all hopes of an earthly career ;
It has robbed God of the soul that to Him does belong,
And transferred it to one who has it bound with a throng.

VI.

That snake in our homes is a curse to the land,
Yet sanctioned by those who have the law in their hand ;
If the names of that monster you bid me define,
I truly can answer, brandy, rum, gin and wine.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

I.

'Tis midnight and the home is now dreary and cold,
As she watched for the husband who loved her of old ;
And the babes in sweet slumber that recline on their bed,
Dream not of the cloud that hangs o'er their head.

II.

That father and husband who once was so tender and kind,
Transformed to a demon ; to love and all virtue blind !
No smile for that child who once did sport on his knee,
And played with his locks as the eyes did sparkle with glee.

III.

The cupboard is empty and in it no food can be seen !
When once it was full with utensils so neat and so clean ;
Its rooms and surroundings are now naked and bare,
Where once those fond parents rich blessings did share.

IV.

No altar of prayer is now used in that home !
Where once there was joy and strife was unknown,
But love and contentment from that home has now flown,
Through the seed of corruption that a demon has sown.

V.

The cellar is empty, no fuel can be found,
The lights are extinguished, all is darkness around ;
The drunkard he enters at the dead hour of night,
And discovers that " Death " has asserted his right.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

I.

In a room with its walls and surroundings quite bare,
Rests the form of a child who in death is still fair ;
And often her days in keen anguish were spent,
Until the angel of death by Our Father was sent.

II.

The demon of hell had dwelt in that home,
Brought strife and contention with a mother to mourn ;
And swiftly the life of that child it has flown,
The bud became blighted ere the blossom had blown.

III.

In a street of that city—a city well known,
Stood a pawnbroker's shop, 'twas a place of renown ;
Where the old and the young oft-times did resort,
To dispose of their goods for the poison they bought.

IV.

A father once wealthy at that counter did stand,
With a parcel in hand the sum of ten cents did demand ;
The parcel was opened and the man stood amazed,
As he thought of "the shoes" on which he had gazed.

V.

He stood for a moment then quickly replied,
Take those "shoes" to your child in anguish he cried ;
But the father was hardened, the tempter had won,
And proved by its power the work it had done.

VI.

The father who was sullen in great anger replied,
No longer she needs them, at midnight she died ;
But a drink I do crave ! and a drink must be mine,
Though it cost me my soul my wish to obtain.

HOMeward BOUND.

I.

Homeward bound, Oh ! how joyous that sound,
As our sails are unfurled and our anchor breaks ground ;
How she swings to the wind, and onward she flees,
Like the petrel on wing as it skims o'er the seas.

II.

The billows may foam and the breakers may roar,
For by faith I can view that light on the shore ;
With a harbor of refuge that is open to all,
Who trusts in that Pilot and answers His call.

III.

The barque may be frail, that the treasure doth bear,
Yet 'tis safe in His hands who for His children doth care ;
He speaks to the winds and bids them be still,
The proud waves He rebukes and they stand at His will.

IV.

So onward we sail o'er the ocean of life,
That is fraught with its dangers, contentions and strife ;
We steer to that port on that far distant shore,
Where, once we have entered, obtain peace evermore.

V.

Then safe will we anchor in that port of our King,
And join with the angels in the anthems they sing ;
Though the storms have been fierce, the winds have been foul,
Homeward we have sailed and are in sight of the goal.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

I.

The sun has arisen, the harbinger of day,
And our barque like a gull on the ocean doth lay ;
Her sails on her yards as in folds they were hung,
Bespoke of the hour and the sad rites to be done.

II.

Our comrade, he has gone, and nevermore shall we view
Those sweet smiles on his lips as he bid us adieu,
And bade us prepare to meet him once more,
In the land of the blest, on that far distant shore.

III.

'Tis not in a casket of oak that he'll rest,
With garlands of flowers that were laid on his breast,
But rudely in sail cloth with a shot at his feet,
There sweetly he'll sleep in his tomb on the deep,

IV.

And there will he rest in the ocean so deep,
With naught but the nymphs who their vigils will keep,
Till the trump it will sound that awakens the dead,
That repose in the ocean, far down in its bed.

V.

The ships as they sail will pass o'er the dead,
But disturb not the slumbers of those in their bed ;
There will they rest 'till that great final day,
When the trump it will sound and the dead must obey.

THE WANDERER.

I.

My footsteps are feeble, my days are nigh spent,
My locks are now grey and my form is well bent ;
And fifty odd winters have left a deep trace,
On the form that for years wore a bright smiling face.

II.

My friends and kindred have gone to their rest,
And I a frail mortal by God have been blest ;
If not in earth's riches my life did abound,
I feel that His arms my soul doth surround.

III.

And still I am wandering alone on the track,
With naught in possession save the clothes on my back ;
Yet my days and my nights in vain are not spent,
As I trust in my Jesus and the message He sent.

IV.

All hopes have been shattered in worldly affairs,
And filled my lone heart with sorrows and cares ;
But why should I murmur when troubles are near,
As there's life in that Fountain with its waters so clear.

V.

Then onward and upward I'll still wander on,
With a hope that I'll meet with those who have gone ;
Though the clouds may arise and my sky become dark,
I will trust in my Saviour to pilot my barque.

TO MARION W. H.

I.

Dear Marion, thou art gone to the home of the blest,
Where thy spirit so pure with the angels will rest ;
Though to us thou art lost as our darling while here,
The time is but short when again we'll be near.

II.

Though thy spirit has flown to the region of bliss,
Thy form it still lingers though thy voice we may miss,
And oft in the eve, at the close of the day,
We long for our darling that has gone far away.

III.

But the day it will come when again we shall meet,
When parents and children each other will greet,
In that land of the pure, where no stranger will roam,
Where all will be welcomed as they enter that home.

IV.

Her chair is now vacant, her footprints are gone,
But her voice on the winds to us have been borne,
And bids us each one to steer for that Light,
Where the Son always shines and His mansions are bright.

V.

Farewell to our Marion who now dwells above,
Clad in garments of white, she as meek as the dove ;
Then rest my dear child, till again we shall meet,
In that home of the pure when each other we'll greet.

BRITONS AROUSE.

I.

Ho! Britons arise, and gird on your sword,
As the time has arrived when thy voice must be heard ;
That great Russian bear is making a stride
To lessen thy power, to humble thy pride.

II.

Remember, ye Britons, the days that are o'er,
When the Queen of the seas sent her fleet to thy shores,
But the God of thy fathers engaged in the strife,
And taught them a lesson remembered through life.

III.

The powers of all Europe would rejoice at thy fall,
And seek by their craft thy fair land to enthral ;
But fear not, ye Britons, the weapons they wield,
The Lord is your God, Protector and Shield.

IV.

The Russian may growl and the French they may rave,
But the flag of Britannia will rule o'er the wave ;
May Britannia and Columbia united become,
Then prove to the world they are father and son.

V.

Then beware, ye brave Britons, of the great Russian bear,
Who seeks with his claws thy subjects to tear ;
Let your prayers and your aims to Heaven ascend,
And trust in your God, the Briton's true friend.

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