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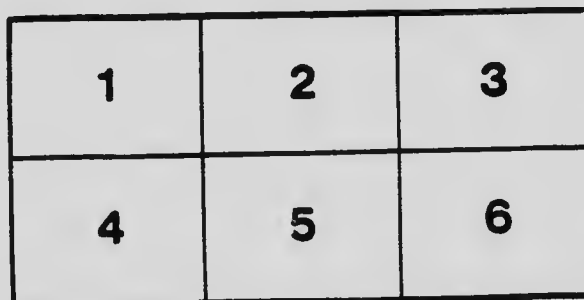
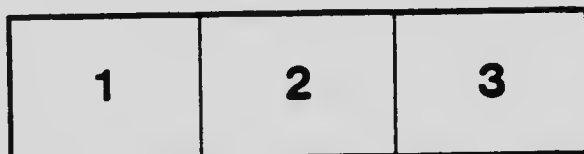
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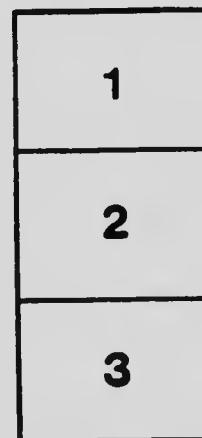
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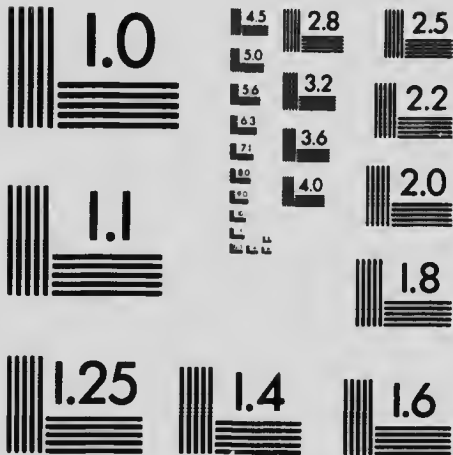
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MISCELLANEOUS

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POEMS

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BY  
ANDREW R. SIMPSON

Author of  
"THE NOBLE SLAIN"  
"THE ENGLISH TONGUE"  
"THE ARCTIC POLE," etc.

LONDON, ONTARIO  
The London Advertiser Company, Limited  
1907



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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,  
in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Six, by  
The London Advertiser Company, Limited, at the Depart-  
ment of Agriculture.

*DEDICATION.*

*These verses are humbly addressed to all in the hope that they may appeal to the hearts of some and tend towards the uplifting of the soul.*



# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
Sympathy .....	11
The Robin.....	12
Home .....	14
May .....	16
The Baby .....	17
Fidelity .....	19
An Autumn Evening .....	21
Rosalind .....	23
The Noble Slain .....	25
June .....	27
Prayer .....	29
Nature .....	31
The Skylark .....	33
Ode to Music .....	34
A Reverie .....	36
The Humming Bird .....	37
Hope .....	39
October .....	41
The Chimes .....	43
Rose .....	44

	Page.
The Brook .....	45
Thoughts On Vesuvius in Eruption .....	47
The Lilac's Bloom .....	49
The Reason Why .....	51
The Bee .....	52
Life .....	54
The Destruction of San Francisco .....	55
Ode to Poetry .....	57
The Breezes .....	58
A June Night .....	61
The Passing of the Seasons .....	63
Charity .....	65
Winter .....	66
Oft Under Starry Sky .....	68
When the Sands of Life Are Sinking .....	70
The Flowers of May .....	71
The Union Jack .....	73
Poesy's Song .....	75
A Song of Hope .....	77
The Moss-Hidden Fount .....	78
God's Omnipotence .....	79
Down by the Rippling River .....	81
A Song of the Redeemer .....	84
A Picture of Autumn .....	85
The English Tongue .....	87
A Dream of Spring .....	89
The Barque of Friendship .....	91
'Tis Jesus Our Saviour .....	92

	Page.
The Broken Circle .....	93
The Burial .....	95
Tootsie .....	97
Memory's Tower .....	98
Heaven .....	99
I Am So Glad That Jesus Came .....	100
Ode to Canada .....	101
I Am Dreaming of Thee .....	103
Arbitration Versus War .....	104
My Soul a Derelict .....	105
A Song of the Snow .....	106
I Strolled Across the Meadow .....	108
The Arctic Pole .....	110
My Sweet Charming Mollie .....	112
The Dewdrop .....	114
A Dream of Youth .....	115
Eternity .....	116
Tell Me, O Heart .....	118
The Asters .....	119
Flossie and I .....	121
The Belle .....	123
The Daisies .....	124
The Condor .....	126
Sing Not to the World of Sorrow .....	129
Autumn's Farewell .....	130
Clementine.....	132
For Thee, Love, I Mourn .....	133
The Anemone .....	135

	Page.
Peace at Eve .....	136
Present the Funny Side .....	137
Beloved Heart .....	138
The Sentinel Asleep .....	139
The Brier Bush in Bloem .....	141
To Isabel .....	142
The Dandelion .....	143
An Ode to January and February .....	144
The Easter Morn .....	146
Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow .....	147

## SYMPATHY.

**S**WEET Sympathy! blest bond of faith,  
Chaste spouse of heavenly grace!  
When souls are wracked by trouble's wraith,  
How lovely is thy face!  
As bland zephyrs from the south  
Soften the northern gale,  
So words of comfort from thy mouth  
As surely must avail

To cheer our way, allay our fears,  
Dispel the lowering cloud,  
Till just beyond Hope's star appears,  
Whose rays of light, endowed  
With subtle power from out thy fount  
To calm the troubled soul,  
Must lead step by step to mount  
To Heaven's golden goal.



## THE ROBIN.

DEAR bird, your lonely plaintive voice  
From out the leafless tree,  
Loud calling to your mate. "Rejoice!"  
Sings of bright days to be.  
By the swift flashes of your wing,  
And by its golden fawn,  
Full well we know the winter king  
Must yield to summer's dawn.

Then pipe and sing,  
Bright herald of spring,  
Dear Robin on the lawn!

Through cheerless days of rain and haze  
While winter lingers long,  
Then most is heard your rollicking lays,  
Your doubly welcome song,—  
Upon the spray, beneath the eave,  
You chirp the live-long day,  
To cheer the lonely hearts that grieve  
For sunny days of May.

Then sing your song  
Both loud and long,  
Dear Robin on the spray!

---

As o'er our heads the seasons surge,  
Bright spring and summer wane,  
Yet may be heard your mournful dirge  
As winter comes again.  
Clad in your garb of red and gray  
Matching old autumn's breast,  
You chant a farewell roundelay  
From mounds where May flowers rest.

Then drop a tear  
Upon their bier,  
Dear Robin, and be blest!

**HOME.**

---

**S**WEET Home, blessed haven of rest,  
True synonym for peace,—  
Where'er I roam,  
Yet still for home  
My yearnings never cease!

How Memory's fires within my soul,  
Kindling their mystic flame  
On land or sea,  
Where'er I be,  
Home's potency proclaim!

Upon the hearthstone of my heart  
Their embers glint and fall;  
What hopes and fears,  
What smiles and tears,  
Their flickerings recall!

---

There Memory points my happiest hours  
And paints my saddest scenes,—  
    While far away  
    My footsteps stray—  
Upon its fireside screens.

Then home, sweet home, for home I pray  
Its portals to be blest ;  
    When tired of strife  
    And troubles rife  
I turn to home for rest.

**MAY.**

**M**AY is the fairest maid that sits  
In the bower of the year;  
Across her face the sunbeam flits  
And dries the pearly tear,  
For her dear sister, April, shed,—  
Passed to her calm Zion  
The morn that happy May did wed  
Her true love, Dandelion.

Of all the suitors for her hand,  
Pleading at her feet,  
This gay young knight she doth command  
Her yielding heart to greet,  
And lead her to the altar, where  
Her bridesmaids stand around,—  
The buttercups and daisies fair,  
Upon the flowering mound.

May is a bride that fairer grows  
With each succeeding day;  
For her the wind of pleasure blows,  
And blossoms forth the spray.  
Alas, the irony of life!  
Upon June's natal morn  
Death claims the young and faithful wife,  
When her fair child is born.

THE BABY.

LITTLE baby, wherefore cry,  
Called to this world of sorrow?  
Is it because of trouble nigh  
Awaiting thee to-morrow?

Wherefore flows that pearly tear  
From eyes of liquid blue?  
Oh, can it be that thou dost fear  
This life may prove untrue?

Wherefore pales that pinky glow  
On cheeks of peachy bloom?  
Is it because that thou dost know  
Thy step leads towards the tomb?

Wherefore comes that little sigh  
From lips of rosy red?  
Is it because that thou must lie  
On sorrow's thorny bed?

Wherefore writhes that chubby arm  
Beneath thy linen white?  
Is it because thou tak'st alarm  
At trouble's darkening night?

Wherefore heaves that tiny breast  
With mortal breath of life?  
Is it a presage of no rest  
From sorrow, sin and strife?

Wherefore dost thou fall asleep  
Within thy downy cot?  
Is it because thine eyelids weep  
O'er Paradise forgot?

Little baby, cease to cry,  
No longer weep in vain!  
For guardian angels 'throned on high  
Shal! brush the tear-stain

From thine eyelids closed in death,  
When life's trials all are o'er;  
And quicken with their heavenly breath  
Thy breast forevermore.

## FIDELITY.

TO-NIGHT I sit alone and brood  
O'er happy days of yore,  
When thee, Dear Love, I fondly woo'd  
Beside the cottage door.

As hand in hand we gladly strolled  
Beneath the orchard trees,  
How brightly shone thy tresses gold,  
When tossed by summer breeze!

How sweet the music from thy lips  
Sounded within mine ears;  
No note of thine my memory slips  
Through all the passing years.

And now thy hair is silvery white,  
Thy brow deep furrows fill;  
But yet, Dear Love, to me to-night  
Thy charms are sweeter still.

Thine eyes are dimmed by age and care;  
Their loads thy shoulders bow;  
Yet thou to me wast not more fair  
When first I pledged love's vow.



Not long 'twill be before death parts  
For a brief day, Dear Love,  
To join again our kindred hearts  
In fairer realms above.

Then hand in hand we'll march along  
To Heaven's portals bright;  
This is no ephemeral song  
I sing for thee to-night.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

A WHILE on autumn's heath I lie,  
Soft bed beneath the trees,  
Of golden brown and russet dye,  
Just garnered by the breeze,—  
The blue-jay pipes his farewell note,  
The bees hum lullabys,  
And harsh from out the tree-tops float  
The raven's noisy cries.

The cricket chirps beneath the grass,  
The wren lisps in the grove,  
While homeward through the forest pass  
The lowing herd doth rove.  
The squirrel lurks near his cozy nest  
Provisioned with his food,  
And hops and whirls and chatters, lest  
Invaders bold intrude.

The owl mounts guard beside his home  
Within the hollow beech,  
And from beneath its gnarled dome  
Defiance loud doth screech.  
The rabbit scurries through the glade,  
The woodchuck seeks his den;  
Loud caroling in their sedgy shade  
Lie tenants of the fen.

And while this warbling chorus fills  
The forest concert halls,  
The low soft alto of the rills  
Blends sweet with bird-note calls,—  
Vibrating a responsive chord  
Strung tense within my soul,  
As lying on fair autumn's sward  
I hear the music roll.

## ROSALIND.

SWEET Rosalind, of form divine,  
You have enthralled my heart,  
Oh, could I feel that you were mine,  
And that for me your beauties shine  
Inviting Cupid's dart!

Not half so fair as flush that spreads  
Upon your pearly cheek,—  
The blush of roses o'er their beds  
As low they bow their petaled heads  
When kissed by dew-drops meek!

Not near so deep the purple hue  
Of violets by the brook,  
All freshly steeped in morning dew,—  
As azure of your eyes of blue,  
Through which your soul doth look!

Less dazzling bright is burnished gold,  
Or tassels on the corn,—  
Than tresses fair in many a fold  
Wreathing your brow of marble mould  
Like sunny rays of morn!

White as the lily in the vale  
Your shapely throat doth gleam;  
Bright as the stars that never pale,  
Swift as the winds that ride the gale,  
Your glances ever seem!

Sweet as the soft zephyr breeze  
Charg'd with rich perfumes rare,  
Wafted from off the flowery leas,  
Or lapped from blossoms of the trees,—  
Your breath, my maiden fair!

Pure as the whirling mound of snow  
On winter's stormy day,  
Your ravishing breast heaves to and fro,  
As love's emotions through it flow  
And hum an amorous lay.

Then Rosalind, pure as the dew,  
Fresh as the morning air,  
My heart o'erflows with love for you,  
And never shall it prove untrue,  
Chaste maiden, gay and fair!

THE NOBLE SLAIN.

THE bugles sound, the chargers neigh,  
The foe wheels into line,  
All leveled for the dreadful fray  
The serried lances shine.  
"Forward! Victory or Death!"  
Is the stern command  
Where Valor yields his vital breath  
For home           tive land.

Now here, now there, a comrade falls,  
Gone on his last parole;  
No more he heeds the shells and balls,  
The cannonades that roll,—  
As thickening o'er the bloody plain  
The battle's din is hurled,  
For, mantled on the noble slain,  
Death's flag of truce lies furled.

Now free from strife and mortal pangs  
Sleep soundly, honored brave!  
While Glory's hallowed halo hangs  
Above your unmarked grave.  
No mocking foe in his retreat  
Shall dare to trespass here,  
Where Honor's vigilant sentries beat  
The precincts of your bier.

And while Oblivion's withering gale  
Sweeps o'er the plains of Time,  
Her ivy-green shall Memory trail  
Your sepulchre to climb.

Your native land, your brotherhood,  
Can ne'er forget your name,  
Or shun the spot that Valor's blood  
Did dedicate to Fame.

But yet for you once more shall sound  
The trumpet's last roll-call,  
When all earth's fallen gather round  
Their Sovereign Lord of All;  
And pass in Judgment's grand review  
Before the Lord of Lords,  
Where many are called but chosen few  
To be His Royal Guards.

JUNE.  
—

JUNE is the month that seems most gay.  
Of all the seasons round ;  
The month when perfumed breezes play  
Above ambrosian ground.

The butterfly, the busy bee,  
Flit free from flower to vine,  
And while they work and hum in glee,  
On honey always dine.

The humming-bird in flowering tree  
Sings love beneath her gourd,  
Where anchored fast, yet swinging free,  
Her silken nest is moored.

In handiwork that all is his  
The robin builds low down,  
And like the gallant knight he is,  
In vest of red and brown,

Invites his modest bride to share,  
Beneath the blossomed tree,  
His home of thatch safe hidden there,—  
And rear their children three.



June is the month that grows more fair  
With every passing hour,  
The month of bower and balmy air,  
The month of rainbow shower.

Small wonder that the brides of men  
Choose her their nuptial day,  
When chimes in happy unison  
Love's dream upon the spray.

## PRAYER

PRAYER is the suppliant sinner's wail  
O'erwhelmed by grim despair;  
When all the powers of hell assail,  
And passion blows a furious gale,  
A haven calm is prayer.

Prayer is the lighthouse of the soul,  
When sorrow's seas are dark;  
Prayer is this life's magnetic pole,  
The while her stormy billows roll,  
Guiding her fragile bark.

Prayer is the prodigal's humble cry  
Returning home sincere;  
While on contrition's bed we lie  
Prayer is the sweetest lullaby  
That falls upon the ear.

Prayer is the hope that dwells within  
The sinful hearts of men;  
Prayer is the power that besets sin,  
And from temptation strives to win  
Lost souls to God again.

Prayer is the hush that stills the breast,  
And rests upon the tongue,—  
When on the bier for burial dressed  
Silent we lie at death's behest,  
While feral hymns are sung.

Prayer is the plight of promise fair,  
The fount of Life to be;  
Prayer is omniscient everywhere—  
E'en Christ Himself did bow in prayer  
While hanging on the tree.

By prayer we live, in prayer we die,  
And prayer is not in vain;  
Prayer is a guardian angel nigh  
Waiting to guide our souls on high,  
When Christ shall reign again.

## NATURE.

GRAND Nature, mother of the arts,  
Preceptress of the Muse,  
Appealing to responsive hearts  
Thy beauties to effuse!

What brush can paint the rainbow's hue?  
Weaver, thy garb design?  
What hand distil the morning dew,  
Or mix the ocean brine?

What lute so sweet, as evening breeze  
That sougheth o'er the hills,  
And sinks to rest on flowery leas'  
To music of the rills?

What choir so grand as that which sings  
Thy songs at break of day?  
Or drum so loud when ocean flings  
His thunder through the spray?

What builder bold dare rear his dome  
Within the fleecy cloud,  
Where floating mists the eagle's home  
On mountain peak enshroud?

What bards so sweet to sing thy praise  
In measured rhythmic lines,  
As cuckoos, linnets, larks and jays,  
Or winds within the pines?

Then, Mother Nature, list! we hear  
Spring breathing through the trees,  
And catch with joy the treble clear  
Of summer's bracing breeze.

Soon autumn tenors, rising high,  
Their softer notes efface,  
To sing of stern old winter nigh  
In loud resounding bass,

Who over thee his snows shall spread,  
And hang his crystal spear,  
To mark the spot where rests thy head,  
While sleeping 'neath his bier

Till vernal breezes blow again  
And rend his snowy pall,  
And from the field, and from the fen,  
Thy happy children call.

**THE SKYLARK.**

**P**EEERLESS warbler of the sky!  
Wherefore wing thy flight on high?  
Sublimest songster of the air!  
Why dost thou scorn earth's bosom fair?  
Why not sing thy sweetest lays  
On her silvery blossomed sprays?  
Perhaps it be the fleecy mist,  
Its heavenward side by sunshine kissed,  
Inspires thy heart to grander strain,  
Or love's low, lingering, sweet refrain?  
Thou must catch, while soaring space,  
Straggling notes from heaven's place!  
Peeping over the rainbow's rim  
Mayhap thou hail'st the cherubim!  
Else wherefore shouldst thou care to leave  
Thy babes alone on earth to grieve,  
And soar away beyond their sight  
Until engulfed in Hesperus' light,  
Whence robed in thy white dressing gown  
Thou pour'st celestial music down  
To where they lie on floral sward  
Listening to thy rapturous chord?  
Like rain of music from the sky,  
Angelic minstrel hovering high,  
Thy sublime notes, inborn of love,  
Turn my thoughts to heaven above!

## ODE TO MUSIC.

WHENEVER I hear sweet music's chime,  
Or listen to her ditty,  
Enraptured by grand strains sublime,  
Or moved to tears of pity,—  
To clothe in choicest words of speech,  
In stanzas sweet and low,  
I try her trancing notes to reach,  
While Orpheus tunes his bow.

When evening breeze moans in the pine,  
When angry tempests roar,  
And lash' to spray old ocean's brine  
Upon the sounding shore;  
O then I seek to please her Muse,  
Attune to flat or sharp,  
The cadence that her tongue must choose,  
While Orpheus picks his harp.

And when I hear the wild woods ring  
With medley low and loud,  
Or hearken while the skylarks sing  
Far in the fleecy cloud;  
'Tis then I strive by metre pure  
Her sweetest strains to suit,  
'And whisper words that must endure,  
While Orpheus blows his lute.

And while the sea sighs o'er the bar,  
Rills murmur through' the glen,  
The distant thunder from afar  
Speaks to my heart again,  
And bids it tell, in lines that live  
While centuries go and come,  
The rapture that her Muse must give,  
While Orpheus beats his drum.

While I describe her beauty fair,  
Of form, and face, and feature,  
And how she drives away all care  
From every living creature;  
I dread to think what life would be,  
And what a state abhorr'd,  
Did merry music's melody  
Blend not with Orpheus' chord.



A REVERIE.

---

LIKE a bright Star of Hope  
My Love appeared to me;  
But all too soon  
Ere sunny noon  
She sank beneath the sea,  
  
Anon to rise again,  
Aglow with brighter gleam  
Destined to mount  
To Heaven's fount  
In her zenith beam.  
  
Then slowly towards the West,  
Bright Star of Hope to me,  
Like Venus sink  
To Heaven's brink,  
My prayer, Sweet Love, for thee!

THE HUMMING BIRD.

THOU tiny animated sprite,  
Darting amidst the flowers,  
Dodging the sun-tipped arrows bright  
That pierce the leafy bowers!

Thy meat the honey from their cells,  
Thy drink the morning dew,  
Thy tenting place their perfumed bells,  
Thy garb the rainbow's hue!

Pray tell me wherefore wast thou born,  
For pleasure only made?  
Or has the rose for thee its thorn,  
The summer day its shade?

May not thy tiny heart grief know  
While humming thy refrain?  
Or do thy tearlets never flow,  
Thy pleasures never wane?

And thou mak'st, flitting here and there,  
This answer full and free—  
"God grants to all His tender care,  
And loveth thee and me."

Then flit about and hum thy tune  
O'er fell and flowery lea—  
Fair creature of the days of June,  
Companion of the bee!

Within my soul thy form portrays,—  
Embodiment of love!  
A scene of endless happy days,  
A glimpse of Heaven above.

## HOPE.

**B**LEST Hope! pure fount of age and youth!  
Deep well of manhood's prime!  
Sweet essence of eternal truth!  
Thy mission is sublime.

Thy ray is Heaven's brightest star  
Shining across our path,  
Which ever, as we near the Bar,  
A subtler influence hath.

When twilight fadeth into night,  
And darkness shrouds the sky,  
Then brightest beams the Beacon Light  
From thy clear orb on high.

Then glow and gleam, sweet star, nor pale  
Thy silvery shimmering ray,  
Until beyond earth's tearful vale  
Death's dread mists break away,

And radiant angels from the East  
Unfurl their banners gold,  
And summon to their royal feast,  
And to the heavenly fold

All those, who led by thy pole star,  
Guided by its bright ray,  
Have safely crossed Death's dreaded bar  
To realms of Perfect Day.

## OCTOBER.

OCTOBER fair is here again  
Dressed in her russet gown;  
Lightly she treadeth glade and glen  
While leaves are dropping down.

Softly she sighs for bygone days  
When summer airs were bright,  
While struggling through the smoky haze  
Looms red Sol's fiery light.

The bee drones sullen o'er the beds  
Where once the daisies grew,  
But now are ranged their blighted heads  
In shades of amber hue.

The waterfowl upon the marsh  
Now splash and scream in fright,  
Disturbing by their clamor harsh  
The stillness of the night.

The hunter through the forest glade  
Wends slow his stealthy way,  
And hails with joy his rustic maid,  
October, grave and gay.

And while she gambols in her mirth,  
She pauses to remember  
The mother kind who gave her birth,  
Benign and calm September;

And plants an aster on her grave  
To mark her silent tomb,  
Where once the golden grain did wave  
And summer roses bloom.

THE CHIMES.

---

SWEET chiming bells, your music swells  
'Cross boulevard and street ;  
Your melodies in fitful spells  
For lonely hearts seem meet.

Now, "Jesus Lover of My Soul,"  
Chimeth your silvery tongue ;  
Soon, "Home Sweet Home" begins to toll,  
And medley grand is rung.

O'er busy mart and thoroughfare,  
Down avenue and alley,  
Soothing sad hearts that ache with care,  
Rolls "Lily of the Valley."

Down from your belfry high and grand,  
Clear, at the close of day,  
Float sweet the strains of "Beulah Land"  
Through lane and dark byway.

Then, chiming bells, your music pour  
O'er square and restful park ;  
Your silvery tongues a wealth of lore  
Teach all who heed and hark.



ROSE.  

---

FAIR maiden, chaste, blithe and demure,  
As any flower that grows,  
Your beauties rare love's fancies lure,  
My charming little Rose!

Then nightly, like a lover true,  
I seek your face so fair;  
You e'er my heart with love imbue,  
Coy maiden debonair!

Your pinky cheeks outblush the dawn,  
Your ringlets sunbeams hold,  
Your fairy feet outstep the fawn,  
Your heart's like refined gold!

O that the Muse of Love might fling  
Her mantle at my feet,  
And teach my stammering tongue to sing  
Your praise in cadence sweet!

Then might I laud your graces all  
In softest note that flows  
When thrushes trill and cuckoos call,  
My modest little Rose!

THE BROOK

---

**B**UBBLE and bu' ble, little spring,  
From thy hidden fountain,  
Cool, fresh and pure thy waters fling  
Down the darksome mountain.

Clear as the ether of the air,  
Sweet as the morning dew,  
Refreshing now the lilies fair,  
And now the weeping yew—

Babble and babble, little brook,  
O'er golden sand and pebble,  
The bird, within her leafy nook,  
Dwells on thy silvery treble.

Like childhood, playing on the bank  
Of Life's treacherous river,  
Forewarned to shun its waters dank  
While romping hither-thither,—

Cradled in thy channel narrow  
Thou flowest on in glee—  
Free from all the gales that harrow  
The waters of the sea.

Sparkle and sparkle, crystal rill,  
And let thy wavelets shine,  
Not long 'twill be, I ween, until  
They mix with ocean's brine.

Like thee, clear stream, are childhood's joys,  
Flowing from out life's vein,  
As pure, as sweet, till sin decoys  
Towards sorrow's troubled main.

Then well and dwell, O Purity,  
Within my heart and soul ;  
For without thee, no surety  
Have I of Heaven's goal!

**THOUGHTS ON VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.**

**M**ETHINKS I hear the murmurings deep  
And view the dreadful force,  
As belching from thy crater steep,  
The molten rivers roar and leap,  
And sear their sinuous course.

Through peaceful vineyards at thy base  
Or villas on thy breast  
The fiery tides creep on apace,—  
And naught now marks man's dwelling place  
But ashes from thy crest.

Thine awful lavas creep along  
Through olive grove and farm,  
Chanting loud an infernal song  
Of mocking fate and cruel wrong  
And desolating arm.

Mantling far towards the sea  
Where Naples peaceful lies  
Away beyond thy dreadful lee,—  
Her trembling people fear to see  
Thy fiery threatening skies.

Most dreaded mount in story told,  
Crowned by fiery light,  
Through all the centuries that have rolled  
Since Herculaneum's streets of old  
Were blotted from earth's sight!

Whene'er I gaze on thee, I muse  
On life's transient hour,—  
Then most it seems like vanishing dews,  
Or like the fading rainbow hues  
Born of the passing shower.

So doth it seem, the soul within  
Our mortal forms of clay  
Threatened by Stygian streams of sin,  
Must burst the walls that hem it in,  
And heavenward soar away.

THE LILAC'S BLOOM.

TO May is true the lilac's bloom,  
Its purple petals grow  
And shed their deep and rich perfume  
While balmy breezes blow.

Festooned around the cottage door,  
Or bowing 'neath the eaves,  
Its scented-laden clusters lower  
To cheer the heart that grieves

For a beloved one, claimed by death,  
Since last the lilac's flower  
Exhaled its sweet Elysian breath  
From out its leafy bower.

Goddess of perennial birth!  
Reminder of Time's flight!  
Death stalks across the peaceful hearth,  
As searing winds do blight

The purple-tinted flower-cell  
That to thy tendril clings,  
And dry the nectar in its well,  
The perfume off its wings.

Then modest lilac, bow and blow  
And bear thy blossoms gay,—  
Grim Death must reap where Life doth sow,  
As night must follow day.

Strangest of metaphors, yet true,  
"We die that we may live,"  
As blossoms, moistened by the dew,  
Their richest fragrance give

While scorching rays are beating down  
Ripening seeds of gold,  
That, when Death dons his sombre crown  
Will drop into the mould

To germinate in early spring  
From out their erstwhile tomb,  
And round her Eden once more fling  
The fragrance of their bloom.

THE REASON WHY.

---

WHEN'ER I sing my lady's charms,  
Compare her to the lily,  
She shyly turns her shapely head,  
And softly whispers, "Silly!"

Constrained to dwell on deeper themes  
And leave my lady out,  
I notice that it always means  
A little fret or pout.

Thus is it, why I keep alive  
Through all the years of care  
The Muse, which sings of Love's bright eyes,  
To charm my lady fair.



THE BEE.  

---

INDUSTRIOUS bee, thou bring'st to me  
Thoughts which no tongue can tell,  
While flitting free over flowery lea,  
Tasting each honeyed cell.

Velvety insect, gaily bedecked  
In black and brown and gold,  
Thy nimble feet with the pollen flecked,  
Enter each floral fold,

And make fertile the fragrant myrtle,  
The violet, and the rose;  
As in their busy rounds they girtle  
Every bloom that blows.

Humming blithe where the meadow lieth,  
And bright the sunbeam dwells,  
While the zephyr softly sigheth  
Over the lily-bells,—

Their sweetest treasure, at thy pleasure,  
Surrendered unto thee;  
I feel that how I cannot measure  
Thy happiness, O bee!

Then hum, and sing, and the nectar bring  
For all dear insect gay;  
Thou over my heart a spell dost fling,  
Mysterious is thy way!

**LIFE.**

---

UNTO the seasons of the year  
Does our brief life compare;  
From cot and cradle to the bier,  
Childhood to hoary hair,

Is as bright springtime's balmy breeze  
Succeeds to winter's blast;  
Or like as summer's leafy trees  
Their verdure quickly cast.

'Tis thus from infancy to age  
Life's tenure swiftly flies,  
So soon its story's open page  
Before its Maker lies.

Just as Old Winter's shroud is rent  
By gentle airs of Spring;  
Or as Queen Summer's charms relent  
To Autumn's golden king;

Thus do we pass from shore to shore,  
Await the Quickening Breath,  
That shall dispel forevermore  
The frigid snows of death.

**THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.**

**S**AN Francisco lies asleep  
Just before daybreak;  
Scarcely yet the sunbeams peep  
O'er the Rockies, towering steep,  
When bursts that fearful quake.

Her cradle, rocked by unseen force,  
Swayeth to and fro,  
As if old Earth had changed her course,  
While threatenings, loud, and long, and hoarse,  
From out her bosom flow.

Her children, startled from their dreams,  
Wake in fright, and flee,  
While through her streets shoot lurid gleams,  
As red the conflagration streams  
Its light far out to sea.

From roof to dome, or mounting higher  
Soars the firebrand,  
Wreaking wanton vengeance dire,  
Kindling high his funeral pyre  
By morning breezes fanned.

And when old Sol looks o'er the peaks,  
On this fateful morn,  
To where the ruined city reeks  
'Neath' smoky pall, with crimson streaks,  
Down by the Golden Horn,

He, wondering, thinks if such is fate  
Of man, for death made,  
Who enters through the Golden Gate  
What time his works both small and great  
Have in the dust been laid.

## ODE TO POETRY.

**M**Y charming maid, I love thee well,  
To sit alone with thee  
And listen while thy tongue doth tell  
True love—is ecstasy!  
Some hidden treasure every night  
Thy heart unfolds for me,  
Some gleam of hope or ray of light  
Upon thy face I see.  
Some rapturous tune that dwells within  
The recess of the heart  
Thou play'st upon thy mandolin  
Each eve before we part.  
O may I with thee fondly linger,  
Sweet maiden chaste and fair,  
And place a diamond on thy finger,  
A rose within thy hair!  
Naught but thy troth can pacify  
The spells that o'er me roll;  
And only love can satisfy  
The passions of my soul.  
Then maiden coy and wondrous fair,  
Canst thou my suit deny,  
When sung in Love's most witching air  
And words that cannot die?

## THE BREEZES.

THE breezes of morn  
Fling their breath to the skies,  
Awakened from sleep  
Where the sweet heather lies.  
They gambol and leap  
Like children at play,  
And, over the hilltops,  
Soaring away,  
Scatter and fling  
The perfume of flowers,  
Where sweetly sing  
The birds in their bowers.  
Then Breezes, O Breezes,  
Born of the morn,  
Waft to me pleasure,  
But leave out her thorn!  
Let the morning of life  
Be happy and gay,  
As sweet as your breath,  
If brief as your day.

The breezes of noon  
Are hot as they fly  
Across the crushed heather,  
Where, withered, flowers lie.

Like men in their strength,  
No tears do they shed  
Over the meadows  
Where daisies lie dead.  
But scatter and blow  
The sun's fiercest rays,  
Which merciless glow  
On the broad mountain braes.  
Then Breezes, O Breezes,  
Hottest at noon,  
Bring to me strength,  
And health's blessed boon!  
Let the noontide of life  
Be free from despair,  
While respite I seek  
From its withering glare.

Soft breezes of eve,  
That blandly blow  
When the hot day is o'er  
And the sun sinks low,—  
Lulling to sleep  
The flower and the bee  
That swing in your cradle  
The sweet scented lea;  
Where the heather lies low  
All withered in death



Scatter and sow  
The balm of your breath!  
Then Breezes, O Breezes,  
Of calm eventide.  
When death's shadows deepen  
With me abide!  
Let the evening of life  
Hope's bright star adorn  
While waiting the break  
Of Glory's bright morn.

A JUNE NIGHT.

LET others sing of June's day bright,  
And praise her beauty fair;  
I will sing of her sister, night,  
With diamonds in her hair.

Tell of this pensive sweet brunette  
Clad in her spangled gown,  
Her lover's path by dew-drops wet,  
Her eyes are weeping down.

She gently steals out o'er the lawn  
Where every eve I sit  
And wait until her curtain's drawn  
And starry tapers lit.

Each hour I seek her lonely heart  
To cheer by love's sweet tune,  
While like to Cupid's gilded dart,  
Shy glances from the moon

Pierce the dark forest's silent glade  
Where shadows chase the light,  
While in her hammock swings my maid,  
Charming, beauteous night!

Her raven hair tressed o'er her brow  
In meshes fair to see  
She hearkens to the night-owl's vow  
Of love's fidelity.

The cricket cheerily chirps below,  
The rills ring down the steeps,  
The firefly flitting to and fro  
His virgin's vigil keeps

Till, rising, the sun shoots his arrows on high  
And wakens the breezes of morn,  
And the last whip-poor-will drops down from the  
sky  
And ceases his matins forlorn,—

Then gathering her mantle and hieing away  
Towards the sleeping west,  
She yieldeth her crown to victorious day  
And calmly sinks to rest.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS.

**K**ING Winter stern his sceptre hath  
Surrendered to fair Spring;  
No more do brake and forest path  
Know his white snowy wing.

From bondage free, the rills and brooks  
Now murmur on their way;  
While sweetly from the forest nooks  
Pours forth the joyful lay

Of gladsome exiles, just returned  
From many a distant shore,  
By Winter's angry legions spurned,—  
To claim their own once more.

On hill, in dell, by lake and stream,  
Down valley and through glen,  
Dame Nature's children wake to dream  
Of Summer's joys again;

Till o'er her fields of ripening grain,  
Green woods, and flowering lea,  
Bleak Autumn's whirlwinds come again,  
And all her tenants flee

Before the storm king's hail and sleet  
And fast increasing power ;  
Ere his white mantle's winding sheet  
Shall cover glade and bower

Must warbling dwellers of the wild,  
Fair creatures of a day,  
Seek sunnier climes and seasons mild  
While Winter's hosts hold sway.

So is the passing of our life  
From cradle to the bier,  
O'er-swept by Passion's angry strife,—  
Like seasons of the year.

From youth's Springtime we hasten fast  
To Summer's golden prime ;  
Soon middle age's Autumn blast  
Heralds old Winter's rime

When hoary heads and tottering feet,  
Lingering near the bier,  
Long only for its safe retreat,  
Death's bugle call to hear,—

Well knowing that for them once more  
Shall breathe Eternal Spring,  
When on angelic wings they soar  
To greet their Heavenly King.

## CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! fair maid divine,  
Kind, unassuming, pure,—  
Within thy heart all graces shine,  
Thy footsteps ever lure  
Poor sinners from the brink of woe,  
And save them from the fall,  
Whilst thou, in modesty, dost throw  
Thy mantle over all  
Concealing faults they fain would shield,—  
While yielding to thy wand  
Their secrets by thy lips are sealed  
As in a sacred bond.  
Then Charity! sweet maid, be blest,  
On Mercy's errands bent,  
To hide within thy humble breast  
Thy works of love, content.

WINTER.  

---

WINTER, tyrant of the North,  
Lord of the Arctic seas,  
Where silence reigns  
O'er icy plains—  
Lets loose his blustering breeze.

Summoned by his bugle blast  
From out their eyries bleak,  
His harpies wake  
Their plumes to shake,  
And southern regions seek.

Like a shadow in the air,  
Or falcon from the sky,  
They grasp their prey  
On hill and brae,  
And Nature's children die.

Now the aster in the field,  
On hill the golden-rod,  
Touched by his breath  
Must fall to death  
Beneath the emerald sod.

WINTER

67

Soon the rills and rivers, free,  
Hastening on their way,  
Must feel his grasp  
And icy clasp,  
And all their waters stay.

Soon the dwellers in the wood  
Will take alarm, and flee  
Their summer home,  
Far to roam  
In lands beyond the sea.

While o'er hill, and dale, and bower,  
His winding sheet of snow  
Is gently laid  
On flower and blade  
Till Spring's zephyrs blow.

So comes to each mortal soul  
A darkening winter day,  
When passions sweep,  
And sorrows steep,  
And Grim Despair holds sway;

Only to retreat again  
Before Hope's rising sun--  
At morning break  
Our souls awake  
To life afresh begun.



## OFT UNDER STARRY SKY.

OFT under starry sky,  
In silence of the night,  
When silver orbs are riding high,  
Shedding their mellow light

Within the forest brake,  
Across the mountain crest,—  
While, mirrored in the crystal lake,  
The constellations rest,—

I wander forth to gaze  
On Nature fast asleep,  
Or paddle through the filmy haze  
That floats above the deep.

No sound disturbs that hour,  
No song in welkin rings,  
Yet to my heart the silent bower  
A rapturous pleasure brings;

As resting 'neath its shade,  
Or floating with the tide,  
Or wandering through the moonlit glade  
Where phantom shadows hide,

Methinks the dews from heaven  
Filtering through the air,  
Like soothing balm, so freely given  
To Nature's children fair,

Tell of a power divine  
That thrills the hearts of men,  
As dew-drops on the drooping vine  
Revive its leaves again;

Tell of a God of grace  
Who guards His children all,  
And o'er each trusting upturned face  
Lets dews of mercy fall.

Thus under starry sky,  
In silence of the night,  
Then most I feel that God is nigh,  
And clearer Heaven's light.

**WHEN THE SANDS OF LIFE ARE SINKING.**

(A HYMN)

**W**HEN the sands of life are sinking,  
And when the gloaming nears,  
It is then, oh then, I'm thinking  
Upon my hopes and fears.

Will my soul be filled with rapture  
At sight of Gates Ajar?  
And will its earthly departure  
Across the Harbor Bar

Lighted be by Mercy's candle,  
While soaring through the air?  
Will it wear Redemption's sandal  
To greet its Maker there?

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

---

THE flowers of May are sweet to-day  
And fair to look upon,  
Warmed by sunbeams, gaily they  
Their brightest colors don.

Like to a bride, glad in her pride  
Of love and beauty born,  
To whom no favor is denied  
Upon her nuptial morn,

They blossom out, while songsters shout  
Their greetings from the spray,  
And all day long doth fly about  
And hum his merry lay—

The humble bee, right glad to see  
Sheltered beneath the bower,  
Or waving on the sunny lea  
His fair and frail May flower.

The nectar sweet his dainty meat  
He pilfers from her cells,  
While flitting free on winglets fleet  
Where she in dingle dwells.

The flowers of May June's hot winds slay  
And blight their bloom in death,  
And then with reverence bear away  
Their white plumes on their breath.

In earth to hide, and there to bide  
The coming of sweet spring,  
When Dandelion greets his bride  
Again while robins sing.

Methinks the round of flowering ground  
Emblem of man's brief day,  
When ills beset and cares abound  
He dies and hies away

To live once more on farther shore  
Where blooms Eternal Spring,  
Where all the trials of earth are o'er,  
And ministering angels sing.

## THE UNION JACK.

THE Union Jack that floats on high  
From many a mast and peak,  
Unfurled to breezes of the sky,  
Of Liberty doth speak.

Its colors three, that brightly gleam,  
Spell Valor, Honor, Truth,—  
Where'er its banners proudly stream  
The wide world o'er forsooth!

From Arctic to Antarctic pole,  
This mundane sphere around,  
Wherever waves of ocean roll  
Its fiery cross is found

Proclaiming Britain's mighty power,  
And girdling empire vast,  
It proudly floats from spar and tower—  
While centuries hurry past.

As in the days of long ago  
When jealous foes beset  
But failed her throne to overthrow—  
Her ensign waveth yet.

Since the Armada, pride of Spain,  
Aspired to rule the seas,  
O'er many a bloody sea and plain  
Has floated in the breeze

The flag, which doth Oppression scorn,  
And Tyranny put down,  
And proudly Victory's brows adorn  
With Glory's burnished crown ;

Which flew, when Nelson, without fear,  
The lurking foe to meet,  
Did bravely enter Aboukir  
With his victorious fleet ;

Which soared on high with victory flushed  
As closed that awful day,  
When Napoleon's pride was crushed  
In Waterloo's dread fray ;

Which waved when he, at England's feet  
Her mercies to implore,  
Her haughty flag did humbly greet  
On Saint Helena's shore.

Then fly and flaunt thy colors three,—  
The red, the white, the blue,—  
Emblem of might and liberty,  
To thee I'm always true!

All Britons free, where'er they roam,  
Must ever welcome back  
The flag which speaks to them of home,  
Their glorious Union Jack.

## POESY'S SONG.

THE lightning leapeth from the cloud,  
It strikes—I know not where :  
Reverberating long and loud  
The thunder dies in air.

A flood let loose from mountain side  
Rusheth a-down the valley,  
Perhaps it spreads destruction wide,  
Perchance in streams that sally

Across the parched and arid plain—  
The dry and fertile land  
It makes to grow the golden grain  
Where once was sterile sand.

The dewdrops, falling in the night  
Upon both flower and weed,  
Save from death's all-withering blight—  
And, both alike, must feed.

The winds, that waken with the morn  
Will they their soft lute blow  
All day, or sound the tempest's horn  
Before eve, who can know?



The clouds that gather up on high  
May hide the glowing sun,  
Or melt in ether of the sky  
Before the day is done.

But verses sung by Poesy wise,  
Inscribed on deathless page,  
Embalmed in song that never dies,  
Live on from age to age

Inspiring hope in fainting hearts,  
Instilling love therein,  
They shoot truth's bright, exhaustless darts  
At citadels of sin,

Until some weary soul repents,  
Surrenders to the call  
Of an All-Gracious Providence  
Who overruleth all.

A SONG OF HOPE.

WHEN cares beset and sorrows shroud  
And dreary seems thy way,  
Fear not—behind the darkest cloud  
There lurks the brightest ray.  
After the winter comes the spring,  
After the night, the morn,—  
Bleak showers the flowers of Maytime bring,  
The wild woods to adorn.  
Upon the blackest mould do grow  
The whitest lily-bells;  
And from the darkest caverns flow  
The purest, sweetest wells.  
Warm sunshine ever follows shade,  
And day succeedeth night;  
The dews, reviving flower and blade,  
Are born not of the light.  
Pray therefore let not dark despair  
O'ershadow life's pathway,  
To-morrow may be bright and fair  
If gloomy be to-day.  
All those enduring to the end  
Are pledged God's promise true  
That, when Death's angel doth descend,  
They'll rank His chosen few.

## THE MOSS-HIDDEN FOUNT

Or, Life Like a River

THE moss-hidden fount by the side of the way,  
Dispensing sweet freshness the long summer day,  
Through the heat and the dust and the glare of  
noon,—

Its waters, beneath the green herbage, immune  
From sedge and pollution that wait them below  
As onward through valley and moorland they flow  
To join the broad river on its course to the sea—  
Is an emblem of life from the slime of sin free.  
Like youth, unacquainted with sorrow and care,  
It trickles and ripples as free as the air,  
Till the tide of temptation doth lead it to stray  
Where the vast plains seem bright, and the great  
cities gay;

Till polluted with sewage it sobs 'neath the quay,  
Or stagnates in marshes by the broad briny sea  
Where, lashed by the breakers and ebb'd by the tide,  
It loses itself in the great ocean wide:  
Its sediment sinks to the depths of the sea,  
Once more it is pure and again it is free!  
Thus life like a river meanders and flows.  
And ever, as nearer its mouth, purer grows—  
Until caught by the tide of Heaven's clear sea,  
And mingled with the waves of eternity.

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE.

---

AT midnight when deep silence  
On earth has settled down,  
And the radiant queen of dreamland  
Has donned her starry crown,—

When Luna pale, resplendent,  
Doth mount her silvery stair  
To gaze in silent wonderment  
On Terra's bosom fair,

Whose broad expanse of ocean,  
Lake, and mighty river,  
And towering mountain ranges  
Breathe of God forever,—

When all is calm and silent  
Around me in the night,  
I realize man's impotence  
And God's all-glorious might.

Man, like the coral insect,  
Slow building cell by cell,  
May make his little dome to rise  
Above the ocean swell.

Soon its base by breakers lashed  
Must crumble and decay,  
And o'er the ruins of its walls  
The waves of ocean play.

Not so with our Maker's works—  
Earth, sun, and moon, and stars;  
Nor time, nor raging flood, nor fire  
His universe e'er mars.

The sun his bright chariot rides  
Each day across the sky,  
And nightly do the Pleiades  
Their lanterns hang on high.

Since the world was fresh and young  
The moon her course has run,  
About her parent earth revolved  
While circling round the sun.

God, who loveth all His works,  
Doth oversee them all:  
Without His knowledge to the earth  
May not a sparrow fall.

God is beauty, power and love,—  
Himself, infinity!  
When earth and sky are rolled away  
God is eternity!

DOWN BY THE RIPPLING RIVER,  
Or, A Story of Love

DOWN by the rippling river  
Whose sandy shallows shine,  
Where weeping willows quiver,  
I sit with Madeline;

And whisper love's sweet story  
Within her pearly ear.—  
Under the hawthorn hoary  
In Maytime of the year.

Alone we stroll together  
Beneath the shady trees,  
Or ramble through the heatlier  
Where plays the perfumed breeze.

Beneath the church's chancel  
I stand with Madeline,  
For she, sweet demure damsel,  
Has promised to be mine.

We listen to the service  
Uniting loving hearts,  
Perhaps a little nervous  
Awhile the parson starts.

And now there comes the blessing  
And we two are as one,  
Each other love professing  
Until life's journey's done.

Beside a death-bed, sighing  
I kneel with Madeline,—  
For May, our child, lies dying  
When frost is on the vine.

And now the burial over,  
The mourners gone away,  
We feel that bleak October  
Succeedeth sunny May.

But yet true love, as ever,  
Is warm within our hearts;  
The bleaker path, together,  
We'll journey till death parts.

Our locks are thin and hoary,  
Our footsteps weak and slow,  
Yet murmuring love's sweet story  
On to the end we go.

Asleep within her casket,  
I weep o'er Madeline—  
And though 'tis wrong to ask it,  
I pray that hers were mine.

For now she's gone to glory  
And I am left alone  
To finish life's short story  
And sleep beneath the stone

Till, by the crystal river  
Where lights of Heaven shine,  
I wake to live forever  
With May and Madeline.



**A SONG OF THE REDEEMER.****(A HYMN)**

**W**HO is it that walks on the waves of the sea,  
And stilleth the turbulent breaker  
Of sorrow's tempestuous, deep Galilee—  
But Jesus, our Saviour and Maker.

Who is it that ferries the pilgrim footsore  
Across Jordan's dark, rolling river  
Of death—and lands him safe on Heaven's bright  
shore,—  
But Jesus, the Master forever.

Who is it, while hanging on Calvary's mount,  
In the last throes of death a-groaning,—  
Sheddeth freely for all the life-giving fount  
Of His blood, for sinners atoning.

Who, nailed to the tree, bows His head, groans, and  
dies,  
And is borne away to death's prison,  
But after three days doth ascend to the skies—  
Our crucified Saviour arisen.

'Tis Jesus of Nazereth, now passing by,  
Who haileth of sin the red streamer,  
And whispers to thee and to me, "Crucify  
Not again thy Lord and Redeemer."

A PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

**S**OFT as the vernal airs of May  
Fair Autumn's breezes whirl;  
While in her tinted forests play  
The rabbit and the squirrel.  
The leaves are dropping everywhere  
From trees, in silence shed;  
And o'er the green old earth with care  
They spread a cozy bed.

The wrens sit twittering on the spray,  
The swallows skim the lake;  
And through the quiet, dreamy day,  
Sing blue-jays in the brake.  
The brook its silvery course pursues  
A-down the gilded glen:  
And, through the haze, the crimson hues  
Of Sol, loom forth again.

The blooms from hill and dale are gone,  
And from the hedge the rose;  
Where once their smiling blossoms shone,  
But shattered stems repose.  
The bee flits to and fro, in vain  
Seeking for honey-cells,—  
And hums his low, farewell refrain  
Through summer's desert dells.

Thus cometh to the mortal soul  
An *autumn* day in life,  
When blighting blasts from age's pole  
Portend the end of strife.  
Take heart, O weary one, take heart!  
When sorrow's whirlwinds cease,  
And stern death's frigid snows depart,  
Shall dawn Eternal Peace.

## THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

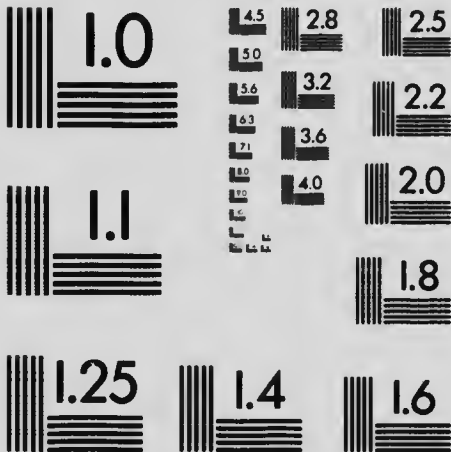
(Lines suggested through certain agitation for spelling reform.)

**L** OVED language sweet, whose rhythm flows  
As gently as the water—  
Like to the sturdy oak that grows,  
Stand firm, Britannia's daughter!  
The garbling ghouls, that fain would strip  
And rob thee of thy beauty,  
Deserve from scornful Satire's lip  
Reproach for breach of duty.  
Fair Saxon bride, upreared with care,  
Assert chaste womanhood;  
Bid thy despoilers, "Halt—Beware!"  
And cease their rapine rude.  
Through all the centuries that have flown  
Since Gael and Norseman met,  
And set up Britain's world-wide throne—  
Thou'rt pure, unravished yet.  
The seers and bards of days long past  
Shall rise up in their might,  
And nail thy colors to the mast,  
And for thine honor fight,  
A Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, or Scott,  
A Cowper, Spenser, Moore,  
Designed thy garb with garlands fraught,  
And filled thy heart with lore.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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Beloved queen, within whose veins  
Teutonic blood doth flow,  
Reared safely on our gory plains,  
Through wars of long ago!  
Thy glorious sceptre condescend  
To yield not to thy foes,  
Nor sap the oak that scorns to *bend*,  
But through the ages *grows*.

Where'er thy "Birds of Fame" may fly,  
Drop Wisdom's golden seeds,  
Through History's centuries hastening by,  
Immune from noxious weeds  
Keep thou thy lexicon—'gainst ghouls  
Pray guard the pages long,  
Wherein enshrined lie priceless jewels  
From prose—and Poesy's song.

A DREAM OF SPRING.

THE shrubs and trees on hill, in glen,  
Put forth their leaves and bloom again,  
While now do fondly wander  
Beneath the shade or through the glade  
The swain and maid on Love's parade,—  
And Cupid's problems ponder.

O'er field and fallow, lake and fen  
The swift-winged swallow soars again—  
A creature of the air—  
While on the sprays the gay blue-jays  
Their lovelorn lays and songs of praise  
Are singing everywhere.

For now at last, the mossy earth,  
The winter past, looks forth in mirth,  
While all her children cry,—  
"O mother dear! another year  
Of doubt and fear, of hope and cheer,  
Is quickly passing by."



O budding Youth! on pleasure bent,  
Pray heed this truth, grasp its intent  
While Life's spring swiftly flies;—  
Improve the mind and Wisdom find,  
Lest Folly blind with blighting wind  
Sweet Hope's light in thine eyes.

THE BARQUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE barque of Friendship sail with care  
O'er Life's tempestuous seas;  
Of Envy's hidden rocks beware,  
And Passion's luffing breeze.  
Only a word in anger spoken  
May snap the golden chain  
Of Faith, her anchor, which once broken,  
We seldom can regain.

O Skipper Love! stand by the helm  
And guide her course aright,  
Lest Hatred's billows dark o'erwhelm  
And sink her in the night.  
If her masthead keep showing clear  
Thy white light ever true—  
When gales are high and skies are drear  
She'll ride the tempest through.

## 'TIS JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

(A HYMN)  

---

'TIS Jesus our Saviour, who died on the cross,  
Reckoning His life and His kingdom no loss,  
To set man from death's bondage free—  
Who calleth to-night, while the dark billows toss,  
"Thy sinking barque light of sin's cargo of dross,  
And quickly she'll aright and bear thee across  
The waves of life's deep Galilee."

'Tis Jesus our Saviour, in Gethsemane  
Beseeching forgiveness for you and for me,—  
Betrayed by the Judas of sin—  
Who prayeth the Father our souls to set free,  
And all His lambs gather on Eden's blest lea,  
To sacrifice, rather than deny this plea,  
His own Son—lost sinners to win.

'Tis Jesus our Saviour, who 'throned in the skies,  
To poor sinners repentant never denies  
The grace of His bountiful care—  
Who guideth our feet while this life swiftly flies,  
Ever waits us to greet where Heaven's domes rise  
On the golden street, whence the light never dies  
From the Sun of Righteousness there.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

---

○ WELL do I remember  
The circle when unbroken,  
Every beloved member  
Around the dear old hearthstone;  
All its cheery fires a-light,  
And the lamps a-burning bright,  
In the days long past and flown.

My dear old parents' faces  
I behold as yesterday,  
Aglow with kindly graces  
As our vesper prayers they led;  
Or sang sweetest lullabys  
To gently soothe our tired eyes  
To sleep in our cozy bed.

Grim Death first called for brother,  
The tenderest of the flock,—  
The blow to father, mother,  
Surely made their hearts to sink;  
Yet they bore affliction's goad.  
Nor fainted beneath her load,  
Despite love's first broken link.

But again the Reaper came  
And dear mother went away,  
And our home was ne'er the same  
For the cherished vacant chair,  
Though in its accustomed place,  
Memory would not efface  
Of the loved one absent there.

At last poor father, weary  
Of wandering, left us too;  
The hearthstone once so cheery  
Became but a thought of yore,  
With affection's fires burned out  
And the embers strewn about  
This world's bleak and nether shore.

And now dear sister, brother,  
At the parting of life's ways,  
Cherish for one another  
Love born of parental prayer,—  
For then, when Gabriel's blast  
Calls us Home again at last,  
There will be no parting there.

THE BURIAL.

THE sad church bell has tolled its note,  
Pealed forth a last farewell,  
Out on the stilly air doth float  
Its dying, quavering knell.  
The mourners now with solemn tread  
Return to earth once more  
The ashes, whence the soul has fled  
To Jordan's farther shore.

Now, "earth to earth and dust to dust,"  
The sexton plies his spade,  
The bearers to the grave entrust  
The body for death made,—  
And stand with bared heads around  
While the parson breathes a prayer,  
Not for the sleeper 'neath the mound,  
But the living gathered there.

And now, when all is o'er at last,  
The parting rites bestowed,  
The Future veiled, the buried Past  
Know but one common road,  
That leads to man's last resting place  
This side of Jordan's river,  
Wherein, awhile, in death's embrace  
He sleeps—but not forever.

---

His crumbled clay shall wake once more  
Upon the Judgment Day,  
When earth and sea their dead give o'er,  
And skies are rolled away,—  
And share with the Eternal One—  
From death and bondage free  
Set by the Father through the Son—  
Blest immortality.

TOOTSIE

Or, The Summer Girl.

TOOTSIE in the summer time,  
Is the subject of my rhyme.

Tootsie's charms I can't deny,  
She's the apple of my eye.

Gentle as the turtle dove,  
Tootsie is a bunch of love.

Dreaming in the woodland glade,  
She's a fair and charming maid.

Or, softly clad in airy lawn,  
Reclining on the beach at dawn,  
She watches whitecaps in their play  
Fling at her dainty feet soft spray—

Like to suitors for her hand,  
Circling round her on the sand.

But when summer days are o'er,  
Tootsie is a dream a yore—

Vanished from her lovers all  
When the leaves begin to fall.

They shall look for her in vain  
Till the summer comes again.



## MEMORY'S TOWER.

**F**AR from Care's crowded thoroughfare  
I hie myself an hour  
To spend with sweet Reflection, where  
In Memory's ancient tower,  
Within a niche of its green wall  
Of ivy-mantled stone,  
I listen, while this maid recalls  
Youth's happy days long flown.

She prompts me to restore with care  
The halls where childhood sang,  
And on their walls, now moldering there,  
Bright pictures to re-hang.  
The white stone cottage on the hill,  
The pond beyond the meadow,  
The shady wood the rippling rill,  
Silhouettes in the shadow

Of Memory's fires that light the gloom  
Of Life's declining years,  
And reflect on its marble tomb  
Till Glory's sun appears  
And bathes the slabs, that stand above  
Our mortal, crumbled clay,  
In brighter light of Mercy's love,  
As dawns the Perfect Day.

HEAVEN.

**H**EAVEN'S a realm of pure delight  
Where saints immortal dwell;  
It knows not sorrow's darkening night,  
Nor parting's sad farewell.  
A land where death is never known,  
Where ministering angels praise  
The mercies of God's gracious throne,  
Through endless, happy days.

**I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS CAME.**(A HYMN)

---

**I** AM so glad that Jesus came  
To wash my sins away,  
And heal the sick, the blind, the lame,  
And point the narrow way.

I am so glad my heart does cry,  
"Dear Jesus, enter in!"  
For He alone can satisfy  
And cleanse it from all sin.

I am so glad my Saviour died  
On Calvary's mount for me,  
And that His plea was undenied  
In lone Gethsemane.

I am so glad His precious blood  
Has made me whole again,  
And that its pure, all-cleansing flood  
Can wash away sin's stain.

I am so glad Christ sets me free  
And that my soul can sing,  
"O Grave, where is thy victory?  
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

## ODE TO CANADA.

YOUR skies are blue and fair to see,  
My own dear, native land;  
Canada, home of Liberty,  
Long ruled by Peace's wand.  
Kind Plenty sows with bounteous hand  
Your fields and farms prolific,  
That reach from fair Acadia's strand  
To the far-off Pacific.

Your ocean lakes and rivers great  
Teem with Prosperity's  
Swift barges, laden with the freight  
From busy industries—  
Established by your people free,  
Unhampered by the reins  
Of Despotism's tyranny,  
Or Slavery's cruel chains.

Your grand old forests dark and deep  
Hide stores of untold wealth;  
While o'er your glorious landscapes sweep  
The bracing winds of health.  
Your fertile prairies stretch and roll  
To the Arctic's farthest shore.  
For flocking thousands now the goal  
With room for millions more.

O long may Peace and Plenty reign  
O'er your Dominion bright,  
Immune from War's dark bloody stain,  
And Pestilence's blight!  
To Britain's crown pray long belong,  
Allegiance never sever,  
Loyal, as your loved immortal song,  
"The Maple Leaf Forever."

**I AM DREAMING OF THEE.**

I AM dreaming of thee, Dear Love,  
A-wearing my life away,  
Waiting for sweet Rest's turtle dove  
To nest on my breast some day.  
Waiting and watching and weeping,  
I have lingered here alone,  
Since thou, in thy coffin sleeping,  
Left me for the Great Unknown.

But cheered by blest Hope that gladdens  
And ever revives again,  
I'll carry the grief that saddens  
Down the narrow path of pain.  
And then, when Death's dark vale is passed  
And these mortal days have flown,  
Joyful, Dear Love, again at last,  
We'll meet in the Great Unknown.

## ARBITRATION VERSUS WAR.

(Lines suggested through the efforts of the International Arbitration and Peace Congress to have matters in dispute between nations referred to an arbitration tribunal for settlement, instead of resorting to war.)

**G**O gather up War's grim munitions,  
To dark ages of savagery,  
Let civilization's traditions  
Relegate the battle's array.  
No longer is such a condition  
To settle a nation's dispute,  
Or to gratify vain Ambition,  
Upheld in fair Honor's repute.

Away with its pillage and plunder,  
Away with its fire and its sword,  
Rend all its red banners asunder,  
And banish its murderous horde.  
Away with the pain and the sorrow,  
Away with the harrowing tale,  
The anguish that comes on the morrow  
In the wake of its blood-stained trail.

Give welcome to blest Arbitration  
To settle each nation's affair,  
And Peace's grand armies now station  
On the wide camping grounds of Peace.  
Then away with the empty splendour  
Of its train and its pageant car,  
To Peace and Good Will we'll surrender  
The panoply gory of War.

MY SOUL A DERELICT.

(A HYMN)

**M**Y soul, a derelict on Sin's stormy sea,  
Temptation's winds drift here and there,  
Rudderless, anchorless and dismantled, she  
Is tossed on the waves of Despair.

My soul, a staunch life-boat manned by her brave  
crew,  
And propelled by Purity's oar,  
With Faith at the helm, will surely pull through  
Guilt's surf, beating high on Life's shore.

My soul, a great ship safely riding at rest  
In the roadstead of Peace near Land,  
Waits calmly Doubt's clouds to break 'way in the  
West,  
And Mercy's kind piloting hand.

To take her course over Death's drear, dreaded bar  
To Heaven's bright shore of Delight,  
Where the Sun of Righteousness shines from afar,  
And Day never changes to Night.



## A SONG OF THE SNOW.

THE snow is lightly falling  
Down from the heavens bright,  
Its soft wings gently palling  
The brown old earth in white.

The snow is darkly drifting  
'Cross winter's sky of gray,  
Anon the dense clouds lifting,  
Reveal the sun's bright ray.

The snow is deeply piling  
Above the frozen plain—  
Below, the hours beguiling,  
Sleeps warmth that wakes again

The germs that safely hidden  
Within the cold, damp ground—  
Of flowers that spring unbidden  
To deck the grassy mound.

Always the breezes vernal  
Dissolve the winter snows,  
And from the budding kernel  
Evolve the blown rose.

And 'neath the snow, the mosses  
Are greenest in the spring;  
While ever round life's crosses  
Our holier memories cling.

Thus ever snows of sorrow,  
That through this life are flying,  
Are tempered on the morrow  
By God's love underlying.

**I STROLLED ACROSS THE MEADOW.**

---

**I** STROLLED across the meadow  
Just at the break of day,  
While fainter grew the shadow  
And higher beamed the ray ;  
When dewdrops glistened brightly  
Upon the clover bloom,  
And morning breezes lightly  
Caught up its sweet perfume.

I strolled across the meadow  
At sultry noontide high,  
When neither dew nor shadow  
Fell from the fiery sky ;  
All withered lay the clover  
Where once it smiled in bloom,  
The ground it wavered over  
Was now its silent tomb.

I strolled across the meadow  
As fell the shades of night,  
When darker grew the shadow  
And clearer starry light.  
The winds were softly weeping,  
Where dead the clover lay,  
And in their tears were steeping  
Its stems now seared and gray.

'Tis thus in light and shadow  
Our brief lives swiftly fly,  
Like clover of the meadow  
We fade and quickly die.  
So soon Grim Death, the Reaper,  
With sickle lays us low,  
Yet, as the shades grow deeper,  
God's mercies freer flow.

## THE ARCTIC POLE.

THE Arctic Pole is a mystical goal  
That many have tried to win,  
With its snowy seas o'erswept by the breeze,  
And shut by the icebergs in.

O loag has it stood with its icy hood  
In the midst of Winter's clime,  
Planted 'mong floes where the sun feebly glows,  
And slow are the wheels of Time!

The celestial Bear smiles down from his lair  
Afar in the northern sky,  
On the regions where his earthly confrere  
Among ice must live and die.

The vast floey shoal surrounding the pole,  
The heritage of his kin;  
By its unknown ports the walrus disports,  
And the whale goes sailing in.

Rent asunder by Frost's awful thunder,  
The icebergs hasten to flee,  
And steal through straits past their white crystal  
gates,  
Away to the open sea.

Upheld in the vise of eternal ice  
The Arctic pole cannot fall;  
While Aurora glows and Boreas blows,  
'Twill defy e'er fiery Sol.

Explorers have sought out its shore,  
And have braved its frozen plain;  
The isles and seas that Hesperides,  
But they have sought in vain.

Tempests sounded a knell while brave men fell,  
A-striving its mast to find. —  
Lost in the aisles of the icy defiles,  
With not a trace left behind.

Old Borealis rises to hail us  
From off his wintery throne,  
While Ursa bore still looks down in love  
On those regions dark, unknown.

Honor to Frank Peary and Nansen,  
All who brave the Arctic snow,  
And round each name fan the halo of Fame,  
While the Arctic winds do blow.

## MY SWEET CHARMING MOLLIE

Or, A Dream of Love.

**M**Y sweet, charming Mollie,  
With eyes of deep blue,  
Deem not my love folly—  
Or wasted on you.

Your cheeks like the roses  
Just fresh in their bloom,  
Your breath it discloses  
The nectar's perfume!

Your smile is a glimmer  
From Hope's light to me,  
Before its pale shimmer  
Doubt's shadows all flee.

Then sweet, smiling Mollie,  
I'll ever be true  
And stand 'neath the holly  
A-wedded to you.

And then, when the glamour  
Of youth's bloom is past,  
Me still you'll enamour  
Till death parts at last

Our hearts, my own Mollie,  
Steadfast by my side  
'Neath sprays of love's holly,  
Till life's eventide.

Then, when its day's over,  
And one soul has gone,  
The other must hover,  
Awaiting the dawn,

Till called by the Reaper,  
When life's spark has flown,  
To realms of bliss deeper  
Where parting's unknown.



## THE DEWDROP.

THE dewdrop on the withering blade,  
Born in the chilly night,  
For God's life-giving purpose made,  
Exhaled from Heaven's light!  
Epitome of purity,  
Its mission well fulfilled,  
It reseeks night's obscurity  
Until afresh distilled!

Again upon the thirsty flower,  
Soothing, at early dawn,  
Pure from night's cool, refreshing bower,  
Like balm it poureth on.  
Seemeth to me hope's subtle power  
The dewdrop's counterpart,  
Reviving in trial's darkest hour  
The weary, fainting heart.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

I FAIN would sing of happy times,  
As in my heart the distant chimes  
Of youth's hours softly ring.

I love to dwell on life's bright dawn,  
On childhood's morn now past and gone,  
And list to memory swell

The music sweet of peace and joy,  
Ere sin and sorrow did decoy  
My wayward, wandering feet

From virtue's bower with garlands hung,  
Around whose wreaths the perfume clung  
From purity's sweet flower.

And now, to-night, as fades away  
The twilight brief of this life's day,  
I wait for Heaven's light,—

For there, God's child, from death set free,  
I'll wake to all eternity,  
Happy and undefiled.

**ETERNITY.**(A HYMN)  

---

**E**TERNITY! Eternity!  
How fathomless its meaning!  
When did it start,  
When ends its day,  
And what small part  
Does gray Time play,—  
Upon its staff a-leaning!

Eternity! Eternity!  
Our Maker's glorious reign!  
While worlds dissolve  
And pass away,—  
Others evolve,  
Commence their day,—  
Its epochs never wane.

Eternity! Eternity!  
Infinity's calm sea!  
Whereon shall sail  
For evermore,  
Safe from sin's gale,  
Death's reef-bound shore,—  
The blood-bought soul set free.

---

Eternity! Eternity!  
For it, O soul, prepare!  
Renounce dark sin  
Before too late  
To enter in  
At Heaven's gate—  
To dwell forever there.

## TELL ME, O HEART;

TELL me, O heart, if never  
Is pleasure void of pain,  
And are her votaries ever  
Chasing a bauble vain.

Tell me, O heart, if sorrow  
Doth purify the soul,  
E'en if, upon the morrow,  
Its billows darker roll.

Tell me, O heart, if prayer  
Unburdens thee of grief,  
Ameliorates dull care  
And brings thee sweet relief.

Tell me, O heart, if blessing  
Is sometimes in disguise,  
If oft life's trials distressing  
God's mercy underlies.

And to each anxious query,  
Propounded in distress,—  
Whispered in accents cherry,  
Thou hast made answer, "Yes."

THE ASTERS.

**F**AIR flowers of the autumn,  
The asters so gay,  
In white, pink and purple  
Are blooming to-day.

The summer's sweet roses  
Have gone to their rest;  
Asleep are the violets  
On Mother Earth's breast.

The brave little daisies  
Still blink here and there,  
But soon must they perish  
In winter's chill air.

While fireweed turns crimson  
When kissed by the frost,  
And silk of the bramble  
In stubble lies lost.

The fair modest asters  
Court old Autumn's love,  
And gracefully waver  
His bosom above,

Till from the clear heavens  
Falls winter's cruel breath,  
And all their gay petals  
Are blighted in death.

So soon must we perish  
When sorrow's snows fly,  
And fall like the asters  
'Neath death's wintry sky.

And as the fair asters  
To autumn are true,  
So God's mercies ever  
Our pathway bestrew.

No lot is so barren,  
No heart so forlorn,  
That some tender floweret  
Springs not to adorn.

When cometh life's autumn  
And death draweth near,  
Faith, hope, like the asters,  
Our waning days cheer!

## FLOSSIE AND I.

FLOSSIE and I the kine to call  
Tripped o'er the moor at eve,  
As shades of night began to fall  
And soft airs gently grieve.  
We both were young, and Flossie was fair,  
Life like a tuneful song  
To us, as we rambled free from care  
The narrow trails along.  
And o'er the hill and through the hollow,  
When all was calm and still,  
The night-hawks chased the flitting swallow,  
Or mocked the whip-poor-will.

Tink-tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Ko-lin', ko-lank, ko-liukle—  
The kine browsed by the rill.

Flossie and I are old and gray,  
Our footsteps feebler now  
Than when we strolled at eve that day  
Plighting love's sacred vow.  
Yet Flossie to me is fair and true  
As when we both were young,  
And courted at eve the green meads through,  
The flowery bowers among.



Still o'er the field, across the fallow,  
When summer eves are fine,  
We wander down the sylvan hollow  
To call the browsing kine.

Ko-link, ko-lank, ko-linkle,  
The cow-bells' gentle tinkle,  
Recalls sweet youth's sunshine.

Flossie and I are parted now,  
One morn she went on high  
To dwell, where glory crowns her brow,  
In mansions of the sky.  
Alone I sadly walk at eve  
Across the shadowy moor,  
While night-hawks screech and soft airs grieve  
As in the days of yore.  
And slowly from the misty hollow,  
Up through the dewy lea,  
The kine my footsteps meekly follow,  
And low in sympathy.

Ko-link, ko-lank, ko-linkle,  
The cow-bells softly tinkle  
Love's holier notes for me.

THE BELLE

Or, When Mona Leads the Minuet.

WHEN Mona leads the minuet,  
Beaux vie with one another,  
A smile from her sweet lips to get,  
And claim her as a lover.  
When Mona whirls around the hall  
To the sweet waltz's strain,  
How gracefully her footsteps fall  
Beneath her queenly train!  
When Mona through the grand quadrille  
Trips in the merry dance,  
How strangely does her soft touch thrill,  
Her witching smile entrance!  
When up and down and round about  
She marches in cotillon,  
She all her rivals puts to rout  
Though they be worth a million.  
When Mona smiles on me, I dream  
That Cupid softly calls:  
And bask beneath the sunny gleam  
That from her blue eyes falls.  
When Mona dances, sings or plays,  
She is the favorite ever:  
At balls, or concerts, or cafes,  
She's lacking lovers never.

## THE DAISIES.

SWEET little daisies,  
Why linger here?  
Is it to comfort  
The dying year?  
While frost, like pestilence,  
Lurks in the North,  
E'en then, tender daisies,  
You dare peep forth.

When Winter unfurls  
His banners of white,  
His gray legions hurls  
In strength of their might,  
Against brown old Autumn  
Disheartened and grave,  
You blush in your beauty  
And make his heart brave.

Smiling in the face  
Of the angry foe,  
You bow in your grace  
His bright shield below;  
And sleep on the breast  
Of dear mother Earth,  
Till in the southwest  
The zephyrs take birth,

And banish the snow  
From her bosom fair,  
As they softly breathe  
On the chilly air.

And when grim old Winter  
His camp-ground forsakes,  
You spring in the gardens,  
Awake in the brakes.  
May and December,  
To both you are true,  
With your hair so fair  
And your eyes so blue!

## THE CONDOR.

BIRD of the solitudes,  
Shade in the sky,  
What must your vista be  
Viewed from on high!  
Beneath you is spread  
The glacial snow  
Where peaks of the Andes  
E'er glisten and glow,  
Defying the power  
Of fiery old Sol,  
As they grandly tower  
Where shadows ne'er fall.  
Like giants arrayed  
In helmets of snow,  
They stand on parade  
Deployed in a row,—  
To guard your home, Condor,  
Whilst you soar away  
O'er caves of the thunder,  
And plains of the day.

O bird of the heavens,  
Shade in the sky,  
Nothing on the green earth  
Escapes your eye!  
Down in the valley

Ten thousand yards deep  
You spy out your quarry,  
The meek mountain sheep  
Like a falling star  
Shot out of the blue,  
You drop from afar  
The fleecy clouds through,  
And carry aloft  
On wings of the storm,  
To your mountain cleft  
Its poor bleeding form,—  
To feed your young Condor,  
That for their tender prey  
High in the solitude  
Beneath the blue sky,

Great bird of the welkin,  
Shadow in space,  
Soaring by the portals  
Of Heaven's place!  
Emblem of freedom  
Aloft in the blue,  
Who guideth your pinions,  
Your strength doth renew?  
Circling the summit  
Of Cotapaxi,  
You stem the vomit

From his crater high—  
Spectator alike  
Of heaven and hell,  
The visions that strike  
Your gaze who can tell!  
I mark your flight, Condor  
A-soaring on high,  
By the zenith yonder,  
Bond twixt earth and sky!

**SING NOT TO THE WORLD OF SORROW.**

---

**S**ING not to the world of sorrow,  
Of which it has its share;  
For joy it would rather borrow  
Than multiply its care.  
But sing to the world of pleasure,  
Of gladness and of mirth,  
And in full, unstinted measure  
Pour sweetest music forth.  
For the cold old world is merry  
If you but take it right,  
And most gladly will it carry  
Your woe, unhappy wight.



**AUTUMN'S FAREWELL.**

---

**S**WEET little daisies  
Don't go away,  
Fair little asters  
Linger a day.  
I know I am old  
And love's growing cold—  
But, dear little flowers,  
Stay awhile, stay.

Chic little squirrel,  
Why are you mad?  
Not surely because  
My heart is sad!  
Dear little squirrel  
Chatter and whirl,  
Say you're not angry—  
Say you are glad.

Noisy old raven  
High on the spray,  
Moody old craven  
Shout out your lay—  
An omen, beware!  
Of death and despair—  
Yet do you never  
My trust betray.

Silly old owl  
Chary of light,  
Why with your screeching  
Disturb the night?  
And pretty brown thrush  
Your notes do you hush,  
Because bleak winter  
Is e'en in sight?

Flowers of the field!  
Birds of the air!  
Why are you leaving  
Me in despair?  
My hopes are shattered,  
My children scattered,  
Still will I trust in  
God's tender care.

## CLEMENTINE.

O CLEMENTINE, if you'll be mine  
When roses bloom again,  
And soft winds woo the graceful pine  
That rises from the glen,—

Then, O then, sweet Clementine,  
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, fair maid divine,  
Say you'll be true to me,  
And wed me when the columbine  
Entwines the flowering tree.

Then, O then, fair Clementine,  
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, dear Clementine,  
I have your promise true,  
To wed when blooms the jessamine,  
And vernal skies are blue.

Then, O then, dear Clementine,  
Will happiness be mine!

O Clementine, true Clementine,  
Love's journey's nearly run,  
When it shall end beneath the pine,  
Where it was first begun,—

Then, O then, true Clementine,  
Will bliss be thine, or mine?

FOR THEE, LOVE, I MOURN.

WHAT though the green forests  
With bird voices ring,  
And flowers round the meadows  
Their vernal breath fling.  
Although the rill murmurs  
Across the sweet mead,  
Where the lays of the bees  
Will shortly succeed—  
My heart is a desert  
By sorrow's storms torn,  
And life's always winter—  
For thee, Love, I mourn.

What though the bright summer  
The landscape adorns,  
And flowers of the brier-rose  
Now mantle its thorns,—  
For, while the fruits ripen  
And warmer tints glow,  
The chill winds of sorrow  
Athwart my path blow.  
My journey is weary,  
My heart is forlorn,  
And life's one long winter.—  
For thee, Love, I mourn.

What though the fair autumn  
In red and gold shines,  
And soft winds at even  
Sough through the dark pines;  
And yellow leaves falling  
Their bed spread of gold  
In all its pale grandeur  
Above the dark mould,—  
My heart still is barren,  
Of love's petals shorn,  
And facing death's winter,  
Still, thee, Love, I mourn.

THE ANEMONE.

---

SWING on thy nimble toe,  
Little anemone,  
Bow to the winds that blow,  
The breeze that flirts with thee.  
Fair bloom of balmy June,  
Sweet flower of fell and lea,  
Who can thy charms impugn,  
Fragrant anemone!

Frail flower of sunny lands,  
Little anemone,  
Mermaiden on the sands,  
A-bowing to the sea!  
Gaily smile and blow  
Whether in rain or shine,  
Who can thy beauty know  
And not feel love divine!

PEACE AT EVE.

---

**S**ING me a song of evening hours  
When toil is put away,  
A song whose notes like summer showers  
The dust of turmoil lay.

Far from the sultry sun of Care,  
Beneath Rest's western sky,  
Protect me from its noonday glare  
While winds of sweet Peace sigh.

Fair Muse of Peace and Solitude,  
Pray with my heart converse  
Where haggard Care dares not intrude,  
While I thy songs rehearse.

Spread o'er my cot thy canopy  
When fall the shades of night,  
And temper at the break of day  
The rays of Care's fierce light.

**PRESENT THE FUNNY SIDE.**

**T**HIS queer old world is funny,  
And if it be your pride  
To win its praise and money,  
Present the funny side.

If you fain would make a hit  
And with fair Fame abide,  
You must court the Muse of Wit,  
Present the funny side.

If you wish to sing for gain  
Pray let your measures glide  
In Humor's happy vein—  
Present the funny side.

The song of plaint and sorrow,  
The theme of trouble's tide,  
The world forgets to-morrow—  
Present the funny side.

The tunes of Humor ever  
It whistles far and wide,  
And deems them very clever,—  
Present the funny side.

For why the world is funny  
And it is not denied  
That they, who filch its money,  
Present the funny side.



## BELOVED HEART.

**B**ELOVED heart! I'm lingering here,  
The world is lone,  
And life is a waste—  
But, when death seems near,  
Blest Hope bears me up,  
And of Happiness' cup  
I know that again I shall taste.

Beloved heart! 'twill not be long  
Before Life breaks  
In Love's melody—  
And its sweeter song  
Shall swell and increase,  
Like an anthem of Peace,  
Through the range of Eternity.

THE SENTINEL ASLEEP.

SO sound at the post of duty  
The sentinel lies asleep,  
While stars in their midnight beauty  
Over him their vigil keep,—  
And as the daybreak faintly gleams  
Through the mist in the ravine,  
His comrades start from troubled dreams  
For the conflict's dreadful scene.

But he hears not the din of battle,  
Or the shrapnel's weird lay;  
He heeds not the hail and the rattle  
Of the deadly musketry;  
Not even the cannon's thunder,  
Or the trumpet's piercing bray.  
As he sleeps the blue sky under,  
Disturbs his reverie.

He sees not the camp of the foeman  
Outspread on the distant hills;  
The shriek of the shell, like an omen  
Of death, no longer fills  
His ears, as he peacefully slumbers  
In his uniform of gray,  
For his dreams are in softer numbers  
And his vision far away.

There will be no grim court-martial  
The sentence of death to give.—  
For God, the Great Judge, impartial,  
Has commanded that he live.  
The soldier has done his duty,  
And the lone stars softly weep,  
As they gaze in morn's pale beauty  
On the sentinel *asleep*.

**THE BRIER BUSH IN BLOOM.**

**F**AIR plant your praise I fain would sing,  
Inhale the rich perfume,  
That June's soft breeze steals from your wing--  
Sweet brier bush in bloom!

You smile beside the hawthorn hedge,  
And by the old stone wall;  
You spring around the forest's edge  
Beneath the elms tall.

You look in at the cottage door  
Some careworn heart to cheer;  
A ministering angel to the poor,  
Your sweetness all revere!

The four-leaved flowers your stems adorn  
In fragrant beauty blush--  
Is it because the prickly thorn  
Grows also on your bush?

Then breathe and waft about June's bowers  
Your rich and rare perfume--  
Who does not love your pale, pink flowers,  
Sweet brier bush in bloom!

TO ISABEL.

---

IF I may tell, fair Isabel,  
The love I feel for thee,  
And claim a kiss, life will be bliss  
And sweetest poetry.

To bask awhile beneath thy smile  
And share thy chaste caress,  
Like peace at eve, is sweet reprieve  
From care and weariness.

And whilst I court and storm the fort  
Of thy untrammelled heart,  
May Cupid bless with happiness  
His little golden dart!

And heed my prayer that thou wilt wear  
Love's fragrant rose for me,  
And wed me when shall come again  
The daisy and the bee!

For then must life with pleasures rife  
Pass like a summer day,  
And death at last alone will cast  
A shadow o'er our way.

THE DANDELION.

O GAY, young knight with golden hair,  
You to your love are true ;  
Your smiling countenance everywhere  
Greets May's fair skies of blue.

Like stars that twinkle up on high  
You glow both far and near,  
And smile the dusty highways by,  
The brakes and meadows cheer.

You swing upon your slender stem  
To all the winds that blow,  
Until your yellow curls by them  
Are blanched as white as snow,

When silently upon the wings  
Of fair May's warmer airs,  
You steal away while low she sings  
And whispers vesper prayers.

Hail dandelion, true to May!  
Emblem of life as fair!  
Whose locks are turned to silvery gray  
By withering winds of care.

**AN ODE TO JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.**

---

**T**WO sisters in your white robes furry,  
Gay daughters of old Winter gray,  
Delighting in the snowstorm's flurry  
And the howling blast's roundelay!  
Moody March to stormy December,  
Every month sweet poets has had,  
But few are the bards to remember  
Your cold hearts—and picture you glad.

I rather would dwell on your praises,  
Than over your waywardness weep;  
Tell how, 'neath your snows and your hazes,  
The germs of the flowers lie asleep;  
And how, when the winter is over,  
Refreshed by the nourishing dew,  
There waketh the sweet-scented clover  
Erst wrapped in its cradle by you.

Fair maidens you no favors curry,  
Eldest born of the good old year,  
While upon your fleet feet you hurry  
To bring to my sad heart good cheer.  
I feel that when life's full of sorrow,  
And grief turneth to a salt tear,  
That again, somewhere, on the morrow  
The bright sun of Love will appear.

Then gambol and whirl and be merry,  
And over the mossy earth cast  
The spell of your laugh light and airy,  
As you speed on wings of the blast.  
Dear daughters of stormy old Winter,  
You hold beauty and charm for me—  
As fair as May's flowerets that tint her—  
Whilst you frisk in irolicsome glee.



THE EASTER MORN  
(A HYMN)

THE Easter morn doth break again,  
And sacred melodies  
Awake within the hearts of men  
Christ's holy memories.  
The Saviour came, the Saviour died  
On Calvary's cruel tree—  
And three days in the tomb did hide  
Our slain Lord, The Crucified—  
To set our lost souls free.

But now, ascended to the skies,  
He intercedes for our  
Poor souls with love that never dies,  
And never-failing power.  
May the Redeemer, Fount of Light,  
In our dark hearts abide,  
And call us to His mansions bright,  
When death shall rend the veil of night,  
To dwell His throne beside!

The Easter morn, its sacred dawn  
Now spreading round the skies,  
Reminds us how, in days ago,  
Christ from the tomb did rise;  
Upon the cross of Calvary,  
Man's debt of sin to pay,  
He died—but rose that we might be  
Set from the chains of bondage free,  
And live with Him for aye.

**NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.**

---

**N**APOLEON trailed the Russian Bear  
Across the dreary plains,  
To where the domes of Moscow fair  
Displayed their gilded vanes--  
Intending there to bivouac  
Behind her sheltering walls,  
His arms, accoutrements to stack  
Within the foeman's halls  
Until the winter snows were gone,  
When he his legions brave  
Would march St. Petersburg upon,  
O'er her his banners wave.

But when, alack, he came in sight  
Of the smouldering city,  
And realized his awful plight,  
He was moved to pity  
For his brave soldiers doomed to death.  
As on the snowy plains  
They fell before the Arctic's breath,  
Unscarred by battle stains!  
And when at last the winter ghost  
Did stay his cruel hand,  
How few were left of that proud host  
To reach their native land!

The horrors of that awful march  
What tongue can truly tell,  
Of how beside the stunted larch  
The famished soldier fell;  
And on and on his comrades pressed,  
Driven by grim despair,  
While drifting snows for burial dressed  
The dying soldier there!  
Of how when winter sheathed his sword  
And springtime breathed again,  
There slept like old Sennacherib's horde  
Nigh half a million men!

No braying horn, no cannonade  
Was heard in that dread fray,  
When frost those ranks did enflade  
With his artillery. —  
His cavalry, so fleet and strong,  
The shattered files break through,  
And strew the Dnieper's banks along  
With dead men, as they flew  
To wreak wanton vengeance dire  
On the invading foe,  
Fight for the glory of their sire,  
Old Russia clad in snow.

