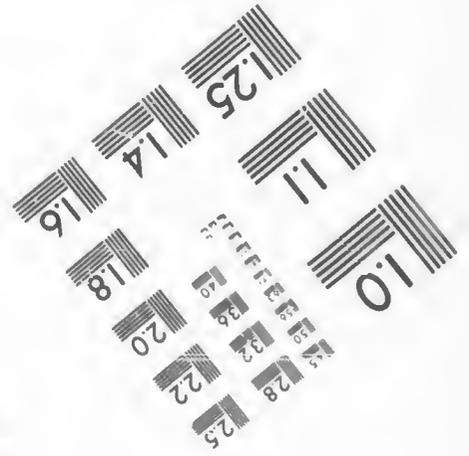
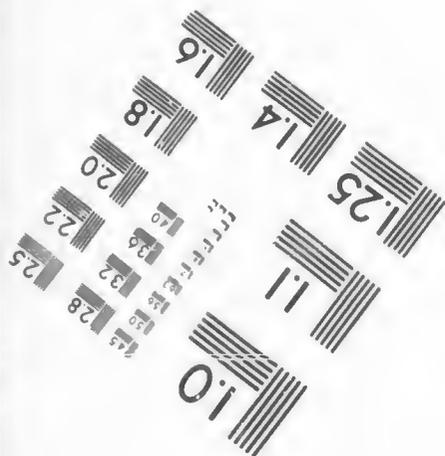
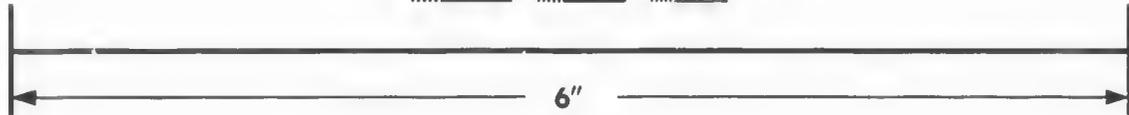
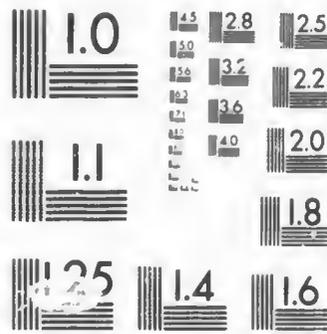


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How noble they who seek our western wild,  
 To tell the story of the manger Child;  
 To teach them how to live, and how to die,  
 And what the soul may hope to share on high;  
 Where ne'er before the white man's foot has trod,  
 To bear the tidings of the christian's God.  
 What makes us noblest in this hurried life?  
 Comes there no answer from its scenes of strife?  
 Yes one, to strive and win, what further then,  
 We have the praise, perchance the scorn of men.  
 A mine of gold, or life of careless ease,  
 Can never bring us what at last will please.  
 What can we win? and what is life for all?  
 A shadow circling far around a pall;  
 In which we tread a little space, then sleep,  
 Beneath a mound in shadows still more deep.  
 A place where man while breathing Heaven's breath,  
 A little while plays hide and seek with death;  
 About his farm, his counting room, his home,  
 Till death grows bold and gives his message, come!  
 And so we go from whence we came to mould,  
 To lie alone in silence low and cold.

But as he walks this brief and weary round,  
 Where much of toil and little rest is found,  
 There are some seasons, gentle, sweet, serene,  
 Where many smiles and pleasures intervene.  
 How softly with the night comes gentle sleep,  
 To all where Conscience quiet rule doth keep;  
 Who love the golden rule while here they stay,

Nor with unkindness mar their fleeting day.  
 Who waits for age for gentle deeds and kind,  
 Awaits a pleasure he will never find.

'Tis written everywhere on leaf and flower,  
 To day is thine, to-morrow is God's hour;  
 And from the past loud voices seem to say,  
 Wait not for time, but O! do good to day.  
 Do good to day;—the words came low to me,  
 One idle hour in peaceful reverie.  
 One summer when soft music filled the air,  
 From scented leaves—that lightly whispered near.  
 When crimson clover, nodded half asleep,  
 As o'er our campus green the hushed winds creep;  
 'Neath bending boughs our Alma Mater round,  
 Where many a brother loves the tranquil sound.

Thus dreaming, I one idle hour in June,  
 When low, our minstrel river sings its tune;  
 Beneath a tree in sheltered, calm retreat,  
 With its soft gliding murmur at my feet  
 Held converse long with Time in dreams of glory,  
 Old Time—the chronicler of many a story.  
 Who in these Academic halls has seen,  
 As noble minds as ever yet have been.  
 Whose purpose high with good resolve was made,  
 Here in the quiet of this classic shade.  
 Who loved in summer 'mid these scenes to rove,  
 O'er hill and stream and through the pleasant grove.  
 As runners in the stadium of old,

The prize was not to them a prize of gold;  
 But entering on the race of life have given,  
 Their hearts, their lives and all their hopes to heaven.

True greatness does not always crown the man,  
 Whose riches place him foremost in the van;  
 When wrung from weary hands by close oppression,  
 In midnight tears, and dreary toil's depression.  
 Who makes life's burden large and hard to bear,  
 And weaves the woes which pallid brows must wear;  
 In attics old by thousands hid repining,  
 In aged weeds, and squalid want declining.  
 But crowns his brow who has enough of heart,  
 In humble things to act life's noblest part;  
 Mercy as pure and sweet as dews descending,  
 With gentle virtue and affection blending.  
 Nobility to him doth well belong,  
 And when he threads each day the busy throng;  
 Though all unhonored, there may be the power,  
 Which prompts him to be kind in sorrow's hour;  
 Yet round his brow in high and hallowed light,  
 The fadeless garland shall be green and bright.

Such men have passed from these inviting ways,  
 To honor thus and beautify their days;  
 Some have gone forth to wear the wreath of fame,  
 Ambitious on life's field to win a name;  
 Some in the marts of traffic swell the tide,  
 And well have earned an honest merchant's pride:  
 Some weakest here perchance have won the day,

While others stronger, perished by the way.  
 So oft uncertain are the things of earth;  
 What most we praise may least deserve our worth.

But here were scholars, earnest; plodding men,  
 Whose studious zeal might long employ my pen;  
 When came the hour at last to say farewell,  
 To friends and room, Prof. Jim and college bell,  
 Left every scene of hill, and vale, and stream,  
 Which fill in later years full many a dream.  
 Then up the aisle with measured step they pass,  
 Each bent on doing honor to his class;  
 The flowing lines adorned with gems of thought,  
 Deep in the mine of classic genius wrought,  
 Bespeak life's morning dawning on their view,  
 Where soon they will be proven false or true.  
 As soldiers hasten to the battle's din,  
 They go in armour clad to lose or win;  
 How sweet to reach the goal 'neath fairer skies;  
 Lay down the armour and take up the prize.

My good Aunt Ruth is very kind to me,  
 And knows what's what of true nobility.  
 She says now boys are men, who must have money,  
 Or friends will say they seem to act so funny;  
 In fact to be gallant must spend it freely,  
 Attend the Operas and live genteelly.  
 If one should sleep till ten, nor hear the bell,

Poor boy, his mother says, he is not well,  
 Must walk for air and visit by the way  
 The pleasant place he calls his *Toujours prêt*.

At college for a year becomes quite famous,  
 For social ways and singing *Gaudeamus*.  
*Uxorem quærit*, then a millionaire,  
 The story goes, gives him a lady fair;  
 A brilliant wedding and they go to board,  
 For keeping house is vulgar, 'pon my word.  
 But honey moons like other moons must wane,  
 He asks a question which is asked in vain.  
 The words were simple just what I rehearse,  
 My dear, "I am going out, lend me your purse."  
 She looks surprised, but hands it in a minute,  
 With "yes, my dear, and please put something in it."  
 The truth then told, is followed by a swoon.  
 And other variations of the tune.  
 One will suffice by way of explanation,  
 The empty purses have a separation.  
 Thus on the stream of life such broken reeds,  
 By thousands float among the drifting weeds.  
 We see them on some golden morn depart,  
 Joy in the face, but sorrow in the heart;  
 The storm foreshadowed breaks along the coast,  
 And soon a wreck reveals the bark is lost.  
 How vain the show that's made of wealth and power,  
 In worldly praise to spend life's fleeting hour;  
 When little things false notions oft' despise.

May yield an inward peace which never dies.

How oft in later life 'mid later cares,  
 Does memory turn to scenes of earlier years;  
 To seek the new born freshness of the past,  
 E'er first the sky by clouds was overcast.  
 Perchance to find in beauty shining there,  
 Still one sweet star where many once shone clear.  
 When sailing o'er life's dim unmeasured sea,  
 Such fairy scenes for us may fewer be,  
 The waves grow rough and hidden rocks appear,  
 Where once it seemed to be so smooth and clear;  
 The gilded tower we saw across the stream,  
 Has vanished like the vision of a dream.  
 But still the music of that golden day,  
 May linger in some old familiar lay;  
 While light winds waft us in towards the shore,  
 To view the silver lake of youth once more.

That music still how oft it fills our dreams,  
 Of grateful woodland spots by sunny streams,  
 Oft' born Eolian like from swaying bough,  
 Or down amid the violet leaves so low.  
 Or whether from the ocean loud and strong,  
 In foaming waters some wild shore along;  
 When dashing proudly up the headland rock,  
 Which like a warrior stood to breast the shock.  
 Or in its anthem when the floods were high,  
 And seemed uplifted to the fearful sky;  
 Or when along its bosom calm and mild,  
 Sunk down to sleep as rests a weary child,

The creeping day winds from the west would come,  
And kiss it gently as afar they roam.  
When 'neath the oak's cool shade on rustic seat,  
The summer morn would bring us incense sweet,  
From opening rose and modest meadow bells,  
And fragrant fir and pine in purple dells.  
Or in the deeper shade of grey old trees,  
With green leaves chatting in the gentle breeze;  
Their whispering tops together bending o'er,  
So sweetly shading all the forest floor,  
With pleasant vistas opening to our view,  
The farthest mountains tinged with softest blue.  
Or in the Autumn when the forest leaf,  
Puts on its crimson shroud in silent grief;  
And flowers tremble in the dampened air,  
And blossoms sweet are falling everywhere,  
And branches clad in fading beauty wave,  
O'er gentle summer sinking to its grave.  
The bluebird sings no more its merry song,  
In listless leaves in glee the whole day long;  
And far around first low then louder swells,  
The warning note of Winter's muffled bells.  
A word from home when in a distant land,  
Or kindly breathed when clasping friendship's hand,  
By tides of feeling bears us o'er the sea;  
Until we seem to stand where we would be.  
Our early days, their voices breathing low,  
O'er memory's lyre wake strains of long ago;  
The changeless love, the ones we cherished then,  
In later years live in our hearts again.

The olden spire whose long deep shadow fell,  
 Along the winding path we knew so well;  
 The vesper hymns still echo on the ear,  
 That first we learnt to lisp in numbers there.  
 The last goodnight from voices ever sweet,  
 The scamper up the 'stairs of dimpled feet;  
 Haymaking romps where rosy faces smiled,  
 The fairest often crowned with flowers wild;  
 Or when arrayed in father's coat and hat,  
 His long top boots, and broad and high cravat,  
 We played the man to make the household smile,  
 Who in our mirth forgot their cares awhile.

Ah! how well do I remember,  
 And it seems but yesterday,  
 When the first deep grief came o'er us,  
 Came the shadow o'er our play;

When the pink was in the woodland,  
 And the wild rose on the hill;  
 And we found the bluebell growing,  
 By the silver sounding rill.

In the light and gladsome morning,  
 Of the sunny days of yore,  
 With the jewels of the household,  
 When but one had gone before;

In a home as bright and joyous,  
As a joyous home could be;  
And a gentle fairhaired sister,  
Was a jewel fair to me.

Ah! how well do I remember,  
When they bade us softly come;  
And we entered, sadly entered,  
In the window shaded room.

There she lay so pale and patient,  
Yet her moistened hands I press;  
Yet I feel her arms about me,  
In a sister's fond caress.

But the dew was on her forehead,  
On her pallid face the snow;  
And we kissed her at our parting,  
In the household long ago.

Ah! how well do I remember,  
For such sorrow never dies;  
When she looked so long upon me,  
With her soft and holy eyes.

What a strange deep sadness pressed me,  
Sorrow born on beauty's bier:  
How I missed her ever after,  
Missed her sadly everywhere.

Then how oft my feet would wander,  
 Where an early grave was made;  
 Where I mourned that one so lovely,  
 Should lie hidden in its shade:

When the pink was in the woodland,  
 And the wild rose on the hill;  
 And we found the blue bell growing,  
 By the silver sounding rill.

Of all the cherished spots beneath the azure,  
 There's none so bright and fair in every pleasure;  
 But grief glides o'er each threshold still unwearied,  
 All homes in this wide world are sometimes dreary.  
 'Tis sweet of such departed days to dream,  
 When far advanced on Time's still gliding stream;  
 And so to live that as life's morn was bright,  
 As calm and beautiful may be its night.

From true nobility of soul affection springs,  
 And sweetest offerings to home's altar brings;  
 To sympathy allied ne'er shuts the door,  
 When age and want our kindly aid implore.  
 But like an angel walks the entire world,  
 With mercy's banner on the breeze unfurled:  
 As once at Alma when the strife was heard,  
 To dying men it spoke a cheering word;  
 And when our day is fading into night,  
 And shadows dark obscure the feeble sight;  
 Will still be near with words of comfort given,  
 And soothe the soul with hope of rest in heaven.

But here the muse her eyes began to close,  
And whisper of an hour of sweet repose;  
The night's deep shadows creep in silence down,  
And slumber hovers lightly o'er the town;  
A world within itself of hopes and fears,  
And sunny smiles, and faces bathed in tears,  
And life in every shade of joy and woe.  
We find outspread among the high and low.

The mother o'er some loved one weeps in vain,  
Perchance the household idol freed from pain;  
Or cuts one ringlet from soft curls of gold,  
A keepsake of the form of faded mold.  
The dancers move with lightly tripping feet;  
Where music thrills with raptures quick and sweet:  
The miser counts his gold with greedy eye,  
The poor man shivers in his poverty.  
The gambler stakes his gain to lose or win,  
And flaunting misery treads the haunts of sin.  
Around the festive board the wine is flowing,  
And voices loud in mirth and song are growing;  
Kind friends each other bid a sweet good night,  
And laughing eyes in peaceful homes are bright,  
And soon again at their accustomed toil,  
Our brothers here will waste the midnight oil.  
Thus hope and joy, and smiles and tears create,  
The shroud which wraps us at the last estate.

But angel eyes still watch above the scene,  
And time is now as always it has been,

And beauty still pervades this world of ours,  
 Which has a life more lasting than its flowers.  
 'Tis each man's right nobly to do and dare,  
 Though many hopes may fade in upper air;  
 To be forever faithful, pressing on,  
 As those of old in by-gone days have done.  
 A God has made him, given him a mind,  
 Glorious in nature, not to earth confined,  
 The earth, the sky, the sea shall pass away,  
 But that shall flourish through eternal day.  
 The distant orbs that move in silent space,  
 Grown old with countless years God may efface;  
 His word o'erturn the mighty fabric there,  
 He has created, moving high in air;  
 The sky a sea of crimson flame be spread,  
 With awful grandeur rolling overhead;  
 The dreadful change destroy the entire world,  
 And nature from her throne in death be hurled;  
 But still the imperishable soul shall be,  
 Transported to His great eternity.

Hope bows her head o'er many an urn and weeps,  
 In old cathedrals where some great one sleeps;  
 When day has closed and deepest silence reigns,  
 And summer moonlight falls through gilded panes,  
 On marble cold with olden letters lined;  
 Of pomp and power to its tomb assigned.  
 Old trees without when soft the evening smiles,  
 Their leafy shadows wave o'er sacred aisles;  
 Like figures moving slowly o'er the floor,

'Neath chiseled niche and high and massive door,  
 Not here alone may buried greatness lie,  
 In dim gray vaults the chancel shadows nigh,  
 But 'neath the summer sod where roses bloom,  
 And lay their tinted leaves upon the tomb;  
 Are many lain the great and good of earth,  
 That when the final morn of Time has birth,  
 Shall wake all honored by the Father still;  
 And holier aisles in radiant garments fill.  
 The sculptured stone, the life resembling bust,  
 'Neath high entablatures shall fall to dust;  
 The very name which friendship's hand has placed,  
 Upon the urn shall be by time effaced;  
 The lovely and the beautiful all fade,  
 And thus oblivion mocks the world's parade.  
 Go read it on the pillars gray and old,  
 That crumble slowly to the common mold,  
 'Neath olden temples moss grown, once so fair,  
 That raised their antique columns high in air  
 Far up that steep where art stood forth alone,  
 On sculptured frieze and metopes raised in stone.  
 And where are now the mighty hosts of men,  
 The Lydian capital who left in vain?  
 And he who sitting on his marble throne,  
 Surveyed the millions far around his own;  
 Who wept to think a century's early birth,  
 Would lay them all unhonored in the earth.  
 O'er perfumed bridges where their glory passed,  
 How many looked on Asia's shores their last!  
 As sank the golden censer 'neath the tide,  
 So sank they all in silence far and wide.

A virtuous deed, a purpose high, an aim  
From humbler motive born, most makes a name,  
A name that fades not as the light of even,  
But such as fills the heart with hopes of heaven.

O! then fight bravely on, the foe is strong,  
And life with rapid whirl is borne along,  
For perfect life when this brief scene has past,  
And victory to crown our brows at last.  
The ship through many a long and fearful gale,  
With bending mast and rent and quivering sail;  
The skillful seaman to her haven guides,  
'Till through the storm she safe at anchor rides.  
The tiny pearl lies deep beneath the tide,  
Yet 'tis in life with richest gems allied;  
There sought embedded in the common mold,  
'Tis raised to shine in fairest wreaths of gold.  
Full many a grave a nation's voice has blest,  
For noble deeds of those within who rest,  
Perchance of humble birth and humble name,  
Who little dreamed in life of future fame.  
O'er jagged cliffs the steps of time may wind,  
Who reach the vales beyond look not behind;  
On towering crags the tear of grief may flow,  
And hearts grow faint and turn their gaze below;  
No traveller's name at first may there be shown,  
But closer search reveals them in the stone;  
Great names engraven on the rock for aye,  
That no rude storm can ever wash away.

But as we climb with others round us lying,  
One faltering here, and there another dying;  
By gentle deeds to lend our willing aid,  
And point them onward to the pleasant shade;  
Will make us great beyond the praise of man;  
Virtue and love is heaven's unchanging plan.  
And still for many a long unnumbered year,  
May others come this day to honor here;  
For him whose life doth well deserve the meed,  
Of love and True Nobility indeed.





**Cherished Memories.**



### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

It cannot wane or fade;  
Born to my heart when first its throb began,  
By all her gentle care, 'twas sacred made;  
Moulding the spirit longings of the man.

When bygone years I scan,  
Though sorrow o'er my path has cast its shade,  
It darkens not the light that love has made.

Around the homestead hearth,  
Its melody falls softly on the ear;  
To happiness and beauty giving birth,  
And ever reigning with affection there;  
Soothing in every care,  
Almost too fair, too beautiful for earth,  
The heart can never prize too well its worth.

A mother's tender love,  
'Tis a whole garland of affection's flowers,  
That in life's morn her happy heart has wove,  
Fresh with the odors of its sunny hours;

In memory's greenest bowers,  
'Tis sweet in sunshine of the heart to rove,  
Among the blossoms fragrant with her love.

There was an infant's bed,  
A little boy to her a cherished prize,  
'Mid soft melodious sounds reposed his head,  
While for his future life alone were sighs.

O! calm and holy eyes,  
To every gentle hope their light is wed,  
Those tender eyes that watched my cradle bed.

How sweetly then I slept.  
With her, the faithful guardian by my side.  
Hours though gone on memory's dial kept,  
Still in my heart as sacred gems abide.

At quiet eventide,  
There comes to sadder scenes of later years,  
Soft echoes of her voice to dry my tears.

Mother ! around that name,  
How many recollections fondly twine,  
Who clasped my hands when morn or evening came  
And taught my lips to ask for gifts divine ?

A joy that still is mine.  
And sorrow's tears when I had faults to blame,  
That she has wept, still hallow her dear name.

### MEETING.

Bring me fresh flowers, sister,  
Roses from your own tree,  
Twine them in their new beauty,  
In this bridal wreath for me;  
I leave you in mirth and gladness,  
For one to my life more dear,  
But my heart has an inward sadness,  
Which lingers in silence there!

Bring me fresh flowers, brother,  
'Tis a sister's last request,  
Those born in her happy home,  
'Mid all who have loved her best,  
Bring me the silent offerings,  
That ever have bloomed by my side,  
For fresh and sweet home flowers,  
Are priceless things to a bride.

Bring me fresh flowers, mother,  
Reared by your gentle hand,  
To bloom on my brow to night,  
When by his side I stand,  
With your own fingers tie them,  
Around the wreath we twine,  
Though I am all another's,  
My heart still turns to thine.

Bring me our own home flowers,  
They are more dear by far,  
Than those in the wild woods blooming  
In all their fragrance are;  
For these are wet with parting tears,  
For all life's future hours;  
Come mother twine my bridal wreath;  
With our own home flowers.

### PARTING.

WILLIE keep close by me,  
While my spirit steals away;  
Close my eyes gently,  
From the light of day.  
Take my failing hand in thine,  
Fondly as of old;  
And lay these tender flowers by,  
They grow so cold, so cold.

It seems a very little while,  
We've been a household band;  
But that may be because I feel,  
So near the pleasant land.  
We prayed for One our steps to guide,  
Our hands were joined as now;  
But then there was no dampness lain,  
Upon a fading brow.

Our vows were breathed in simple faith,  
Alas! how soon they sever;  
Beloved now I cross the vale,  
And we must part forever.  
And when with those more blest with life,  
You mingle by and by;  
O! sometimes think of absent ones,  
Who low and silent lie.

And when to see a quiet grave,  
With one we love you roam;  
Kiss her for me and tell her there,  
About my distant home.  
The home where all the faithful go,  
The calm and peaceful clime;  
And sing sometimes as we have done,  
Our hymns at evening time.

Another hand shall clasp my own,  
As damp as rain wet leaves;  
But I shan't mind the husbandman,  
Who gathers up His sheaves.  
The summer leaf and floweret gay,  
And bird with sunny wing;  
Where I am sleeping, all the day,  
Their softest notes will sing.

But ah! no more for me, for me,  
Sweet sounds shall charm the year,  
I cannot wake to list again,  
What I so love to hear.  
But I shall go to my own home,  
From every sorrow free;  
And though I am with you no more,  
Yet you can come to me.

### SONGS OF HOME.

When musing on a distant shore,  
    'Neath sunny skies we roam,  
Low echoes haunt the memory still,  
    Of songs we've sung at home.  
In household bands, in stranger lands,  
    Where'er our footsteps roam;  
Soft echoes haunt the memory still,  
    Of songs we've sung at home.

Then golden hours from early days,  
    Steal back upon the heart,  
And from their bright and sunny rays,  
    Its lingering cares depart.  
The melodies of gentle words,  
    And voices hushed and gone,  
Still breathe a passing whisper there  
    Of joys forever flown.

In household bands, in stranger lands,  
    Where'er our footsteps roam,  
Soft echoes haunt the memory still.  
    Of songs we've sung at home.

### EARLY DAYS.

O! have you forgotten the cottage home  
On the hill where the woodbine grew;  
Where often we watched the ships afar,  
On the ocean wide and blue?  
How we climbed the hill with our weary feet,  
When the day was almost o'er;  
And rejoiced with many a loving friend,  
We shall see in the world no more.

O! sisters and brothers when we were young,  
Do you think how we used to play;  
Where the leaves of the pink arbutus bloomed  
In the lap of gentle May?  
Or have you forgotten the meadows green,  
In the golden summer hours;  
The lake where the light waves laughed in glee,  
To the merry woodland flowers.

O! Life is a longer hill to climb,  
When weary and sad are we;  
And oft we may watch the forms that move,  
Afar on its surging sea.  
But when at last we shall all lay down,  
In the shadows dim and lone;  
May love keep watch 'till we return,  
To the home where the rest have gone.

BABY. LU.

I wonder what our baby Lu,  
Is thinking of the while;  
She folds her tiny fingers up,  
With such a quiet smile?  
Or when she turns her hands so white,  
So often round and round;  
And views with such a sweet delight,  
A mystery profound.

Her neck is soft and downy smooth,  
Where oft my face I hide;  
And down in mine she nestles hers,  
When sleeping by my side.  
Her hair is golden as the dawn,  
Lost sunbeams there are hiding,  
And 'neath her eyelids fain to rest,  
Sweet summer time is biding.

When sleep its light wing softly spread:  
Over her couch at even;  
She smiles as if a watch were kept,  
By messengers from heaven.  
There may be darker days to come,  
Skies are not always blue;  
But ever pray we few may fall,  
Around our baby Lu.

### THE LOVED AND MOURNED.

In all the loveliness of holy life,  
One from our household band has passed away;  
To places where the beautiful find rest,  
In mansions radiant with eternal day.

For so He giveth His beloved sleep,  
A peaceful rest from all life's weary cares,  
And in the homes where stricken mourners meet,  
Hope folds its pinions weeping many tears.

Weeping that love so pure from earth so soon,  
Should to the noiseless messenger be given;  
But smiling ever o'er the christian's grave,  
That holier love for aye is found in Heaven.

The peaceful murmur of her last farewell,  
Fell mournfully upon the listener's ear;  
But by her look of calm abiding joy,  
We knew the Faithful Friend was waiting near.

The shadow crept in silence o'er her brow,  
And from her holy eyes shut out the light;  
Then gently fled the soul enshrined within;  
And round its throne, was dark and silent night.

### A SOUVENIR.

I pray for thee when the pure scented leaflet,  
Of the sweet white lily singeth to the morn;  
And when the first born tints of coming day break,  
The farthest hills with blushes soft adorn.  
And when the star of evening calmly shineth,  
O'er the still waters of the azure sea;  
And evening weary in the lap of night reclineth,  
Ever I pray for thee.

Then from my spirit bowed in breathings lowly,  
Good thoughts ascend to yonder peaceful blue;  
For thus 'tis sweet to offer oft' and fondly,  
The purest memories of the good and true,  
Where'er thou art loved sister, I would linger,  
Where thou hast made thy home there I would be:  
In His dear name whose love is pure and tender,  
Ever I pray for thee.

And often on life's long and toilsome journey,  
Shall memory seek thee in the household band;  
And joy to know though I may never meet thee,  
We both are looking to the same bright land.  
May He who loves us hold thee in His keeping,  
Make all thy pathway here from shadows free,  
And when life closes hallow thy long sleeping,  
Ever I pray for thee.

**NETTIE.**

Little Nettie haunts my dreams,  
With her gentle eyes;  
Lighter, softer than the blue  
Of our summer skies.

Murmuring, in fairy tones,  
Words of holy love;  
Like an angel flown away,  
From the light above.

Little Nettie whispers then,  
Sweetly in my ear;  
I wouldn't wake for all the world,  
When thus she comes so near.

When little Nettie haunts my dreams,  
With her gentle eyes;  
Lighter, softer than the blue  
Of our summer skies.

### GOING HOME.

Poor little babe! I have not long to stay with thee,  
Thus early must I leave thee to another's care;  
But let me press thee to my bosom, little flower,  
And weep with thee e'er death cometh near.  
Frail blossom! Early must I go from thee,  
And all the pain borne through long hours of woe;  
With all my fondest hopes and all my love,  
Must be resigned for slumbers dark and low.

This fleeting hour must be with thee, my all of life,  
The life my heart so longed with thine to share;  
To watch each dawning grace, each germ of love,  
In every early sorrow, every care.  
Thou tender little plant! thou type of Heaven!  
O! who will here thy future guardian be?  
Upon whose bosom shalt thou closely nestling lie,  
And whispering Mother, know no more of me?

Here love should be thy home, but now thy rest  
Shall be in stranger arms, which shall enfold  
Thy gentle form, while here in silence dark,  
The valley clods shall lie so close, so cold.  
Aye, press thy lips to mine and lay thy hand  
Upon my cheek, for I must leave thee soon;  
O! that upon thy memory I could press my image!  
Alas! these few brief hours deny the boon.

'Twere bliss to die with thee on this sad heart,  
But lest the cold embrace might chill thy frame;  
I leave thee, while I weep a long farewell,  
And go to Him from whom thy spirit came.  
O! if the absent and the early called from life,  
E'er walk again unseen with those they love;  
I'll come to thee my babe with gentle words,  
Of consolation from the world above.

TO HELENE.

Remember me in the bright morning,  
When thy first prayer to Heaven is made,  
At the third hour, when His person scorning,  
Upon our Saviour's brow the crown was laid.  
Pure and sweet such memories are,  
Crux mihi anchora.

Remember me at noon, 'twas when  
They raised Him on the cross to die;  
At the sixth hour, in silence then,  
Let thy fond prayer ascend on high.  
O! may He be our guiding star,  
Crux mihi anchora.

Remember me e'er comes the even,  
When He His spirit to His Father gave,  
At the ninth hour, He cried to Heaven,  
So should we ask Him us to save.  
To watch us from our home afar,  
Crux mihi anchora.

Remember me in the solemn night,  
When glory shines o'er all the sky;  
At midnight hour so calmly bright,  
In thought be my good angel nigh.  
Pure and sweet such memories are,  
Crux mihi anchora.

## HAPPY ACADIE.

Far, far away  
In happy Acadie;  
Stands a quiet village,  
By the laughing sea,  
By the light waves singing,  
Sunny islands round;  
Islands green and lovely;  
Sleeping in the sound.  
Sleeping in the moonlight,  
Passing fair to see;  
O! peaceful dreamland!  
Happy Acadie.

Far, far away,  
In happy Acadie;  
Birds in leafy greenwoods,  
Sing right merrily.  
Sing their timid love songs,  
In the list'ning trees;  
Sing to flowers nodding,  
Gaily in the breeze.  
Sing o'er loved ones sleeping,  
Once so dear to me;  
O! peaceful dreamland!  
Happy Acadie.

**HAPPY WERE THE DAYS GONE BY.**

LAURIGER.

Flowers bloom and scent the air,  
Sun rays on them lying;  
But when Autumn days are near,  
Flowers fair are dying.  
Happy were the days gone by,  
Dear to those who silent lie;  
Seek we all a peaceful shore,  
When our fleeting dream is o'er.

So the gentle ones of earth,  
In life's morn unclouded;  
E'er we know their golden worth,  
Evening rays have shrouded.  
Happy were the days gone by,  
Dear to those who silent lie;  
Seek we all a peaceful shore,  
When our fleeting dream is o'er.

Friends we love are growing old,  
Youth returning never;  
But Hope lays them in the mold,  
Not to sleep for ever.  
Happy were the days gone by,  
Dear to those who silent lie;  
Seek we all a peaceful shore,  
When our fleeting dream is o'er.

**LITTLE IDA.**

We laid her in her grave so low;  
Where the meek eyed violets grow;  
    Poor little Ida.

With many a sigh we laid her there,  
With aching hearts, with many a tear,  
She sleeps on beauty's early bier,  
    Poor little Ida.

She was beloved by all at home,  
We saw the shadow o'er her come,  
    Poor little Ida.

She looked upon us when she died,  
And sweetly smiled and softly sighed;  
The Angels to her smile replied,  
    Poor little Ida.

She sank to sleep at close of day,  
Still often o'er her grave we say,  
    Poor little Ida.

Hope whispered through our household band,  
When last we pressed her little hand,  
We'd meet her in the peaceful land;  
    Poor little Ida.

### STANZAS.

Speak gently, kindly to thy wife,  
She knows enough of sorrow;  
O! seek not from each little ill,  
An angry word to borrow.  
The early light of household love,  
Has more than golden worth;  
And from her heart one smile of thine,  
May call its beauty forth.

Speak gently, kindly to thy wife,  
Think often of the home,  
Where from a faithful mother's care,  
You mildly bade her come.  
How she was fondly cherished there,  
Unused to scenes of strife;  
Whene'er thy footsteps homeward turn,  
Think kindly of thy wife.

Far nobler in life's battle scene,  
Is he who breasts the storm;  
With manly courage when abroad,  
And loving words at home.  
Than he who grovelling all his days,  
A traitor to his kind,  
At home a petty tyrant shows;  
The meanness of his mind.

**" I WILL."**

I will, 'twas whispered soft and low,  
No love withheld, no secret fears;  
In you alone confiding go,  
To cross the main of changing years.

O! winds of Time blow fair and free,  
And waft us softly o'er our way:  
Where sinks the sun beyond the sea,  
We seek the golden gates of day.

The entrance to the silent land,  
Where lovely ones have gone before;  
To join the good and radiant band,  
Who waiting watch us from the shore.

With hope in One who will not fail,  
To guide with love the pure in heart;  
To breast the surge, and brave the gale,  
She smiling said, " Let us depart.

And when the distance shrouds from view,  
Our bark afar on waters clear;  
For aye for loving souls and true,  
Our pathway o'er the waves appear."

But one drear night when waves were dark,  
And we were tossed on billows high;  
We saw another buoyant bark,  
Steered by an angel 'neath the sky.

She looked on me in these alarms,  
The very life of sorrow's form;  
He came and took her in his arms,  
And bore her safe beyond the storm.

Ah me! my heart for ever more,  
Will turn the way the angel went;  
For long ago they pressed the shore,  
To which my ardent gaze is bent.

Her sweet pale face and folded hands,  
As in his vestments white she lay;  
While guiding far the bark he stands,  
The bark that passed the gates of day,

I yet can see, while shorter grow,  
The waves that reach the distant strand;  
And still I pray fair winds to blow,  
My own unto the silent land.



**THE DYING YEAR.**

DEC. 31st, 1861.

The year is dying, the sad old year  
Goes down to its sleep at last;  
Its cheek is wet with a falling tear,  
And its life is for ever past;  
Its locks are gray, and its trembling hands  
Are folded upon its breast;  
And Time like a giant in mourning stands,  
To bear it away to rest.

Alas! for the year, the sad old year,  
That came in so hearty and hale;—  
'Twill be shrouded soon for a silent bier,  
For repose in the shadows pale.  
It dawned upon us in radiant light,  
With the promise of so much good,  
But closes its eyes in a weary night,  
And its bosom is tinged with blood.

Alas! for the year, the sad old year!—  
It goes to its grave with weeping,—  
With low-breathed whispers of inward fear,  
For the land where the brave are sleeping.  
Fear not, old year, there are true hearts still,  
From the snows to the land of flowers;  
And a gracious Father performs his will,  
With a stronger arm than ours.

