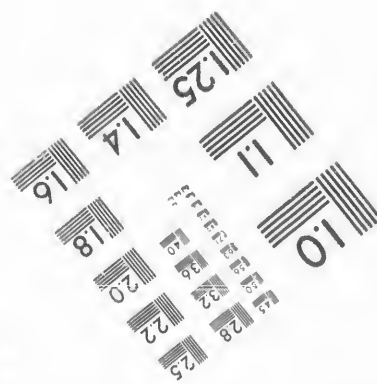
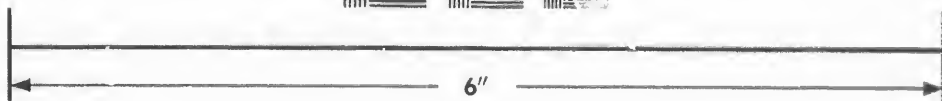
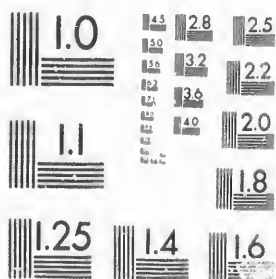


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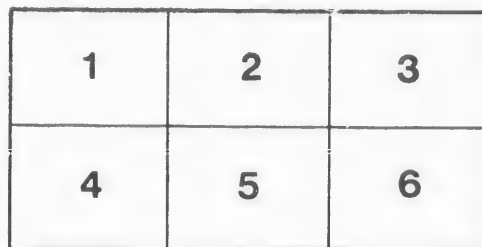
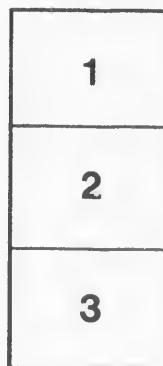
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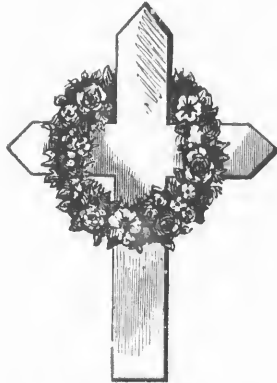
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HY

THE TRUE VINE.
HYMNS OF HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY

THE REV. W. A. DES BRISAY.



"I am the True Vine."

PUBLISHED
JULY 1st, 1867.

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TO MY BELOVED MOTHER,
THIS VOLUME OF POEMS
Is Affectionately Inscribed.

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CONTENTS.

| | Page. |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| The True Vine, | 9 |
| Think oft of Heaven, | 13 |
| One Departed, | 14 |
| The Golden Dream, | 15 |
| Easter Morning, | 17 |
| June, | 19 |
| Home Voices, | 21 |
| Selfishness, | 22 |
| Love's Own, | 24 |
| Ingle Side, | 26 |
| The Mother's Grief, | 27 |
| When Evening Bells, | 29 |
| Smiles, Tears and Flowers, | 30 |
| St. M. Church, N. C., | 32 |
| Lulu, | 35 |
| As Once in Matin Hours, | 36 |
| Safety, | 38 |
| Invalid's Prayer, | 39 |
| Autumn Flowers, | 40 |
| Lady De Lisle, | 42 |
| Harp of the Muse, | 44 |
| The Better Country, | 45 |

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Jerusalem, our Rest, | 47 |
| All's Well, | 49 |
| The Walk to Emmaus, | 50 |
| The Woman of Samaria, | 52 |
| The Cross, | 54 |
| Silver and Gold, | 55 |
| Charity, | 58 |
| Evening Shadows, | 61 |
| On Receiving a Boquet, | 69 |
| Parting With a Child, | 71 |
| Greenwood, | 72 |
| College Meditation, | 75 |
| The Sunny Side, | 78 |
| Lent, | 81 |
| The Wren, | 82 |
| Jamie, | 84 |
| One of a Thousand, | 86 |
| Cheerfulness, | 88 |
| Thy Will be Done, | 89 |
| In Cælo Quies, | 91 |
| Absence, | 93 |
| Our Example, | 94 |
| What is Our Vow ? | 95 |
| The Promise, | 96 |
| When the Shadows of Night, | 98 |
| I love to Look Homeward, | 99 |
| Never Alone, | 101 |
| Home Gladness, | 103 |
| My Sister's Grave,- | 105 |
| Suburban Home School, | 107 |

Who
Ella,
The
The
The
Our
Whe
The
Liner
The
Minn
Ange
Be F
Time
I Ask
The K
Stanz
The C
The H
Ruth,
To th

CONTENTS.

vii

| | | |
|-----|-------------------------|-----|
| 47 | When? | 109 |
| 49 | Ella, | 111 |
| 50 | The Faith of Childhood, | 113 |
| 52 | The Ascension, | 115 |
| 54 | The Trial, | 117 |
| 55 | Our Pilgrimage, | 121 |
| 58 | When I go to that Land, | 123 |
| 61 | The Beautiful Watcher, | 125 |
| 69 | Lines to Alice, | 128 |
| 71 | The Angel Face, | 130 |
| 72 | Minnie, | 132 |
| 75 | Angel Sounds on Earth, | 134 |
| 78 | Be Faithful, | 136 |
| 81 | Time and Friendship, | 137 |
| 82 | I Ask no More, | 145 |
| 84 | The Pure in Heart, | 146 |
| 86 | Stanzas, | 148 |
| 88 | The Gift, | 149 |
| 89 | The Early Mourned, | 151 |
| 91 | Ruth, | 153 |
| 93 | To the Reader, | 154 |
| 94 | | |
| 95 | | |
| 96 | | |
| 98 | | |
| 99 | | |
| 101 | | |
| 103 | | |
| 105 | | |
| 107 | | |

THE TRUE VINE:
Hymns of Home and Heaven.

THE TRUE VINE.

Why turn we still to Eschol's vale,
Or Sharon's scented plain ;
As if each softly perfumed gale,
Awoke some love-lorn strain.

Can fair similitude reveal
The breast where Hope reclines ;
Or treasured words true joy conceal
When life in life entwines ?

How sweet the lily's gentle grace,
With heavenly dew impeded ;
Revealing in its vernal face,
His love who saved the world.

Can memory slight the incensed rose,
 Or purple clustered vine,
 While still their tender leaves disclose
 The name of Love divine ?

But one True Vine from flowery fields
 Where dainties have no dearth ;
 A vine that fruit unequalled yields,
 Still shades the wasted earth.

A vine one germ immortal holds,
 Whence two as fair arise :
 Three twined in one you heaven unfolds
 To faith's enraptured eyes.

One day I knelt for food divine,
 The first love could impart ;
 When lo, a branch of this True Vine
 Was growing in my heart.

And whence is this to me, I thought,
 This budding vine within ?
 Who hath in me this wonder wrought,
 Conceived and born in sin.

When in this vine I saw a sight,
 Pale arms extended wide ;
 A thorn wreathed brow illum'd with light,
 A pierced and broken side.

Thence water flowed and holy blood,
 The first from sin to free ;
 The next was reason strong and good,
 For this True Vine in me.

First grace received, then grace renewed,
 The heart all cleansed from sin ;
 And next, with precious blood bedewed,
 This Vine was planted in.

And what shall sorrow be to me,
 By earthly crosses mine :
 If still my inward hope I see,
 And grow in this true Vine.

O, saintly sorrow, thy first throne
 Was in my Lord's dear face ;
 And when to recreation prone,
 Still there thy form I trace.

O, vernal Vine of vale serene,
 O, Eden's matchless pride ;
 Sweet savor on Thine altar seen,
 The bosom of Thy Bride.

Full often there Thy children meet,
 By many a trial led ;
 The cup Thy grace supplies is sweet,
 And sweet the living bread.

'Neath snowy linen, pure and fair,
As saintly souls should be ;
First fruits are laid with solemn care,
Thy sacred self to me.

Pure Faith, with calm, self-searching eye,
Kneels where redemption flows ;
To taste, as these first fruits pass by,
The gift love's hand bestows.

THINK OFT' OF HEAVEN.

Think oft' of Heaven fair and high
Above life's changeful way,
Here many sombre shadows lead
To bright unending day.
The soul that faithful to the end,
In God alone relies,
Shall know Him as a constant friend
When fearful storms arise.

Think oft' of Heaven, trusting still
Sweet comfort there to take ;
And when afflicted, walk with Him
Who never murmur spake.
The sorrows which thy soul o'er shade
Shall prove no final loss ;
The path the humble christian takes,
Leads to the holy Cross.

Think oft' of Heaven, even here,
Sweet echoes of its song,
From Angel music soft and sweet
Night breezes bear along ;
There Christ now dwells and those beside
Who in his name are blest ;
Think often in this mortal life
Of Heaven, the pilgrim's rest.

ONE DEPARTED.

How calmly before us she slept,
The summer was clad in its bloom ;
But we, 'mid its cheerfulness wept,
When we laid her to rest in the tomb.
And I said I would like her depart
To the land where love's melodies swell,
But a voice whispered peace to my heart,
Whatever God doeth is well.

Now oft since that time, as I stray,
A watcher 'mid shadows of night,
I dream she is singing of day,
And telling me heaven is bright ;
That there all the loved and the lost,
Redeemed, with the beautiful dwell ;
And though on life's billows I'm tost,
Whatever God doeth is well.

I know she is one of that throng
Who worship the Lamb that was slain ;
And there, when we praise him in song,
I pray I may meet her again.
But ever as fondly of old,
Comes a voice of affection to tell,
Like an angel's afar from the fold,
Whatever God doeth is well.

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

A weary frame and tranquil mind,
On life's rough way we seldom find ;
But stones will rest a weary head,
If angels watch about our bed.

On ladders set by hands of love,
To join the earth to realms above ;
By loved ones carried to and fro,
Our missing treasures come and go.

Through joy returning in the night,
Our faith is changed to clearer sight ;
In dreams of saintly features worn,
By friends from home affection borne.

The pearly gate swings open still,
And angel forms our slumbers fill ;
When up the distant golden bars
Hope seeks its home beyond the stars.

O joy to see when life shall close,
As saints in death find sweet repose ;
A path of light while Jesus calms
Souls upward borne to robes and palms.

And often here to weary eyes
 Good angels bring a sweet surprise ;
 When dear ones dying, understand
 Glad signals from the golden strand.

Come spirit, in this night of toil,
 Like Jacob with anointing oil,
 To consecrate my heart of stone,
 And make it meet for God to own.

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EASTER MORNING.

O holy pilgrimage and sweet,
This morn to tempt her eager feet,
Who sought the Saviour's body bound
In vestments white and sleep profound.

While dark, to tread the path of light,
Which led to see the touching sight;
The first the silent Lamb to find,
Who bore the sins of all mankind.

Like homes when those we love have flown,
The new made tomb was dark and lone ;
Not there was found her early choice,
She heard within an Angel's voice.

As sorrow hears low voices say,
When shadows bring the morning gray ;
My love is gone, my life is drear,
The one lamented is not here.

The heart's a grave of buried dead,
Look in and say what Mary said :
Because they've taken Him away,
I stand without and weep and pray.

Thrice welcome sound to greet the ear,
Thy tears restrain, He is not here ;
Sweet songs ascend to Him who gave
His children triumph o'er the grave.

O sweet the voice of birds in spring,
And soft the leaves of summer sing ;
And glad the incense as we roam,
Ascending to the temple dome.

And bright the little wayside flower,
Which gives our faith reviving power ;
But sweeter hope this morn doth bring,
In Christ or Prophet, Priest, and King.

J U N E .

June has returned and the roses,
Their faces in blushes unfold :
I see her all day in the meadow,
In garments of crimson and gold.

The brooklet and bee in the orchard,
The birdling asleep in its nest ;
The bright bearded grain and the clover,
Are lulled by her music to rest.

I just caught a glimpse of her shadow,
Beneath the green trees by the door ;
And soft by the woodland and water,
I hear her sweet singing once more.

Far o'er the blue hills she is passing,
Low one of a now scattered band,
Who clasped to her bosom there faded,
And went to the beautiful land.

If I could but follow her footstep,
But soon she will vanish from sight,
And leave all the flowers around me
Asleep in a swoon of delight.

But down in my soul is a summer,
Where June with fair garlands is seen ;
The sweet rose of Sharon is blooming,
The leaf of the lilly is green.

By a grave with a cross to remember,
How joy must lie buried and still ;
Till called from its sleep to awaken,
A place in love's mansion to fill.

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HOME VOICES.

Often when twilight shadows round us fall
Low voices from our hearts unbidden come,
And o'er the ear in whispers sweet they call,
The old familiar names of home, dear home—
Soft echoes of the strains of vanished years,
Which haunt us still and fill our eyes with tears.

When all are gone, and faces once so dear
Lie close beneath their green and fragrant moulds,
Oh! who would long to linger sadly here,
Mid echoes of those well-remembered sounds?
Though in life's fairest scenes we daily roam,
The heart still breathes its melodies of home.

But oft' those unforgotten sounds, e'en here,
May in our saddest hours be low and sweet.
When in the halls where memory's forms appear,
Loved faces and loved eyes we fondly meet.
They bid us hope for brighter days to come,
When we shall meet with friends, dear friends, at
home.

SELFISHNESS.

That is unselfish love and true—
The mother's bending eye
Beams on the cradle where in sleep
Her heart's dear hope doth lie.
If undeserved great pain they bear
Who live from self' apart,
What sharper suffering we should know
Who feed a self'ish heart.

Gold hoarded is the miser's God,
'Tis just his ways to blame,
But when the Christian walks therein
We cry a double shame.
We cannot serve both God and wealth,
For when we kneel to dress,
How can we bear to turn our eyes
To Christ's unselfish cross.

Lord, not my will but thine be done,
His lips still seem to speak,
While cruel nails in rest uphold
The frame so worn and weak.
But self'ish minds as gains increase,
Will still more self'ish grow :
And e'en deny the willing mite,
Which love did once bestow.

If all for self we strive to live,
To self we may be left ;
While humbler hearts may hold the grace
Of which we are bereft.
In every human face we meet,
How sweet through Christ to see ;
A tear dried on the least of these,
Will win a smile from me.

LOVE'S OWN.

Love gathereth the tender Lambs,
And when we hear His call,
It is not strange if love should pray.
Not all from us, not all.
These are our household pride,
So in affection grown,
Yet there is comfort when He asks,
All kindly for His own.

Ours from Him, so His for aye,
And He has right to claim ;
The gentlest lamb of all the flock,
Who in most anguish came,
And blessing His dear name for them,
We try to let them go ;
Because if they are His, we say,
We know He loves them so.

O Saviour, open Thou our lips,
That here in darkest days,
When hope lies still in garments white,
Our mouth shew forth Thy praise.
And strengthen us with Thy sweet grace,
When early joy has flown :
To lean upon Thy cross and say
His right, He takes His own.

So shall we strive through falling tears,
When childhood's hand we press ;
To say though silently they sleep,
'Tis Christ's dear tenderness.
For ever here in sorrow's soil,
The seed of joy is sown :
God gives a smile with every tear,
And Christ but takes His own.

INGLE SIDE.

Over sweet Ingle Side,
In the twilight stealing,
Memory loves to glide,
Bright days revealing,
When summer roses swing,
Green meadows over,
When happy birdlings sing,
With rosy clover

Back to sweet Ingle Side.
In dells leaf-shaded,
Fond thoughts will linger round
Joys that have faded.
Where is the loved voice once
Sweet to our childhood?
Gone as a sunny laugh
Dies in the wildwood.

Back to sweet Ingle Side!
Old homes are dearest,
In the calm eventide
Loved haunts are fairest.
Over sweet Ingle Side
Sing happy flowers,
Bring to my weary heart
Sweet summer hours.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Sad watch I keep, for I cannot sleep,
By this little form so dear ;
So pale and still, in a changeless chill,
And the smile she used to wear.
Love's voice is hushed, sweet hope is crushed,
And sorrowful eyes must weep.
Though never a ray of returning day,
Dawns over her slumbers deep.

One tress so fair, of her sunny hair,
And the ring which she ever wore,
Is all I may keep when low winds creep,
Over her who can come no more,
When love light dies in the gentle eyes,
And the beautiful ones depart.
Oh ! what but tears, can be balm thro' years
For the pangs of a mother's heart.

On the coming day, they will bear away,
My hope to a couch of green,
Where in hours long, the warbler's song,
Will be sung in their summer screen ;
Her saintly face, from that silent place,
Shall no more to mine be prest,
And the fragrant leaf, will sigh in grief
O'er her calm unbroken rest.

My thoughts will bring, hymns she would sing,
When the evening shade was nigh,
When soft and warm, on her mother's arm,
It was ever her joy to lie.
Her eyes would raise, to mine their gaze,
When her brow was from shadows free,
"The Saviour," she said, "who watches o'erhead,
He will be a friend to me."

In sunshine and storm, that little form,
O: my arm I shall ever find,
Her lips mine press, with a soft caress,
And her image will haunt my mind,
But thro' all the day, when she's gone away,
The sound will the sweetest be,
Of the words that fell, in my heart's deep cell,
He will be a friend to me.

WHEN EVENING BELLS.

When evening bells fore-warn the night,
Low echoing through the shade ;
Beneath the rising clouds, the day,
Along the sky has made.

The silent shadows round us fall,
On earth, and sea, and air ;
Fair light retires across the world,
And we to rest repair.

So sorrow, often as the shade,
Night-born from skies above,
Floats inward o'er some tender heart,
By God designed in love.

That as we know the morn will come,
And own who keeps it near ;
The heart may find, bereaved and lone,
The dawn of faith in prayer.

Be cheerful still, there is no vale
The pilgrim's path may mark,
Where as we walk we may not feel,
God's hand is in the dark.

SMILES, TEARS, AND FLOWERS.

We had twined fresh flowers together
On a bank where sweet violets grew,
And we hung up a wreath for the twilight,
To moisten its blossoms with dew.
We came when the star of the morning
Was fading away in the sky,
For we loved that spot in the woodland
Sweet Elina Milwood and I.
On her beautiful brow was fastened
The wreath, which had hung in the showers,
And never was smile more winning
Than her's, 'mid the dew and the flowers.

She was the loveliest flower of all
That bloomed in that dear old place,
The dew-drops seemed to my fancy then
Like tears on her gentle face.
We stooped and gazed in the placid stream
That murmured along at our feet,
In innocent glee she whispered to me,
"O doesn't *my* WREATH look sweet?"
'Twas the morning of life, not even a dream
Of sorrow or change was ours,
Our hearts were as fresh as the drops of dew,
And light as the fragrant flowers.

We twined fresh flowers together,
But joy from our hearts had fled ;
No more would a wreath be bathed in dew
To encircle her beautiful head.
But all from her hand so deathly cold
An offering of love to be ;
Our tears fell fast, when she smiled and said :
"Take these as a keepsake from me."
She entered the eden of deathless bloom,
But my thoughts return to the hours,
Of the beauty in life, and the sadness in death,
Of our smiles, and tears, and flowers.

ST. M. CHURCH, N. C.

Sweet home of consecrated love,
Where peace in safety dwells,
And holy hymns of purest praise,
Of full forgiveness tells.
A loving household family,
Where Christ's dear board is spread,
His death until He come to show
In Eucharistic bread.
'Tis but one year since first I came,
To take thee to my care ;
How scanty doth the harvest seem,
Unto the Lord I bear.
Though blessed was the holy hour,
The goodly Bishop came,
With ancient Apostolic rite,
Confirming in God's name.
The same good Church the fathers loved,
Which many an age has stood ;
Washed clean with water and the word,
And Christ's atoning blood.
His guiding grace, His latent love,
All glorious within :
With festival and ritual,
And baptism for sin.
The church of Christ regenerate,
The martyrs' blood her seed ;

The twelve Apostles of the Lamb,
 Their liturgy their Creed,
 Their doctrine and their fellowship,
 The faith they never waved :
 To whom God daily gathered in,
 Such souls as should be saved.
 Dear church whose calm celestial face,
 Serenest saints sufficed ;
 The peerless sponse the prophets praised,
 The jeweled bride of Christ.
 In resurrection glory bright,
 To Christian hope allied ;
 The sinner's bath, the cleansing fount
 Of Jesu's wounded side ;
 The Fold of the Good Shepherd's lambs,
 The hope and home of youth ;
 The ground of plainest principle,
 The pillar of the truth.
 The House of God unprejudiced,
 Assailed, the end abide ;
 Together firmly, fitly framed,
 By every joint supplied.
 Thou art all fair, in fragrant robes,
 Thy garments smell of myrrh ;
 The morn of Thy nativity
 Is sweet with pine and fir.
 Thy Advent alleluias rise
 To praise the great I Am,
 Where angel voices swell the song

Of Moses and the Lamb.
In grateful garments when I sleep,
Unserviceable clay
Before Thy chancel, well at rest,
Let me a moment lay ;
Consoling chant and plaintive prayer,
Proclaim what I was here ;
“ A stranger and a sojourner,
As all my fathers were.”

LULU.

Beautiful and gentle Lulu,
Sweet your voice is heard ;
Singing daily, singing gaily,
Warbling every word ;
Singing softly, singing sweetly,
Like a summer bird.

Beautiful and playful Lulu,
From all sorrow free,
Sing on near us, sing and cheer us,
With thy childish glee,
Pleasure making, love creating,
With thy melody.

Little, laughing, loving, Lulu,
To our hearts most dear,
Treasure of our peaceful circle
Loved and lovely, there
Tendril in our home entwining
Love round every care.

Beautiful and gentle Lulu,
Blossom of life's spring ;
Coming years may trials bear thee,
Time may sadness bring ;
To the fairest, to the dearest,
Sorrows oftenest cling.

AS ONCE AT MATIN HOUR.

As once at matin hour I came,
To give my heart to my dear Lord ;
In that dear church which in His name,
Is with His sacred Body stored.

He softly spake within to me,
As singing to His praise I stood ;
That in my hands my soul might see,
For whom He shed His precious blood.

When lo, to my suffused surprise,
A hammer and a thorny crown ;
With nails and spear did hold mine eyes,
And blood from them was dropping down.

I dare not then myself disown,
As he who his dear Lord denied ;
When in my hands the sins were shown,
Which had my Saviour crucified.

Too well I knew what I had done,
Too plainly saw the awful tree ;
Which from my lips confession won,
That I had been on Calvary.

I had no words wherein to pray,
 I saw His wounded hands and side ;
 And in my grief what should He say,
 But come and in My heart abide.

His eye discerned the wondrous sign,
 Which on my brow was early set ;
 And His great gift of grace divine,
 In full regeneration met.

Transgression may that cross efface,
 By which His new born heirs are signed ;
 But still His love its form can trace,
 Though sin may stain the heart and mind.

And soon to try my faith He sent,
 By fond affection's closest test ;
 He took the jewels love had lent,
 And wore them on His own sweet breast.

O ye who in His Temple stand,
 Of His dear self a living part ;
 Mourn not if finding by His hand
 The way He takes us to His heart.

SAFETY.

How sweet the Saviour's promised aid
When dangers great are near ;
The aid of His protecting hand,
In sorrow and in fear ;
He will be with us ready still,
To comfort and to save,
When death with arm extended guides
The dark uplifted wave.

When chastened grief with gentle eye,
Weeps where her love is laid,
How calm the words He softly breathes,
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."
The One whom here the many brought,
To anguish, tears and shame ;
That we, the many, through the One,
Might live to praise his name.

The solemn night will come at last,
To close our weary day ;
And time a hollow warning toll,
That we must pass away.
But trusting still and not dismayed,
Let us abide the hour ;
For when the billows highest rise
True faith has greatest power.

INVALID'S PRAYER.

Come gentle hope, dear Saviour, come,
Come from Thy home above,
Now while my sorrow-stricken soul,
Here fainteth for thy love.
On this pale brow where shadows fall,
Now lay Thy loving hand,
As once in blessing it was laid,
On such as are love's land.

Come gentle hope ; to falling tears,
To faith in sorrow lain ;
Come whisper kind and holy words,
And by my side remain.
Through all the worn and weary day,
When longings fill my breast ;
I love to hear the inward voice
That breathes of saintly rest.

Come gentle hope, at this still time,
When many a tranquil star
Looks down like kind eyes watching me,
From friends and home afar.
Come gentle hope and let me lie
With thee, fond watch to keep,
Then should I wake in Thy embrace,
It will be sweet to sleep.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

I love the latest flowers,
When summer sighs farewell,
The amaranth and aster,
In sweet secluded dell.
Like friends who wait to cheer us,
Where saintly forms have been,
Who one by one before us,
Have passed to the unseen.

I love the queenly calla,
Magnificently sweet ;
Enrobed in snowy beauty,
And elegance complete.
For tender love in absence,
The myrtle leaf combined
With sunny storied rosemary,
To call old friends to mind.

And there's the dainty daisy,
All innocence in white ;
And sweet heart's ease recalling,
A lost one from the night.
I love the latest flowers,
The Autumn months retain :
Like fair and fondest faces,
Which turn to smile again.

I love the hardy laurel,
'Tis sweet on Virtæ's brow ;
I love the sighing zinnia,
Which constant keeps its vow.
I love the latest flowers,
When summer fades away ;
They tell of future hours,
With hearts too sweet to stay.

LADY DE LISLE.

In comes the Lady Ellen De Lisle,
Walking with grace in her purple dress ;
Gliding so daintily up the aisle,
Who can be greater, where all are less.

The pew she honors is number five.
Cushioned with velvet and lined with blue ;
Why need the meek with the mighty strive,
Why should the false be the only true.

Once o'er a table where passion burned,
From early morn till the day went down ;
Many a dollar to drink was turned,
To beggar the homes of the poor in town.

Then she so lofty must lowly live
In a room so dreary with naked floor,
To take such wealth as the day would give,
And hoard it up to a princely store.

But yesterday she of so high degree,
In cape of velvet and purple gown :
Has honored a solemn and sage decree,
To shut up the dens that infest the town.

Ah, fair Lady Ellen, look within
And count the coins in your golden store ;
Make good amends for the very sin,
That raised you up in days of yore.

And is it the death of human souls,
That fills your coffers and puffs your pride ?
And is it such sins as the heart controls,
That show how a beggar at last may ride ?

For there is a trial as well for you,
In richest jewels and silken dress,
As they who still to themselves untrue,
Are helping to ruin whom you would bless.

HARP OF THE MUSE.

When first by God's command the world was made,
Ere man transgressed and sought the blushing shade,
High choirs immortal touched their harps of gold,
And from yon heaven a joyful anthem rolled.
Sweet voices praised his name who filled the earth
And woke the morning stars to sing his worth.
They tuned the leaves, and touched the vernal trees,
And gave a voice to every passing breeze.
But God was pleased, before man knew of sin,
To shut with heaven's gate the sound within.
Now on the Poet's harp these strains remain,
And thus he sings through all the world again.
In his calm mind, in thoughts sublime and deep,
Are genial springs by which the angels sleep.
By inspiration there unsullied given,
His harp is tuned to hymns of home and heaven.
So when his soul long set to tender tune,
Sings hymns as sweet as low voiced leaves in June ;
If dirges deep like ocean's solemn swell,
Or merry sonnets wooed in summer dell :
If these unite with music of the sky,
The sweet love notes of loved ones loved on high ;
Then let the world still follow him and say,
We want the sacred harp he loves to play. .

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

This world is not our only home,
This pilgrimage of years ;
Here but a little while we roam,
With many doubts and fears.
A better country far away,
We hope to reach at last ;
When darkness turns to perfect day,
And every grief is past.

In patience we must journey still,
Though others round us fall ;
And strive to do our Father's will,
Who careth for us all.
The prize is sweet the hero wins,
When conflicts all are o'er ;
So if we here subdue our sins,
A crown we may secure.

A better country far away,
Shall end this path of woe,
And who in such a hope alway,
Would not rejoicing go,
Would not his cross with gladness bear,
And sing upon the road,
Once trod 'neath many a weight of care,
By holy men of God.

There still a peaceful city stands,
 Jerusalem the new ;
Not raised on high with human hands,
 But by the builder true.
The watchman on its walls doth keep,
 For us a vigil bright ;
Then why, though weary, should we weep,
 When home is just in sight.

PRAY FOR DEAR JERUSALEM.

Oh ! pray for dear Jerusalem,
Her children's peaceful home ;
When every night of grief is o'er,
From her no more they roam.

Within her gates they love to meet,
When earthly cares surround ;
Her love to weary souls is sweet,
In her true joy is found.

O ! pray for dear Jerusalem,
The Pilgrim's place of rest ;
When storms are swelling wild and high,
Upon Life's billowed breast.

Her hallowed walls where God abides
In ancient glory stand ;
Her songs of love the spirit guides
Into the peaceful land.

O ! pray for dear Jerusalem,
Her tears of sorrow fall,
For those who in their wanderings leave
The mother of us all.

The Lamp of Life to guide them still,
Doth on her altars burn ;
And softly shines in hours of woe,
Where contrite footsteps turn.

O ! pray for dear Jerusalem,
Her children's peaceful home ;
When every night of grief is o'er
From her no more they roam.

ALL'S WELL.

All's well—the shadows of the night,
Here ever fall around ;
But shining still with silver light
The star of Hope is found.
What though before our storm-tossed bark,
Life's mountain billows swell ;
That star shines most when days are dark—
All's well.

All's well—in hours of earthly care,
Or pain Love's hand bestows ;
We feel 'tis sweet for us to share
The grief whence mercy flows.
What then though sorrows round us stand,
But one dear truth they tell ;
Our home is in a brighter land,
All's well.

Rest shall be our's when toils are o'er
Where living waters flow ;
Sweet rest upon the vernal shore
Where flowers immortal grow.
What then though often here we weep
Within a sad heart's cell ;
Who sow in tears in joy shall reap—
All's well.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Two brothers on a dusty way,
Were walking on the self-same day ;
On which, as Mary early said,
The Lord had risen from the dead.

It was no idle tale indeed,
To which in heart they then gave heed ;
When for their Lord such grief they had,
They walked together and were sad.

But soon their faith was changed to sight,
Christ joined them, though unknown till night ;
When straight the 'd famili' r sign,
Healed to them a face divine.

And as they knew their Church's head,
When Jesus brake and gave the bread ;
So we, when gathered round His board,
By faith may know our risen Lord.

For as of old 'tis now as true,
That when we journey two by two,
O'er rugged ways and talk of Him,
He joins us though our eyes are dim.

And when our hearts may burn within,
With silent shame for secret sin ;
And we from self exalting cease,
He gives us sight and blessed peace.

To spiritual sight He stands,
To shew for love his wounded hands :
That all by sad bereavement tried,
May rest in Him the crucified.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

At sultry noon the Saviour came,
Afar o'er hill and dell ;
And being weary thus He sat
To rest on Jacob's well.
A woman tried its depths alone,
For water cool and clear ;
Give me to drink, the Saviour said,
As softly she drew near.

But as our pride will seldom seek
What in true hearts may be ;
She straight exclaimed, art thou a Jew
And askest drink of me ?
So oft on those we may condemn,
As soon this woman learned,
God has more tender love bestowed,
Than we by pride have earned.

For when we ask His gentle grace,
By which new life begins ;
Before His hand the gift bestows,
He tells us all our sins.
That as the woman left the well
To bear glad tidings home,
We leave our cares to Him and say,
The Christ to us has come.

So as that day her soul to wound,
No scornful word was breathed ;
But future life was crowned with peace,
As sweet as flowers wreathed ;
Let us with grace His gifts impart,
To hearts love should renew :
By pure and holy living show,
What contrite faith may do.

THE CROSS.

Sweet Cross bedewed with sorrow's eye
For eighteen hundred years ;
Close prest to many a sinful breast,
With hopes and doubts and fears.
Here many a heart all dark within,
With sombre shade of night ;
Bent o'er to break, looks up to sing
Of love and joy and light.

There's many a friend may lightly think
Of those once gladly known ;
But this sweet cross, though still despised,
Has never distant grown ;
Here silent sorrow shows the world,
'Tis suffering proves us pure,
For piercing pain and parting tear
True love must aye endure.

O heart with many a sorrow tried,
Where many a grief doth lie,
Why seek ye with a price of gold,
A crown of love to buy.
No friend in all the world can fill
The void of true heart's loss,
So well as He who dying blest
The sweet and holy cross.

SILVER AND GOLD.

The midnight air was damp and cold,
As it sighed around my dwelling
Like the voice of the year, which is growing old,
Where its notes in sadness swelling.
I was reading a gem, all cosy and warm,
By the anthracite burning bright,
When I heard a knock on the outer door,
Timid, and low, and light—
A timid knock at the dead of night.

I opened the door, and the bashful form
Of a poor young girl, was there,
And the dew of night shone clear and bright
Like pearls on her golden hair.
Although it fell in tresses wild,
Away from her tranquil brow,
It was lovely to me as the jeweled braids
Where admirers come to bow—
Lovely to me as it glistened now.

'Twas a beggar girl ; but what of that ?
 I knew at this lonely hour
 She was not forgotten by Him who counts
 The blossoms on every flower.
 I went to her home of want and woe,
 And I thought to myself while going,
 How much the lowly may learn of life,
 Which is thought not worthy of knowing,
 In homes where music and wine are flowing.

Up the stairway and through the hall,
 The tale has been often told,
 Of broken sashes, and fires low,
 And hearthstones damp and cold,
 And inmates dying forsaken alone.
 But what cares the world for this ?
 Though a thousand angels were lingering near,
 Awaiting the spirit's kiss
 Just passing away to the realms of bliss.

No mourner in pity was weeping there,
 No bell for the dead was tolled,
 Is friendship a jewel to buy and sell,
 As the commonest things are sold ?
 In a little bed in the corner lay,
 In that room so cheerless and cold,
 A matron of three score years and ten
 And a child of five years old—
 Sleeping, sleeping, lonely and cold.

I knew by the light of the pale white moon
 That shone in that chamber old,
 The reason our calling they answered not,
 And why they slept on in the cold.
 They both were dead ; but what of that ?—
 Swept by on the winds of night—
 No wealth was theirs ; give them no tears ;
 But bury them out of sight,
 Was the voice of the world on the wind that night.

Ah, me ! what a mournful scene was this ;
 But silver and gold were there,
 Blending their light by the moon so white
 O'er the brows of the silent pair.
 Oh ! not the kind which the world adores
 Were lending their luster near,
 But such as the hand of God had laid
 On the folds of their flowing hair,
 Where face touched face, were shining there.

And there as I stood with the humble child
 I thought of an olden home,
 Where father and brother and willing friends
 In happier days had come.
 But when they are gone all will change,
 To the young and old together,
 And the summer days, so warm and bright,
 Will change to wintry weather—
 To cheerless, wintry weather.

CHARITY.

Blessed be charity,
Cherish it ever,
Emblem of holiness,
Perfect and pure ;
Sweet with forgiveness,
That perisheth never,
Are they not noblest
Who hope and endure ?

Keep in thy mind,
A calm fountain of tenderness,
Ever o'erflowing,
For those who may stray,
Gentle in love,
As the Saviour who died for us,
Then by its beauty,
Judge others alway.

Wake the heart's loveliness,
Place on its altar,
Leaflets of sympathy,
Mourners to greet,
Let them bloom peacefully,
Let them grow silently,
They will have blossoming,
Fragrant and sweet.

Know you some erring one,
 One whose broad gentleness,
 Leads him o'er paths,
 Where the soul wrecked have gone.
 He has large heartedness,
 He has large tenderness,
 Bring to him sympathy's
 Holiest tone.

Wake the heart's loveliness,
 Words that have power,
 Born in the sunshine,
 Of gladness and mirth,
 Sow them like seed,
 For an upspringing floweret,
 Sweet to some weary one
 Stricken on earth.

Wake the heart's loveliness,
 Over the household,
 Let it go forth,
 In its clear, sunny ray.
 Falling on other hearts
 Ever affectionate,
 Make it a home light,
 That dawns with the day.

Wake the heart's loveliness,
 Fair lands are over us,

God's works around us,
 Breathe ever their hymn,
Why still be languishing,
 Hear their soft voices sing,
Low when the morning dawns
 When day grows dim.

Wake the heart's loveliness,
 Bright rays of promises,
Ever o'erspreading,
 Your hope beaming sky,
Then shall its peacefulness,
 Whisper in sacredness,
Something to live for,
 And ready to die.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Bright sunbeams athwart life's dreaming,
In flowery sandals creep ;
The fairest when morn is beaming,
And fewest before we sleep.

And summer ascends from gladness
And floats into cloudy fears ;
And many a scene of sadness ;
Is numbered at eighty years.

For my eighty years and over,
What are they but one long day ;
Where shadows of darkness hover,
And few are the friends who stay.

For tresses all bleached to whiteness,
And furrows along the brow ;
Are telling that young life's lightness,
Is hidden in shadows now.

And now that I'm done with dreaming,
I'm watching towards the west ;
And out of the day's last gleaming,
There shineth the sun of rest.

I'm drawing towards the landing,
 From over the tearful sea ;
 And what though the bark be stranding,
 If voyagers gain the lea.

And what in the word is written,
 I know to be wise and good ,
 For thrice has my flock been smitten,
 And thrice in the storm I've stood.

And she that her household knoweth,
 And eateth no idle bread :
 True honor her children showeth,
 And never deceit instead.

And blessed they all shall call her,
 And blessed they all shall be :
 And her husband when cares befall her,
 Who praiseth her more than he.

When Charlotte my fifth was taken,
 I thought as I bore my cross,
 That they are the least forsaken,
 Who meet with the greatest loss.

Though nine has my household numbered,
 Yet two have been called away ;
 For Ellen she softly slumbered,
 On a weeping April day.

I honor the proverb golden,
 Let others declare thy praise ;
 But she who in death was folded,
 Was lovely in all her ways.

'Twas just in the sacred season,
 The Bishop we love so well ;
 Had a good and solemn reason,
 The message of peace to tell.

And low in the church she rested,
 Which ever her soul sufficed ;
 In the saintly raiment vested,
 Of the dead who die in Christ.

The text in my mind still liveth,
 " My peace do I leave with you ;
 And not as the false world giveth,
 Give I to a soul that's true."

And this is the hope I cherished,
 For comfort beneath the rod ;
 That never a soul has perished,
 At rest in the peace of God.

For the world is a selfish giver,
 And coldly will joy efface ;
 But peace like a tranquil river,
 Flows forth from the throne of grace.

And often when nights are lonely,
 I listen to hear her sing ;
 It must be the echoes only
 To which in my age I cling.

It must be that age has clearness,
 So near to the golden clime ;
 But others who know our nearness,
 May sing to us all the time.

And all of my sons united,
 Have married the best of wives ;
 And none have my old age slighted
 So they will have happy lives.

My youngest my care has lightened,
 Though last in the cradle bed ;
 They all have my pathway brightened,
 But he is my baby Fred.

His wife she had early training,
 In orthodox ways indeed ;
 But grace she is yearly gaining,
 And bows in the holy creed.

And she has been led by sorrow,
 To treasure a hope above ;
 We know not what comes to-morrow
 To wither the fruit of love.

For life is a night and morning,
 A sunbeam and sombre shade ;
 But hope was the rose adorning
 The grave where her boy was laid.

My father was one who taught us
 The Lord's good way in the start ;
 But into the Church love brought us,
 And I love it with all my heart.

As a child of wrath created,
 Of Mercy I had my share :
 So how though predestinated,
 Could the wrathful persevere.

My Sarah has had her trials,
 And bears them with few complaints .
 For they are the golden vials,
 Which treasure the prayers of saints.

But often I've seen her weeping,
 And sorrow our eyes will dim ;
 But when I lament the sleeping,
 I turn to the tenth sweet hymn.

In three little mounds low lying,
 Are three of life's early morn,
 And a babe released from dying
 Was not into being born.

As life is the soul that liveth,
 That soul with the Lord may be,
 As He whom the spirit giveth,
 Is one though embracing three.

Thus her's is a faith well tested,
 A heart that has trouble seen ;
 But peace in the soul has rested,
 Where the bleat of the lamb has been.

And what are our graves all tearful,
 But beds where at rest we lie ;
 And what can there be so fearful,
 In dwelling beyond the sky ?

And is there not peace and blessing,
 With fleshly conflicts o'er ;
 For mourners in faith confessing
 His name who has gone before.

And what can I ask to cheer me
 While waiting the setting sun ;
 But all of my ducklings near me,
 And loving me every one.

And Mary she mourns another,
 Who went but in death returned ;
 As many a doating mother,
 Has woe in her soul inured.

But souls that are saved still living,
 Pass on to a higher state ;
 The Lord is not always giving,
 And they who would win must wait.

Full soon there are vacant places,
 In dwellings all drear and lone ;
 And sunny and saintly faces,
 Lie under a tear wet stone.

Sweet flowers will creep above them,
 And turn to the smiling west ;
 Like hearts to the friends who love them,
 Long entered to holy rest.

The evening shadows faintly
 Now herald the coming night ;
 And faithful souls and saintly,
 Should walk in the path of light.

And Peace in her wings revealing
 The love of a fairer land ;
 The balm of eternal healing,
 May close by my pillow stand.

My Jane has a princely dwelling,
 And Fred he is buying lands ;
 And she who this tale is telling,
 A dwelling not made with hands.

My children will have my features,
 When sleep shall my form enfold ;
 They felt so, the loving creatures,
 My hands were so brown and old.

But pictures will keep when flowers
 Bloom over my head so lone ;
 And waken the vanished hours,
 When Mother is dead and gone.

My minister too reflecting,
 When all of my strength shall fail ;
 Will still be my step expecting,
 Approaching the chancel rail.

But happy we feel when knowing,
 They live whom we long to see ;
 It shortens the way we're going,
 And so it may be with me.

And when I at last am sleeping,
 To wake in the world no more ;
 Look up through your blessed weeping,
 I've entered the pearly door.

I'm over the shining portal,
 The city of God I see ;
 I kneel by the throne immortal
 And there shall our meeting be.

ON RECEIVING A BOQUET.

Dear Friend, as yet to me unknown
 Within the poet's vase,
As you have wished your valued gift
 Has found a resting place.
I gaze upon them now and think
 In all this world of ours,
There's nought with words and smiles more pure
 Than this thy gift of flowers.

And as I sit me down to read
 The language of their leaves,
With many a wish to know thy name,
 My heart the gift receives.
Their modesty, their purity,
 Are emblems which I trace,
Imprinted in their loveliness
 Of gentleness and grace.

The azure sky, the genial sun,
 Above their bed of sod,
Have shed upon their blossoms frail
 The vernal gifts of God.
So long may he keep watch o'er thee,
 In a life's fleeting hours
And in thy heart such beauty shed
 As robes these lovely flowers.

His beauty on their faces fair,
Which now I softly greet,
When worn within the human mind
Will make our own as sweet.
They all must fade, as lingering dies
The twilight's glow at even ;
But grace and purity of mind
Will bloom again in Heaven.

PARTING WITH A CHILD.

Mournfully, tearfully,
Cold in the ground ;
Early we laid him
Under a mound.
Calm be his slumbers,
Through the long hours,
Under the waving grass,
Under the flowers.

Hands sweetly folded,
Eyes sealed in sleep,
Gentle stars watch him,
Summer clouds weep.
Sadness and sorrow reign
Now in our home,
There shall the missing one
Never more come.

Never more near us
His voice shall be heard,
Softly as roses,
Gently wind-stirred ;
Now its low melody
Warbles above,
While we in silence,
Mourn for his love.

GREENWOOD.

Green leaves are weeping
Tear drops of dew,
Mournfully sobbing
From willow and yew ;
Twilight is lingering,
Longing to stay,
Kissing the blossoms
Adieu for the day.

Loveliness faded
Its emblems beneath,
Fresh flowers scenting
The garden of death ;
Households in silence
Sleep in the mold,
Buried in darkness,
Lonely and cold.

Violets, closing
Their beautiful eyes,
Hide their soft azure
Away from the skies ;
Blossoming roses,
Folding each leaf,
Mingle in fragrance,
Offerings of grief.

Musing, I wander
 By many a mound ;
 Beauty is fading
 Under the ground.
 Dear little children—
 Loved ones of home—
 Here by their green graves
 Sadly I roam.

They have no waking,
 No greeting, no smile ;
 Death is the monarch—
 Him they beguile ;
 Here are fond mothers
 Silently borne ;
 Absent ones grieve for them,
 Stricken hearts mourn.

Graves of the lovely,
 The purest and best,
 In your deep shadows
 Calmly they rest ;
 Memory restores me
 Faces of old,
 Beautiful faces,
 Covered with mold.

Garnered in silence,
 Away from life's cares,

Peacefully slumbering
Through the long years ;
Death is so chilly
And cold in his bowers,
We cover the caskets
Containing his flowers.

COLLEGE MEDITATION.

In this quiet shade sequestered,
Where in sunny days of yore,
Souls by God's grace enlivened,
(Some already gone before.)
Have with pure poetic fervor,
Breathed sweet hope in many a line,
Sit I now in calm communion,
With this humble muse of mine.

Thinking oft in future hours,
When afar life's duty calls,
And from distant scenes and households
Gifted minds shall seek these halls.
That the vernal season dawning,
Shall invite to genial shade,
'Neath these spreading boughs now softly
By the breath of summer swayed.

How these blessings God has given,
Merry birds and incensed flowers.
Soothe the soul with gentlest murmurs,
Through the long and cheerful hours.
Here when leaflets green are budding
And the voice of spring is sweet,
When I sleep in rest unbroken
Brothers still will brothers greet.

Where no silent care intruding
 Mars the beauty of the spell ;
 And stout hearts resolve for duty,
 And to fight life's battles well,
 On the field where in the morning,
 Many nobly striving fall,
 As the tablèts raised acquaint us,
 On our pleasant Chapel wall.

That fair blooms as these around me,
 O'er us all shall strew their leaves,
 And forgetfulness about us,
 Wrap the sombre shroud it weaves,
 Through the days of generations,
 Until microscopic aid,
 Scarce shows that poor humanity,
 In sorrow there was laid.

Now afar with earnest toiling,
 Where the cares of life abound ;
 Others with these scenes familiar
 Moving safely on are found,
 In homes made sweet and sacred,
 By the grace of Christian love,
 On the shrines warm hearts have hallowed,
 To the pure and gentle dove.

Here I dream of distant action ;
 Of the tread of eager feet,

That may know no more returning,
To this well-remembered seat,
But I look far o'er the landscape,
When fair twilight gems the west,
And I think of richer beauty,
In the radiant land of rest.

When the warder on Time's fortress,
His last call to us shall sound,
And the march of mourning brothers
Bears us onward to the ground,
May we close our eyes as softly
As when nightly we take rest ;
And our hands lie gladly over
On a calm and peaceful breast.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

A pure youth stood on the silver sand,
By the tranquil sea of life ;
Whose waters sing in the mellow morn,
With never a wave of strife.

And over the mirror of amber light,
Afar to the farthest world ;
His bright eye turned to a fairy bark
With a silken sail unfurled.

Sweet music rose from the fragrant deck
Soft whispers of skilful lutes ;
And wafted sounds to the vernal shore,
Like a hundred golden flutes.

The pearly oars kept tuneful time,
And an incense censer burned ;
By a queen of light on the after deck,
As the prow to the shore was turned.

She saw the youth on the silver sand,
And his brow so pure and high.
Revealed the fame of a deathless name ;
And she breathed a passing sigh.

She blushed a blush like the rosy morn
Throws over the crimson sea ;
And banner and sail slid softly down,
By the youth on the spell-bound lea.

Then a lover's love swept o'er his soul,
And he sang with a hopeful heart ;
"With a sail unfurled to the farthest world,
Let a lover with thee depart."

He sang of the future and what would be,
And a loving that lived for aye ;
Till the banner and sail embraced the gale,
And together they sailed away.

They sailed away and for many a day,
On the breast of the rosy tide,
Fond zephyrs followed the fairy bark
And blessed the happy bride.

For many a year and many a day
The banner abroad was flung ;
And love light gilded its dewy folds,
And their hearts were always young.

And ever the same when rough winds came,
The skilful lutes were heard,
And in darkest hours the fairy bark
Sailed on like a fearless bird.

And the incense censer filled the gale,
 And the golden flutes kept time ;
 And the pearly oars by countless shores
 Heard many a lover's rhyme.

And many a lullaby was sung,
 By lilies that kissed the prow,
 'Mid vernal islands whose fruitage hung,
 In clusters bending low.

They sailed away for many a day,
 Till a silent city seen,
 Unfolded the gate on its pillars gray
 And the lovers sailed between.

They sailed between on the crystal sea,
 To the Bride, the pure Lamb's wife ;
 The Zion of old and the streets of gold,
 And the light of immortal life.

There's many a youth on the silver shore,
 And bark on the purple tide ;
 And the soft lutes whisper forever more,
 Love looks on the sunny side.

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LENT.

Flower infolded in mossy bed,
Violet waiting perfume to shed,
Little leaf dreaming of golden day,
Heard ye One sorrowing pass this way ?

Into the wilderness, cold and drear,
Awful temptation resigned to bear,
Grace I am seeking to hold like Him,
Strength in life's wilderness wide and dim.

Shadows encircle the desert wild,
Hid in my spirit by sin defiled ;
Seeking His form in this waste to meet,
Daily I follow His blessed feet.

Flower of Paradise ; lift thy face,
Perfume this desert with vernal grace ;
Raise in the silent and barren gloom,
Penitence fragrant with perfect bloom.

Flower low sleeping to rise again,
Looking through shadows for April rain ;
Little leaf dreaming of golden day,
Heard ye One sorrowing pass this way ?

THE WREN.

When tender twilight templed round,
The day enwraps with scarce a sound ;
A little wren with wistful wing,
Sits out beside her nest to sing.

I see her form through fragrant leaves,
Which bloom beneath the homestead eaves ;
While blessings to the blue above,
She warbles in her song of love.

My thoughts are borne beyond the strife,
And cumbrous cares of mortal life ;
Where yonder star with pensive eye,
Peeps at me through the rosy sky.

The holy hymns of life divine,
Breathed once by voices versed with mine ;
This fairy wren must fondly know,
His sweetest notes retain them so.

Sing, fairy wren, with folded wing,
In golden hour of gladsome spring ;
But faded features never more,
Can happy hymn to nome restore.

But since to knowledge most profound,
Unknown you fall not to the ground ;
Why not my faith like yours arise,
In love-songs to the silent skies ?

While on the sunny shores of time,
The soul foresees a fairer clime ;
Why not with grateful songs of praise,
And sweet contentment end our days ?

As thy sweet song at set of day,
Doth hie thy household cares away ;
When life's concluding labors cease,
May mine be hymns of perfect peace.

JAMIE.

The bud of our soul's affection,
Has faded from all our care ;
The light of our love's reflection,
Illumines a brighter sphere.
But sorrow his form revealing,
Can never from me depart,
And Jamie I'm still concealing,
Enshrined in my inmost heart.

The soul has a life immortal,
The beautiful never die ;
And love is the golden portal,
Uniting the earth and sky.
And Jamie my fondest treasure,
Though laid in a shaded mound,
Pure love in its fullest measure,
In heaven for aye has found.

My beautiful boy, my only,
First blush of a mother's love ;
My spirit when sad and lonely,
Looks up to thy home above.
And what if my heart is weeping,
Faith must be tried by tears ;
And jewels the Lord is keeping,
Fade not through eternal years.

O Jamie, my deathless flower,
Gone back from this world of strife,
When endeth this little hour,
I hope to pass into life.
And whither thou hast ascended,
My darling so briefly mine,
Where mourning is ever ended,
My love shall unite with thine.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

Speak softly, disturb not this beautiful dream,
O low let your anguish be spoken ;
And never repeat when I silently sleep,
How my heart by his coldness was broken.

I'm fading away like the flowers of Spring,
With blossoms too ten^der for strife ;
I'm fading away but I know I shall live,
In a bright and more beautiful life.

I care not to stay forsaken by one,
Whose love was the light of my heart,
For life's golden morning is shrouded in gloom,
From which it were better to part.

Take not from my bosom that picture of him,
Which in silence has witnessed my tears ;
But with this dead rose let it share the repose
Of my ashes for many long years.

O tell him I died with a blessing for him,
And our parting at best will be brief,
And say I forgave him, and then he may find
Consolation in hours of grief.

Speak softly, disturb not this beautiful dream,
O low let your anguish be spoken,
And never repeat when I silently sleep
How my heart by his coldness was broken.

CHEERFULNESS.

Who does not love a merry laugh ?
A laugh that's fresh and free,
Within whose clear and joyous notes,
Good nature all can see.
I love a laugh, an honest laugh,
From happy hearts outspringing,
A melody of merry sounds
With cheerful music ringing.

I love a laugh, a cheerful laugh,
When beauty's face adorning,
As fresh and fair on dimpled cheeks,
As sun rays in the morning.
The joyful laugh of childhood's morn,
Which knows no silent sorrow,
When hope is bright as stars at night,
And comes with every morrow.

There will be dark and weary days,
Cold rain on summer flowers,
But every honest heart's a sun,
In this fair world of ours.
Who does not love a merry laugh,
In sunny glee outspringing,
A melody of joyful sounds,
With cheerful music ringing ?

THY WILL BE DONE.

Not my will, but thine be done,
My Father and my God,
Be thou my guide whene'er in life
I pass beneath the rod.
When sorrow to the spirit comes,
Some mercy is begun,
Then thought is borne afar from earth,
To where the soul's best hope has birth ;
Thy will be done.

Not my will but thine be done,
When heart and flesh shall fail,
And pains that bring me nearer Thee,
This mortal form assail.
When vanished days have gained me strength
Through merits of Thy Son,
Strength then to comfort and sustain,
When I return to dust again ;
Thy will be done.

Not my will, but thine be done,
Thou doest all things well;
The morning dews, the midnight stars,
Thy care and wisdom tell.
Some balm doth every grief contain,
The cloud but hides the sun,
May I in patience bear my cross.
Whate'er may be my earthly loss,
Thy wi'l be done.

IN CÆLO QUIES.

O, is there rest, sweet rest
Afar from weary care ;
In mansions of the sainted blest,
Have we our treasures there ?

We walk in sorrow's night,
This earth Thy feet have trod ;
O lead us to unfading light,
Our Saviour and our God.

Thy love our hope remains,
Thy grace the wondrous power,
By which the fainting soul attains
Strength for the parting hour.

O, is there rest, sweet rest,
When pilgrim days are past,
The sun shines not from east to west,
Where earthly pleasures last.

Thy love our life controls,
With longing hearts we roam,
Nor can we find between the poles
A resting place, a home.



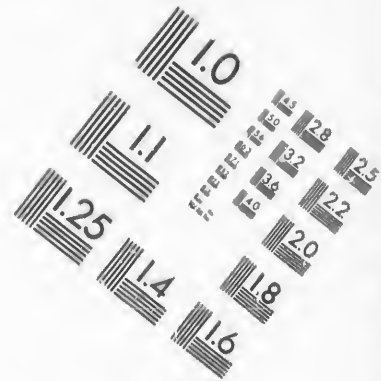
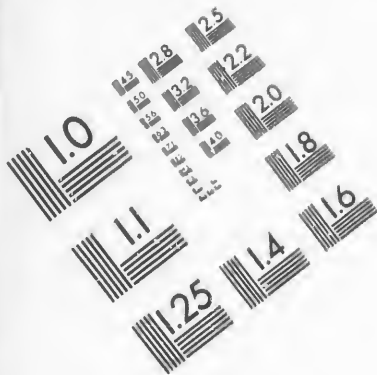
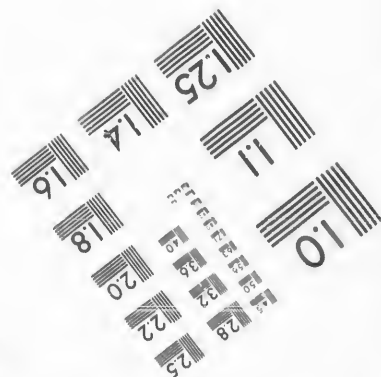
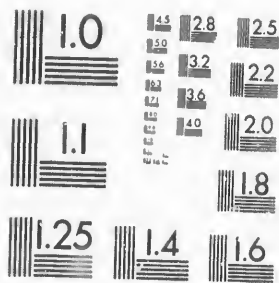


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O, is there rest, sweet rest,
Afar from weary care,
In mansions of the sainted blest,
Have we our treasures there ?

ABSENCE.

Far across the trackless ocean
Flies the lone bird to the main,
Countless miles and still unwearied,
Till it finds its home again.
Thus when far away I'm roaming,
Memory fondly bears to thee,
O'er the weary leagues that part us,
Gentle wishes, love, from me.

In the storm the ocean, sweeping,
Tempest-tost the sailor's hand,
On her course the vessel keeping,
Makes at last the wished for land.
Like a star which guides him onward
Safely o'er the angry sea,
On life's wide and stormy waters,
Thou art still a star to me.

Ever, when along my pathway,
Sorrow's lengthened shadows fall,
Still a gentle ray is shining,
Shining sweetly over all.
All a husband's adoration
Keeps thee in this heart of mine,
Every hope and sweet reflection
Made more pure by love from thine.

OUR EXAMPLE.

He suffered for us, here enduring,
Pain of body, grief of soul,
So should we be clothed with meekness,
Every murmuring thought control.

Storms may sweep o'er life's broad ocean,
Darkest shadows fall around,
Still in Christ our great example,
Strength and patience may be found.

Pilgrim on thy homeward journey,
Suffering much of earthly ill ;
Think of that sad scene of anguish,
Once endured on Calvary hill.

When thy cross seems most to burden,
Strive thou most to be resigned ;
Forasmuch as Christ has suffered,
Arm yourself with the same mind.

WHAT IS OUR VOW ?

What is our vow ? Beloved, whom I have chosen,
Out of the great wide world the best,
To be mine own, my dearest self, mine only,
Loving, and, being loved, to be most blest,
Is it to bring deep anguish, sin or woe,
Or scorn, or hatred ? no, ah' no.

What is our vow ? Bound by the fondest ties,
Life entwined in life, and love in love,
My being to thy being joined,
One in one, our brightest hope above.
Is it to cause sad tears for each to flow,
Or days of mourning ? no, ah' no.

This is our vow, thou whom I love most dearly,
Hope, in my fondest hope indwelling,
For good will ; heart to heart always,
The sacred pledge in kind acts telling.
And on through life to keep love warm as now,
My soul's pure soul, this be our vow.

THE PROMISE.

In the calm and pleasant even,
By the twilight soft and still,
Oft my spirit turns grief-saddened
To the scene on Calvary Hill.
And these peaceful words and holy,
Like a softly murmured strain,
Waken sweetest expectation,
"I will come to you again."

I will come when sorrow shrouds you,
And when early friends have gone.
I will wrap my mantle round you,
And you shall not be alone.
Though the way is dark with shadows,
And the heart bows down with pain,
And your longing soul is weary,
"I will come to you again."

I will come when thou art praying,
And when calling long on me ;
Thou shalt know my tender mercy,
And a friend to thee I'll be.
I will come when thou art weeping.
When in sickness thou art lain,
On the couch of silent mourning,
"I will come to you again."

I will come when thou art watching,
Through the changing scenes of time,
For the star of love that shineth,
From the never fading clime.
When my cross in grief thou'rt bearing,
When the loss shall be thy gain,
I will listen for thy calling,
"I will come to you again."

WHEN THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT.

When the shadows of night have shrouded the day
For its rest in the vault of time,
To bear it away with its twilight ray,
To an unseen unknown clime;
There's a picture then in my memory framed,
In sunniest colors shaded,
Where my thoughts still fondly love to dwell,
Though the scene it recalls has faded.

It shows not the fame of a warrior's name,
From many a well wrought story,
Of deeds of arms, 'mid the loud alarms,
On the field of a nation's glory,
Nor the great man's pride of his wide spread lands,
Not the orator's chainless power,
Nor the festal board where the wine-cup flows,
With the fleeting midnight hour.

More gentle, more simple it is by far,
And its beauty can never depart,
Though often defaced by the wayward thoughts,
Which arise in the erring heart.
It is dear to the father of light and life,
In the morn of life's transient day,
'Tis a mother first teaching a lisping voice,
For a Saviour's perfection to pray.

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I LOVE TO LOOK HOMEWARD.

I love to look homeward toward that fair land
Whose voices sing sweetly throughout its loved band,
Where Jesus the Saviour with kindness, with care
Smiles oft on the chosen who dwell with him there.

I love to look homeward, far, far from this scene
In beauty and gladness, no tears intervene,
My Shepherd, my Saviour, my Father, my Guide,
Will lead me in safety where bright waters glide.

I love to look homeward and think of the day,—
I'll hear his last message, to call me away,
Away from life's sorrows, away from life's woes,
And leave this frail casket to earthly repose.

I love to look homeward when morning appears,
And its blossoms, like hope, are smiling through tears,
The warm sun arises proclaiming the day,
And melts from the flowers their dew tears away.

I love to look homeward when daylight grows dim,
And I hear from the greenwood full many a hymn,
O'er mountains and meadows, and down the soft streams,
The beautiful twilight falls softly as dreams.

I love to look homeward, 'tis comfort, 'tis cheer,
And think of the glories awaiting me there,
As time glides me onward towards the sweet even,
That takes me to Jesus, that takes me to heaven.

NEVER ALONE.

I never am alone,
Thou art my faithful guide,
Where'er my wandering footsteps roam
Still Thou art by my side ;
I never am alone ;
When clouds of darkness lower,
The strength of Thy supporting arm
Outlives the dreary hour.

I never am alone !
Throughout each fleeting day
Thy mercy comforteth my soul,
Thou art my friend, alway ;
And when before my eyelids close
I breathe my faltering prayer,
Faith whispers then, Thou wilt forgive,
And still that Thou art near.

I never am alone !
While peacefully I sleep,
I know that Thou who slumberest not,
Unceasing watch will keep ;
Thou sharest still with me Thy love,
Still I enjoy Thy grace :
My Savior, ever make my heart
Thine own abiding place.

I never am alone !

Why should I fear to die,
Since Thou hast conquered death, and made
For me a home on high ;
And when I tread the valley lone
Where darksome shadows hide,
I know that Thou wilt comfort me
And be my faithful guide.

I never am alone !

Why should I grieve to bear
The daily trials of my life,
Since Thou art with me there ;
Thou murmured not to bear Thy cross
For me on Calvary Hill,
Why should I mourn to bear my own.
Since Thou art with me still.

HOME GLADNESS.

There is music in the parlor,
There is laughing in the hall,
And the footsteps of our loved ones
To lightsome measures fall ;
Glad hearts have met together,
And daily toils are done,
Bright smiles on dimpled faces
Are full of mirth and fun.

The beautiful are with me—
The ones I dearly love,
Soft eyes are gazing on me
'Neath raven curls above ;
Here comes a kiss to greet me,
More sweet than summer flowers,
From childhood's lip 'tis joy to sip
The balm of Eden's bowers.

My fondest thoughts are centered here,
With wife and children three,
Of all the jewels in the world,
The brightest ones to me ;
Bright eyes, warm hearts and cheerful smiles,
There's none where e'er I roam
So true, so dear, as those that here
Adorn our happy home.

Bees hum about the roses,
 Birds sing upon the trees,
 The summer morning brings me
 The melodies of these ;
 The robin in the willow
 Is watching o'er his nest,
 And I, with those who love me,
 Am mortal, heaven blest.

O, little golden ringlets—
 O, raven tresses bright—
 Soft eyes and dimpled faces
 All radiant with delight :
 O, voices full of melody,
 There's none where e'er I roam
 So true, so dear, as these that here
 Adorn my happy home.

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MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

When I was very young,
I stood beside a new-made grave and wept ;
Grief's shadows to my heart since then have clung,
For though long years my sister there has slept,
The quiet stars have vigils kept
Through willow boughs, whose weeping leaves have hung
In grief, since I was young.

The little mound, still green,
Is yet o'er grown with many fragrant flowers,
And on their blossoms, through the night unseen,
Soft dews from Heaven descend in gentle showers
Refreshingly, in darkest hours,
While wandering I in stranger lands have been,
Mourning bright days between.

Dark shadows haunt the grave
Within, where beauty takes its dreary sleep,
But oft it comes from later cares to save
The buried loveliness o'er which we weep.
O, who would long to keep
His fragile bark on life's tempestuous wave,
In some rude storm to find a grave ?

Blest spirit ! ever more,
Among the lovely, in the peaceful land,
Dost ever smile on me, as oft before,
When thou wert happy in our household band ?
Or, by the throne where stand
The hallowed of the better world, implore
For me the open door ?

O, if our loved ones may,
From that bright place, our sorrow ever see—
Or, wandering like timid doves away,
To us unseen come—breathe its melody—
Come, gentle one to me !
And softly sing one sweet and sacred lay—
By twilight's tender ray !

SUBURBAN HOME SCHOOL.

Afar from the city's dusty noise,
And snares for the feet of youth ;
The teacher moldeth the plastic mind,
In friendship, love and truth.

He keepeth the springs of action pure,
He fileth the heart and mind ;
With the fear of God, the love of man,
And classical lore combined.

He soweth that seed in the fertile soil,
Whose fruitage himself doth know ;
The seed of knowledge, of faith and hope,
Whence the golden fruit will grow.

He strengthens the weak and checks the bold,
And studies the rude to guide ;
To honor themselves and the homes they love
And cherish an honest pride.

He patiently beareth with those unmarked,
By talents that number high ;
For every flower that sees the sun,
Has a dew drop from the sky.

And many a bud that's slow to bloom,
Has the sweetest fragrance given ;
And many a mind that humblest seems
Has the highest gift of heaven.

W H E N ?

When shall the dawn of day,
Welcome me home ?
When o'er the pleasant way,
My footsteps roam ?
When where the Angels sing,
Shall I my treasures bring,
Borne on the seraph's wing,
Borne to my home.

When shall the gates of gold,
Open for me ?
Into the shepherd's fold,
Happy and free.
Far from a world of care,
Jesus my Saviour near ;
Angels of glory there,
I long to see.

When shall the dawn of day,
Guide me afar ?
Where beams in holy light,
The risen star.
Where Christ shall still be mine,
Where endless glories shine,
Where sorrow, joys divine
Never can mar.

When shall the dawn of day
 Welcome me home ?
When o'er the pleasant way,
 My footsteps roam.
When where the Angels sing,
Shall I my treasures bring,
Borne on the seraph's wing,
 Borne to my home.

ELLA.

When the golden grain was lying
Bound in shining yellow sheaves ;
When the harvest moon was waning
O'er the changing autumn leaves,
When the locust bough was tapping
Like a finger on the pane,
Sweet Ella whispered sadly
" We part to meet again "

We saw her eyelids closing
O'er their orbs so coldly blue,
And on her brow had gathered
The tell-tale drops of dew ;
And her lips grew strangely silent,
But her spirit was at rest ;
So we folded both her dimpled hands
In beauty on her breast.

As we stood around her—sobbing
For the loss we had sustained,
We knew of greater riches,
Which our early-called had gained,
Of her happiness and beauty
In the palaces above,
Although a treasure lost to us,
The angels had her love.

So we laid away her dresses,
 Her flowers and her toys,
 They are ours, hers, caresses
 In the land of fadeless joys ;
 When we see our mother weeping
 Oft beside her vacant bed,
 There may be sweet responses
 From the angel overhead.

Oft I list for the music
 Of her voice at eventide,
 And for a gentle footstep
 Falling softly by my side ;
 My heart keeps all their echoes,
 But I list for steps in vain,
 And I love her golden promise
 " We part to meet again."

When the golden grain was lying
 Bound in shining yellow sheaves,
 When the harvest moon was waning
 O'er the changing autumn leaves,
 When the locust bough was tapping
 Like a finger on the pane,
 Sweet Ella whispered sadly
 " We part to meet again."

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

The Saviour who loves me is mild,
Once when he was journeying here,
He took little ones in his arms,
And said they were worthy his care.
I am glad I can go to Him now,
And tell him I ever will try
To be a good child while I live,
For I want to be His when I die.

The Saviour who loves me, last night,
When I laid me down safely to sleep,
Kept away every danger and fear,
Through the shadows of midnight so deep.
And now when the morning is bright,
And soft incense is filling the air,
I must not forget it is time
I should thank Him who does so, in prayer.

The Saviour who loves me, provides
For my wants in my own happy home,
And I should be gentle and kind
To the needy and weary who come.
And then in the fine cheerful day
I can play and be joyous and free,
For whenever we give unto these,
He has said you have done it to me.

The Saviour who loves me will come
To the earth again, great in His power,
And many that think not will tremble
And shrink from his face in that hour ;
But all who now love Him in life,
The young and the aged shall hear
His voice bid them come to His side,
And I know I should like to be there.

The Saviour who loves me is good,
Of His aid I shall ever have need ;
How sad is the story of Him,
And His words how consoling to read.
May all who are passing away,
As young and as happy as I.
Go to Him in the beautiful land,
Where He dwells, far beyond the blue sky.

THE ASCENSION.

How sweet his hope who lives by faith,
As oft returns the day,
The Saviour led His children forth,
Upon their thoughtful way,
Where lifting up His wounded hands,
He blest them with His love ;
Ascending to the mansions bright,
This weary world above.

Well might they turn their steadfast gaze,
Far up that path of light ;
And strive to pierce the distant cloud,
Which hid Him from their sight,
As we who parted from our Lord,
Full often turn our eyes
With eager gaze to that bright home,
Above the starry skies.

To them the angels spake who stood
In spotless vestments near ;
Foretelling Christ again to men,
Would on the earth appear.
So when our pilgrimage is o'er,
Life's battle fought and won,
With theirs our souls shall thus ascend,
To meet God's Holy Son.

May truth sustain what they beheld,
Until that awful morn,
When day and night shall fade away,
And we to heaven are borne ;
When in His boundless fields of space,
The earth no more is found ;
And love's eternal anthem fills
His courts with joyful sound.

THE TRIAL.

Who would have thought of our Josie
Marching forth to the front,
Our home-loved delicate Josie,
Breasting the battle's brunt.

Marching in close where the bayonets,
Pointed and charged and met,
Marching in close where the red rain
Poured till the ground was wet.

Ah me, what an eager army,
Came from the North and South,
Of brothers to war with brothers,
Up to the cannon's mouth.

And why did we fear when Josie
Said he would go outright ;
To enter the fearful struggle,
And battle through all the fight.

And only think of our Josie,
Sleeping at night in a tent,
And bearing a soldier's burden
As brave as the best that went.

Our home-loved delicate Josie
 Marching away to die,
 And no one to say God bless him
 Or bid him a last good-bye.

And was it not out of reason,
 Where such a fire should burn ;
 In a form so fair and slender,
 That he could ever return.

And how he fared in the struggle,
 And how he fared in the field ;
 We never could learn for comfort,
 The truth was never revealed.

We said he could never stand it
 Though having an iron will ;
 Yet the tidings made us tremble,
 When Josie was taken ill.

Then mother was broken-hearted,
 And father was bowed with grief ;
 And they went in search of Josie
 Whose life must at best be brief.

They hurried away in silence,
 They hurried to Josie's bed ;
 His gun was stood in the corner,
 And never a word he said.

It made them faint with anguish,
And their inmost hearts to bleed ;
To see how the child had suffered,
All through neglect and need.

To look at his form so wasted,
His face so pale and thin ;
With his brow as cold as marble,
And a white band under his chin.

And to think of all they sent him,
He never received in life ;
And how he was left to perish,
Was worse than death in the strife.

To die with never a comfort,
For wretches in human guise ;
Who said he was quite neglected,
And smoothed his pillow with lies

Ah how could we look on Josie
When mother with him came back ;
For the gun was off his shoulder,
And the knapsack off his back.

His eyes were closed and darkened
Through all of the live-long day ;
And his tender form enshrouded,
Was cold as a clod of clay.

And we laid him in the churchyard
 Life's struggle for ever o'er ;
 Where perishing want and sorrow,
 Can come to him never more.

And mother has learned to bear it,
 And treasure the hope with me
 That though she could not be near him
 He's happier far than we.

For often life is a conflict,
 And many a time will be,
 When what our Father orders,
 We cannot expect to see

We cannot expect with reason,
 Nor aught of our feeble sight,
 To know the whys and wherefores,
 Of God's extended might.

For many a blow is given,
 And many a wish denied,
 And many a soul most loving,
 By faith must be longest tried.

And oft when we feel forsaken,
 And reckon each earthly loss ;
 We walk in a path of glory,
 And carry a saving cross.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

We're passing through a world of care,
Along a rugged road ;
O who will dry the falling tear,
Or bear the pilgrim's load.
When gathering shadows thickly fall,
On hearts with grief' opprest ;
What voice of love will softly say,
Come, weary child, and rest.

We're passing through a world of care,
And grief in every form ;
O who will hear us when we call,
And guide us through the storm.
This longing for a holier life,
This warfare of the soul ;
O who will heed and give us strength,
When dangers round us roll.

We're passing through a world of care,
Not every path is bright ;
Where flowers cherished in life's morn,
Are fragrant in the night.
Few pleasant ways with roses fringed,
Are trod by weary feet ;
Few vernal fountains softly sing,
The sad to slumbers sweet.

We're passing through a world of care,
But Christian mourner stay ;
One still is near whose love will turn
Thy darkness into day ;
Thy sorrows here shall lead thee home,
Where missing ones are blest ;
And He who died for thee shall say,
Come, weary child, and rest.

WHEN I GO TO THAT LAND.

When I go to that land where no sorrow
Or parting in anguish is found,
And the fingers these lines that are tracing
Are folded and cold in the ground,
Who'll come to my green grave there planting
The flowers that early appear,
Or who, 'mid the silence around me,
Will shed to my memory a tear.

Dear friends I have loved have been scattered,
Like roses that fall to decay ;
Some sleep their long sleep where we laid them,
And some 'neath the blue ocean's spray.
And thus when life's changes about me
Bring others as fond or as dear,
Which one will be left at its closing,
To come to my grave with a tear ?

Ah, here who would linger when loved ones
Have bade us in anguish farewell,
And naught in the wide world around us
Can lighten the sorrowful spell ?
Along the green pathway where flowers
In life's early morning were strown,
Who now o'er the blossoms all withered
Forsaken would wander alone.

When I go to that land of the lovely,
When twilight appears in the west,
And the bloom and the beauty of summer
Are blending in love's young breast,
Who'll come to my grave there planting
The flowers which early appear,
Or who mid the silence of heaven,
Will shed to my memory a tear?

THE BEAUTIFUL WATCHER.

A mother stood by a dying child
The last of her household band,
Husband and children all were gone,
Gone to the spirit land.
She slept, but a cold and snowy brow
Told sadly she could not live,
Her smile was only in answer to one
That an angel unseen might give.

"Mother," she whispered, "I know that ere long,
I must sleep in the silent gloom,
But father would call me an angel you know
When he sang with me here in this room.
I must be in a dream for I hear his voice
Repeating in earnest tone,
'Bright angel come, bright angel come.'
Dear mother are you alone ?

For I saw near you such a beautiful form
With a face so pure and light,
It is near you now and sweetly smiles
As it has through all the night ;
And still when you slept for a little while,
I could hear the watcher sing,
But I fell asleep when I shaded my eyes
From the light of its shining wing.

It sang of a home that was far away,
 In a voice so tender and low,
 How glad it would be to carry me,
 And I said I would like to go.
 I would still be safe on its gentle breast,
 And 'twould comfort you all the day,
 To think I will know you and still be yours
 When 'he watcher takes me away."

"My child no beautiful form is near,
 No light by your bedside burns ;
 And only the moonlight along the floor,
 The gloom to this brightness turns.
 I see no watcher, I hear no voice,
 I stand by you love, alone,
 And here I shall stand, of our household band,
 The last when my child is gone.

The days will come and the nights will pass,
 And the world be glad and gay ;
 And I so lonely among them all,
 And my love so far away.
 The days will pass and the spring return
 And the flower and bird and bee,
 But Laurie from out her narrow home
 Will never come back to me."

"Dear mother one kiss, I am colder now,
 And the light to my eyes grows dim,

And a voice like Ida's before she died,
I hear in a holy hymn.
The beautiful watcher you cannot see,
Not yet from your side has flown ;
He comes and carries me through the dark,"—
And the mother and clay were alone.

LINES TO ALICE.

As o'er the harp the minstrel loves,
Sweet strains are lightly stealing
Like magic to the listener's ear
True loveliness revealing ;
So softly float the melodies
Of moments long gone by,
Back to my heart and waken there
The music of a sigh.

Oh ! ever thus they steal away
My thoughts on fleeting wings,
Which hover lightly, fondly round
Their well-remembered springs ;
Like busy bees they search the flowers
Where treasures still they see,
And ever homeward fondly bear
Sweet memories of thee.

O'er thee alone, oh, gentle one,
May love unfold its wing,
And give thee shelter from the storms
Which coming years may bring.
Too frail art thou to bear the cold,
The blighting frost of time ;
Thou'rt looking for a better land—
A softer, purer clime.

O'er thee, dear one, in every hour,
 May friendship's blossoms bend,
And guard thee as a tender flower,
 On which soft dews descend.
Ever to thee, so sweet, so frail,
 Should fondest love be given,
To keep the plant whose blossoms shall
 Unfold their hues in Heaven.

THE ANGEL FACE.

'Tis with me everywhere
So sweet, so beautiful. The hallowed loveliness so long
that smiled
In every feature of its mortal form is there itself im-
mortal.
From out the pearly maze of stars, from out the azure
distant light and pure,
Where soul love dwells among the lovely evermore,
It softly comes to greet mine own from Heaven's por-
tal.

'Tis never grieved or sad,
When mourns my soul and down its inward face the
tears unseen
Course silently, that I should love for worldly hopes to
live ;
It shares them not, but like a spotless, snow-winged
dove,
Unconscious of its flight, so far from its pure sphere of
love,
It hovers near, and sweetly lends the light its peace can
give.

Oh ! haunting angel face,
 Where love and truth blend in such beauty on their ra-
 dianant throne,
 Why lingering by me comest thou from thine own
 home of bliss,
 Where to the changeless eye there comes no mourners
 tear,
 'Mid all life's ruder sounds and scenes of care,
 To smile on me in such a world as this.

To call me to the better land !
 Beloved face, I feign with thee would pass the golden
 gates
 Beyond the walls of time, and mingle on its jasper
 street,
 Amid the armies of the beautiful and loved ones gone,
 Whose faces radiant, bright and holy as thine own,
 Await the hour when soul and buried sense again shall
 meet.

Oh ! calm and peaceful face,
 With thee comes floating back, far through the vapors
 dim
 Of Time's wide surging sea ; sweet sounds of other
 years,
 That o'er my ear in gentle wavelets break,
 Whose echoes in my heart's lone chambers wake
 Sad melodies that fill my eyes with tears.

MINNIE.

Softly, softly now she sleeps,
Sweetly, still and pale ;
One beside her sits and weeps,
Flowers fair are frail.
Upward, upward o'er the blue,
Mourner turn thine eye,
Drooping here in heaven's dew,
There they never die.

Calmly, she shall take her rest
In the vernal vale,
Zephyrs sighing from the west,
Flowers fair are frail.
Peaceful, slumber, all is o'er,
Grief or tears or pain
She shall suffer never more
In this world again.

Meekly, mourner, meekly bow,
Hope should still prevail :
Home is nearer to thee now,
Flowers fair are frail.
Sunny faces soonest lie
'Neath the fragrant sod ;
Household idols soonest die,
Soonest go to God.

Often, often you will hear,
On the softened gale,
Warblers sing her pillow near—
Flowers fair are frail.
When the twilight gathers round
Mountain, field and fell,
Love shall whisper o'er the mound,
All within is well.

Hushing, household voices sweet,
Death shall never fail;
Everywhere we hear his feet—
Flowers fair are frail.
Shepherds, guide our buds of love
To the distant fold.
Flowers are not frail above
Wintry winds and cold.

ANGEL SOUNDS ON EARTH.

How sweetly sounds an infant's voice
When first its tones we hear,
How lovingly and fond it falls
In musical, half-spoken calls,
Upon its mother's ear.

Those early murrings, soft and low,
Uttered in childish mirth,
Are pleasant to a parent's heart,
And form, in innocence, the part
Of angel sounds on earth.

Such was the music asked by Him
Who on the cross gave life,
Who suffered death on Calvary's hill,
And took the sting from Death's stern will,
In Earth and Heaven's strife.

The mother's soul, so fraught with joy
At her sweet infant's birth,
Dwells with delight on every tone
Falling from lips she calls her own,
Lov'd angel sounds on earth.

Sweet little Lulu though a babe
Our hearts will ne'er have dearth
Of music, while we have the choice
To teach thy soft, endearing voice,
The angel sounds of earth.

And when cold winds shall waft thee back
To where thy life was given,
May He who claims thy loving heart,
Prepare for thee the blissful part
Of angel sounds in Heaven.

BE FAITHFUL.

Be faithful, and be true to those
Whose tried and holy vow,
Though trials o'er life's path have come,
To you is changeless now.
Though words my sometimes colder seem,
And harsher than before,
'Tis but the wave adown the stream,
That melts upon the shore.

To those whose hearts and hands have been
Through trials pledged to you,
Still willing though wild storms have come,
Be faithful and be true.
Full often may exist at home,
A shadow o'er hope's sky,
The faithful share them when they fall,
The false and fickle fly.

Oh never trust the heart that seeks
To change the love of years ;
Its brightest promises are hid
In agony and tears.
Be faithful still, and true to those
Whose tried and sacred vow,
Though trials o'er life's path have come
To you is changeless now.

TIME AND FRIENDSHIP.

Time, one pleasant autumnal day,
Left his cloisters dim and mazes gray,
And wandered away where the fading green
Of the woods was bathed in sunset sheen.
He sat 'neath a weeping willow tree,
For a traveller old and worn was he,
Or the fragrant grass where the green leaves hung,
Whose music he loved when he was young.
He was holding a volume in his hand
And a tiny box of golden sand.
Against the tree his staff he stood,
Which he ever carried of unknown wood,
His long, white locks o'er his shoulders strayed
Among the leaves of the forest glade ;
His face was sad as the sighing seas,
And his form was bowed by centuries.
His mantle was old, but snowy white,
And clasped by a diamond clear and bright,
He wore a band round his silvery hair
Which met 'neath a star on his forehead fair.
"I will rest," said he, "by my wide deep sea
That sighs on the shores of eternity,
And its outlet, the ever sobbing stream,

Will sing its song by the misty beam
 Of the lamp that burns o'er the gateway there,
 Where the mariner guides his bark in fear,
 And the voyagers weary, though I'm afar.
 Shall see the rays of my fadeless star.
 I will rest me here from duty free
 And list to the song of the weeping tree,
 The same as the olden willows sung
 In the Eden days when I was young."

Not long mused he, ere a gentle sigh
 'Neath the drooping leaves stole softly by,
 A sound like a lute's enchanting strain,
 But sad as the sob of the summer rain,
 He listened, and closer the music came.

"Twas a form as fair as the eye of man
 'Had seen since the march of Time began ;
 Her face was one of the loveliest cast,
 And seemed impressed with a sadness past,
 But the sweetest smile which peace can wear
 Had left its lines of beauty there.
 Her mantle draped on the velvet green
 As her snowy pinions it swept between,
 And a wreath of pearls and rubies fair
 Was pressed to the folds of her golden hair.
 Her step was slow but firm and strong
 As 'neath the branches she passed along ;
 O'er the strings of a lyre her fingers strayed

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And sweetly she sang in their peaceful shade,
This tender song as she softly played :—

SONG.

Oh, Time, wilt thou not give to me
The home for which I pine,
Where fadeless love and gentle words
May evermore be mine.

Oh, happy birds in forest homes—
Oh, flowers blooming wild,
You have a voice of sunny glee
To soothe a wandering child.

I love to weave my garlands fair,
To cheer the human heart,
But e'er I leave the blossoms there,
They bid me thence depart.

Oh, Time wilt thou not give to me
That home for which I pine,
Where fadeless love and gentle words
May ever more be mine.

Time then arose from his shady seat,
The lovely stranger with joy to greet,
Enchanted was he by the passing strain
And kindly he bade her sing again.

Then the stranger sat 'neath the willow shade,
 And the golden lyre in beauty played,
 And when the strains again were o'er
 As echoes are heard on a summer shiore,
 He bade her rest in the shade awhile
 And tell of the sadness of her sweet smile,
 And why she was seeking, like him, away
 From the haunts of men a peaceful day.

"My name is Friendship," the stranger said,
 As she hung her Lyre above her head ;
 And the name was sweet to the ear of Time,
 As the melodies of the fadeless clime.
 And under the willow he clasped her hand
 As warm as the love of that distant land ;
 "Oh, Friendship, gentlest of all on earth,
 Why here in thy heart does grief find birth ?"

"I long for a home where no shade of care
 Can darken the light which is shining there,
 Where I will never by hoarded gold
 Be bought for a day and at night be sold."

Said Time, "I will grant thy request to thee,
 If thou wilt offer a vow for me,
 To come to my grave when I expire
 And play my dirge on thy golden lyre."

"I will come," said Friendship, with softest sigh,

"And play o'er the tomb where thou shalt lie,
 A dirge, for where millions are lowly laid,
 Thou wilt sleep forever in death's deep shade,
 And many shall rise to a purer clime,
 When you lie dead in your grave, oh, Time
 C where can I find a peaceful home
 Where tears of continually may never come."

"Go to the lowly and meek of earth,
 Where purest hopes in the heart have birth,
 Where avarice chills not the talents given,
 To be returned to the King of Heaven.
 For whoever there shall seek for thee
 Will come with a heart from coldness free ;
 And thou may'st dwell through my future years,
 Where the highest boon is thy sacred tears.
 And seest thou, Friendship, this book I bear ?
 Unfading treasures are hidden there ;
 And in this box are the sands of gold,
 Collected from wisdom in cloisters old.
 These treasures, long watched o'er by me,
 For thy golden lyre I'll give to thee,
 And when I shall pause by my grave to die,
 I'll return it to thee with my parting sigh,
 When I sink to rest in its holy strain,
 And never arise from my couch again.
 Oh then canst thou sing to the weary and worn,
 Who are homeward from sorrow, in beauty born,
 Of the angels who ever look down on thee,

As the guiding star, o'er life's boundless sea,
 When seeking thy home, where loved ones live,
 Open this book which to thee I give,
 And open this casket of Wisdom's gold ;
 And read from the volume brown and old.
 I love it indeed, for dear to me
 Has it been for many a century.
 'Tis full of the deeds of the true and great,
 Whose earliest years were in lowly state,
 Who rose from the humblest walks of life,
 As brave men should in the eager strife,
 And made themselves, and boldly stood
 In the foremost ranks of the wise and good."

"But what is that bright, attractive star
 On thy brow, oh, Time, that shines afar,
 Which brighter seems than the light of day,
 And has such a pure and holy ray."
 "'Tis the star of Hope," old Time replied,
 "'Twas a gift when she became a bride ;
 And whenever thou art on life's wide sea,
 Its rays shall ever be bright to thee.
 I will place it now where the diamond shines,
 That came from the brightest, richest mines ;
 The lover of Hope gave this to me,
 And the name we gave her is Charity.
 This diamond, pure as the sunset ray,
 I will give to thee to mark thy way ;
 Among the brightest in beauty set,

In friendship's rubied coronet,
 And this star shall ever the mantle fold
 O'er my breast by generations old."
 Then took he the lyre from the tree
 And sang to Friendship a melody ;
 'Twas a parting lay, though both should be
 Companions still on his stormy sea.
 Then Friendship took the arm of Time
 Like an angel of love from the golden clime,
 And walked to the brow of a distant hill
 And gazed o'er the ocean broad and still ;
 And there they parted to seek 'mongst men
 Their haunts in the eares of life again.

Now Time has the lyre and ever sings
 When night has unfolded her shady wings ;
 This life is all that remains to me,
 For my spirit has no eternity—
 And Friendship carries the sands of gold,
 And the volume of Time so rich and old ;
 And Charity's diamond shining yet
 Is bright in her rubied coronet ;
 Sweet Hope illumines her peaceful way,
 And Faith sustains her in sorrow's day ;
 Whenever she comes with these to thee,
 Confide in her vows, they shall changeless be.

But when she comes with honied words
 And songs like the warbling of summer birds,

When fickle fortune has favored thee,
And her smile at fortune's back you see,
Then beware that never is Friendship true
That thus is seeking a smile from you ;
'Tis nought but an image her name that bears
That never in sorrow or grief appears :
But friendship that comes in affliction's night,
When days are gloomy that once were bright,
The Friendship that comes with the gifts of Time
Will guide your steps to the fadeless clime.

I ASK NO MORE.

An hour cometh marked for me
With parting words and tears ;
The solemn ending of a life
Made up of patient years.
My path shall be the patient one,
The sad have trod before ;
But if my Saviour guide me there,
I ask no more.

To thee it may not seem so near,
That I should say 'twill come ;
But I shall leave a weary world,
And seek repose at home,
Across the stream the way is dark,
I may not see the shore ;
But if my Saviour guide me there,
I ask no more.

To thee my grave will be unknown ;
When fades the evening light ;
No flower there left by thee will lend
Its fragrance to the night.
A fragile bark will try the waves
With slow and trembling oar ;
But if my Saviour guide me there,
I ask no more.

THE PURE IN HEART.

O Faithful Friend and true !
My heart make pure and holy,
In trusting love and gentle grace,
Make it meek and lowly :
Like thine own.

This burdened, longing heart
Here by Thy power restore,
Wearied and saddened in Thy sight
With sorrow flowing o'er :
Make more pure.

The heart Thou knowest still,
Cleansed in Thy mercy now,
For which in long and silent woe,
Thorns pierced Thy sacred brow,
And be my guide,

The heart that mourns the cross,
And Thee the spotless slain,
O may it find its sweetest peace,
Through Thy redeeming pain :
For ever more.

The heart Thou callest for,
Accept till life shall end,
O may its every inward thought,
With Thine submissive blend :
My best, best friend.

STANZAS.

We are gliding, swiftly gliding,
Down the winding stream of Time,
Peering through the misty future
For a brighter, fairer clime.

Soon we'll reach the fragrant islands,
Soon we'll reach the golden shore,
Across the trackless waters,
To return, oh ! never more.

Our muffled oars in silence
Pass life's landmarks yearly by,
Our hearts are hidden dials
Where the sun and shadow lie.

We are changing with life's seasons,
As the noiseless boat glides on,
From the spring-time to the winter,
When our joys and cares are done.

We are gliding, swiftly gliding
Down the winding stream of Time,
Peering through the misty future
To a brighter, fairer clime.

THE GIFT.

The fragrant ointment filled the house
With rich and rare perfume,
When Mary's hand did God anoint
For burial in the tomb.

It might indeed been sold for much,
And to the needy given ;
But that the work she wrought was good,
He said who dwells in heaven.

Thus let me come, and gladly bring
What best I can afford ;
A heart with sweet repentance filled,
To offer to the Lord.

A heart that in this needy world,
As long as I may live,
Has learned to His dear name and work
How sweet it is to give.

A heart that loves to offer prayer,
Like incense to the throne ;
A heart within whose fertile soil
The gospel seed is sown.

A heart an alabaster box
 Of faith conceals within,
 To prize the goodness of my God
 And hate the thought of sin.

That Christ may make my humble gift
 As Mary's was of old ;
 More precious, wet with sorrow's tears,
 Than costly gems of gold.

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THE EARLY MOURNED.

'Twas yet the golden morn of life,
When at the closing of a long sweet summer's day,
There came a message from the realms of light,
To call the loveliest of our household band away,
So young to die! Oh, who would hide their tears,
When silent lie the loved and beautiful of home,
When all the hope that smiled through early years,
To naught but sleeping mold at last has come.
To naught but sleeping mold! ah ne!
But beckoned by the messenger at even,
She sought the shade, confiding all to God,
And thus went smiling home to rest in Heaven.

There came soft whispers on the twilight air,
Low melodies that echoed calmly o'er her soul,
And 'mid the hallowed strains which lingered there,
She felt the change, that naught can here control.
The dark mysterious shadow as it falls
Unseen o'er all we hold in life so dear,
The music of the spirit's wings just plumed
In passage through the azure all were there.
Scarce had she spoke of voices soft but sad,
That seemed like sounds along a summer shore;
E're fell the shadow o'er her holy eyes:
Another angel then had gone before.

Oh, well we watched at even time the change
Which turned her loveliness to voiceless clay ;
What matter then, though breaking hearts should weep,
Since changeless night shut out the cheerful day
And all was silence there, but yet again we'll hear
Her sweet voice echo in the distant courts of gold,
Where music of the soul upon the heavenly air
Shall in that happy sphere sweet notes unfold.
Yes, she was early mourned, but in that harvest day
When angel reapers carry home the golden grain
Beyond the boundary of Life's unmeasured sea,
We all our early mourned shall meet again.

RUTH.

Ruth gleaning in the harvest grain
By little handfals much did gain ;
Her garnered store when told that day,
Did richly all her toil repay.

So little deeds of kindness shown,
Like thine where cares are thickly strown,
And hands, their friendship glad to prove,
Glean golden grains of fadeless love.

So may it be thy lot to find,
When friends and home must be resigned ;
Thy measure full and running o'er,
With peaceful joys gleaned long before.

TO THE READER.

Spend all thine hours as if by night,
An angel from the realms of light,
Outside thine heart of inward sin,
Did plead thy saddened Saviour in.

That every day thine eye may see,
Through His sweet name and charity,
The image in imperfect man,
God gave him when his life began.

As noble deeds the angels love,
To man performed are praised above ;
So God in mildest merey too,
May nightly bless and honor you.

