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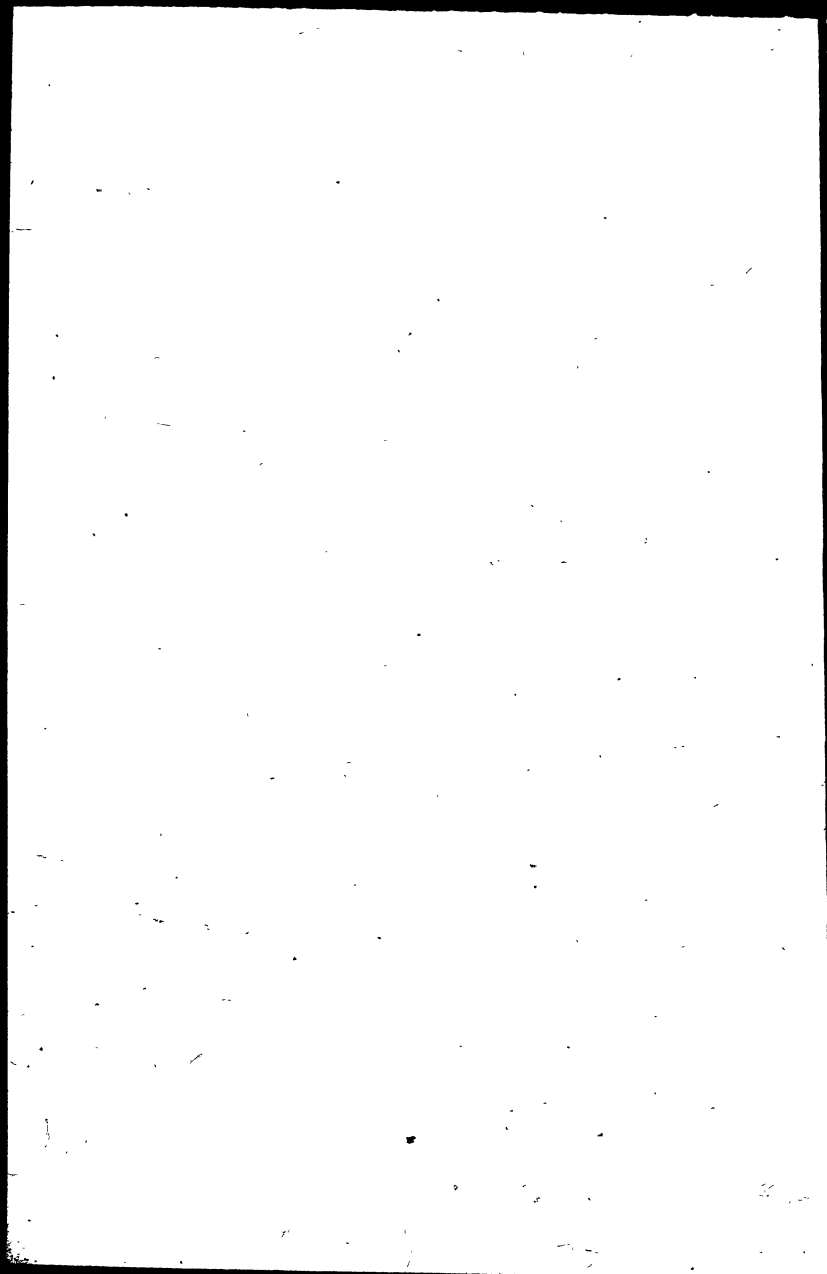
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Mc Kennell, Mrs George

To

The "LADIES' AID" in connection with  
the new Presbyterian Church, Orillia,  
this little work is respectfully dedi-  
cated,

By the Author,

MRS. GEO. MCKINNELL.

ORILLIA, *May, 1889.*



THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Printers. Publishers and Engravers,  
ORILLIA, ONT.

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## THE MAPLE-LEAF BANNER.

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WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST DOMINION DAY.

---

RISE, patriot brothers! our standard is reared;  
Proudly the Maple Leaf floats on the wind.  
Come! 'tis your country calls; will you refuse,  
And stand like poor fettered slaves coldly behind?  
Our Country!—proud word! what noble desires  
Thrill through our soul as it falls on our ear;  
Madly to raise her we'll spend every power,  
Or die in defence of an idol so dear.

True, on Antiquity's worm-eaten page,  
Mid noble old nations, we trace not our name;  
But we stand here to-day a young giant in strength,  
And the Future shall thrill with the trump of our  
fame.

We boast not of castles, grown hoary with age,  
Where blood-thirsty tyrants proud state have main-  
tained;  
Nor have we those dungeons—those foul darksome  
cells,  
Where the good and the noble have perished  
enchained.

When we boast of the ancient, 'tis nature's own gift  
The broad swelling river and cataract grand—  
While forests grown old, ere their castles were reared  
In primeval grandeur still stud our fair land.  
A few fleeting years, and the Indian alone  
Roamed these forests of ours as free as the air:  
A race that were born 'neath the maple's green shade  
Could die, but a conqueror's chains never wear.

And we, who now breathe the same soul-freeing air  
And taste of the freedom their hearts held so dear  
May bow to that nation we're bound to by love,  
But never to one that would rule as through fear  
Side by side with a flag which oppression has stained  
Our Maple Leaf Banner shall ne'er be unfurled!  
And should foreign foe break the peace of our shore  
Down, down in the dust shall his standard be hurled.

Rise! sons of the Maple Leaf! Aid us to day  
In kindling around a patriot flame;  
Let us dwell on the deeds of Canadian might  
Till glowing hearts thrill at the sound of her name  
And ye, who have chosen this land as your own,  
'Tis your country invites! Respond to her call!  
The hand of a brother we offer to each,  
While the Maple Leaf Banner floats over us all.



BRITAIN.

---

BRITAIN! though tyrants thy power may fear,  
Thine is the sway that each freeman holds dear;  
Well may thy children exult in thy name,  
And proudly abroad thy glory proclaim!  
Ages aloft may thy flag be unfurled,  
Thou pride of each Briton, fair queen of the world!

When tyranny's claims make bleeding hearts burn,  
For help and for sympathy where shall they turn,  
To that favored spot where the meanest are free?  
Their hopes must all centre, Britannia, in Thee—  
On Liberty's side thou hast taken thy stand,  
And tyrants must yield to thy conquering hand.

And nature was pleased at creation to smile,  
And crown thee with beauty, thou fair little isle!  
To England she granted soft graces untold,  
While Scotland she filled with the stern and the bold;  
Her task well completed, no fault could she see,  
That you lay like a gem encased in the sea.

And where shall we turn for a spot upon earth,  
So famous for scenes of historical worth?

Enclosed like a stage by Atlantic's broad wave,  
Strange parts in thy midst have been played by the  
brave,

And we who now stand where our forefathers stood  
May thank them for liberty bought with their blood

Thou hast shown to the world the two may agree—  
The monarch supreme yet the people left free ;  
And to thy favored children the task has been given  
Of spreading abroad the glad tidings of Heaven.  
May the Ruler of nations' all powerful hand,  
Ever keep thee in safety, beloved native land !

## PATRIOTISM.

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! trust not the man who feels no emotion,  
When the name of his country falls on his ear;  
Fickle and cold his soul's wildest devotion,  
Who counts not that land of all lands the most dear.  
Not by the brave, by the poet unsung,  
His name with his breath permitted to perish;  
The slave who can say, when the war-trump is rung  
"My life is my own to save and to cherish."

not to the bloodthirsty spoiler of empires  
The name and the fame of a hero belong;  
Alone to that holy name truly aspires,  
Who saves with his blood his country from wrong;  
Whose guardians like him to watch o'er her borders,  
Whose nation in peace may contentedly dwell—  
Whose traitors at home, no foreign marauders,  
Whose he proud tale of victory ever shall tell.

Freedom, be pleased with thy presence to cheer  
That brave little band who, on Italy's plains,  
Have sworn by the name to a patriot most dear,  
Their country to free from oppression's fell chains.  
May success crown their struggles with glory,  
While they by their deeds show a right to be free;  
When all shall exclaim, who read their brave story,  
That Roman descendants true Romans can be!

O thou, bright Sun of Liberty, shine with full power,  
And banish for ever Oppressions dark night!  
O thou, by the brave and the noble bless the bright hour,  
When Might shall no longer contend against Right!

## A WELCOME TO OUR "PRINCE."

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WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES  
VISIT TO CANADA, 1860.

---

YOUNG Prince! a loyal nation longs to meet thee,  
One that will act no false or fawning part; Here  
streams of fulsome praise shall never greet thee,  
But the honest welcome of each glowing heart.  
We've loved thee for thy mother's sake alone,  
But when we see thee face to face,  
The homage of each heart shall be thine own,  
Won by that potent charm—thy youthful grace.

We cannot point thee to the sculptured tombs  
Of mighty monarchs, who have trod this stage  
Our day of glory in the future looms,  
Our children's name shall fill Fame's brightest page.  
We have no works of man of which we're proud,  
No classic temple famed in history's lore;  
We glory in the mighty cataract foaming loud  
And giant forests old in days of yore.

will show thee what thou lov'st to see—  
 faithful nation straining every nerve,  
 in each great and noble work to be,  
 clinging to none but those she loves to serve.  
 Thought but willing service can we pay,  
 fetters forged by man shall bind our will:  
 As of freedom and we pine away,  
 in the grave each noble heart lies still.

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blooms in genial soil the English Rose,  
 and side by side old Scotia's Thistle see,  
 the Erin's Shamrock luxuriantly grows.  
 and twines its leaves with Gallic *fleur de-lis*.  
 ask not strangers what their native land—  
 art; Each leal true man a brother we can call,  
 at them here they join our great fraternal band,  
 and Albion's banner floats above them all.

long may it wave o'er countries rich and fair,  
 before it may each tyrant's standard fall:  
 gra where'er oppression reigns may Britain rear  
 her flag of liberty, beloved by all.  
 s in welcome, son of England's noble Queen!  
 stag our nation's earnest prayer to heaven shall be—  
 in HIM be all his mother's virtues seen,  
 st pas reign of peace and plenty may he see.

ad,

## DEATH OF BOADICEA.

---

OH, woeful day! alas! thrice hapless queen!  
For me yon setting sun will rise no more;  
Why were my offerings scattered to the wind,  
And all my prayers in vain, dark God of War?  
Ah, wretched one! despoiled of all I prized;  
Low lie the hosts I marshalled forth at morn;  
My people captives, and my throne o'er-turned,  
Left in my strait, by native gods forlorn.  
Ay, weep my friends, but not one tear for me,  
Nor for those blood-stained chiefs, on yonder shore,  
Mourn for your brethren bold, your sisters fair,  
Who this day must to foreign tyrant yield.  
Weep not for me, within this cup I hold  
A charm that soon shall speak my sorrows o'er—  
Better a thousand times, to perish thus,  
Than grace a conqueror's car on yonder shore.  
What though my fetters be of glittering gold,  
Shall I brook to be the gazing-stock of Rome?  
Or, if imperial clemency shall spare me this,  
Yet will he tear me from my home—my island home,  
I fall, but with prophetic eye I see  
Tyrannic Rome that robs me of my right,  
Totter and fall beneath a host of foes,  
Who laugh to scorn her vaunted power and might.  
The poison works! Come gallant chieftains on,  
And form around your queen a shadowy guard;  
Come, bear my spirit from these scenes of woe,  
To share with thee a warriors bright reward.

## CHRISTMAS.

---

! bid your roving fancy soar away,  
Spend with me an English Christmas day.  
Morn is ushered in with merry chimes,  
The carol singers' antique rhymes.  
Herself, in snowy raiment dressed—  
Golds and silver sheen upon her breast,  
To meet the sun's first beam of light—  
Is like a bride adorned in jewels bright.

! from many a quiet woodland dell  
Measured peal rings forth the old church bell;  
Constant hill and dale the sound is borne,  
And on men to hail the natal morn,  
He who came the blessing to bestow,  
Peace on earth, good will to all below;  
On this glad day, let all contention cease,  
Give to each the hand and smile of peace.

Now, the homestead gates, thrown open wide,  
Give a crowd of guests from every side;  
Neighbors, and friends, relations loved and dear,  
They will meet a hearty welcome here.  
Bounteous harvest Heaven around has poured,  
Heaped-up dainties crown the festive board;  
The walls are decked with holly branches bright,  
The huge logs throw round a blaze of light.

The guests are gathered, and the tables set—  
What varied ages at the feast are met—  
From the old patriarch, with his whitened hair,  
Down to the child, as yet untouched by care.  
Since last they sat, the Christmas board to grace,  
Gone from their midst is one familiar face;  
And, as each eye rests on the vacant spot,  
The sadden'd look bespeaks him unforgot.

The feasting o'er, they circle round the fire ;  
Mirth and good humor seems each soul t' inspire ;  
The old folks tell the tales of bygone times,  
Or sing, in feeble tones, old fashioned rhymes ;  
Talk of the Christmas days they've spent before,  
Yielding the palm of course, to those of yore,  
With friendly jest and chat night closes in,  
And fun and frolic now in truth begin.

The spacious hall is full of joyous ones,  
Whose happy voices ring in laughing tones ;  
The mistletoe, of sacred plants the chief,  
Sanctions the kiss snatched 'neath its mystic leaf.  
With merry games the hours fly swiftly by,  
Till Chanticleer proclaims that morn is nigh.  
They part with pray'rs that heaven each life may spare  
And grant them many Christmas days to share.



## EASTER MORN.

---

**R**ISE, glorious orb! to usher in the morn,  
And chase the darksome hours of night away;  
Bid every cloud of sombre hue be gone,  
Nor mar the splendor of this sacred day.

Well mightst thou hide, a few short hours ago,  
Thy radiant face, fearing to gaze upon.  
Thy Sovereign Master's agony and woe;  
But now the conflict's o'er! His work is done.

A thrill of anguish shook the conscious earth  
When her Creator bowed his head and died,  
While in the courts above, all sacred mirth  
Was hushed—angelic tongues were sorrow tied.

'Tis o'er! Bearing a charge from Heaven's high  
throne,  
Wings a bright spirit through the realms of space,  
To roll from off the grave the pond'rous stone,  
And welcome back to life the King of Grace.

Back fled the monster Death, of power bereft,  
To bind the human race he strives in vain :  
The portals of the grave by Jesus cleft,  
For all His saints shall open once again.

When forth the Saviour stepped with victory crowned,  
Each seraph tuned his golden harp and sang  
In sweetest notes ; while joy's ecstatic sound  
Through Heaven's bright courts in pealing numbers rang.

And shall not we, for whom the foe was fought,  
Our Easter song of gratitude now pay ;  
Praising His name, who entrance free has bought  
For us, in yonder realm of everlasting day.

## BOREAS.

---

**B**ACK to your home on the frigid zone!  
Back, back to your frozen lair!  
We bid you, rude Boreas, speed away,  
To your icebergs so bleak and bare.  
Too long you've reigned with a merciless sway,  
But your day is well-nigh past.  
Away with your grim and low'ring frown,  
Away with your chilling blast!

With an iron hand, as a tyrant lord,  
You've ruled o'er our fair young land;  
Now give her the power to smile again—  
Go, take off each icy band.  
Shivering with cold our trees have stood,  
And moaned at each gust of thine;  
Our flowers, enchained in their prison below,  
For sunshine begin to pine.

Back to your castles of ice and snow,  
And leave us to hail sweet Spring!  
Come, gentle Zeph'rus, back to our bowers,  
We long for the blessings you'll bring;  
Come bid our fair earth awake from her trance,  
And put on her robe of bright green,  
For each ice-bound stream is longing to leap,  
And ripple in silvery sheen.

Bring<sup>d</sup> back to our woods those wand'ring troops  
Of minstrels so bright and gay ;  
Instead of rude storm blast, let gentler tones  
Of song through our forests play.  
Then back to your home in the frigid zone !  
Back, back, to your frozen lair !  
We bid you, rude Boreas, haste away,  
To your icebergs so bleak and bare.

## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

---

IN Eastern groves where poetry dwells,  
They've given each flower a tongue ;  
Invested thus, a mystical charm  
'Round the simplest blossom is flung.  
The Indian Pink speaks of personal grace ;  
The Mignonette beauty of mind,  
The Citron depicts a beautiful face,  
When joined to a nature unkind ;  
The Ivy and Wallflower steadfast friends,  
In adversity's hour prove true ;  
Beware of the Foxglove, he seems a friend,  
But in heart he is false to you.  
Knight-errantry's spirit is imaged forth,  
By the Monkshood stately and bold ;  
The gentle Mimosa is courteous and kind,  
And the Lettuce is selfish and cold ;  
The painter loves the Auricula rich,  
But the poet sweet Eglantine ;  
The candytuft pleases the architect's eye,  
The Acanthus the arts will entwine.  
The first rosy dawn of love is expressed,  
By the Lilac fragrant and fair ;  
The messenger sent from the ardent breast,  
Is a Champion Rose so rare.

Should the lady's heart respond to his own,  
The Ambrosia her feelings disclose,  
If cold and unkind his love she reject.  
'Tis done by a bud of White Rose.  
When the course of true love for once runs smooth,  
Sweet Woodbine each breast may adorn,  
If cold and estranged their souls become,  
The sad truth by the Lotus is borne.  
And now ere I close, a boon let me ask,  
Cherish the flowers that prompted my task.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

---

*(From the Twin Brothers of Seville)*

---

NAY, Henrique, dear, you shall not leave this place,  
This night shall crown the conqueror in love's race,  
The Donna Julia's plighted love is mine,  
But something whispers that her heart is thine ;  
Unseen, I watched each look you gained last night,  
And marked the kindling of her eye with love's own  
light.

'Tis time, I vow, this masquerade should end,  
Let love himself the fondest knight befriend.

Three weeks have passed since led by happy fate,  
Your courser's head you idly turned t'wards Seville  
gate,

And fortune show'ring blessings on my head,  
Restored you to my arms—long mourned as dead.  
The strange mistake our close resemblance brings  
about,

This night shall end—we'll play the drama out,  
Remember every smile bestowed on thee,  
The Donna, brother, dreams she gives to me.

The hour of trial draws nigh—the scene is changed,  
Behold the actors on the Donna's hall arranged,  
Grace, wealth and beauty grouped on either hand,  
While in their midst the Twins of Seville stand ;  
Such perfect counterparts, not one can tell  
The stranger guest, from Carlos, known so well,  
Though Julia vows by love's own magic sight,  
She'll choose from all the world her own true knight.

Now side by side the brothers stand apart,  
But neither face betrays the thoughts that stir each  
heart,

She comes—the fairy queen of love and grace,  
With piercing look she gazes in each face,  
Pauses, a glance from either eye to meet,  
Then drops the signal rose at Henrique's feet.  
'Twas in his eyes, and his alone  
She read the love that answered to her own.

One moment Carlos gazed with gloomy frown,  
'Twas quickly o'er; brother, you have fairly won ;  
Take her, dear Henrique, she is truly thine,  
I yield thee what methinks was never mine.  
Without her heart I would not have her hand,  
And that it seems my power could ne'er command ;  
Come friends—a hearty welcome for my lost brother,  
And for a lady love I'll seek another.



## MY WISH.

---

O H! for the poet's gift divine,  
That glorious spark of heaven's own fire;  
No joy could ever equal mine,  
Could I but strike Apollo's lyre.

Unmindful of all wordly care,  
I'd bask in sunny realms of song;  
On streams of purest pleasure there  
My bark of life should glide along.

My task to soothe the stricken soul,  
With words as soft as zephyr's sigh;  
And where affliction's waters roll,  
That spot I'd cheer with harmony.

Then striking louder, firmer strings,  
On Honor's path I'd pour my praise,  
Till the young soul should plume its wings,  
To noble deeds in answer to my lays.

My notes in gentler numbers roll,  
The joys of mutual love my theme;  
To paint that tie of heart and soul,  
Too weak and poor all words I deem.

From these I glide to Friendship's bliss,  
That tie too seldom felt, alas!  
So dead have men become to this.  
Nought but self-love with them will pass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then anon a merry strain,  
Bursts upon the summer air—  
Welcome Pleasure, banish pain,  
Life should not be lost in care.

Let all harmless mirth abound—  
The merry jest, the cheerful smile,  
Pass the cup of gladness round,  
Let not sighs be heard awhile.

But I'll stop the rolling wave,  
Of my fancy running wild.  
Give me but the boon I crave,  
Apollo, own me as thy child.

## TRUE PLEASURE.

---

**B**ROTHER, precious hours you're wasting,  
False enjoyment to obtain ;  
Pleasure to be worth the tasting,  
Must be free from sting of pain.

Can you call that feeling pleasure,  
Which the drunkard's cup imparts ;  
Nay, it falls beneath the measure,  
For 'tis linked with broken hearts.

See the lonely miser wasting  
All his life to gather gold ;  
Joyless to the tomb he's hasting,  
Poor in love, with wealth untold.

Mingle with the festive throng,  
Lightly tripping in the dance ;  
Watch them as they glide along,  
Heavy looks will meet your glance.

Sadly then you turn away,  
Sick of all the scenes of earth ;  
Pleasure's but a dream, you say,  
Nought below can give it birth.

But there is a fount of pleasure  
Open to the good and true,  
None on earth its depths can measure,  
And its charms are ever new.

'Tis not confined to rank or race,  
Nor to the sons of earth alone ;  
Angels, as ministers of grace,  
Rejoice its joys to call their own.

Wouldst find it ? Seek the mourning heart  
Bowed down beneath a load of grief ;  
There act the sweet consoler's part,  
To all its woes give kind relief.

Visit the house of abject need,  
Sunk in despair its inmates lie ;  
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,  
With gentle hand and pitying eye.

Go find the friend by chance estranged,  
Who's learned to pass you coldly by ;  
Tell him that you are still unchanged,  
While love and truth beam from your eye.

Thus imitating love Divine,  
The light of love on others throw,  
And perfect PLEASURE shall be thine,  
While thrills of Joy thy soul shall know.

## THE COMET.

---

**H**UNDREDS of years, they say, old friend, have  
passed  
Since last thy shining face was seen ;  
Where has thy lonely, wand'ring lot been cast ?  
Tell us what wondrous sights thou'st seen.

How dost thou guide thy strange, erratic way,  
Through all the boundless realms of space?  
'Midst hosts of circling worlds thy path must lay,  
Yet no confusion dost thou raise.

Have any new-made planets seen the light ?  
Roll all the old ones still the same ?  
Which of our learned astronomers are right,  
Who analyse thy tail of flame ?

Perchance thou'st been close to old Sol's bright face,  
And can explain to us his spots?  
When on his glories thou didst turn thy gaze,  
What were the planets but mere dots ?

Are any other worlds like this, our earth ?  
What living creatures on them dwell ?  
Are they of mortal or angelic birth ?  
We long to hear all thou canst tell.

Describe to us their manner and their dress—  
Do they in aught resemble ours?  
Can they in language all their thoughts express,  
Or have their souls electric powers?

A thousand questions I could bring before ye,  
And all my ignorance confess;  
But having no desire to bore ye,  
I almost wish that I'd said less.

And now farewell, my talking is in vain,  
It seems on silence thou'rt resolved;  
But ere thy journey brings thee here again,  
Some of these questions will be solved.

FAREWELL TO "MY PIPE."

---

**A**ND so, my pipe, the hour has come,  
That bids me tear myself from thee ;  
Next to my heart, no more thy home,  
My waistcoat fob no more thou'lt see.

With pleasure, oft my lips have press'd  
Thy nut-brown, dirty-looking stem ;  
But ladies' lips in coral dress'd,  
Reject the kiss thou shar'st with them.

The odor of thy nauseous breath  
Hath stupified full long my brain :  
I bid thee now farewell till death,  
Without one bitter sigh of pain.

For now I think on't, thou hast been  
No friend to beauty, purse or health ;  
I wonder how I could be seen  
Turning to smoke my hard-earned wealth.

My teeth, once white, alas ! you've brown'd,  
And wrapt my brains in clouds of smoke ;  
Too long a slave you held me bound,  
But, thank the gods ! the spell is broke.

No more for me need Cubans grow  
The tempting but enslaving weed ;  
Advised by me, their fields they'll sow  
With life-sustaining, wholesome seed.

But yet, poor pipe, 'tis hardly fair,  
Thee to reproach with all the sin ;  
Part of the guilt I surely bear,  
Who placed the pois'nous weed within.

So now farewell, old piece of clay,  
I'll keep thee as a monument,  
A warning-post to point the way  
That beauty, health and money went.



## TRUE MANLINESS.

---

A MAN! Is it that dandy, dressed  
In fashion's latest style,  
With unexceptionable vest,  
And coat of softest pile?  
Symmetric beauty dwells perchance  
In feature and in limb,  
And artists see, with well-trained glance,  
Apollo's form in him.  
The rose just tints his well-formed face,  
The lily decks his hand,  
His bow is full of courtly grace,  
His smile beams sweet and bland;  
Yet, when you gaze into his eyes,  
You feel no power can  
E'er make his selfish soul arise  
To deeds that stamp him man!  
Think you such dainty things as these  
Are fit to work and fight,  
'Gainst fate and fortune's adverse breeze,  
With true heroic might?  
No! manhood dwells not in the form,  
Nor in the perfect face;  
But in the heart that's true and warm,  
Though homely be its case.

A man! Yes, 'tis that noble one,  
That honest, open heart,  
Whose generous tongue can ne'er be won  
To act a sland'rous part.  
'Mid dangers, as a lion brave,  
His courage they but prove;  
No fetters can his soul enslave,  
But fond ones forged by love.  
His hands, perchance, with toil are brown,  
No beauty decks his face,  
But gaze into his eyes, far down  
You find a form of grace;  
A soul adorned by Heavenly skill—  
A gem, whose rays so bright,  
Transform the face, and seem to fill  
The whole with mystic light.  
You gaze into the soul-lit face,  
And feel that manhood dwells  
Within that form, though outward grace  
No flattering story tells.  
Would that each one who wears the form  
Would bear the spirit, too,  
Of perfect man, and thus transform  
The false to all that's true.

## MAY.

---

COME with thy smiling face,  
Emblem of youthful grace—  
Fairy-like May;  
Haste with fresh wreaths of flowers,  
Decking our summer bowers,  
Drying up April's showers—  
Sunny-eyed May.

Hail to thy joyous reign,  
Mount Winter's throne again—  
Merry Queen May;  
Wake, with thy kindling glance,  
Earth from her wintry trance,  
To join in the mazy dance—  
Graceful young May.

Summon thy fairy band,  
Shuttle and silk in hand—  
Fair maiden May;  
Let ev'ry fay be seen,  
Weaving a robe of green,  
Decking the summer scene—  
Thrice welcome May.

Call forth the feathered choir,  
Sweetly each tongue inspire—  
Gentle-voiced May;  
Bid ev'ry rippling stream  
Wake from its winter's dream,  
To dance in the sunny gleam—  
Light-hearted May.

Come, throw thy mystic pow'r  
O'er ev'ry drooping flow'r—  
Spell-weaving May;  
Visit each human heart,  
Bid carping care depart,  
The spring tide of joy impart—  
Long wished for May.

## FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

---

SING a sweet requiem—Summer is dead!  
Her brief hours of beauty and sunlight are fled;  
We sigh for her smiles, but our sighs are in vain—  
We must bow in submission to winter's stern reign.

Ah! who does not pine for those sweet woodland  
bowers,

Embosomed in leaves with soft carpets of flowers,  
What dreamy delight our spirits found there,  
In our fav'rite pursuit, building castles in air.

The streams seemed to ripple and murmur in song,  
As gaily they danced in the sunlight along:  
While soothingly borne on each zephyr was heard  
The hum of the bee, or the song of the bird.

There free from life's care, we lay in the arms  
Of Nature, and drank in the spell of her charms;  
But soon, ah! too soon, winter changes the scene,  
And bleak silence reigns where these beauties have  
been.

Farewell, gentle summer, we cease to complain,  
Hope paints in the future thy coming again;  
When the earth, which now shrinks beneath winter's  
cold hand,  
Shall burst into life at the touch of thy wand.

## GRANDFATHER'S LAST EVENING.

---

**Y**ES! children, place me at the cottage door;  
And let me take a long, last look around.  
For ninety years I've viewed this landscape o'er,  
And listened to yon streamlet's murmuring sound;  
There's not an object that my eye rests on,  
But calls to mind some half-forgotten tale,  
Linked with loved ones who long ago have gone  
To their last home in yonder grassy vale.

That giant elm that overhangs the gate,  
My father set when I was but a boy;  
Spring after spring did I and sister Kate  
Watch its increasing size with mutual joy.  
It seems but yesterday since both were laid  
Beneath the shade of yonder village spire;  
My pretty Kate, a gentle blue-eyed maid,  
And thou, a hale old man, mine honored sire.

Under our cherished tree, in manhood's prime,  
I wooed and won my sweet, my own Mabel;  
Our trysting tree, 'twas there at evening time  
We met, our tales of love and joy to tell.  
And when I brought her home my happy bride,  
I planted yonder graceful scented lime,  
And called it hers. She too has left my side,  
While I alone have watched the flight of time.

That shady little grove of sycamores,  
Each stands to mark a precious loved one's birth ;  
Death spared the trees, but passing through our door,  
Carried three dear ones from the cares of earth.  
Say, darlings, do not weep, it cheers my heart  
To call to mind that happy little band ;  
True, it is hard for you below to part,  
But they await me in yon happy land.

Tw'as thus the old man breathed his long farewell  
To that familiar spot that saw his birth ;  
And ere again the evening shadows fell,  
He bade adieu to all he loved on earth.

## SPEECH OF THE MOONBEAM,

---

CULLED FROM NATURE'S LAST ANNUAL REPORT.

---

WITH sylph-like grace, the maid arose,  
Her fleecy veil was backward thrown,  
While tiny stars, a glittering host,  
Hung round her waist, a sparkling zone.

She spoke, and every listener bent  
To catch her voice of music rare,  
While hearts and eyes in homage bowed,  
To face and form so wondrous fair.

"Tis not my lot," said she, "to boast,  
Like 'Sunbeam,' of my varied flight;  
My humbler task, with gentle ray  
To cheer the darksome hours of night.

When bird and bee have sunk to rest,  
And nature lies in balmy sleep,  
I wander forth, with footfall light,  
And o'er their rest a vigil keep.

Soon as my rays illumine the earth,  
And o'er the lake my glances play,  
A merry troop of Fays trip forth,  
And lightly dance the hours away.



With sculptor's skill, I scatter round  
Strange statues, full of antique grace,  
While o'er the ground, in shadows quaint,  
Pictures of beauteous form I trace.

Oft in the hours of calm repose  
I fondly watch soft upturned eyes,  
And bear their prayers for loved ones' weal  
Upon my breast within the skies.

O'er weary souls, bowed down with care,  
That dare not raise their eyes above,  
I shed around my tenderest rays,  
And whisper of a Father's love.

Mine is the light that lovers prize,  
When side by side they fondly rove,  
Lost to the present, wrapt in bliss,  
Exchanging vows of mutual love.

Cheered by my smile, with quicken'd step  
The traveller plods the lonely road,  
While by my aid he fondly hopes  
To reach once more his loved abode.

But I could tell of fearful scenes—  
The wail of woe, the shriek of pain—  
Where all my softening powers I tried,  
But tried, alas! to prove them vain.

And now, with thanks for interest shown,  
To one so little skilled in speech,  
I'll take my seat, well pleased to hear  
Of regions I can never reach."

## THE SUNBEAM'S REPORT.

AS PRESENTED AT DAME NATURE'S LAST ANNUAL  
MEETING.

**T**HEN uprose a sprite, their attention to claim—  
The son of old Sol, young Sunbeam by name,  
With such laughing good humor his eyes seemed  
to dance  
That his list'ners smiled as they caught his bright  
glance.  
My Report, my dear friends, I would bring in with  
joy;  
But you know, at the best, I'm a wandering boy—  
From planet to planet so swift was my flight,  
That the notes of my travels I never could write.  
But my memory's good—vouchsafe me your ear,  
Some results of my journeys I'll strive to make clear.  
I flew to the North, where the long night had been,  
And I changed the pale snow to glittering sheen;  
I breathed on the icicles, bade them depart,  
And softened awhile e'en the iceberg's cold heart.  
My mission completed, I hastened away  
To soft Southern regions, where bland zephyrs play;  
There flowers sprang up, my coming to greet,  
And loaded the air with their perfumes so sweet;

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Their clustering blossoms encountered my rays,  
And blushed into loveliness under my gaze;  
I touched with my lips the fruit as it hung,  
And fountains of nectar through tiny veins sprung;  
I played 'mid the locks of fair children's hair,  
And made older hearts for a while forget care.  
Through veils and 'neath shades I crept as by  
stealth.

And painted the cheek with the fresh glow of health;  
Away to the city 'mid smoke, dirt and din,  
Where seemed scarce a place for me to creep in;  
But I peeped into windows, and many a room  
I robbed of its curtain of shadowy gloom;  
I lighted on sick-beds, and faces so pale  
Brightened up with a smile my presence to hail.  
Round wan women's fingers I lingered and danced,  
And faster and faster the bright needle glanced;  
The poor city flowers I kissed into bloom,  
And weary ones smiled as they caught the perfume.  
Then away through the air to a dark low'ring cloud,  
That hung o'er the earth like a funeral shroud;  
After vainly endeav'ring to force my way through,  
I lined it with silver, and bade it adieu.  
I smiled on the raindrops, as onward I sprung,  
And, lo! in the heavens a bright bow was hung;  
But 'twill weary your patience to attend to the rest,  
The spots I have brightened, the hearts I have blest;  
So, with thanks for attention, at once I give way,  
On the *qui vive* to hear what sweet Moonbeam may  
say.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

---

**A**ND art thou gone, my beauteous flower,  
Sweet little bud of purest hue;  
Heart-sick I count each weary hour,  
Missing all in missing you.

Oftimes each day, with sudden start  
I've heard thy little fairy feet,  
And turned to clasp thee to my heart,  
Turned but the empty air to meet.

Thy voice so full of gladsome mirth  
Still on mine ear like music rings,  
But oh, that sound is hushed on earth,  
Death swept the chords and snapped the strings.

Oh, cruel blast, that shook my bower,  
And robbed me of its joy and pride;  
Oh, darksome clouds that o'er me lower,  
Can ye a silvery lining hide.

7  
Forgive, O, Lord, that murmuring cry,  
And lull my throbbing heart to rest;  
Give me on faith's strong wings to fly,  
And pierce the regions of the blest.

There, in the gardens of the Lord,  
My little flower transplanted stands;  
There where thy brightest gems are stored,  
My darling rests in loving hands.

Oh, Father, guide my wand'ring feet,  
Till I shall join thy ransomed bands.  
Where, 'mid the throngs, my glad eyes meet,  
To welcome me, my dear one stands.

## COUSIN HAL UPON "LOVE."

---

AH! no, my Kate; it needs no sage's eye to see,  
Your heart is still untouched; your fancy free;  
You could not, bee-like, sip from flower to flower,  
And call that love that changes with each passing  
hour.

No, Coz; the soul that's truly loved, I've ever found,  
Deems e'en its near approach as holy ground;  
Ne'er joins in jesting at the scars another wears;  
Too conscious of the wound its own heart bears.  
'Tis love inspires the Poet's glowing quill,  
And gives the painters's hand its magic skill;  
Bestows upon the world heroic deeds untold,  
For 'neath its sway e'en woman's heart grows bold,  
I have you not read, dear Kate, in mythologic lore,  
Of her, who, formed by gods, perfection bore  
In beauty's mould, and yet a spark of heavenly fire  
Was needed every beauteous feature to inspire.  
'Tis ever so, though peerless beauty decks the perfect face

'Tis love invests the whole with touching grace;  
Nay, more, a face that beauty's tribute never dared  
to claim,  
Grows fair beneath the glow of love's all potent  
flame.

The dull eye kindles 'neath the spell of hidden joys,  
And music thrills within the soft impassioned voice,  
While every feature brightens up with new-born  
    grace,  
And loving eyes could gaze forever on that face;  
To one great end, Dear Kate, my fondest hopes as-  
    pire,  
That mine may be the task to touch thy heart with  
    fire.

## NIGHT.

---

COME, gentle night, unfold thy raven wing,  
With loving care brood o'er a weary world ;  
Thy soothing spells o'er tired nature fling,  
Wide may thy sombre banner be unfurled.

Now toil-worn hands may fold themselves to rest,  
And irksome thought vacate the student's brain ;  
Stern care no longer rack the unconscious breast,  
Nor sorrow rend the heart with shafts of pain.

Whole nations sunk in slumber, sight most strange,  
Peasant and prince alike lie helpless now ;  
Sleep reigns—emblem of that great change  
That bids the proud and lofty head lie low.

And now our roving fancy, unconfined,  
Whirls us with giant strides through unknown lands,  
Or pictures up scenes faded from our mind,  
And weaves its mazy web with magic hands.

The weight of years is lifted from our head,  
We greet with lightsome hearts long-buried friends,  
But soon, too soon, these joyous dreams are fled,  
And waking griefs and cares the morning sends.



'Tis thus, oh night, thy hours pass calmly on,  
To those who sleep the sleep of innocence ;  
Not so the wretch whose heart is smitten down  
With weight of guilt's o'erwhelming sense ;

For him the night brings no soft sweet repose,  
He needs the busy day to drive off anxious thought,  
For night the low'ring clouds of woe disclose,  
And all his empty courage sinks to nought.

Oh ! Father, ever keep my conscience clear,  
Then shall I welcome each returning night,  
Till death, with shadowy wing, draws near,  
And ushers in a day that knows no night.

MORN.

---

**R**ISE, blushing young Morn, come forth from thy  
bower,  
And kiss with thy sweet lips the dew from each  
flower ;  
Come bid them awake, unclose their bright eyes,  
While their breath mounts like incense in clouds to  
the skies.

The earth waits to greet thee, smiles decking her  
face,  
As she listens to catch thy foot-fall of grace ;  
Though calmly she rests on the bosom of night,  
Thy coming, fair Morn, fills her heart with delight.

The winds that through night seemed in anger to  
speak,  
Subside into zephyrs to fan thy soft cheek ;  
And the trees that so late by their fury were torn,  
Now gracefully bend to welcome young Morn.

Hark! from the forest sweet woodnotes arise,  
And fill with soft echoes the vault of the skies ;  
Each songster is striving who loudest can raise,  
The sweet morning song of gladness and praise.

The streams, that so pensively glide through the  
night,  
Now burst into ripples and sparkle with light ;  
While see ! on their breasts scattered rose leaves are  
borne,  
Meet offering to cast at the feet of young Morn.

Up, mortals, arise, and hail the fair maid ;  
Not last in the throng be your matin song paid ;  
She brings you a day—a gift straight from heaven,  
Its holiest use to you only is given.

## TO BOYS

---

**B**OYS! do you long for the trumpet of fame  
To blazon abroad the praise of your name?  
Do you mean that the world shall be bettered by  
you,  
Keep these time-honored maxims for ever in view.

Be earnest in work—with a firm ready hand  
Go steadily forward, though troubles may stand  
Scattered thick o'er your path, dash them down one  
by one,  
And never give up till your task is well done.

Be hopeful—the heart ever ready to faint,  
And the tongue always tuned to the voice of com-  
plaint,  
Ne'er belonged to the man who with spirit on fire,  
Bent his eagle-like course still higher and higher.

Be truthful—the boy that descends to a lie,  
Has a poor, coward heart when danger is nigh;  
Not such, the brave one, who, with unshrinking nerve,  
From the truth—the plain truth—no power can  
swerve.

Be sober—men fly to the cup to inspire  
The flow of the soul with alcohol's fire ;  
Thousands have lived to bemoan the sad hour,  
When conscience and brain were both seared by its  
power.

Fix your eye on a niche in the Temple of Fame,  
And to gain that proud spot bend your soul's earnest  
aim,  
Rememb'ring that if with the noblest you'd stand,  
Your goodness and greatness must go hand in hand.

If waves of despondency roll o'er your soul,  
Think of the men who have reached their bright goal:  
A Watt or a Stephenson, names dear to fame ;  
Go trace out their footsteps, and walk in the same.

## FAREWELL.

---

'TIS those who've felt the pangs of absence,  
Who parting sighs have often heard,  
Alone can tell the depth of anguish  
That's borne upon the simple word—  
Farewell!

How often those whose hearts united  
Have owned for years love's kindly sway,  
By stern decree of fate divided,  
Are forced in broken tones to say—  
Farewell!

The lover, roused from blissful dreaming,  
Feels he must tear himself away,  
Looks in those eyes with love-light beaming,  
And, fondly ling'ring, dreads to say—  
Farewell!

The exile, from his home departing,  
Watches his loved ones in yon throng,  
Sadly he breathes the sigh of parting,  
And looks with tearful eye, a long  
Farewell!

When from loved brows the death-dews starting,  
Warn us the closing hour is nigh,  
We watch the pallid lips slow parting,  
Dreading to hear them faintly sigh—  
Farewell!

Oh! happy land, where echo never  
Wakes to the now too common word;  
There kindred souls no fate shall sever,  
And those who enter in have heard  
The last Farewell!