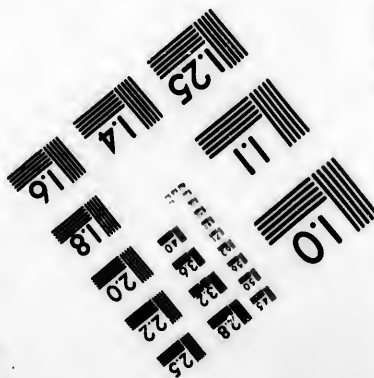
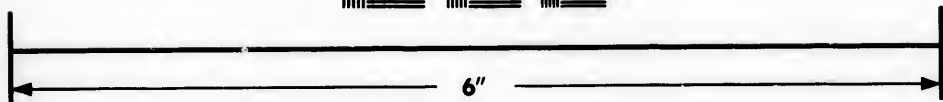
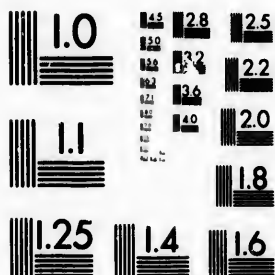


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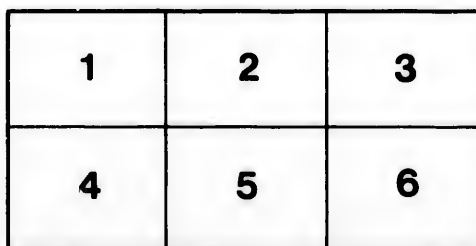
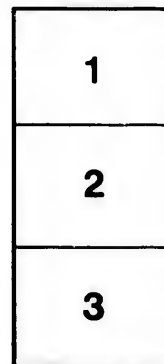
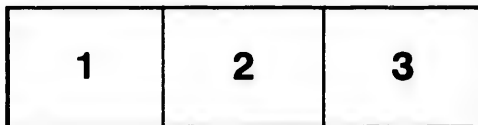
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POEMS,

—BY—

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THE SONG OF CLIMBING.

Dim questionings of Fate and Time
 Beset our souls on every side;
 Clouds thicken round the path we climb,
 But strive we to the height sublime,
 Or perish if the worst betide.

What worse could happen than to lie
 Here in the valley leisurely,
 To watch the clouds go drifting by,
 And feel our powers grow faint and die
 To one tame weak monotony.

To see our Mountain's shining gold
 Gleam far above us height on height,
 And know the comrades loved of old
 Lean from it vainly to behold
 Our upward strife, our deeds of might.

Nay, face the terrors of the way,
 The rock-pierced torrent's angry roar,
 Grim walls that blind the eyes of day,
 Sharp swift descents for feet that stray,
 And awesome birds that swoop and soar.

Ah, better steadfast-eyed to scale
 The awful hill-side hand in hand,
 For never yet without avail
 Did one true striving soul assail
 The barriers of the Mountain Land.

Rouse we our spirits o the race.
 Friends! Brothers! From the walls above
 Leans many an unforgotten face
 Still wearing through its new-born grace
 The old sweet look of human love.

There, watching by the open door
 Shine Cuthbert's heavenly eyes of blue,
 There Muriel leans to meet once more
 The earth-born loves she hungered for,
 To clasp our hands and lead us through.

There all our lost ones wait, and there
 The Height, The Dream of our desire,
 Supreme Fulfilment, Answered Prayer,
 From lip to lip the watch-word bear,
 The cry of Home! Through flood and fire!

SONG BIRDS.

Ah, in the summer, the blythe golden summer,
 Songs to my heart came as birds to a tree,
 Piping and shrilling, each jubilant comer
 Full of song-secrets, of bird-ecstasy.

Now in December, the cold white December,
 Few come and sad ones, to sing through the
 snow,
 Waking my heart but to bid it remember
 That childhood has gone, as the sweet sum-
 mers go.

ALICE KIRBY.

Slip softly, Nashwaak water,
 Where thrushes sing and soar,
 Slim alders bend to view thee,
 Glad brooks come hurrying to thee,
 But brown-eyed Alice Kirby
 Shall come to thee no more.

Still shine as in a mirror
 Green pictures of the shore,
 Where soft thy wave caresses
 The willow dips her tresses,
 But dream-eyed Alice Kirby
 By thee shall rove no more.

Above thy sheltering forests
 Their song the rain-birds pour,
 Among the under-tangle
 The drowsy cow-bells jangle,
 But soft-eyed Alice Kirby
 Shall wander there no more.

Lurk still among the bushes
 The ferns she hunted for,
 Blue-vetch and pigeon-berry
 Make all the stream-side merry,
 But Alice—Alice Kirby,
 Shall gather them no more.

Slip softly, Nashwaak water,
 Unruffled as before,
 Thy woods know naught of sorrow,
 No moan thy songsters borrow—
 But ah, for Alice Kirby,
 Who comes to thee no more!

PENELOPE.

The darting needles flash and fly;
 The web flows downward to her knee.
 Kings, Princes, thronging round her, cry:
 'O love and youth so soon go by;
 The morning's dew by noon is dry;
 Then choose among us now' Penelope!"

She shows no sign of her heart's pain,
 Her lips smile still in feigned glee;
 Only her blue eyes veiled disdain
 Shows how they ill may hope to gain
 What she will keep: they cry in vain:
 "O choose among us now, Penelope!"

The wondrous web more lovely grows:
 "She weaves the blueness of her eye,
 She weaves "they cry "her cheeks' soft rose,
 The golden of her hair here flows,
 The warmth of her lips' crimson glows,
 In living colours that shall never die!"

The days go on, and every day,
 Though well she works and faithfully
 The slanting sunbeams seem to play
 On the same length of colours gay,
 And still the eager suitors pray:
 "O choose among us now, Penelope!"

Ah, faithful heart! Through stormy seas
 His bark will cleave its way to thee,
 His years of toil seem hours of ease,
 If at the end of all he sees
 Thee faithful in the midst of these
 Who cry: "O haste! O choose, Penelope!"

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

Under the moon the world lay still,
 Flooded with silver, arched with blue.
 Between the river and the hill
 Gold sparkles from our bonfire flew.
 Darkly the steep hill rose behind;
 In front we heard the river croon
 Its song of loving to the wind,
 Under the moon.

Out of the night a schooner sailed
 With wide wings gleaming through the dark;
 The crew unseen with shouts we hailed,
 Then hushed our merriment to hark
 The answering peals of laughter low,
 While slowly on her wings of white
 We saw the spectral schooner go
 Out of the night.

Around the fire we sat and sang,
 Singing the river drifted past;
 The spruce woods and the meadows rang
 With college-songs, until at last
 Stilled by the star sweet depth of sky
 With voices lowered and hearts raised higher,
 We sang of love that cannot die
 Around the fire.

Forever friends, whose hearts have met
 Among the hills and on the plain!
 Though long years part us, why regret
 If some day we may meet again?
 If some day, by a fairer stream,
 Where one grand Love-Song never ends,
 We meet where lights celestial gleam,
 Forever Friends!

MISS TABITHA HELPFUL.

The day is over; falls once more
 The blessed dark, the sacred night,
 That all day, striving in the light,
 My weary heart has hungered for.
 Now, Soul, thou shalt unbar the door,
 Set free the memories guarded there,
 And love it as you loved of yore—
 His curly hair, his curly hair.

I am tired—a little; all day long
 I have been where men were faint for bread,
 Have nursed and checked them, taught
 and fed.

Roused their dull spirits with a song
 Of hope, where crime and sorrow throng;
 But day being over and its care,
 My thoughts, set free, to love belong;
 I touch again his curly hair.

How they who daily see me go
 Grey-robed, with basket on my arm,
 Not dreading sight or sound of harm
 (Because, thank God, the poor folk know
 And seem to love me in their woe,)
 Who deem my every thought a prayer,
 Would gape, to hear me mourning so
 His curly hair, his curly hair.

"So prim, so distant, so demure;—
 My fellow-boarders count me. Yet
 Not stiff exactly; we regret
 She will not mix with us: are sure
 She has no vexing thoughts to lure

Her soul, no earthly bonds to tear.—"
 Love, Love—how long must I endure
 Ere I shall stroke his curly hair!

So many years—yes, thirty years—
 The grass has grown above his grave:
 From eye-lids drooped I see it wave
 And turn with every wind that veers;
 Ah, green as if it drank my tears.
 What careless feet may tread it there.
 Hush, hush. The day of meeting nears
 My hands shall smooth his curly hair.

Yes, it is long! But every day
 I find some dark that I can light,
 Some faltering wanderer in the night
 That I can help to find the way;
 And looking upward who shall stray?
 Who looks but backwards must despair,
 Yet ah, this evening I can say,
 Can think of, just—his curly hair.

Strange, that tonight I cannot see
 Aught but youth's distant Fairyland!
 Tomorrow's work must yet be planed,
 And none must guess how bitterly
 I wept.—what? Morning—can it be?
 Such daylight! Who are these—they wear
 White robes, white garlands heavenly—
 Save one—Love! Love—his curly hair!

WELCOME.

Black-birds in the budding boughs
 Glad we hear your rondelay;
 Mellow notes
 From tiny throats
 Tell that spring has come this way.
 Black-birds in the budding boughs,
 Glad we hear your rondelay.

Alder-catkins silver-fair
 Waving in a fragrant cloud
 Dim and sweet,
 We gaily greet
 You and yours; a fairy crowd.
 Alder-catkins silver-fair,
 Waving in a fragrant cloud.

Daffodils in yellow clad,
 You we hail right heartily,
 For your gold
 Gay blossoms hold
 Nectar for the early bee.
 Daffodils in yellow clad,
 You we hail right heartily.

Black-birds, Catkins, Daffodils,
 Welcome each and every comer.
 Days are fair
 And all the air
 Holds a promise of the summer.
 Black-birds, Catkins, Daffodils,
 Welcome, each and every comer!

A LIGHT WITHDRAWN.

Into his life a presence smiled,
 As in a dark and lonely room
 Haunted by strange wind-whispers wild,
 Blaze of a hearth-fire breaks the gloom
 Edging the black with golden bloom:
 Into his life her presence smiled.

As in grey woods the leafage springs,
 Lighting the long deserted trees
 With tender greenness April brings,
 So from her heart to his came ease
 And hopes he had never dared to seize,
 As in grey woods the leafage springs.

Set to the music of a word,
 Suddenly all his life rang clear,
 Longed-for of old but lately heard
 Sweet as the waking of the year;
 Wonderful stories thrilled his ear,
 Set to the music of a word.

Seen in the light of this dear love
 Earth seemed so little, Heaven so sure:
 Tenderest skies that bent above
 Sent him never a ray more pure;
 Easy were all things to endure
 Seen in the light of this dear love.

Into the darkness fled the flame,
 Cold, forsaken, the hearthstone lay,
 Thickly trooping the shadows came,
 Blown on their wild unresting way
 Fleeing before the feet of day:
 Into the darkness fled the flame.

Out of his life her presence stole
 Bearing his fairest dreams of bliss,
 Rending his heart to wake his soul,
 Leaving him who had thought to miss
 Never on earth her smile, her kiss;
 Out of his life her presence stole.

Led to the Heavens by a smile
 Dropped him at parting, strangely sweet,
 Fixing his hope the weary while
 On the bourne unseen where their souls
 should meet,
 In the Homeward pathway he set his feet;
 Led to the Heavens by a smile.

THE AUTUMN QUEST.

Where are the sounds of summer? Twitter of
 birds at dawn,
 Dip of the slim brown paddle, breaking
 the mirrored shade
 Of boughs in the amber water that parts
 the Nashwaak glade,
 Ripple of leaves in the wind, flurry of feet
 on the lawn;
 Where are the sounds of summer? Ah, they
 are hushed and gone.

Where are the sights of summer? Fields that
 were all ablaze
 With the ruddy flush of the clover and
 the lilies, speckled gold.

As slowly as the branches wave,
 Singing, I rock you to and fro;
 No tune be glad, if words are grave
 The baby will not know.

Far off and faint the chirpings sound,
 Pale lights gleam out through dark'ning blue,
 Soft arms of silence fold us round
 As mine are folding you.

Small voice that twitters like the birds,
 Gray eyes that hold the light of stars,
 Too sleepy we for tune or words;
 Let down the Dreamland bars!

REVEILLE

The chill faint breath of morning stirs the trees,
 The shivering sparrows wake disconsolate.
 Lowing for human care the cattle wait,
 And looking to the East the watcher sees
 The chill faint breath of morning stir the trees.

Behold the rising splendor in the East.

Now molten light where iron darkness lay
 Heralds the conquest, hails the victor, Day;
 So may the Christ-Child's glory be increased,
 So rose his radiance from a darkened East.

As breaks the ethereal gold across the crest
 Of yonder hills and turns the trees to flame,
 Low we adore that Light from whence it came.
 Star of our souls, Thy praises be confest,
 As breaks the light across the mountain's crest.

THANKSGIVING.

When beechen leaves are brown
And bar-berries bright as coral,
Let us forget the frown
Of fate, and the longed-for laurel.

Come where the maples burn
In crimson and golden glory
That Earth may hold in her urn
The ashes of summer's story.

Faithless the birds depart
With musical chirp and twitter,
And nature folds to her heart
Alike the sweet and bitter.

Then sing in Autumn's praise,
Nor shrink from the colder comer;
The joy of these shining days
Is deep as the bliss of summer;

Winter in graves of snow
May bury, but hide them never,
For safe in our hearts shall glow
The light they have brought forever.

The woods, the hills, rejoice,
Each leaf a mute thanksgiving;
We sing with grateful voice
The pure delight of living!

INDIAN SUMMER.

O to drift, we two together,
 You and I, my friend, forever,
 Through this deep blue hazy weather,
 Dreaming naught of fates that sever.

Past the shining pebbly beaches,
 Past the wooded steep incline,
 Down the river's silvery reaches
 Rimmed with moss and trailing vine.

Past the banks where children clamber,
 Under skies of misty blue,
 Over shallow floods of amber
 That the golden sand looks through.

O to drift, we two together,
 You and I, my Friend, forever,
 Through this deep blue hazy weather,
 Dreaming naught of fates that sever!

HOW NATURE COMFORTED THE POET.

"Nature, I come to thee for rest,
 For covert cool from thought and strife,
 O rock me on thy ample breast,
 For I have loved thee all my life!

Then Nature hushed me in her arms,
 And softly she began to sing
 A legend of her woodland charms,
 A lullaby, a soothing thing.

She sang: My beech-leaves fluttering down
Beneath these blue September skies,
Are darkly soft, are softly brown,—
But not so brown as some-one's eyes."

She sang: "This brook that ripples clear
Where bending willow boughs rejoice,
Is very sweet, but not so dear
And not so sweet as some-one's voice."

And thus she sang till evening dews,
And then at last she sang no more;
I said: "If this is all your news,
I knew it all too well before!"



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