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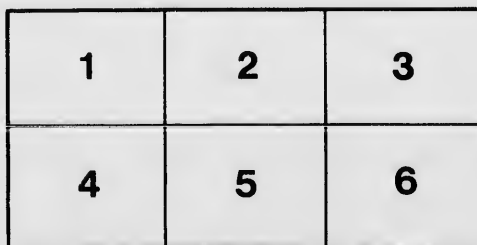
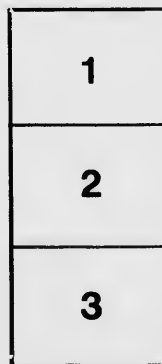
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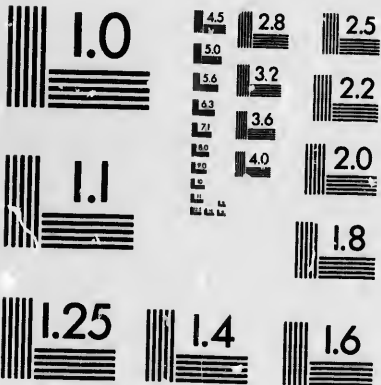
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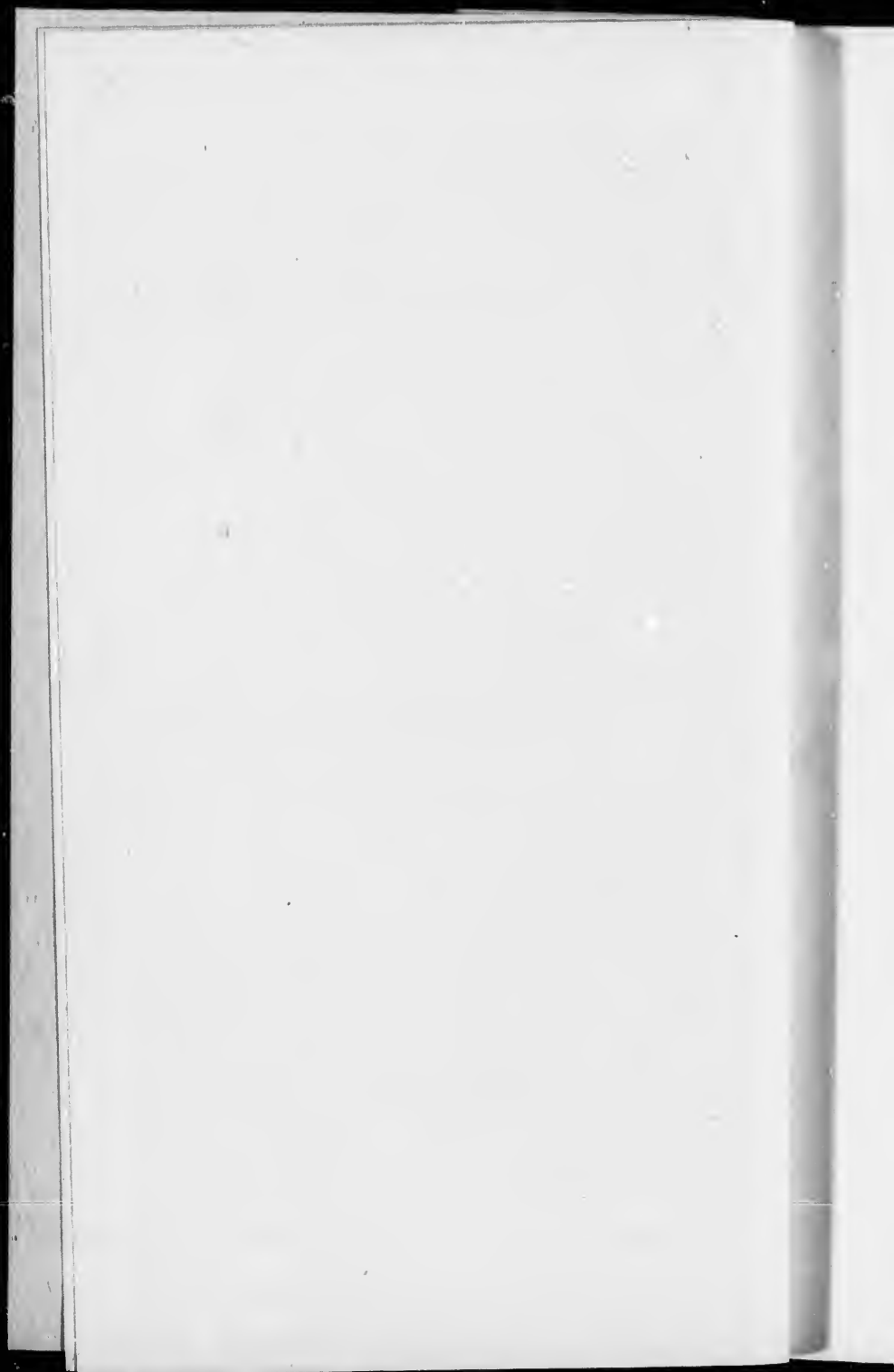


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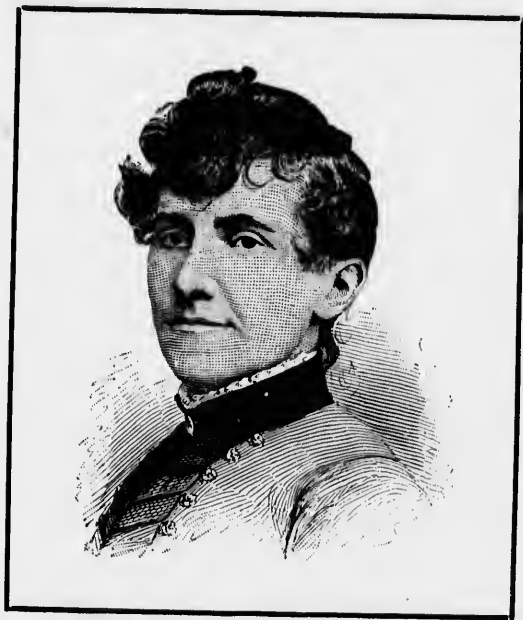
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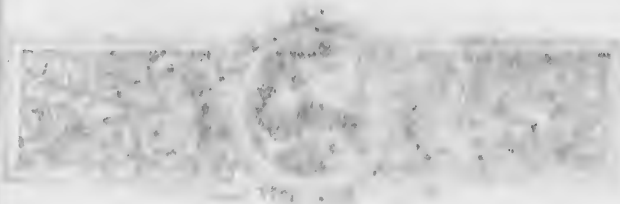
POEMS.







SADIE O. PRINCE.



POEMS.

W. B. ELLIOTT, Author.

Published by W. B. ELLIOTT, 10, N. 4th St., N. Y. C.

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MONTREAL

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P O E M S .

BY

SADIE O. PRINCE.

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To Queen V
Lines to the

Spring -
Spring-time
The Voice of
Summer -
June -
A Song of D
Last Days of
Falling Leav
Winter -
The Dying Y
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Thoughts for



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
To Queen Victoria - - - - -	9
Lines to the Queen on Her Sixty-sixth Birthday - - - - -	14

SEASONS.

Spring - - - - -	16
Spring-time - - - - -	18
The Voice of Spring - - - - -	18
Summer - - - - -	19
June - - - - -	21
A Song of Departing Summer - - - - -	23
Last Days of Autumn - - - - -	24
Falling Leaves - - - - -	26
Winter - - - - -	27
The Dying Year - - - - -	29
The Old Year - - - - -	31
Dying - - - - -	33
Thoughts for the New Year - - - - -	33

TEMPERANCE.

	PAGE	
The Mother's Prayer	38	A Trust L
The Wages of Sin	41	No Night
The Fruits of Intemperance	41	The Preser
The Fatal New Year's Day	41	Come unto
I Made Him What He Was	50	Thoughts
The Fatal Sands	50	Relics
To the Memory of John B. Gough	50	Evening R
		To "Cook
		Time
		The Bridg
		A Noble R
		Consider th
		They "Liv
		Faith, Hop
		With You
		To Little A
		Lines for a

CHRISTMAS.

Christ is Born	60	Only
Two Christmas Eves	62	Little Olive
Christmas Thoughts	66	Mr. and Mr
Christmas	68	Mr. and Mr
Christmas Bells	68	Only gone t
The Crucifixion	70	My Dear Fr
Jesus' Love	72	The Mother
The First Easter Morn	73	To my Dear
Easter	75	Edgar Mull
		Little Frank
		My Mother

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memories	79	
Twilight	82	
All a Mistake	84	
A Leap-Year Episode	92	
From Shore to Shore	94	
Quatrains	98	
Dominion Day	98	
Evening Boat Song	101	

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE.		PAGE.
	A Trust Lesson	103
3	No Night There	105
4	The Present, Past, and Future	106
4	Come unto Me and Rest	109
4	Thoughts by the Sea	110
53	Relics	111
56	Evening Reveries	113
58	To "Cook" a Husband	114
	Time	116
	The Bridge of Time	117
	A Noble Revenge	118
60	Consider the Lilies	121
62	They "Live in the Country"	123
66	Faith, Hope, and Love	125
68	With You Always	127
69	To Little Annie May	129
70	Lines for an Autograph	130
72		
73		
75		

IN MEMORIAM.

	Only	131
	Little Olive	133
	Mr. and Mrs. C. Roop's Children	134
79	Mr. and Mrs. J. Bent's Children	137
82	Only gone to Sleep	139
84	My Dear Friend Ada	141
92	The Mother's Lament	143
94	To my Dear Friend C. L. D.	145
98	Edgar Mullock	147
98	Little Frank	149
101	My Mother	151

	PAGE.
Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor - - - - -	154
Little Bertie Saunders - - - - -	156
Little Myrtle Zinck - - - - -	158
Geo. W. Hill - - - - -	159
In Memoriam - - - - -	161
The Wife's Lament - - - - -	164
Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Rudolf's Children - - - - -	166
Mr. F. Wolfe - - - - -	168
Little Polly - - - - -	170
A Tribute to the Memory of Ida Jefferson - - - - -	172
Home - - - - -	174
Mother, Home and Heaven - - - - -	176
Sonnet - - - - -	179



T
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 And
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POEMS.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

UPON THE CELEBRATION OF HER JUBILEE.

THEE, noble Queen! on England's shore,
 Far o'er yon ocean's foam-capp'd height,
 We sons of Canada, adore,
 And joy to own thy sovereign might;
 This, thy glad year of Jubilee,
 When tongues and trumpets voice thy praise,
 In far-resounding symphony,
 We, too, our sounding lyre would raise.

We, too, would wake the glad refrain,
 While grateful pride our bosoms swell:—
 "God save our Queen! Long may she reign!
 God save the Queen, who rules so well!"
 Ye soft spring breezes! catch the strain,
 And waft it to the smiling sky;
 There, in one floating, silv'ry chain,
 Let it reverberate on high.

Hail, India's Empress ! England's Queen !
 Thy semi-century's peaceful reign,
 Eclipsed, nor equalled, e'er has been
 Through all the Empire's sovereign train.
 Hail, this thy year of Jubilee !
 Ye trembling captives, lift your heads !
 For lo ! the flag of liberty,
 Its waving splendor o'er you sheds.

Yes, Gracious Queen ! we'll shout thy worth ;
 Each heart on British soil to-day,
 Doth bless the hour that gave thee birth—
 The hour that gave thee regal sway.
 Thy throne is Virtue's stainless seat,
 Sweet Christian graces fill thy breast,
 By these thou standest all complete,
 The Queen of queens, the purest—best.

The years roll back, and lo ! we see
 Kneeling in England's Abbey old,
 'Circled by pomp and chivalry,
 A royal maid, fair to behold.
 Deep silence reigns, when from the hand
 Of mitred priest the crown is given,
 Then peals the chorus, sweetly grand,
 Until the dome with song seems riven.

Well may those walls, of wide renown,
 Re-echo with thanksgiving now !
 For ne'er did Britain's ancient crown
 Bedeck a purer, nobler brow.
 Methinks that angels bending near
 Smile with delight the scene to view,
 Then catch those anthem-notes, so clear,
 And bear them through the ether blue.

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Again, another scene appears,
 Which through time's shad'wy vista gleams,
 The fair young Queen our sight still cheers,
 Her eye lit by love's lucid beams.
 The joyous peal of wedding bells,
 Gay banners floating wild and high,
 The music-laden breeze—each tells
 The glad auspicious hour that's nigh.

Again, she kneels—not now alone,
 A princely form is by her side—
 "Albert the Good," as he is known,
 One worthy of so true a bride.
 The listening throng, their vows have heard,
 The grand cathedral's very air
 Seems in exultant tremor stirred
 Around the royal wedded pair.

Years roll along. The palace walls
 Ring with the shouts of childhood's voice;
 New-born affection sweetly calls,
 And makes their doting hearts rejoice.
 But is that mother not a QUEEN?
 Yes! "none the less a woman," though
 Her heart as fondly beats, I ween,
 As any mother's heart below.

The scene is changed. Beside a bier,
 Where sleeps in state the royal dead,
 We see our widowed Queen appear,
 In sable robes, with drooping head.
 She weeps—a stricken nation sighs—
 The royal orphans' sad hearts rend,
 For he who there in stillness lies,
 Was faithful Consort—father—friend.

Still later on, that queenly heart,
 Is torn again by anguish wild,
 When cold death hurled his piercing dart,
 And slew a well-beloved child.
 Yes, noble Queen! Sorrow, her cup
 Oft to thy quivering lips did place,
 But He who chastened, bore thee up,
 And gave His sweet sustaining grace.

Upon time's pages, gray and old,
 What varied scenes thine heart has read!
 For more than three-score years have rolled,
 Their swift-wheeled seasons o'er thy head.
 And now the hand of age entwines
 The silver 'midst thy locks of hair,
 And traces o'er thy brow the lines
 Of chill decay, and earth-born care.

Yet art thou spared. Our grateful songs,
 We to a Father's throne would raise;
 To Him the glory all belongs,
 Who thus hath lengthened out thy days.
 And this to-day is Britain's prayer,
 From loyal hearts—from Church and home:—
 "Spare Thou our Queen, O Father, spare!
 To rule us still for days to come!"

Thy prayers for guidance on the way,
 Blent with a nation's, were not vain;
 For Heaven's smile hath day by day
 Illumed thy long and peaceful reign.
 And may *this* year, most worthy Queen,
 Be, in its new-born robes of joy,
 The brightest thou hast ever seen,
 Fraught with delight, free from alloy.

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The Winter's blasts are silent now,
The smiling Spring again is here ;
The red-breast whistles on the bough,
The earth in verdure doth appear.
So may thy dear declining life,
Be evermore like Spring-time fair,
In rainbow tints and sunlight rife,
With not one chill of wintry care.

And when at last thy day is done—
When far adown the western sky,
Sinks tranquilly life' setting sun,
And death's lone twilight draweth nigh ;
When from thy hand the sceptre falls,
And from thy weary head the crown ;
When yonder King of Glory calls,
And bids thee lay thine armor down ;

Then, with earth's sombre clouds all riven,
May thy freed spirit upward soar—
A FADELESS crown to thee be given,
Which Time can tarnish nevermore.
There, in that palace fair to see,
O'erarch'd by dazzling noontide sheen,
When dawns the ENDLESS JUBILEE,
We hope to meet thee—noble Queen.

LINES TO THE QUEEN ON HER
SIXTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

ALL hail, Victoria! Noble Queen!
Upon old England's far-off shores,
Whom, though by us as yet unseen,
Our fancy's eye so oft adores.

On this thy festal day of mirth,
When silv'ry bells ring out in glee,
In honor of thy royal birth,
We, too, would join the symphony.

Thy praise no voice can sing too high,
No pen can overrate thy worth;
We'll sound thy glory to the sky,
And spread it o'er the laughing earth.

The flow of more than three-score years
Has drifted o'er thy stately head;
All fraught with sunshine, shades and tears,
Their cyclic pages thou hast read.

Yes! changing scenes thy heart has known,
Thy lips from sorrow's chalice drank,
Thy tears have fallen as our own,
Regardless of thy queenly rank.

A widow, twenty years and more,
Along earth's pathway thou has trod;
And *other* loved ones gone before,
Have reached the golden hills of God.

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THE QUEEN'S SIXTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

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Yet thou art spared to guide us well,
Our country's rights to guard and shield ;
In tranquil concord we shall dwell,
Long as the sceptre thou dost wield.

Thy reign of forty-seven years,
So calm and peaceful in their flow
Thy character to us endears,
And makes our breasts with ardor glow,

Blent with the truest loyalty,
To our dear land, and England brave ;
We do rejoice, right glad are we,
That thy free banners o'er us wave.

Be this thy Birthday, gracious Queen,
The brightest thou hast ever spent ;
And be thy genial sky serene,
All radiant with thy heart's content.

May peace her fragrant flow'rets shed,
About thy pure, transcendent way ;
May Heaven's own light around thy head
Encircle, on this sweet May-day.





SEASONS.

SPRING.

SWEET Spring has come so joyous, I hear her glad
 some voice,
Far echoing o'er the woodland, and the plain ;
The feathered songsters listen, then starting up
 rejoice,
To chant her hearty welcome once again.

The balmy breezes murmur, and kiss her gentle brow
As friends long parted thus each other greet ;
With lowly grace before her the neighboring forests
 bow,
And rippling brooklets bathe her beauteous feet.

And lo! with hastening footsteps, a radiant form
 appears,
In airy robes of verdure all arrayed ;
Spring's call has gladly fallen upon those willing
 ears,
And joy on all her being is portrayed.

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1883.

Who is this youthful stranger? What is her mission
here?

'Tis Nature, and her hands with gifts abound;
Fresh from her wint'ry slumber, with eye so bright
and clear,

She comes to scatter fragrance all around.

Again yon gnarled old oak-tree doth hidden treasure
show,

And leafy gems his aged limbs adorn;
No trace upon his visage, of when enwrapped in snow,
All sad and stark, he stood—of beauty shorn.

Upon the grassy hill-side I see the lambkins play;
The low hum of the busy bee I hear;
The May-flower and the primrose are blooming by the
way;
The sunny skies above beam bright and clear.

O glorious, happy season, when Nature wakes to
bloom;
Fit emblem of that Spring-time by-and-by,
When all who sleep in Jesus shall leave the silent
tomb,
And clad in robes transplendent soar on high.

In that celestial region the fields are ever green,
No withering blasts sweep o'er the fair domain;
There Nature is unfading, no Winter e'er is seen,
But everlasting Spring and Summer reign.

1883.

SPRING-TIME.

SWEET Spring has come, all nature starts
 To life and beauty, far and near ;
 O'er hill and lea, the verdant grass
 In rich profusion doth appear.

And down in yonder mossy dell,
 Where laughing brooks dance on in glee,
 So thickly strewn around our paths
 May-flowers and violets blue we see,

And on the soft and gentle breeze
 Is borne afar sweet notes of praise,
 From happy birds so full of song,
 Who welcome Spring in gladsome lays.

1881.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming o'er the hill-side,
 I am coming o'er the lea,
 Borne upon the swift-winged breezes,
 From yon southland fair and free.

I have conquered giant Winter,
 He has made a swift retreat
 To the ice-bound, chilly northland,
 Where he holds his regal seat.

I will clothe the earth in beauty,
 Scatter perfume far, and near ;
 First, the modest little primrose,
 In the dell, its head shall rear ;

Then the roses' dewy fragrance,
 And the leafy murmuring trees—
 Soft green fields; with pale-browed daisies
 Nodding to the kissing breeze.

I will snap the icy fetters,
 Which have held the streams so long,
 And again they'll bound in freedom
 On their way with babbling song.

In my train shall songsters follow,
 Warbling in their joyous glee;
 And to sip my honeyed nectar,
 Come the low-voiced busy bee.

O thou sad one! sigh no longer,
 Or the robes of sorrow wear,
 For I come to give you gladness,
 And to banish wintry care.

I am coming! I am coming!
 Waking Nature, hear my voice!
 Gray old Earth, the tidings herald,
 Bid each grateful heart rejoice.

SUMMER.

O SUMMER! thou goddess of splendor,
 We hail thy rich, redolent prime;
 A song to thy praise would we render,
 To tell of thy wonders sublime.
 Thy sweet balmy breath floats around us,
 Like odors from off spicy hills;
 Thy fringed, verdant mantles surround us,
 Besprinkled with fairy-like rills.

Thy fair, dainty fingers are glist'ning
 With diamonds—the dew-drops of morn;
 And each placid streamlet seems list'ning,
 As over its surface is borne
 Thy ripples of laughter, resounding
 Far down o'er the soft grassy lea,
 Where frolicsome lambs are seen bounding,
 And hummeth the diligent bee.

Gay Summer! thy pure brow of azure
 Is Flora's own garlanded seat,
 She pours in thy lap stores of treasure,
 She showers her wealth at thy feet.
 The fields glow in cereal glory
 When touched by thy magical wand,
 And tell to our glad hearts the story
 Of what thou hast wrought in our land.

Yon old-fashioned cot-home of childhood,
 The ripening grapes cluster round,
 And down in the deep, tangled wild-wood,
 The ripest of berries are found.
 The fruit-laden orchards are sighing
 Beneath the rich burdens they bear;
 'Round th' eaves twitt'ring swallows are flying,
 The butterfly flits in the air.

Bright Summer! oh, stay with us ever,
 We love all thy bright winning ways;
 Oh, would there were nothing to sever
 The joy of thy long, sunny days!
 The skies smile their sweetest, and o'er thee
 The whispering winds murmur low;
 And though earth and heaven adore thee,
 How soon, ah! how soon, must thou go!

Yes, when every leaflet has perished,
 The roses all scattering lie,
 Dear summer! so tenderly cherished,
 We'll then see thee droop, fade, and die;
 Just so with life's pleasures, they leave us
 As quickly as summer's brief day;
 Earth's pomp, glare and show but deceive us,
 Then vanish forever away.

 JUNE.

SWEET month of nectared roses!
 I love thy fragrant time;
 When nature's hand discloses
 Her jewelled treasures prime.
 Thy days to me seem brighter,
 All other days beside;
 And toil and care seem lighter,
 While thy dear hours abide.

Thy azure skies seem clearest,
 Thy sunlight brightest, best;
 Thy red ripe fruit so luscious,
 Imparts the keenest zest.
 The fields now look their fairest,
 In green and gold array;
 Earth smiles in fresh warm beauty,
 O June, in thy bright day.

The lilacs in their fragrance,
 Toss out their plumes on high,
 And seem to nod in beauty
 To every passer-by.

The fair rose hides her blushes,
 Beneath the leafy shade,
 When kiss of wooing sunshine
 Upon her cheek is laid.

The lovely lake, just yonder—
 A sapphire set in green—
 Seems decked in countless diamonds,
 And sparkling crystal sheen;
 While on its grassy margin,
 The oaks so proudly grow,
 And bow to their own image,
 Reflected there below.

How lovingly the breezes
 Waft o'er yon leafy hill,
 And make the verdant branches
 Move at their own sweet will;
 While with them rocks the birdling,
 In tiny cradle-nest,
 The old bird keeping vigil,
 And singing at her best.

Oh! may our lives be ever
 One June-time, calm and bright,
 Fraught with perfume, and hallowed
 By purity and light;
 Our hearts all warm and glowing,
 Imparting as we go,
 Bright rays of hope and sunshine,
 To some lone heart below.

JUNE, 1889,

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A SONG TO DEPARTING SUMMER.

THE scented roses scattered lie
Upon the garden wall;
We sadly watched them droop and die,
Their lovely petals fall.
The lilac waves its plumes no more,
It faded long ago;
The perfumed jasmine by the door,
Has lost its gems of snow.

The pale-faced daisy seems to sigh,
And bow its beauteous head;
The light has left its golden eye,
Its beauty all is fled.
Where hung the apple blossom fair
Upon the leafy bough,
When May breathed forth her balmy air,
The fruit is hanging now.

Yon sloping hill looks bare and gray,
Robbed of the waving dress,
Which decked its side for many a day,
In verdant loveliness.
But lo! in golden splendor shine
The fields of ripening grain,
And soon in jocund notes shall chime
The harvest-song again.

The new-fledged swallow soars on high—
Deserted is each nest—
Ere long 'neath far-off southern skies,
She'll plume her snowy breast.

The leaves have lost the freshness grand
Of their primeval day,
And soon shall Autumn's mystic hand
Have marked them for decay.

O fading Summer! must thou go,
With all thy sweets and flowers?
With all thy beauty, cherished so,
Thy fragrant, smiling hours?
Fain would we keep thee, but alas!
Before Time's withering breath,
Thy lovely feet must swiftly pass
Adown the vale of death.

1888.

LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

THE bearded grain is garnered, the harvest-mo
gone down,
The ripened fruit and corn all gathered home;
The reaper's song is ended, and on yon hill-top brow
The shouting ploughman turns the heavy loam.

The birds of passage hasten far off to southern vale
The swallows twit no longer 'round the eaves;
And far and near is scattered by chill autumnal gale
The variegated sheen of falling leaves.

The sturdy oak-tree sigheth, and drops his rich brow
fruit,
Still seeming loath to yield his glossy leaf;
The tender sapling boweth, all leafless, sad and mute
As one who mourns a loss with inward grief.

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1888

A cold, effacing finger is laid on Nature's brow,
 And all her blooming beauty fades away;
 Gone, gone, her dewy freshness, she smiles but sadly
 now,
 Her once bright robes are tarnished, worn and gray.

So long in dreamless slumber, those tired eyes shall
 close,

In Winter's snowy bed she'll sink to rest;
 No sound of tempests raging can break that calm
 repose,

Or stir pulsation in that silent breast.

Of then we'll ask in wonder: Is not this slumber
 death?

Ah, no! life's spark is there, though hid from sight,
 It will flame with glowing splendor, when fanned by
 Spring's soft breath,
 But naught beside can start its fitful light.

When with recovered beauty she'll come forth once
 again,

In airy robes of verdure richly clad;
 The feathered songster's welcome shall echo o'er the
 plain,

The budded sapling look no longer sad.

And thus are we reminded by Nature's with'ring
 bloom,

That by-and-by we, too, must fade away,
 And sleep to rise immortal and leave the silent tomb,
 Or as the fallen leaf, sink to decay.

FALLING LEAVES.

I SIT me alone at closing
 Of a drear autumnal day,
 And gaze through the misty shadows
 Of the twilight cold and gray ;
 While my bosom, stirred by emotion, heaves,
 As I watch the play of the falling leaves.

O leaves! varied thoughts come surging
 O'er my lonely heart to-night ;
 Strange voices seem floating round me,
 As ye wheel your wind-swept flight ;
 And in sad, low murmurs, each seems to tell
 Of this life's decay—of the heart's farewell.

Must *this* life yield to destruction ?
 Can it be we, too, must fade,
 And, like the sear leaflets, vanish
 Into dark oblivion's shade ?
 As the flow'r we wither, by winds swept by,
 As the leaf we fade, and droop, and die.

Ah, yes! it was but last Autumn,
 When the frost-nipped leaves fell down,
 When bleak, chilling winds swept rudely,
 O'er the dreamy landscape brown,
 That I cried in desolate agony :
 "She has gone—the dearest earth held for me."

Then, oh, can you ask the reason,
 That for me the Autumn days
 Have lost all their wonted beauty,
 And lie wrapt in cheerless maze ?

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Can you wonder now, that my fond heart grieves,
As the wild winds scatter the falling leaves?

But soft floats a whisper o'er me,—

How its music sweetly rings!

'Tis, "I am the resurrection,"

Oh, the depth of peace it brings!

Sacred message! sweet as the breath of balm,
Shedding o'er my spirit a wondrous calm.

For, as the bright leaves and flow'rets

Once again their sweets disclose,

When balmy Spring's soft bidding

Starts fair nature from repose,

So the dear departed, in Christ shall rise

To the life eternal, beyond the skies.

So leaves, falling leaves, I'll gather

Rays of comfort from you still,

Although ye bring sad, sad mem'ries,

As your mission ye fulfil.

Yet a lesson, pregnant with hopeful light,

I can truly learn as I watch your flight.

1889.

WINTER.

OLD Winter steps forth from his cold, frozen cave,
In long, trailing garments of white;
Fair Nature hides sadly her beautiful face,
And trembles to witness the sight.

With grasp strong and icy, how firmly he holds
Each brooklet, and murmuring rill,
And will not allow them to bicker and play,
Meandering on at their will.

The trees lift their voices, and quivering sigh,
 While stretching their naked limbs forth,
 As if for protection, and mercy to plead,
 From keen, stinging blasts of the north.

The sun rideth low in the leaden-hued sky,
 Withholding his summer-noon heat ;
 No songsters now flitting on light, airy wing,
 The landscape with music to greet.

But pale, spectral Winter ! although thou dost steal
 The glories of Summer away,
 Her perfume, her roses, her daisy-deck'd fields—
 The joys of her long, smiling day.

Yet, still do we love thee, as over the earth,
 Thou flingest thy snowy robe fair,
 O'er which chimes the song of the merry sleigh-bells
 Out on the clear, frost-laden air.

What joy, too, in coasting, the glad school-boy finds,
 Or hasting with rosy-cheeked mates
 Adown to the old frozen pond, 'neath the hill,
 To sport on his smooth-gliding skates.

And then those bright, long winter evenings, ah, me
 What gladness their coming imparts !
 The comfort, the joy of the cosy fireside—
 The union of warm, loving hearts.

In memory's garden those seasons will dwell,
 Wherever our footsteps may roam ;
 When winters of Age drift their snows o'er our heads
 We'll think of those evenings at home.

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We'll see the home-faces, familiarly dear,
 Lit up by the fire-light's soft glow ;
 The voices, the laughter, the music we'll hear,
 As in that sweet time, long ago.

For blossoms of mem'ry remain fresh and fair,
 Her fond, clinging tendrils still green ;
 No frosts of the Winter can wither or chill
 Thoughts of hours, happy hours, that have been.

1887.

 THE DYING YEAR.

LISTEN, how sadly yon distant bells chime,
 Each measure telling the year's numbered days ;
 Forth from the shadowy belfry of Time
 Peals out the mournful and dolorous lays.
 Sad chants the wild-winds a requiem low,
 Hoarse speak the breakers upon the lone shore,
 Seeming to murmur in accents of woe :
 Dear dying Year, we shall see thee no more.

Yes, dear old Year ! thou art passing away,
 Winter is weaving thy snowy-white pall ;
 O'er which from yon leafless forest-boughs gray,
 Many a cold, icy tear-drop shall fall.
 We, too, would join in the silent lament
 Nature is breathing—because thou wert dear—
 And with her tear-drops our sighs would be spent,
 As we bemoan thy departure, old Year.

At thy first dawning we trustingly said :
 (Knowing not what thy bold record might be,)
 "Father, we know by Thy hand we are led,
 Therefore, our future we leave all with Thee !"

Now nearly all of that record is traced,
 And glancing back o'er its pages to-day,
 Lo! we behold them abundantly graced
 With richest blessings along the glad way.

How the sweet moments sped joyously by!
 Few were the shadows to dampen their flow:
 Love's star was fixed in our bright smiling sky,
 Where gleamed the sunlight, with radiant glow,
 Oh, happy hours of the year 'Eighty-six!
 Dear to our heart ye shall ever remain;
 In memory's chalice thy joys we shall mix,
 Sipping their sweetness again and again.

But, ah! we feel that not every breast
 Joyously throbs as our own doth to-day,
 But there are many by sorrow oppressed,
 For this year snatched earthly comforts away.
 Some mourn the loss of the good and the true,
 Some sigh for darlings with ringlets of gold;
 These cheered their hearts, when the year came anew
 Now the sad tale of their sorrows is told.

Some sit and gaze out upon the lone sea,
 Watch for that ship that returneth no more;
 Vainly they plead, "Come, oh, come back to me!"
 Lost are their voices in ocean's deep roar.
 Where is the ship? Ah! go ask the fierce gales!
 Ask the wild surges which lash the white strand
 Vain thy inquiries—those broad snowy sails
 Never shall glide to the shores of home-land.

Some have had losses and crosses to bear,
 Fortune has frowned, and her tide seemed adverse
 Some have had sickness, temptation and care,
 And countless conflicts, which none can rehearse.

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Yes, changing Year! in thy network we find
 Light shades with dark ones alternately rolled,
 With thy scenes fairest, some bitter is twined—
 Some dross, alas! 'midst thy bright threads of gold.

But thou art going, old Year! Fare thee well!
 And to us all, as thy form prostrate lies,
 Speaketh a voice from thy death-tolling bell:—
 "Time is so fleeting; O mortals, be wise!
 Soon shall ring out thy life's last fading year,
 Heed, heed the warning; O mortals, be wise,
 Work while the day-beam is shining and clear,
 Work—for beyond an eternity lies."

THE OLD YEAR.

(QUESTION.)

OLD Year, dear old Year! thou art passing away,
 Yes! thy pulse even now beats but low;
 Thy form now is withered, once youthful and gay,
 And thy locks shame the white, stainless snow.
 We stand by thy couch, lowly bending the while,
 Sadly counting the hours as they fly;
 Ere thou shalt depart, smile thy last farewell smile,
 And breathe out thy last murmuring sigh.

Oh! what dying Year! hast thou brought to each one,
 As thy swift-rolling cycle of life
 In seasons of measured succession has run,
 Which in shadows, and sunlight were rife?

Speak out from the death-shades, thou fast sinking
Year,

Ere thy pale lips forever are stilled ;
Ere loosed is the cord that is binding thee here,
And thy mission with us is fulfilled ?

(ANSWER.)

"I've brought happy hours to the newly-made bride,
In her home filled with love's sweet content,
And smiled on full many a cosy fireside,
Where sweet peace and fair pleasure were blent ;
But ah ! 'twas not mine all of bliss to impart,
With no shadow to dampen its flow,
The clouds must descend on *some* way-weary heart,
Some of sorrow's keen portion must know.

"Yes ! some sigh to-day for the loved and the true,
Gazing out o'er the dark ocean's foam,
Who gladdened their hearts, when my coming was
new,
And made all things so cheerful at home.
And some go alone to yon grave on the hill,
There to bend o'er a form laid to rest ;
To mingle their sighs with the wild-winds so chill,
While their tears bathe the earth's frozen breast.

"I've heard, since my coming, the mother's lament
For her brave and affectionate son ;
I've seen many hearts by adversity rent,
And earth's joys all depart, one by one.
This lesson I've learned since my sojourn below,
That there's nothing substantial on earth ;
But hark ! bells are chiming ! alas ! I must go,
That the joyous New Year may have birth."

DYING.

HE is going—slowly sinking,
 Let us watch his parting breath ;
 See the weary eyelids closing
 In the icy sleep of death.
 Once we hailed his youth and beauty,
 Now we see him old and gray,
 All his former visage darkened,
 By the shadow of decay.

Dear old Year, farewell forever !
 With thy seasons' changing hours,
 With thy many joys, and sorrows,
 With thy sunshine and thy showers ;
 All are mingled strangely mingled ;
 With the memories of the past,
 Which with lingering trace shall ever
 Round our hearts their impress cast.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER Year ! Oh, how the moments fly !
 Swift as a rapid shooting to the main ;
 Swift as an arrow speeds, they hurry by
 And, lost to us, can ne'er return again.

A bright New Year has dawned on us once more,
 Fraught with fresh buds of Hope and young Desire ;
 The dear old Year has left Time's trodden shore,
 His voice is stilled for aye, hushed is his lyre.

Nought but the echo of his songs we hear,
 Along the vista of the Past so dim;
 The silv'ry sound delights fond mem'ry's ear,
 And thrills the soul like some sweet, holy hymn.

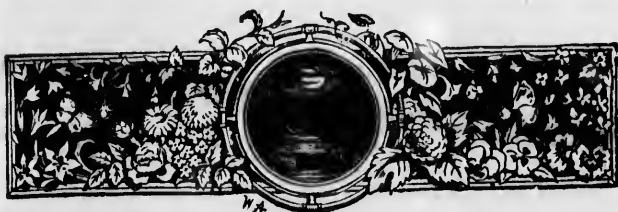
But ah! 'tis not for us to dream and sigh,
 And dwell upon the Past now fled away,
 The present but is ours—the future lies
 Obscure, unknown; we only live to-day.

And though, thou glad New Year! we fain would
 know

What thou to us wilt bring of joys or ills,
 We'll patient be, 'till thou thy record show,
 And calmly take whate'er the Master wills.



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TEMPERANCE.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

TWAS a lovely Sabbath morning, more than
thirty years ago,
Sunlight over vale and hill-side shed its lucid, amber
glow ;
Beauteous nature seemed at worship, in the holy calm
which reigned,
Sweet-voiced birds their praises carolled, with a hap-
piness unfeigned.
By a stream, whose limpid waters join Potomac's
surging waves,
Which with stern, majestic splendor, Washington's
fair border laves,
Idly sauntered eight young students, heedless of the
sacred hour,
Going for their own amusement to a distant leafy
bower,
There to drink and gamble madly, till the blessed day
was o'er ;
And to carry out their purpose, each his cards and
wine-flask bore.

Youth, health, beauty, all were blended on each brow
 so high and white,
 And each sparkling eye flashed keenly with its intel-
 lectual light ;
 But, alas ! if not retarded e'er they reach destruc-
 tion's door,
 Those bright forms, so proud and manly, soon must
 fall to rise no more.
 As they leisurely marched onward, jesting with irre-
 verent ease,
 O'er the placid sunny waters, borne upon the balmy
 breeze,
 Came the ringing of the church-bell from a village
 lying near,
 And its solemn invitation pealed in cadence sweet and
 clear.
 Suddenly one of the number stopped and said, with
 stern, pale face :
 "Boys, I've come to this conclusion, that my steps
 will retrace ;
 I am going back to worship in God's temple made
 with hands,
 And thus break from vice, which holds me in his dark
 satanic bands."
 Then in tones of mocking kindness, spoke the boldest
 of the clan :
 "George is getting so religious, let us help him all we
 can ;
 Come, baptize him by immersion in this stream which
 ripples by,
 Then I'm sure he'll feel much better when again he's
 nicely dry."
 So they formed a ring about him, saying, "Choose
 between the two,
 A cold bath in yonder waters, or your way with us
 pursue."

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Then spoke George, with noble bearing and with reso-
 lution strong :
 Not with all your cruel taunting can you force me to
 do wrong ;
 You have power to drown my body in these waves so
 cold and still,
 But first listen to my story, then do with me what you
 will.
 You well know I am this moment several hundred
 miles away
 From my dear old home, where mem'ry oft with ten-
 derness doth stray ;
 But you know not, dear companions, all it cost to
 bring me here,
 All the weary hours of sadness borne by one—my
 mother dear.
 When by struggling she consented from her youngest
 child to part,
 Who can realize the anguish which did pierce that
 bleeding heart ?
 She an invalid, bedridden many long and painful
 years,
 Knew ere long her bark must anchor far beyond this
 vale of tears ;
 And the thought that I should never cheer again
 her earthly stay,
 Seemed almost to quench entirely life's but feeble
 flickering ray,
 But her grief with prayerful silence, lovingly she hid
 from me,
 Till the few last fleeting moments which I was with
 her to be ;
 Then she called me to her bedside, bade me kneel
 devoutly there,
 On my head her dear hands rested, while she breathed
 her parting prayer ;

With her sweet eyes turned to heaven, rose her voice
 in accents mild,
 As she plead, with inmost fervor, for God's blessing on
 her child.
 That fond prayer I shall remember long as reason
 holds its sway ;
 Every word is branded deeply on my throbbing heart
 to-day.
 Oft in dreams before my vision comes that lovely
 pleading face,
 With those parted lips, and pallid, where disease had
 left his trace,
 Then she ceased her supplication, bade me raise my
 drooping head,
 Clasped my hand in hers so wasted, and in choking
 whispers said :
 ' Precious boy ! you soon must leave me, for the stage
 is at the door,
 And this side the chilly Jordan, you will see my face
 no more ;
 For your father's means are scanty, so it therefore
 cannot be
 That you spend your bright vacations, underneath the
 old roof-tree.
 Ere the two brief years are ended, when your studies
 shall have ceased,
 From these galling earth-born fetters shall my spirit
 be released ;
 For the sands have almost vanished from the hour-
 glass of my life,
 And decay within my bosom wages now its latest
 strife,
 All the pangs I feel at parting you can never, never
 know,
 For I love you as none other does, or can while here
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In that far-off land of strangers, which you soon
 expect to greet,
 You will have no mother's counsel there to guide
 your erring feet ;
 Seek, oh, seek the Master's guidance, and His loving
 words obey ;
 In the tempter's luring pathway never let your foot-
 steps stray,
 And my dearest boy, remember, on each holy Sabbath
 morn,
 When the chiming of the church bells to your list'n-
 ing ear is borne ;
 When the hour of ten is striking from the old clock
 by the stair,
 Then, where'er your footsteps wander, shall ascend a
 mother's prayer.
 Through the peaceful hour which follows, I will
 agonize for you
 At the throne of sovereign mercy, with a Saviour
 kind and true ;
 Let your thoughts, then, ever wander back to this
 lone couch of death,
 Where your loving mother prayeth with her falt'ring,
 dying breath.
 Don't forget the hour I mentioned—at the ringing of
 the bell,
 All is over—you must leave me—kiss me, darling boy,
 —Farewell ! ” ”
 When his story George had ended, tears streamed
 down his manly cheek.
 Looking up at his companions, wond'ring why they
 did not speak,
 Lo ! they wept, for each remembered they, too, had
 a mother's prayers,
 And they there and then decided to escape the
 tempter's snares,

By their downward course exchanging for the path
 of truth and love,
 That when earthly turmoils ended they might gain
 the home above.
 Quickly then the ring they severed, set our brave
 young hero free,
 All their way to church then wended with sincere
 humility.
 Cards and wine they flung with loathing in the way-
 side hedge hard by,
 Vowing ne'er again to touch them, by the help of One
 on high.
 Six of those young men died happy—angels bore
 them far away;
 George, an able Christian lawyer, in Iowa dwells
 to-day;
 And the eighth, an active worker in Christ's vineyard
 here below,
 Still thanks God for his decision made that morning
 long ago.
 Thus eight souls were fully rescued, by that feeble
 mother's prayer;
 Rescued from th' accursed wine-cup with' its sting of
 dark despair,
 Rescued from a felon's portion in a cold, untimely
 grave.
 Oh! the fruits of faith triumphant! Oh! the power
 of prayer to save!
 Courage! all you praying mothers, mourn not for the
 absent one,
 God will hear your weak petitions; he will save your
 wayward son.
 Labor on, though oft in weeping, scatt'ring forth the
 precious seeds
 Of a pure unstained example; Faith to full fruition
 leads,

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When the sheaves are gathered homeward from the
harvest of the Lord,
With each loved one safely garnered, you will reap
the great reward.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

IN a wretched attic chamber, lighted by a narrow
pane,
Through whose roof, so frail and shattered, beats the
driving sleet and rain,
Down whose crumbling, tottering chimney, wintry wild
winds hoarsely moan,
Breathing out their icy vapor o'er the cheerless, rude
hearthstone,
On which now the dying embers lend their last expir-
ing ray,
And athwart the dusky ceiling falls the twilight, cold
and gray;
Flick'ring shadows, weird and ghostly, flit in silence
round the room,
Peering in their mocking stillness, at its emptiness and
gloom.
There a wife, a mother, crouches, clasps her babe hard
to her breast,
While her weary brain is aching, throbbing with a
wild unrest;
Waiting, listening, hoping, praying, as the dreary hours
steal by,
Till the clock upon the steeple tells the midnight
hour is nigh.
Hark! the one she waits for cometh, stagg'ring up the
creaking stair,

Hope soon leaves her tired bosom, and gives place
 dull despair ;
 Ah ! what means this shrinking, shudd'ring ? 'tis
 well-known step she hears,
 'Tis a step which once like music fell upon her glad
 some ears ;
 Once, that hand so rough, unsteady, which the door
 opening now,
 She had clasped in hers most fondly, when she breathe
 her marriage vow.
 Once, those eyes, so bleared and bloodshot, to her own
 spoke love and bliss,
 Once, those lips, which now but *curse* her, thrilled her
 by their ardent kiss ;
 But, alas ! Love's flower has fallen in the wine-cup
 dark and deep,
 Where the viper gnaweth ever and the demons never
 sleep.
 From the tavern now returning, from th' accursed
 haunts of woe,
 With a brain by drink all maddened, see him reeling
 to and fro !
 Like a beast in quest of plunder, see the fire flash
 his eyes !
 Hear his coarse, satanic mutt'rings, as his trembling
 wife he spies !
 Then the startled babe, his offspring, wakes with cries
 of fear and pain,
 And the sound but stirs the frenzy of the demon on
 his brain ;
 With a curse, the babe he seizes, dashes it against the
 wall,
 And its piercing wail loud echoes through the dark
 some, winding hall.
 Cruelly its brains are scattered all around the cold
 bare floor,

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ives place little lips, are still and pallid—golden locks are bathed
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 'ring? 'tis but a quiver, all is over, baby's spirit now has fled,
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dead.
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 r, thrilled by dark, chilling wave.
 the wine-cup In her eye a strange light gleameth, as she lifts that
 emons never form of clay,
 th' accursed And adown the dim old staircase quickly gropes her
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 fire flash Out into the street she hastens, heedless of the raging
 is tremblin storm,
 es with cries Or the blast of chill December, which sweeps round
 ne demon of her ill-clad form.
 t against the All is blank—she hears not, feels not—quite benumbed
 gh the dark seems heart and brain,
 and the cold While her precious lifeless burden, nearer, nearer, she
 doth strain.
 Through the gloom and silent darkness, onward,
 onward, still she passed,
 Till the flaring tavern's doorway had her footsteps
 gained at last ;
 Sliding swiftly to the counter, where the poison
 draughts were sold,
 Causing the atrocious horror, which that fatal night
 had told ;
 There she laid the little sleeper, pale and cold as
 marble now,
 With the blood still oozing slowly from his lovely
 snow-white brow ;
 Then with shrieking voice, loud ringing through that
 glaring den of death,

Hushing all the noisy babble, while the vilest he
 their breath,
 She addressed the bloated landlord, pointing where
 her baby lay:—
 "DEAD! HE'S DEAD, AND YOU HAVE KILLED HIM, LO
 UPON YOUR WORK, I PRAY!"
 This was all her white lips uttered, then that heart
 bleeding, torn,
 Sank beneath its weight of anguish, which was mo
 than could be borne.
 One last gaze upon her loved one, with those glitt'ring
 sunken eyes,
 One last agonizing murmur, then she staggers, fall
 and *dies*.
 When her poor inebriate husband woke to soberne
 again,
 Found himself in galling fetters, heard the clanking
 his chain,
 Lying in a lonely prison, with its grim walls all around
 Starting in surprise, he questioned: "Why is it I he
 am found?"
 Then when told he was the *murd'rer* of his boy—h
 only child,
 That his sad wife too had fallen, crushed by angui
 deep and wild,
 In despair he seized a weapon, which by chance lay
 his cell,
 And upon the rock-hewn pavement, soon his life-blo
 trickling fell.
 While his dying cry resounded through the low, di
 vault of gloom:
 "OH! MY GOD! IT IS THE WINE-CUP SENDS ME TO
 FELON'S TOMB!
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AND 'TIS DRINK THAT SINKS MY SPIRIT TO THE LOWEST,
 DEEPEST HELL!"

Oh, Ruinseller! bold death-dealer! dost thou feel no
 pang within,
 At this crime, so dark, appalling, as the wages of thy
 sin?

How can'st thou unmoved, unruffled, in thy tavern
 stand to-day,
 And behold that hearse just passing, slowly, sadly on
 its way,
 Laden with three lifeless bodies, whose brief sojourn
 now is o'er,
 Knowing that their *blood* is lying at *thy* broad,
 destructive door?

Is thy mind so low and brutal, is thy heart so calloused,
 seared,
 That thy long neglected conscience seemeth to have
 disappeared?

Ah! if so, O man most wretched, sad, indeed, will be
 thy state,
 If thy slumb'ring conscience waketh not until it is—
 TOO LATE;

Where remorse will eat as canker, in thy burning,
 throbbing brain,
 And forever thou must listen to the orphan's cry of
 pain;

Where the drunkard's loudest curses shall be showered
 on thy head,
 Those poor souls by thee lured onward, 'till adown to
 misery led,
 In that pit of endless torture, with its parching,
 heating breath,
 There to reap sin's bitter wages, which is DEATH—
 ETERNAL DEATH.

THE FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

'TIS evening; the moon climbs the mountain
 dark brow,
 And sheds her pale glory afar;
 The lovely June flow'rets are slumbering now,
 They nod to each twinkling star.
 How tranquilly still! over nature's broad breast
 Hath fallen the mantle of peace;
 Ah, me! would that every *heart* knew this rest—
 That night brought to sorrow surcease.

Alas! to the souls overwhelmed by grief
 Calm evening can bring no repose;
 The roses, the moon-beams, the zephyr-stirred leaf,
 Seem only to mock at their woes.
 A frail woman sits in a low, wretched room,
 And looks on the glorious sky—
 She sees not its beauty—all, all is but gloom,
 Her starlight of love has passed by.

To-night, surging mem'ry seems cruelly keen,
 And flows like a wild lava tide;
 And through all the thoughts of the days that have [been
One scene puts all others aside.
 That hour when she wandered, a bride young and fair
 In the moonlight's soft, silvery gleam—
 Just ten years to-night—then a stranger to care,
 Life seem'd like a beautiful dream.

But whence comes the change? Is the moonlight less
 bright?
 Have roses since then lost perfume?
 Why heaveth that bosom in anguish to-night,
 That pale brow so shaded in gloom?

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RANCE. Alas! the Drink-demon has entered her home,
 And rifled the coffer of gold;
 e mountain Want, misery shroud her, stern hunger has come,
 The tale of her sorrows is told.

now, Her last baby-boy the destroyer has claimed,
 No curly-head lies on her breast;
 l breast In a pauper's rude coffin, so ill and defamed,
 She laid the dear darling to rest.
 his rest— 'Tis but a short time since he died on her knee,
 She heard his last pitiful cry:
 "Oh, Mamma, some bread!—can't you get it for me?"
 She could not—and so he must die.

irred leaf, And now she is waiting her husband's return,
 "He comes not!" she whispers again,
 om, When on the bare floor, while her brain seems to burn,
 She kneels, with a low cry of pain:
 om, *Save, save him, oh, God!* in an agony wild
 She pleads, while the sobs choke her breath;
 keen, *Oh, send, send relief to Thy famishing child,
 Or let me find refuge in death!"*

[beetle] So earnest her pleading, so bitter her cry,
 ys that have Continuing still to implore,
 e hears not that staggering footstep draw nigh,
 ung and fair And enter the half-open door.
 — He sees her—he pauses—oh, say, will the sight
 to care, Not soften his adamant heart?
 h, no! Drink has darkened his intellect's light,
 And bidden all pity depart.

moonlight le She's praying"—he mutters; "She's praying, I see,
 And listen!" he holds his foul breath—
 ight, How dare she—*curse, curse* her—to thus pray for me?
 How dare she ask Heaven for death?

Death, is it, she craves?" a murderous glance
 Shoots forth from his dark, blazing eye,
 While fiends of hell seeming 'round him to dance,
 Cry: "KILL HER—SHE WISHES TO DIE!"

One wild, sudden leap, like a beast from its lair,
 One blow—and the vile deed is wrought;
 One shriek from the lips of that prone figure there,
 And lo! her life-blood stains the spot.
 "My God! he has killed me! forgive him, I pray!"
 Then clasping her poor, bleeding breast,
 Up, up through the starlight, she passed into day,
 And entered her soul's desired rest.

Close, close the dark picture! E'en stars seemed
 frown,

The shadows sped noiselessly by—
 The pale moon in pity looked silently down,
 The night-winds gave forth a deep sigh.
 And well might old Earth mourn in silence that night
 O'erwhelmed with shame and surprise;
 And well might the heavens frown over the sight,
 And stars veil their beautiful eyes.

O hearts of humanity! rise is your might;
 And aided by strength from the skies,
 Go, banish the cause of such deeds, black as night,
 And help the poor fallen ones rise!
 Till cursed Intemp'rance, that bane of man's life,
 Shall, like wind-blown chaff, flee away,
 And over its ruins of darkness and strife,
 Dawn sweetly a new, peaceful day.

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THE FATAL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

AUNTIE dear, why is this package tied up with
 such tender care?
 It is only faded flowers, and a little lock of hair!"
 Thus my girlish niece did question, as she viewed my
 treasures o'er,
 Her innocence not dreaming that her words had
 pained me sore.
 So I laid away my sewing, drew her gently to my
 side,
 With the tears my eyes o'erflowing—bitter tears I
 could not hide;
 Gertie, darling, I will tell you, though upon my ach-
 ing heart
 Falls each word of that sad story, like a deadly, pierc-
 ing dart.
 You, no doubt, have often, Gertie, looked upon my
 locks of gray,
 And my faded cheeks, where roses once were bloom-
 ing, bright and gay;
 And have wondered why I've trodden, thus alone the
 path of life,
 And refused so many offers to become a happy wife.
 Ah! these faded blossoms, Gertie, plucked by dear
 hands, lifeless now,
 And this precious, golden ringlet, cut from off a mar-
 ble brow,
 These reveal my heart's sad story—these in silent
 keeping hold
 Mem'ries of the days departed—mem'ries of the days
 of old.

But the story, can I tell it? Heaven give me
 strength, I pray!

Oh, how vividly before me, comes that lovely New
 Year's day!
 When the snow lay crisp and stainless, and the sleigh
 bells rang in glee,
 And my heart beat time within me to their chime
 glad and free.
 I was young—and all the comforts of a home
 wealth and ease
 Then were mine; and life before me, gleamed like
 placid, moon-kissed seas.
 I had then a lover, Gertie, he was handsome, good and
 true,
 Mutual was our strong affection, which each day
 stronger grew.
 How he spurned the sparkling wine-cup, though
 would so often try
 To persuade him that 'twere folly, and to lay such
 scruples by.
 For upon my father's table, there, alas! the ruby
 wine,
 From my earliest remembrance, in its luring light did
 shine;
 And to me it seemed unmanly, (which my training
 taught, alas!)
 To appear so strictly temp'rate, and refuse a social
 glass.
 So upon that fatal New Year's, when he came to make
 a call
 With a party of his schoolmates, I resolved before
 them all,
 Just to have some sport with Willie, and to test his
 love for me;
 So 'mid greetings, and good wishes, out I spoke right
 merrily:
 'To my health you all will surely drink to-day a glass
 of wine!'

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lovely Ne WHO WHO DARE REFUSE, REMEMBER, SHALL NO MORE BE
 FRIEND OF MINE !'
 d the sleigh n! the look my darling gave me! as he whispered
 in my ear:
 their chime urely, Grace, you must be joking! say you do not
 mean it, dear!
 a home No! I said, 'I am not joking,'—as I held aloft the
 wine—
 gleamed lik repeat what I have spoken—DRINK, OR BE NO
 FRIEND OF MINE!
 ne, good an
 ach day be remblingly he took the goblet, drank, then had it
 filled again,
 p, though or a recklessness had seized him, and the demon
 fired his brain.
 to lay suc every one had drunk too freely, when at last they
 said 'Good night !'
 ! the rub and their prancing steeds soon bore them down the
 hill-side from my sight.
 ng light di suddenly, I heard loud voices, just a little down the
 street,
 ny training and a nameless impulse drove me to the spot with
 flying feet;
 use a social here, oh, horror! on the pavement, still and white,
 dear Willie lay,
 ne to mak With a gash upon his forehead, whence his life-blood
 ebbed away.
 ved before here those 'frighted steeds had thrown him, as they
 were so madly driven,
 to test his y those reckless, mirthful drivers, crazed by drink
 my hand had given.
 spoke right low my cries of bitter anguish rang out on the frosty
 air!
 day a glass as I fell beside my lover, wailing forth my wild de-
 spair.

'Speak, oh! speak but once!' I pleaded, as I pressed
those lips of clay,

'Tell me that you now forgive me, for my thoughtless
act to-day!'

But no answer could be given, for the spark of life
had fled,

And I knew that all was over, that my only love was
—dead.

For long weeks I lay unconscious, then returned to
life again,

Only in remorseful mem'ry, to live o'er that scene of
pain.

Heaven, I feel, has sent forgiveness, and my solemn
vows has heard,

That while being lasts, I never shall again by deed, or
word,

Tempt a soul to touch the wine-cup; but with all my
inmost might

I will fight th' accursed evil that has caused my life
dark blight.

But Remorse shall cease, no, never, gnawing at the
heart of mine,

Still I hear those merry voices—still I see the spark-
ling wine—

Still I see that look of pleading on my lost one's pale
sweet face,

When he whispered: "YOU ARE JOKING, OH! YOU DO
NOT MEAN IT, GRACE!"

Would to God I had not meant it! but alas! it is too
late!

And a lonely life of sadness, is my well-deserved fate
When the story I had ended, tears streamed from my
listener's eyes,

As she gave me looks of pity, mingled with a sad sur-
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how the story I've repeated, as it then to her I told,
 hoping it may prove a lesson, dearer far than gems or
 gold.
 Would some thoughtless sister—brother (who beneath
 God's righteous ire
 To his neighbors' lips is putting the inflaming cup of
 fire),
 Read these lines I've traced in weeping, with the pen
 of heart-felt grief,
 Grief, which this side Heaven's portals shall, no, never
 find relief—
 Stop, I pray, and well consider—pause, and think
 with bated breath,
 Of the seeds your hand is sowing; seeds whose har-
 vest will be—*Death*.
 But you foot upon the adder ere you feel his sting of
 woe,
 And the stainless robes of Temp'rance, 'round you
 nobly, strongly throw;
 Search beneath the waving splendor of her pure, proud
 flag unfurled,
 And against the grim Drink-demon, let your life-long
 darts be hurl'd.

"I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS."

THE excitement was great in a Southern town,
 At the close of a summer's day;
 And a crowd swiftly rushed to a tavern door,
 Where within, still and lifeless, upon the floor
 The pale, form of the landlord lay.
 Just a short time before, he had staggered out
 To the side of an open well,

Where his men were repairing the pump; when lo!
As he bent o'er the margin to look below,
In his drunkenness down he fell.

He, so heavy and bloated, 'twas vain they tried
To emerge his down-sunken head,
Ere the deep gurgling waters had choked his breath
And had yielded him up to the monster Death,
With the flickering life-spark fled.

There he lay in that bright, gilded hall of sin,
With its glittering walls so fair,
And its rows of decanters and ruddy wines;
Where the dark evil eye of the demon shines
Through the glistening glasses there.

What a spectacle! Ah! 'twas a fitting place
For the phantom of death, so grim;
For 'tis hidden alway 'neath the poison bowl,
And it loveth to prey on the poor, blind soul,
Who doth quaff from its flowing brim.

See the sorrowing wife, as with drooping head,
And in desolate misery,
She mingles her sobs, with the orphans' cry,
While the pitying friends gather softly nigh,
With their offering of sympathy.

In the midst of this terrible scene of woe
(O'er which angels, methinks, would weep),
A wholesale liquor-dealer came striding in,
To behold his companion in shame and sin
Lying there in his icy sleep.

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Very little appall'd at the sight seem'd he,
 As he stood in his pomp and pride;
 True, he'd lost a good customer; but he said,
 In a satisfied tone, as he viewed the dead,
 To a lady just at his side:

It was I made that man what he was, ah, yes!
 For I started him on the way;
 With his liquors supplied him, his life-time through,
 And I lent him his very first dollar, too,
 And ten thousand he's worth to-day!"

When the lady (a Crusader) turned and said,
 Looking steadily in his face:
 So, *you* made that poor man what he was, indeed?
 Did you lead him up in this infamous traffic, to lead
 Souls to misery and disgrace?

You, that made him a drunkard—a wretched bloated—
 To society but a stench?
 Did you lead him deep into sin, till he headlong fell
 Into eternity's gulf and a drunkard's hell,
 Where the burning no hand can quench?

What are riches, I ask, weighed against a soul,
 That in blackness and gloom is lost?
 The wild, bitter fruits of a wasted life—
 The poor fatherless children, heart-broken wife—
 Oh! compare them and count the cost!"

When he stood, when she finished, yet answered not,
 Then he hastily left the spot;
 But we trust that his innermost soul was stirred,
 And even pierced to its depths by the truths he heard,—
 Truths that never might be forgot.

We, too ask, as we think of the wretched homes
 All despoiled by the curse of wine,
 Of the sad, aching hearts in the world to-day,
 Who are crushed 'neath King Alcohol's cruel sway
 In his dark galling chains repine.

What are revenues, riches, compared to these?
 Brothers, Sisters, of Temperance, say?
 Are we each doing something the tide to check,
 That is bearing so many, a total wreck,
 To the shores of Despair away?

THE FATAL SANDS.

I HAVE somewhere read of a clear, cool stream
 In a far-off, sunny clime;
 How its waters like to crystal gleam,
 In their placidness sublime.
 And the traveller hails it with fond delight,
 As he treads the burning sand;
 By the gale borne over its bosom light,
 How his throbbing brow is fanned!

Here he stops to rest on his weary way,
 Quaffing draughts so cool and sweet,
 While the fleecy wavelets like lambkins play
 Round his heated, way-worn feet.
 Oh, so cool, so clear! not a stone is seen,
 Naught to mar its sandy floor;
 And he says: "Oh, many a mile I've been,
 But the like ne'er seen before.

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I will just step in, it will cool my feet,
 Ere I journey on my way;
 Oh, I would to this sequestered seat
 My worn footsteps oft might stray!"
 Then he downward steps from the verdant shore,
 But alas! that subtle sand
 Draws him down deep, deeper, to rise no more
 To the fast receding land.

Oh, ye fatal sands! ye deceitful waves!
 How appears your wary play
 Like the tide of sin which round us laves,
 As we tread life's fevered way.
 Oh, how gay, inviting those shores appear,
 With their laughing, dancing spray!
 While the siren chanteth her strains so clear,
 And we fain would launch away.

Then gay fancy's visions range high and wide,
 Pleasure smiles, we vainly think
 That no harm can lurk in that smooth sin-tide,
 With its fair, enchanting brink.
 In the first step downward, how fair the pass!
 Oh, how bright the gilded hall,
 With the gambling table—the social glass,
 Or the dance-note's stirring call.

But alas! alas! soon those slipp'ry sands
 Give away beneath our feet,
 And, unless arrested by mighty hands,
 Our destruction is complete.
 Sinking deep, and deeper, to depths of gloom,
 To a drunkard's early grave,
 To a felon's portion or gambler's doom,
 'Neath that cold, delusive wave.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

YE wintry breezes ! gently sigh
 Around the fallen hero's head ;
 Ye stainless snow-flakes ! softly lie
 Upon his narrow, lowly bed.
 Let Temperance veil her lovely face,
 And drop the silent, heartfelt tear ;
 Her " King " has fallen from his place ;
 The one to her and nations dear.

That voice, whose burning words have thrilled
 The multitudes from day to day,
 Forever and for aye is stilled—
 Its last sweet echo dies away.
 That hand which fought the demon Drink,
 And helped its fallen victim rise,
 When trembling o'er Destruction's brink,
 Now pale and cold as marble lies.

The pulsing of that noble heart
 Is still ; no more the orphan's cry
 Shall rend its tender strings, and start
 The drops of grief and sympathy.
 The drunkard's state—his sad wife's tears,
 Shall mar no more that peaceful breast ;
 Far from the shadow of earth's fears,
 The weary soul has found its rest.

The silver cord is loosed at last,
 The golden bowl all shattered lies ;
 All labor ended, sorrow past,
 He, at his post, falls down and dies.
 Yes ! while still holding forth to view
 A much-loved theme ; upon the floor,
 He sank—Death's arrow pierced him through—
 The curtain fell—Life's scene was o'er.

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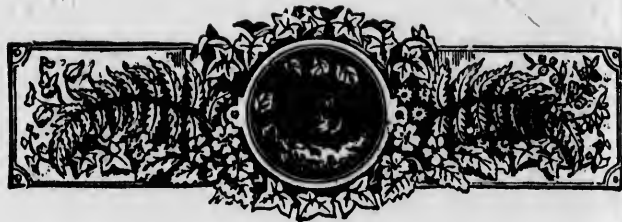
He knew the venom Satan flings
 Around the dark accursed cup ;
 He, too, had felt the viper's stings,
 And quaffed the poison liquid up.
 Reformed, he rose with ardent zeal,
 To crush this deadly monster low,
 And thus promote man's highest weal,
 Erasing every stain of woe.

Himself, the child of poverty,
 And motherless in boyhood left,
 His inmost sensibility
 Was moved toward these alike bereft.
 How many hearts bless God to-day,
 That ere they saw his kindly face,
 And pledged to tear themselves away
 From old King Alcohol's embrace.

And ah ! methinks that many more,
 Beholding his glad spirit come,
 Stood on the distant verdant shore,
 And sang a song of " welcome home "

To him who turned their erring feet,
 And pointed to the path of Right,
 Which following, led to pastures sweet,
 And hills of glory bathed in light.

Sleep on ! great " Temperance King," sleep on !
 For nobly thou hast fought, and well ;
 Let others stem the tide of wrong,
 And strive its surging waves to quell ;
 Till radiant in her peace and pride,
 Shall Temperance reign from shore to shore,
 And all her foes be scattered wide,
 To vex our smiling land no more.



CHRISTMAS.

CHRIST IS BORN.

BACK, roll back, ye ages olden !
We that wondrous scene would view,
Which appears in sunlight golden,
To our hearts as always new.
Time can write no cold, damp traces
On that scene of Royal Birth,
When with all His heavenly graces,
Jesus came to dwell on earth.

See yon plain, whereon are keeping
Shepherds now their watchful care ;
'Tis the midnight, nature's sleeping,
Silence lulls the balmy air.
Suddenly, all glory-lighted,
Shines the starry dome on high,
And as shepherds start, affrighted,
Lo ! angelic forms draw nigh.

Now they come still nearer, nearer,
Far around their splendor gleams ;


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DECEMBER, 1



And each face shines clear and clearer,
 Glowing with celestial beams.
 Harps of gold are tuned with gladness,
 Ne'er were chords more sweetly strung;
 Wake, bound Earth! put off thy sadness,
 Hear thine own redemption sung!

Oh, that song! e'en now it thrills me,
 As it falls on fancy's ear;
 Joy, amazement, wonder fills me,
 As I catch its words so dear:
 "Glory in the Highest! Glory!
 Peace on earth! Good-will to men!"
 Ah, that song of ancient story
 Is as sweet to-day as then.

For He, who in Bethlehem's manger,
 Lay upon a bed of hay,
 He, who came to earth a stranger,
 He, whose birth we hail to-day,
 Came forth from the Father's splendor—
 Came with pardon, joy and peace,
 And with love most deep and tender,
 Gave Himself for our release.

Crown our Jesus, hosts of heaven!
 Hail Him, all ye sons of earth!
 Honor, power to Him be given,
 Shout aloud His wondrous birth!
 Let the nations bow before Him—
 All their gifts most freely bring,
 And with glad acclaim adore Him,
 While the Christmas carols ring.

TWO CHRISTMAS-EVES.

HIGH the glowing flames are dancing,
In the old-time fire-place wide,
Crackling, playing, wreathing, prancing,
Round the yule-log's rugged side.
Everything seems bright and cheerful
In the home of Farmer Lee,
For though not by wealth surrounded,
He is rich in charity.
And his merry, rosy children
Chatter of the coming day,
For to-morrow will be Christmas,
And their little hearts are gay.
From the windows, trim and tidy,
They have drawn the curtains back,
So the pleasant home-light gleaming,
Out upon the snowy track,
May the passers-by encircle,
Cheering them upon the way ;
It was " Papa " bade them do it,
And they hastened to obey.
Now the games begin in earnest—
" Blind-man's buff," and many more—
Eyes are sparkling, cheeks are glowing,
Lips with laughter bubbling o'er,
Suddenly the fitful fire-light
Shows a wee, wan face without,
Peering sadly through the window—
Soon is hushed each noisy shout,
And the laughter quickly ceases ;
Then the door is opened wide,
And a little ragged stranger
Drawn in, to the warm fire-side.

"What's your name?"—"It's only Maggie—
 I'm so cold, and hungry too,
 But I'll only eat a little,
 If you'll let me stay with you;
 For I'd rather die—I guess so—
 Than go back again to Meg.
 (Meg's the woman that I live with,
 And she sends me off to beg.)
 For to-day I could get nothing,
 And, oh, dear! she beat me so!
 If my mamma only knew it!
 But she died long, long ago."
 Then the tear of pity glistened
 In each listener's dewy eye:
 "Mamma, Papa, won't you keep her?"
 Pleading voices quickly cry.
 "Keep her? Yes, indeed—poor orphan!
 Though 'tis hard to feed you all,
 Yet I know the Father careth
 Even when the sparrows fall,
 And He will provide, I feel it,
 I will trust His loving care,
 And while we have aught of any children,
 This poor child shall have a share."
 Then the happy children shouted:
 "Drive another nail up, Will!
 There's another pair of stockings,
 For old Santa Claus to fill!"
 Then up go the little stockings,
 By the chimney-side, two rows,
 And the coals are smothered, so that
 Santa will not burn his toes.
 Little Maggie, with the children,
 In clean garments, warmed and fed,
 Soon is lost in far-off dream-land,
 In a soft and downy bed.

So she dwelt within the "farm-house"
 Many months—beloved by all—
 'Till one day a wealthy lady
 Who was childless, chanced to call,
 And attracted by her beauty,
 Wished to take her as her own.
 So she went—sweet little Maggie,
 Whom to all so dear had grown.
 How they missed her! yet they deemed it
 Better far, that she should be
 Cared for, in a home of plenty,
 Than with them in poverty.

* * * * *

Christmas-eve again; but many,
 Many years have wheeled their flight,
 Since the little starving Maggie
 Found a home that bitter night.
 Once again the winds are drifting
 Through the newly-fallen snow;
 People with mysterious parcels
 In the streets pass to and fro.
 With his wife and little daughter,
 Sits a merchant at his ease,
 In a home, where wealth has scattered
 Everything the heart to please.
 "Maggie," said the handsome husband,
 "Why this foolish whim to-night,
 Thus to have our home surroundings
 Open to the public sight?"
 Then his lovely wife drew nearer—
 Whispered softly: "Please, dear Guy,
 Just allow the shutters open
 For to-night—I'll tell you why:

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One sad Christmas-eve I wandered,
Homeless, friendless, hungry, cold,
And a kindly home-light drew me
To a warm and sheltering fold."
Then they asked their fair-haired darling
What she'd like to have them buy
For her Christmas gift, to-morrow?
Thoughtfully she made reply:
"Best of all, I'd like a Grandpa,
For I've dollies, books and toys,
But I never had a Grandpa
Like the other girls and boys!"
"Your's are dead, dear," said her parents;
"Yes, I know, but don't you see,
If I ask Him, God will make one,
And just send him down to me."
Oh, for faith of trusting childhood!
That can bridge each doubt and fear,
And through e'en the darkest turning,
Find a way to make it clear.
Then the merry little prattler
Peered out through the darksome night,
'Till all suddenly, she started,
Clasped her hands in fond delight:
"Mamma! mamma! God has sent one,
And he's on the doorstep—see!
He's a Grandpa, I's just certain,
Go and bring him in to me!"
Then the massive door was opened,
And the light revealed the form
Of a poor old man, most feeble,
Quite ill-clad to brave the storm.
"Pardon, sir! your light so cheering,
Seemed to warm my poor old heart—
Now I'll go"—The voice familiar
Caused the merchant's wife to start;

Then the light fell on his features—
 "Yes, I know him! It is he"—
 She exclaimed—"My benefactor,
 'Tis my friend, old Farmer Lee!"
 "Do my dim old eyes deceive me?
 Maggie, Maggie, is it you?"
 As he clasped her warm hands closely
 In his own, so thin and blue
 "Times have changed—oh! changed most sadly
 Maggie, since I saw you last;
 On this world, so cold and cheerless,
 I am now a wanderer cast.
 One child only, now is left me,
 He has turned me from his door,
 And"—"Come in, come in," she whispered,
 "For your wanderings now are o'er,
 I have plenty to repay you
 For your kindness once to me;
 And while God sees fit to spare you,
 In my home your place shall be."
 Little Dottie got her Grandpa,
 And the outcast found a rest;
 Thus one little act of kindness,
 By the Master's hand was blessed.

DECEMBER, 1887.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

A GAIN 'tis Christmas.
 That happy time of festive joy and mirth
 Is here. How swiftly, oh, how swiftly, have
 The golden hours sped by, since last rang out
 The Christmas carols, in sweet billowy waves
 Of sound, upon the listening Earth; to tell
 The Natal Day—the wondrous Birth of Him,
 The King of Heaven. For eighteen hundred years,

and more, that glad auspicious hour has been
 hailed with delight—repeated o'er that old,
 old Story, ever new, whose burning theme
 shall live forever. Wondrous Story! Bathed
 in heaven's own light, glowing resplendently
 With the celestial beauty of the One
 Whose name is Love. Methinks I hear that song—
 that angel-song of long ago, borne down
 through grand old Ages, from those Eastern hills
 so far away, in sweetness all untold:
 Glad tidings now to you I bring; Peace and
 good-will toward men; and Glory! Glory, in
 the Highest!" And behold in yonder sky
 the Star appears—the guiding Star—above
 the lowly shed, where lies the new-born Prince
 Emmanuel. O Star of Bethlehem!
 the soul's own beacon-light from earth to heaven;
 in Thy bright beams, oh, let me ever fix
 faith's upturned eye, and follow closely in
 the silv'ry path thy splendor throws across
 life's heaving sea.

Again 'tis Christmas.

How varied the emotions which now fill
 the human heart! Fair childhood locks with eye
 of eager joy, and fond delight, and thinks
 this day the best of all; when "Santa" comes
 With wondrous pack, in all his mystic guise.
 The fiery heart of Youth beats high; while calm
 Old Age in musing sits, and views the scenes
 of days gone by—still green in memory.
 Out, ah! how oft the heaving sigh bursts forth
 from trembling lips, as tear-dimm'd eyes behold
 some vacant place around the home fire-side.

Some dear departed form is missed from out
 The family circle, whose loved presence cheered
 The last bright Christmas-tide. Ah, me! we fain
 Would bid the years roll back, that we again
 Might clasp their hands, and catch the music of
 Their voices. But, alas! we sigh in vain!
 That darling with the locks of gold—that son
 With noble brow—that daughter fair—that dear,
 Dear parent, with the silvered hair—has gone
 Forever. But, hark! from the far-off shore—
 The shining shore—there comes a sweet refrain,
 The echo of Hope's song. It breathes of joys
 Beyond this vale of woe—reunion with
 The lost and fair, upon the hills of Light.
 Where Time knows naught of grim decay,
 Where Death can never steal away
 Our joys supreme.
 Where we the beauty shall behold
 Of Him, the Christ-child born of old,
 The "Morning Star."
 Where Christmas carols ever ring,
 And Saint and Seraph voices sing
 In honor of their glorious King—
 The Son of God.

1888.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the Christmas bells are ringing,
 Christmas-tide again is here;
 To each heart *some* mem'ry bringing,
 Strangely sad, or sweetly dear.

Ring, wild bells! Earth, catch the music!
 Swelling, swelling, let it rise
 In one grand, triumphal chorus,
 Upward to the listening skies.

Babe of Bethlehem, Prince, Messiah,
 God incarnate, hail to-day!
 Root of David, Star of morning,
 Come to scatter night away.

Jesus! may this old, old story
 Of Thy wondrous lowly birth,
 Be our highest theme, and glory,
 While we tread the paths of earth.

And with this brief sojourn ended,
 May Redemption's song, still be
 In its full, sweet grandeur blended,
 With the heavenly symphony.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

RINGING o'er land and sea,
 Scattering clouds of care;
 Glad are your notes, and free,
 Joyful the news ye bear—
 Merry Christmas bells!

How the great heart of Earth
 Pulses with hopeful bounds—
 Wakes into tuneful mirth,
 When on the ear resounds
 Charming Christmas bells.

Hark! the sweet angel-song,
 Sung in that midnight time,
 Echoes methinks along
 In every measured chime
 Of the Christmas bells.

Echoes o'er vale and hill,
 Floats on the breath of morn :
 "Peace on the earth! Good-will!
 Jesus, the Christ, is born!"
 Sweetest Christmas bells!

1889.

 THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE ages backward roll,
 And lo! we stand, with trembling feet,
 Upon the darkened, shad'wy height
 Of Calvary's lonely mountain. We
 Behold, with tearful eye, a scene
 Which shakes the earth's foundations—stirs
 The very depths of hell, and moves,
 With wonder-thrilling force upon
 The holy calm of heaven itself ;
 The golden harp is hushed, the song
 Of rapture still'd ; while angels stand
 With bated breath, and faces veiled
 Beside the pearly gateway. Ah!
 Methinks they weep the pitying tear,
 As, one by one, the drops of gore,
 Fast ebbing from the Crucified,
 Roll down the cross of shame.

Darkness o'er earth prevails,
 The sun refuses now to shine ;
 The heavens frown in blackest gloom ;
 The temple's veil is rent in twain
 From top to bottom : while the earth—
 The swaying earth— with groaning, quakes ;

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The rocks are torn asunder. Graves
Are opened, saints arise, who long
Have slept in undisturbed repose,
The sleep of death.

What means it all ?

O, Calvary ! what means this gloom
Which shrouds thy brow ; this awful hour,
When raging elements of earth
And sky seem all convulsed in wild,
Tumultuous motion ? Hark ! what means
That bitter wail which, piercing through
The shades, is heard above the roar
Of quaking earth and rending rock :
"MY GOD ! MY GOD ! WHY HAST THOU NOW
FORSAKEN ME ?" And then, again,
What means that strange, expiring cry
From yonder cross ? " 'Tis finished !" Who
Is that dear, bleeding sufferer, who,
In mortal agony, bows low
His sacred head—His thorn-crowned head—
And groans and dies ?

Oh guilty soul !

'Tis Jesus, and He dies for thee ;
For thee, the bloody sweat-drops fell ;
For thee, the dreadful night of gloom
He spent in lone Gethsemane.
The thorny crown, the purple robe,
The sneers, the scoffs, the nails, the spear,
He bore them all, my soul, for thee.
Yes ! and that loud heart-rending cry,
When e'en the Father hid His face,
And all was dark, while death stood by
In grim array, 'twas all for thee,
My soul, for thee.

"Tis finished !
 The ransom now is paid. O dear
 Redeemer, can it be that Thou
 Did'st suffer thus MY debt to pay ?
 My sin and shame to hide, and make
 A worthless worm like me an heir
 To Thine inheritance above ?
 O wondrous love ! Come, sing it through
 This life's uncertain day ; and then,
 Up yonder, it shall be our theme
 To all eternity.

JESUS' LOVE.

I STAND and view the fatal cross
 On which my dear Redeemer died ;
 I hear His last expiring cry,
 I see the blood flow from His side ;
 Till lost in wonder I exclaim,
 " O dying Lamb, what love like Thine ? "
 And streaming tears my eyes o'erflow,
 To think He bled for sins of mine.

Yes, for my sins, and not His own,
 That lovely head with thorns was crown'd ;
 For me in yon lone garden fell
 Those bloody sweat-drops to the ground ;
 For me those cruel nails did pierce
 His outstretched hands and weary feet,
 And by that sacrifice of love,
 My ransom now is made complete.

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O precious Saviour, I am thine!
 Bought with the price Thyself hast paid;
 All, all my doubts and guilty fears
 Are at the foot of Calvary laid.
 Thy love which passeth knowledge, now
 Delights my soul, inspires my breast,
 And at the cleansing fount I find
 My only sure, abiding rest.

THE FIRST EASTER MORN.

SLOWLY dawned the early morning,
 O'er the orient hills afar;
 Night fled through the cloudy vapors
 On her silent, dark-wheeled car;
 But a trace of her lone shadows
 Lingered still upon the way,
 For not yet the rosy sunbeams,
 Ushered in the full-born day.

All was still. No sounds of labor
 Yet had vexed the quiet air;
 Earth lay veiled in misty beauty,
 Dewy freshness everywhere.
 Lo! what mean those forms approaching,
 Bearing spices and perfumes?
 Who are they who go so early
 To the shad'wy place of tombs?

They are women—loving Marys—
 Going to anoint their Lord;
 He, the crucified Redeemer,
 Whom their tender hearts adored.

This the third day since, by Joseph,
His dear body there was laid—
Since they heard Him cry, "'Tis finished!"
In that awful moment's shade.

To the sepulchre they're drawing
Nearer, and still nearer, now,
Silent grief with love commingled,
Can be traced on each sad brow ;
While with low-voiced speech they reason :
" Who will roll away the stone ?
For 'tis very great ; such labor,
We can not perform alone."

Hark ! what means that strange commotion !
Wondering earth starts, trembles, quakes,
While the listening vault of Heaven,
Into joy exultant breaks !
Lo ! an angel-band descending
From the shining gates of day,
Answering the Father's bidding,
Come to roll the stone away !

Oh, the glory of that moment !
Songs of triumph, wave on wave,
Rolled through Heaven's wide-flung portals,
When the Victor from the grave
Rose triumphant. Death lay vanquished,
Robbed forever of his sting ;
Jesus is the rising Victor,
He, the mighty, conquering King !

He is risen ! He is risen !
Lamb of God, who once was slain ;
He is risen ! blest assurance !
And He lives—He lives again !

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Oh, ye everlasting gateways !
 He who died for creature's sin,
 Now returns—your heads lift upward,
 Let the King of Glory in !

When 'twas told those loving women,
 On that first glad Easter day,
 By the angels, "He is risen !"
 How they hasted then away
 To proclaim the wondrous tidings,
 To the "chosen" of their Lord ;
 And ere long they all beheld Him,
 Viewed His wounds, believed, adored.

So would we, the tidings herald,
 This commemorative day ;
 Tell how, long ago, the angels,
 Came and rolled the stone away ;
 For this Jesus is *our* Saviour,
 He for *us* hath burst the tomb ;
 We through Him, the resurrection,
 Rise to life, and endless bloom.

 EASTER.

HE is risen !
 Oh, glorious message ! Spoken first
 By white-robed angels, when they bent
 Their snowy wings to earth, that first
 Glad Easter-time, and rolled away
 The ponderous stone. The joyous notes
 Swelled upward, and were caught by one,
 And then another of the host
 Above, who waited breathlessly

To hear the wondrous tidings. Then
 It echoed on and on, that glad,
 New song, in tidal waves of joy,
 O'er Heaven's shining plain. Methinks
 No sweeter chords, on golden harps,
 Were ever struck by angel hands,
 Than those which breathed of vict'ry o'er
 The grave, by Heaven's all-conquering One,—
 The King of kings. Sing on, sing on,
 Bright seraph throng! Sing on, to all
 Eternity! For He, who once
 Was slain, now lives--He lives again!

He is risen!

Earth, too, has caught this song of songs.
 To her 'tis even sweeter than
 To heavenly ears, if such a thing
 Can be. For is it not her own
 Redemption song? Her one grand theme
 Of Liberty and Peace? Lost, lost
 In misery and gloom she lay
 Enthralled by slavish chains of sin,
 Until an Heir of Glory came,
 And snapped the bands asunder. Now
 The ransom's paid—oh, happy thought!
 Salvation is by Jesus bought.

He is risen!

A down through grand old Ages, rich
 In great, eventful story, these
 Dear words have been resounding for
 Well nigh two thousand years. Oh, yes!
 Down through the damp old corridors
 Of Time they've rolled along. Through storm

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And calm, through sunshine and through shade,
 Through all the turbulence of dark,
 Dark reigns, and misty war-clouds dim,
 Through calm, secluded times of Peace.
 And yet to-day, from shore to shore,
 They still reverberate, as full,
 Sweet, grand, and free, as when at first
 They fell upon the gladsome ear
 Of this poor fallen world.

He is risen !
 'Tis told to dark-browed Afric's sons,
 Where sweeps the lordly Nile. 'Tis breathed
 Where spicy odors scent the air
 Of Asiatic lands, and far-
 Off Islands of the Sea. It is
 Borne far across the coral strands
 Of India. And lo ! upon
 The poor, benighted, blinded eye
 Of Heathendom there bursts a glad,
 New day. Darkness and error flee
 Before the beams benign, of this
 Soul-stirring message. And oh, may
 It still sweep on, till every tongue

Shall lisp this wondrous story. Haste,
 Oh, haste, thou great millennial dawn !
 And then, let rise one loud acclaim
 From joyful Earth ; until at last
 The notes are lost in one sweet song
 Of jubilee, with those above :
 E'en unto Him who liveth ; He
 Who once was dead, and is alive—
 Alive forevermore.

O cruel Death ! where is thy sting ?
 Where is thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?
 Since Jesus, our victorious King,
 Did all the darksome pathway pave
 With Heaven's own pure, unclouded ray ;
 His presence scattered all the gloom,
 From death He took the sting away,
 And gilded e'en the shad'wy tomb.

O Saviour dear ! with me abide,
 That, when my way-worn feet shall stand
 Upon the brink of Death's cold tide,
 I then may hold Thy loving hand ;
 With Thee, I shall not fear the foe,
 Or heed the surging waters chill,
 But safely o'er the river go,
 To rest on God's eternal Hill.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMORIES.

OF T when twilight's curtain falleth,
Shutting out the glare of day,
And the sunset's glowing splendor
Fadeth from the west away,
Do I sit and gaze me backward,
Down the corridors of Time,
While each labyrinthine turning
Echoes with fond mem'ry's chime.

Then the flick'ring shadows deepen,
And the moon's pale form appears;
Still each tender, trembling heart-string
Thrills with songs of other years;
And my ear, enraptured, listeth
To the low, sweet, sad refrain,
Till I seem in fancy living
O'er those golden hours again.

First, I see a humble cottage
 On a hill-side, by the stream,
 Where, in innocence of childhood,
 First I dreamed life's pleasing dream ;
 There I see the dear old hearthstone,
 Which at eve we gathered round ;
 Not o'er all earth's wide expansion,
 Can a brighter spot be found.

Once again I seem to wander
 Down yon ivy-tangled dell,
 Hand-in-hand with blithesome schoolmates,
 To a spot we loved so well ;
 There to twine the scented garland,
 Seated in some shady bower,
 Or the rich, brown filbert gather,
 In the season's fading hour.

One by one arise before me
 Well-known forms of long ago,
 Breathing of the days departed,
 And of time's deceitful flow ;
 Sweet, pale faces smile upon me,
 Lovelit eyes look into mine,
 Sparkling in their wonted lustre,
 Like the stars which o'er me shine.

Soft, white hands my own are pressing,
 In their clasp so warm and true,
 Hands whose touch did once like magic
 Thrill my very being through.
 Murmuring voices float around me,
 On the breezes as they blow,
 Like a balm upon my spirit
 Falls each cadence, sweet and low.

But, alas! the vision fadeth
 From my tearful, upturned eye;
 And unconsciously there bursteth
 From my parted lips the sigh,
 As I start, and question sadly:
 "Where are now those friends of yore?
 All those dear, bright days, so cherished,
 Will their sunlight come no more?"

No, oh, no! those days have vanished—
 Every beam has fled at last;
 On time's worn and gray old pages
 They are numbered with the past.
 And the friends? my youth's companions?
 Oh! how they are scattered now!
 Like the lovely autumn leaflets,
 When the cold wind sweeps the bough.

Few, but few of them are near me;
 Some in distant lands now roam,
 Where amid new scenes, new pleasures,
 They have made themselves a home.
 Some are out upon the ocean,
 Cradled on its crested wave,
 Some beneath its heaving bosom,
 Slumber in a watery grave.

And how many, oh, how many!
 'Neath the weeping willow lie,
 Where the green turf grows above them,
 And the song-bird flitteth by;
 But we trust their angel spirits
 Revel in the home of joy;
 Naught of earth can there molest them,
 Or their happiness alloy.

Soon God's loving hand will straighten
 Life's entangled, mazy skein ;
 And what seemeth now mysterious,
 Shall at last be all made plain,
 When we gather with the loved ones,
 To be scattered not again,
 Where the spirit feels no longing,
 And the happy heart, no pain.

TWILIGHT.

WHEN the chariot wheels of the sun
 Roll down the blue aisles of the west,
 When the day's busy toiling is done,
 And nature sinks softly to rest ;
 Then, oh, then, comes the sweet, tranquil hour,
 When twilight—the soft nurse of day,
 Steps serene from her shadowy bower,
 In soft, misty garments of gray.

In the hush of her wooing embrace,
 She lulls the tired day to repose,
 Then over the earth's drowsy face
 A vapory mantle she throws.
 Twilight hour ! calm, delightful, serene,
 How oft as we sit in thy shade,
 Comes the music of days that have been,
 Whose joys have but blossomed to fade.

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Then our bark catches memory's breeze,
And pennon and sail flying fast,
Glide we backward o'er Time's heaving seas,
To view the green shores of the past.
And we scent the rare fragrance of flowers—
Pure blossoms of sweet, perfumed snow,
All entwined round the dear vanished hours
Of glad sunny days, long ago.

Till we start from our dreaming to see,
That twilight has deepened to night;
While afar o'er the mist-shrouded lea,
The last fading day-beam takes flight.
And we think, in the deepening gloom,
Soon, soon shall our life's twilight fall,
Then dissolve into night of the tomb,
The night that awaiteth us all.

But Hope breathes of a day, bright and fair,
Whose noon-tide of glory ne'er ends,
With a sky ever cloudless, and where
No glimmering twilight descends.
Oh, to catch of its splendor, one gleam!
Oh, but to soar upward—away
From the shadows of life's fitful dream,
To bask in that unending day.

ALL A MISTAKE.

LUNA sheds her silv'ry beams over Nature's closing
 eye,
 And the night-bird's trilling chant on the balmy breeze
 floats by;
 Calmly lies the placid stream, on whose bank the violet
 sleeps;
 And the dew, with glist'ning sheen, o'er each slumb'r-
 ing flow'ret weeps.
 In a grassy, winding path, where the elm-tree waves
 above,
 Two betrothed ones stroll along, breathing forth their
 words of love.
 "Shall I go, my dearest May? By your counsel I
 abide;
 In your hands my fate I place, you it is who must
 decide."
 "For ME to decide? Oh, Fred! why you certainly
 must know
 That the sunlight from my life all will vanish if you
 go."
 "Only for a little while," said her lover, brave and
 true,
 Then a happy future dawns when my joys I'll share
 with you."
 "Yes," she mournfully replied, "that, indeed, may
 chance to be.
 Yet, I know not why it is, strange forebodings come
 to me.
 But I must not worry you by my dim, ungrounded
 fear,
 And though hard the struggle be, I will not be selfish,
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When such pleasing prospects dawn on your glad
ambition's height,
I will not becloud your hopes; no, your uncle's wish
is right.

His proposal, kindly made, is too great to be ignored,
Offering you the priceless aid which professors learned
afford,

At his own expense, with naught save this stipulation
made;

That you spend your holidays underneath his roof-
tree's shade.

Go, dear Fred. But, oh, I ask, don't forget a heart so
true,

Which through all those weary years ever, only, beats
for you."

Then the twinkling stars bent down from the azure-
tinted skies,

Saw the silent tear-drops fall from that maiden's love-
lit eyes.

"I forget you, darling? No! my affection shall be
proved;

I forget in four brief years, one whom all my life I've
loved?

What would such a love be worth? Without it you'd
better be."

"It would be no less to bear, even though I were,"
said she.

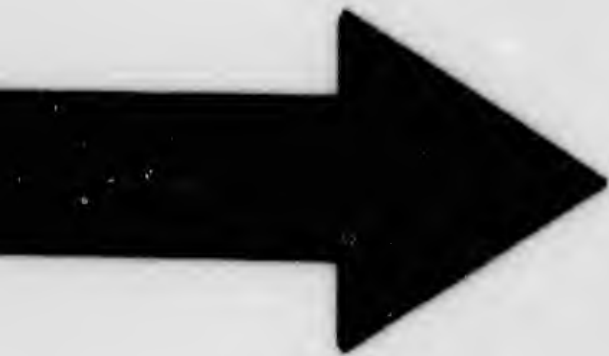
"You shall never bear the test, so cheer up, my little
May,

Though it does seem hard to part, time will quickly
speed away:

And when I my wings have tried, back to you I'll
gladly fly,

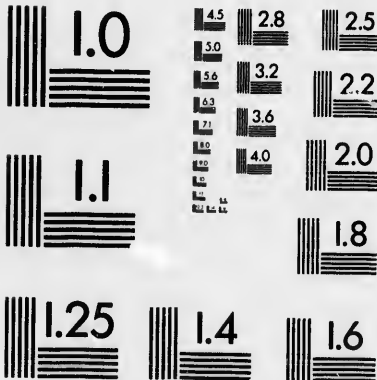
And the star of love will beam brighter in our cloud-
less sky;





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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Then within the fair home-nest we together will grow
 old,
 And I'll watch the silver threads come among your
 locks of gold,
 And the peach-tint fade away which upon your cheek
 I see ;
 Strange, indeed, it all will seem, but my eyes so dim
 will be,
 That the change I will not note ; you to me will be as
 dear
 As you are to-night, my own, standing in the moon-
 light here."

Why was it her young heart sank, list'ning to his
 voice so clear ?
 Why was it foreboding came—something whispering
 in her ear,
 That the HEART might fade, grow old, even though
 the hair retained
 All its wonted golden hue, and the cheeks as fair
 remained ?

But to be Fred Arnold's wife she had promised
 months ago,
 And she felt that in his path not one barrier could she
 throw,
 For 'twas Providence held out that great ladder to
 renown ;
 When its first round he had gained, would she try to
 pull him down ?
 No ! so bidding him God-speed for the four long,
 changing years,
 Which between them were to drift, fraught with sun-
 shine and with tears,
 She resolved to hope and wait, cheerfully to labor on,
 Though that radiant, sunny smile from her vision now
 had gone,

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 again,

But rememb'ring his last words, "I will write quite often, dear,"

His sweet letters will, she thought, all my lonely moments cheer.

Why was it the very first sent a pang to her sad heart,

Caused a damp, an icy chill o'er her pure white brow to start?

Thus it read: "My uncle's ward now is with him; O dear May,

Could you but her beauty see! for she's handsome, young and gay;

Her vacations here she spends, which you know I also do,

Though, of course, my little lass, I would rather be with you."

Thus the letter ran along; but alas! that nameless dread

Lingered still within her breast, hovered round her aching head.

But as time flew on apace, and the seasons came and went,

In his letters comfort came, truth and constancy were blent;

Till the next vacation brought words again her peace to mar:

"Vera Melville's here again, and is lovelier by far."

Ah! why grows that cheek so pale, which is beauty's glowing pride,

Why that half unconscious sigh, which the maiden fain would hide?

Half the waiting time is o'er, and but two short years remain,

Ere her lover's voice shall ring in her gladdened ear again,

Ah! what have those years in store for that heart so
 trusting true?
 Will the scene be joy or pain which the future brings
 to view?
 As the weeks and months stole by, still his brief
 epistles came,
 But in them was never more mentioned Vera Melville's
 name.

* * * * *

Christmas bells are chiming out, and the snow lies
 crisp and white,
 Her DEBUT Miss Melville makes in society to-night;
 Many are the worshippers at her shrine of loveliness,
 All she spurns, save one, who least to her beauty pays
 address.
 He the tumult, deep and wild, in his bosom tries to
 quell,
 Wrought by her mysterious charms, and love's mystic
 magic spell.
 But when heated by the dance, and a cool retreat they
 seek,
 Oh, the thrill of that soft glance! Oh, the words he
 longs to speak!
 As they tremble on his lips why is it he starts, grows
 pale,
 What is that he seems to hear floating on the mid-
 night gale?
 "FOUR YEARS, FRED! 'T WILL NOT BE LONG, AND YOU
 WILL COME BACK TO ME!"
 Were they spoken by a voice, or was it but memcry?
 Ghastly white, he left her side, striving to be doubly
 gay,
 Thinking only how he might wear this gnawing strife
 away,

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Back to college and to work, it is this alone, thought
he,

That will soothe my maddened brain, and my breast
from passion free.

So he labored—plodded on—in his mind resolve was
cast,

That no more vacation hours at his uncle's should be
passed ;

"For if I should see her face, I my honor will betray,
And I *must*, I *will* be true to my absent darling
May."

And the thought his labors cheered, that ere long, his
studies o'er,

He would fly to her embrace, and forgetting evermore
That unnatural dream of his which had so enwrapped
his life,

Claim her ever as his own—as his faithful, loving wife.
When that hour of greeting came, and he held her in
his arms,

Saw the rose-flush on her cheek—and her old, engaging
charms,

He felt more determined still, that to honor he'd hold
fast,

And inscribe that fickle dream on the pages of the
past.

Little May, with woman's zeal, vainly strove her fears
to quell,

SOMETHING dark before her yawned, what it was she
could not tell ;

Till she missed him one bright day, whom, by search-
ing, soon she found,

With his frame convulsed by sobs, lying prostrate on
the ground.

In his hand a letter crushed, which he did not seem to
know—

That she took from his cold grasp—so bewildered by
the blow.

White, and still as statuette, every word she calmly
read :

“Vera’s very ill, my boy,” this is what the letter said.

“Yes! so ill, that we have shaved off her waving
tresses bright,

And her piteous cry for YOU ceases not from morn till
night ;

Lose no time! your presence may have the power to
save her life,

All I have shall then be yours, if you take her for
your wife,

For I know you love her well, so let nothing keep you
back,

For if you my wish deny, Fortune ne’er will cross
your track.”

To the ground the letter fell, whirled her brain beneath
the stroke,

But the sweet voice trembled not, as in accents low
she spoke :

“FRED, THE TRAIN IS DUE AT SIX, IT IS TIME FOR YOU
TO START!”

Common words, indeed, were they, coming from a
breaking heart!

“OH, I CANNOT GO!” he groaned. “What! and let her
DIE?” said she,

“Think how utterly a blank would this life without
her be ;

For YOU LOVE HER—do not start—you have shown it
all to-day,

And I had, dear Fred, of late, meant to tell you any-
way,

That, as we had older grown, we, of course, had
changed, you know,

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And 'twere better to go back to the happy long ago,—
 To the footing, when you called me your little sister
 dear,
 And forget the foolish talk that had followed year by
 year ;
 In those cherished days of yore, we had thought our
 love was true,
 "But you see"—she faltered here—and the clear voice
 husky grew,
 While her strength seemed almost fled, as with pallid
 lips she spake :
 "It was only—all—dear Fred, but a sad, a SAD
 mistake."
 "Do you MEAN it?" then he cried, as he saw the light
 of Heaven
 Suddenly break on his path, and the clouds of anguish
 riv'n,
 "Do you mean," he cried again, "you will break the
 solemn bands
 Of our long engagement, May, and its mem'ry e'er
 efface?"
 Oh! that moment's agonies, as his clear eye searched
 her face !
 But her courage wavered not, though her heart was
 bursting, nigh,
 From those sweet eyes came no tear, from those parted
 lips no sigh.
 He, so blinded, could not see, that those words so
 calmly said,
 Were as echoes of despair, when the star of hope has
 fled.
 So he went : he left her there—saying hastily, "Good-
 bye!"
 There she lingered, spectre-like, till adown the western
 sky

Sank the gilded orb of day, and the twilight gray and
 cold,
 Gathered round her fragile form—circled round her
 locks of gold ;
 While her mournful wail of woe doth the solemn still-
 ness break ;

“ IT WAS ALL A SAD MISTAKE ! IT WAS ALL A SAD
 MISTAKE ! ”

Three weeks pass. Physicians say, “ there is now no
 cause to fear,
 Vera Mellville’s life is saved by Fred Arnold’s coming
 here ! ”

Soon as she is strong again, to the church their way
 they wend,
 And their mutual vows of love at the marriage altar
 blend.

Vera, in her sweet content, often thinks with tearful
 eyes,
 Of that woman far away, and of her great sacrifice.
 And she murmurs thoughtfully, as her queenly head
 she shakes :

“ Yes ! it must indeed have been, ONLY ONE OF LIFE’S
 MISTAKES ! ”

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

I T was a bright, a lovely night,
 In June’s sweet time of flowers ;
 The moon’s pale beams shed ambient gleams
 Athwart the leafy bowers.
 ’Neath mists of gray the landscape lay
 In dreamy mazes shrouded ;

While nature drew her fill of dew,
From starry heights unclouded—
When Bessie came to woo.

Just half-past eight, through th' garden gate,
I saw a maiden coming,
With airy pace, and witching grace,
A sweet love-ballad humming.
She gave a rap, a slight tap, tap—
'Twas pretty Bessie Baily—
My heart did jump, in one great thump,
For when she entered gaily,
I knew she came to woo.

With modest air, she drew her chair
Near mine, and said: "Dear Harry,
Now don't you think—pray—don't you think
It's time for you—to—marry?
I offer you my love most true,
Now Harry, don't reject me!
Here on the spot, now will you not,
Your future bride elect me?"
Thus Bessie came to woo.

I blushed, oh, my! with down-cast eye,
(But then 'twas quite becoming,)
Her saucy eyes looked glad surprise,
While I my courage summing,
Found voice and strength to say at length:
"Reject you? Never! never!
I've loved you long, with ardor strong,
Now I am yours forever,
My Bessie, dear and true!"

She said "Good-night," then, charming sprite,
 But on my rough, brown finger—
 The signet of her constant love—
 A sparkling ring did linger.
 And we were wed when Autumn shed
 Her fruit in golden measure;
 A truthful wife—joy of my life,
 I've found in her, my treasure,
 Since Bessie came to woo.

And now life's day is growing gray,
 In twilight's misty gloaming;
 We, hand in hand, down to the strand,
 The mystic strand are roaming.
 Yet still in June, when roses bloom,
 I live that joy-time over,
 Hear with delight the fond troth-plight,
 Of my sweet girlish lover,
 When Bessie came to woo.

1888.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

I SEE a boat speed on its way
 Upon a rapid stream;
 The oars, when flashing in the sun,
 Like burnished sceptres gleam;
 While from them sparkling diamonds fall
 In crystal drops of spray,
 And on the water's blue-veined breast
 Float merrily away.

This bark with human freight is stored,
And let us briefly note
Their several mien, ere from our sight
Adown the stream they float.
First, see that poor old aged man,
With floating locks of gray,
Who forward leans upon his staff,
With look so far away ;

His partner's seated by his side,
How placid is her brow !
Her locks, once threads of living gold,
Would shame the snow-drift now ;
Their voyage has been very long,
But now the end is near,
For lo ! just o'er yon surging tide,
The distant shores appear ;

They catch, at times, sweet far-off notes,
Borne on the balmy air,
From glad, familiar voices dear,
Of loved ones waiting there.
The years gone by but echoes seem,
Which die along the shore,
Of the long-vanished, smiling past,
Which greets their sight no more.

Then see a couple seated near,
Just in the prime of life ;
Their way seems fraught with many joys,
Their sky in sunlight rife.
Together, with warm, trusting hearts,
Held by love's sacred ties,
They scan the waters stretched beyond
With eager, hopeful eyes.

Their little one stands by their side,
 And leans on mamma's knee,
 Laughing and chatting, as the waves
 Dance by in merry glee.
 O childhood! sweetest hour of life!
 How high thy fancies rise,
 With not one shade of sordid care
 To dim thy smiling skies!

But we must leave this happy group,
 And give attention now,
 To yonder youthful, smiling forms,
 Close seated in the bow—
 A lovely maiden, in whose eye
 Is mirrored heaven's own blue;
 And round whose pure, white brow, falls curls
 Of sunny, golden hue.

With witching grace she holds a wreath
 Of perfumed flow'rets gay,
 And o'er the boat-side lets them trail,
 To kiss the dancing spray.
 Her lover, with admiring glance,
 From dark, true, lovelit eyes,
 Looks on, and thinks no fairer sight
 Is seen beneath the skies.

For she it is who holds his heart,
 By silken cords of love,
 Those cords so sacred, strong, and pure,
 By angel-fingers wove.
 To them, how doth the future gleam!
 Bright with Hope's shining star;
 It sheds a halo o'er their heads,
 And gilds the waves afar.

Oh, happy, hopeful, trusting hearts!
May all your voyage be
One long-continued hour of bliss,
O'er Love's enchanting sea;
Together may you drift along,
As cycling years roll by,
Your hearts, your aims, your joys, as one,
In sweetest unity.

But see! our little boat has gone—
Now drifted from our view,
And with a sigh we turn away,
And waft a long adieu;

For ah! how true the picture seems!
We pass from shore to shore,
The years go by like fitful dreams,
The voyage soon is o'er.
We sail from Childhood's sunny shores,
To Youth's fair, verdant isles,
Where fragrant buds of Promise grow,
And sweet-voiced Pleasure smiles;

Then out into the sea of Age,
Unconsciously we glide,
Until, ere long, our bark is moored,
Upon the other side.

QUATRAINS.

I.

SWEET muse! thy rapturous notes, so stirring,
 tender, deep,
 Oft by their breezy cadence softly fan,
 And start to glowing life the better thoughts that sleep
 Within the wintry, prosy heart of man.

II.

O Poesy! methinks thy music had its birth,
 'Mid heaven's ambrosial bowers, and seraph choir;
 Man caught the silvery echo floating down to earth,
 And lo! responsive woke his sounding lyre.

 DOMINION DAY.

FLING out your crimson banners, boys!
 The British flag wave high,
 And sound the bands of music far
 Along the azure sky;
 This is the time for festal joy,
 Drive dull old care away—
 The eighteenth anniversary
 Of our Dominion Day.

The sweet perfume of blooming flowers,
 Upon each breeze is borne,
 The songsters chant, earth laughs in glee,
 On this bright July morn.

The rippling brooklets onward dance
To join the larger streams;
Upon the verdant mountain's brow
The burnished sunlight gleams.

All nature seems in unity,
In strength and pride to stand,
Symbolic of our Provinces,
Our dear Canadian land;
Whose territories, vast and wide,
Can boast of power and might,
Since that glad day when Parliament
Their forces did unite.

They, too, can boast of smiling fields,
Which wave in cereal pride;
Of noble lakes, and mountains high,
And rivers grand and wide!
From yonder far-off "fertile belt,"
To Scotia's rock-bound shore,
Fair Canada, thy beauty's wealth,
Must every eye adore.

Thy laws, so just, our rights protect,
Thy loyalty, we know,
Is like to thy prosperity,
Unbounded in its flow;
What though rebellion now awakes
Out in the far North-West?
Thy military force is strong,
Thy volunteers the best.

Soon shall thine arm the vengeance quell,
And laurels crown the brow
Of many brave and loyal sons,
Who stem the war-tide now.
Then cleave the air with lusty shouts.
Hurrah! my boys, hurrah!
For Canada, our happy home,
On this, her wedding day.

The day when stranger lands were made
As one, in union strong,
That day in Eighteen Sixty-seven,
Shall be remembered long.
Though some may scorn that noted hour,
And tell of ills it brought,
We only say that deeds of strength,
Are but by union wrought.

O great Dominion! proud are we
To claim thee as our own;
We love thy sunny hills, and glades,
From earliest childhood known.
We sigh not for a fairer clime,
Beneath a tropic sky,
But on thy fondly cherished sod
Wish but to live and die.

Then float your crimson banners, boys!
Your country's flag wave high,
And sound the bands of music far
Along the azure sky.
This is the time for festal joy,
Drive dull old care away,
The eighteenth anniversary
Of our Dominion Day.

EVENING BOAT SONG.

DO you remember still, my love,
The time we glided o'er
The placid lake, that balmy eve,
And dipped the lightsome oar."

The sun had wheeled his chariot down
The blue aisles of the west,
And left behind a path of gold
Upon the water's breast.

We watched its glory slowly sink
'Neath folds of misty night;
And evening's silv'ry gems bestud
The azure concave's height.

How lightly, gaily sped we on
With hearts so glad and free;
Our laughter, interspersed with song,
Which echoed o'er the lea.

The lilies listening, pale and sweet,
Bent low their beauteous heads,
Then closed their golden eyes in sleep,
And kissed their watery beds.

But lovelier far than all the wealth
Of nature's glowing pride,

Were you to me, that night, my own,
Close seated by my side.

No brighter shone the stars on high,
Than those brown eyes, so true,
Whose lovelit glances seem to thrill
My inmost being through.

The perfumed roses on the bank
Whose sweets the wild bee sips,
Held not for me such fragrance rare
As fell from thy sweet lips.

Long years have passed since then, my love,
And wreathed our brows in snow;
Your eyes have lost their lustre now,
Your cheeks their youthful glow.

Together we have drifted on,
A down life's rapid stream;
But never have we broke the spell
Of love's enraptured dream.

And now our bark has almost gained
The ever-verdant shore;
Yet still to me thou art as dear
As in the days of yore.

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A TRUST LESSON.

OVER the sunlight the shadows fell fast,
Veiling the splendor and glory of day;
Faster and faster the clouds hurried past,
Then rolled together in martial array.
Rode the storm king on the battlements high,
Swaying the sceptre as onward he dashed;
Rumbled the wheels of his chariot by,
Forth from his armor the swift lightning flashed.

Gloomy and trembling, earth listening lay
While the artill'ry clashed on in the sky;
Hoarse roared the ocean, the white seething spray
Over the surf-beaten rocks mantled high.
To and fro wildly ran bellowing herds,
Sought the wild beast of the forest his lair,
Hushed was the song of the sweet warbling birds,
Gloom and confusion prevailed everywhere.

Musing, I sat by the wide open door,
While the forked lightning gleamed over the plain,
Echoed above me the thunder's deep roar,
Down on the pavement descended the rain.
Hark! notes of melody fall on my ear,
Was it the play of the wild murm'ring breeze
On harps Eolian, sounding so near?
Or the soft sighing of wind in the trees?

No! it was only a birdie that sang,
As he sat perched in a tree-top hard by;

Upward, far upward, the strains sweetly rang,
 Up to the angry, tempestuous sky.
 Only a bird, yet my whole soul was thrilled,
 Bright shone the sunlight, the clouds rolled aside
 Every fear in my bosom was stilled,
 "Oh, what a trust-lesson, truly " I cried.

Who of us, like the sweet songster, thought I,
 Hopefully trusts in the tempests of life,
 When every spot in our shadowy sky
 In the dark clouds of affliction is rife?
 Who of us calmly, serenely sits down,
 Joyously singing midst storms raging wild,
 Saying, " My Father will care for His own,
 Nothing can harm me, His poor trusting child.

Oh, for a faith that forever trusts on,
 Where mortal vision no longer can trace;
 Oh, for a heart filled with rapturous song,
 Even when clouds hide the Master's dear face.
 Oh, for the sound of that sweet " Peace be still !"
 When life's rude conflicts are lashing my breast:
 That sacred message my tired soul doth fill
 With the soft hush of an infinite rest.

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"NO NIGHT THERE!"

I'M watching the shadows creep over the plain,
And the last beam of sunlight fade out from the
west,

The moon slowly rising afar o'er the hill,
With her lovely pale brow, and her silvery crest;
While silently floats from the concave's proud height
Above me, the star-spangled banner of night.

I sit in the stillness, and gaze on the scene,
Till on thought's airy wing I am borne far away
To that bright beyond, where no night-shadows fall,
But where time flows along in perpetual day;
No need of a candle—no need of the sun—
Its light is the smile of the Crucified One.

I think of the joys of that city of day,
Of its broad, golden streets where the glorified stand,
Its mansions of light, and bright crystal sea,
Which so gently flows over the glittering strand;
Of Jesus, my Saviour, who reigns in that home,
And beckons me onward with His gentle—"Come!"

Till lost in an ocean of wonder and love,
Seems my spirit to plume her glad pinions for flight;
She longs all those glories supernal to prove,
Far from earth's lonely way, and from sorrow's dark
night.

But on my rapt ear falls Hope's far-away song:
"Endure to the end, for it will not be long."

Oh! when that fair morn of Eternity dawns,
 And the great Sun of Righteousness bursts on my
 view,
 With what glad hosannas my soul shall arise,
 And the wide gleaming portals of glory pass through,
 To go no more out, but forever abide
 With loved ones gone before, by Immanuel's side.

THE PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.

SOFT fell the twilight:
 And musing I sat in the gloaming,
 Till gentle Fancy on light, airy wing fluttered near me:
 Bidding me follow, she led me far on through the
 shadows;
 Over the river, o'er which hung the mists of the
 evening;
 Up the stern heights of a mossy, and dew-covered
 mountain.
 There I stood gazing
 In wonder, and rapt contemplation:
 For what a vision arose far behind and around me!
 This was the *Present*, this bright pleasing spot where
 I rested.
 All round my feet clustered flowerets in fragrant
 profusion;
 Ah! these, thought I, are the blessings which strew
 my path daily.
 And these sweet fruit-laden branches which wave just
 above me,
 These are the rich, golden-houred opportunities offered
 Which, but by putting my hand gently forth, I can
 gather.

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Then I looked upward.

A few heavy clouds hovered o'er me,
But as I gazed, lo! they rifted, and quickly were
scattered,

Soft rainbow tints, and a glorious sunlight disclosing,
And as they parted, I knew by their border of ermine,
That each, though dark, had a lining of pure, shining
silver.

Then I looked backward,

And lo! through the shadowy vista
Glimmered the scenes of the Past, and the way I had
trodden.

There lay the rough, winding path, by the banks of
Time's river—

There lay the dear, sunny hills and green vales of my
childhood ;

And though my eye loved to rest on *some* spots in that
pathway,

Yet when it varied, and often immersed into shadow,
Fain would I turn and the sight in forgetfulness bury.
For there the roses,

With petals down-trodden, lay scattered ;

There lay the leaflets, all seared by the autumn's chill
breezes ;

There lay the ripe, golden grain, and the fruit all
ungathered,

All had I passed by unheeded, and strayed empty-
handed ;

Now they had withered—their fragrance forever
departed.

Then I looked forward ;

But ah! all was blank—all was hidden

By tow'ring mountains, unscaled by humanity's foot-
steps.

Far, far beyond, o'er those heights lay the dim, mystic
Future.

Veiled were its scenes, and I knew not what there
 might await me ;
 Yet, as I paused, I could hear the wild surge of Death's
 river,
 And well I knew its cold waters ere long I must
 battle,
 If I would reach the bright shore, of which Faith
 often whispered ;
 Where the lone pilgrim shall find a sweet home-place
 forever,
 And weary hearts shall for aye cease from earth-born
 repining.
 Then came a whisper,
 In low, measured accents, above me :
 ' Only the Present is thine, for the Future is hidden,
 And the bright scenes of the Past, thou can'st never
 behold them,
 Save when the flood-gates of deep, gushing memory
 are lifted.
 Gone, gone forever, beyond mortal power of recalling
 Each hasty word—all the dear, precious hours thou
 hast squandered.
 But ne'er repine,
 For the Present is smiling upon thee.
 Go gather quickly the sunbeams and blossoming roses
 See! all the fields in their cereal glory are waving,
 White unto harvest, the ripe golden grain now is
 gleaming ;
 Put forth thy hand, for the time is so rapidly fleeting
 Into the Master's great store-house, go bear the sheaves
 homeward."

"COME UNTO ME AND REST!"

HOW precious are those words divine,
Which on the sacred pages shine:
"Come unto Me and rest!"
They quell each rising, anxious fear,
And with their tender, loving cheer,
Oft calm my troubled breast.

When weary with the march of life,
With all its loneliness and strife;
When by rude care oppress'd,
How soon away my burdens roll,
When Jesus whispers to my soul,
"Come unto Me and rest!"

I come, Thou precious, dying Lamb!
I come, oh, take me as I am,
And draw me to Thy breast;
Thy promises are ever sure,
And long as ages shall endure,
In thee I'll find my rest.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

THERE'S a charm ever new in old ocean to me,
 As I gaze on its dark heaving breast,
 When the soft twilight falls over mountain and lea,
 And the bright orb of day sinks to rest.

See the sun's sinking splendour diffusing its light
 O'er the waters, as proudly they flow,
 While afar the bold sea-bird is taking its flight,
 And anon white sails flit to and fro.

'Tis an hour for reflection, and viewing the sight,
 Thoughts of One long ago come to me,
 Who with majesty walked on the stern billows' height,
 And who calmed the tempestuous sea.

We are sailing life's ocean; yes, swiftly we glide,
 Round our bark oft the wild surges roar;
 Tossed by storms of affliction, we drift with the tide
 To yon unseen and far-distant shore.

Often gently we float, no dark storm-cloud appears
 To bedim our ethereal sky;
 But alas! hope decays when the night-shades so drear
 Gather o'er us, no Helper is nigh.

Oh, then, list! a sweet voice gently comes o'er the wave
 Speaking softly those words, "Peace, be still!"
 Oh, what joy! 'tis the Saviour, now coming to save,
 And our lone hearts with gladness to fill.

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Let us seek His salvation, so full and so free,
 Then when life's weary voyage is o'er,
 Safely anchored, we'll rest far beyond the dark sea,
 In the harbor of bliss evermore.

 RELICS.

RELICS of the dear, dead Past!
 Who of us preserve them not?
 Even after cycling years,
 To our hearts new scenes have brought,
 Oft there comes a dreary day,
 When fond mem'ry backward steals,
 And the aching, longing heart
 At its former al'ar kneels.

Then those treasures, one by one,
 From the bureau draw'r or chest,
 Tenderly are lifted out;
 While across the heaving breast
 Sweeps emotion's surging tide,
 As the vanished past appears,
 Bearing on its misty wings,
 Hopes and dreams of other years.

See that lonely mother now
 Viewing sacred relics o'er!
 Little shoes, a dainty robe,
 That her long-lost darling wore.

Here a toy, a broken doll,
 Here a curl of shining gold—
 Only these—and yet to her
 They are gems of price untold.

Mark the orphan's falling tear,
 As he views his parent's chair,
 Vacant now, but oh, how dear!
 For the forms that once sat there,
 Went to join the far-off throng,
 Leaving still the soothing balm
 Of their memory loved, revered,
 Like a sweet and holy psalm.

Then the dear old-fashioned Book
 Lying on the parlor stand,
 Thumb-marks here, and leaves turned there,
 Relics of a cherished hand.
 Leave the marks, disturb not one,
 For those hands are silent now,
 Weary toiling all is done,
 Cold and white each silvered brow.

See that lover as he bends
 O'er a little casket rare!
 As he turns the tiny key,
 Mark his sad, abstracted air!
 Now he presses faded flow'rs
 To his quiv'ring lips of white—
 Now he views a tress of hair,
 Till a mist bedims his sight.

Then a hand in his is laid,
 How the touch his being thrills!
 Then a gentle voice he hears,
 How his heart with rapture fills!

From a face most sweetly fair,
 Tender eyes gaze in his own,
 Till he wakes with sudden start,
 Finding that his dream hath flown.

For those eyes which on him gazed
 Once with love-light pure and deep,
 Death hath sealed with icy hand
 In a silent, dreamless sleep.
 One by one he puts them back,
 Relics of life's sunlight fled,
 Dearest treasures of the heart,
 Hope's sweet blossoms faded—dead.

Keep your relics, lonely wife,
 Mother, orphan, lover, all;
 One there is who knows thy grief,
 Marks each silent tear-drop fall.
 That dear hand that formed the tie
 Binding hearts to loved ones here,
 Shall at last from every eye
 Wipe away affection's tear.

 EVENING REVERIES.

ALL is still ; for the day's toil is ended,
 Twilight's curtain o'ershadows the west,
 O'er all nature repose has descended,
 As it sinks like a worn child to rest.
 Through the forest's deep foliage yonder,
 Evening zephyrs now murmuring sigh ;
 Twinkling stars ope their eyes, as in wonder,
 And the moon lifts her proud form on high.

As I silently gaze through the gloaming,
 On yon concave, all sparkling and bright,
 Borne on thought's rapid wing I am roaming,
 Far above its ethereal height ;
 To the One reigning there, who commanded,
 And behold, those blue heavens appeared ;
 By His hand are their wonders expanded,
 And the course of the planets is steered.

Could we dare to dispute God's existence,
 Or deny His great wisdom supreme ?
 Could we offer to Truth stern resistance,
 While above us so brightly doth beam
 The wide firmament, constantly showing
 His handiwork, wondrously fair ?
 We exclaim, with our hearts overflowing :
 " No ! the heavens Thy glory declare ! "

1882.

TO "COOK" A HUSBAND.

I MAY be late (I hope I'm not),
 But speak indeed I must,
 Upon a subject, which, no doubt,
 You all have heard discussed.
 'Tis " How to keep a husband's love "—
 Important, you'll allow,
 For when a husband's love is gone,
 Where is the marriage vow ?

How often is a husband spoiled
 By careless wifely hands !
 He's "froze" by sheer indifference,
 Or in "hot water" stands ;
 He's "blown up" like a small balloon,
 And often in a "stew,"
 By peevish words, and angry looks,
 Is kept his life-time through.

I'm sure he'll not be "tender" then,
 And just to suit the taste,
 For all his sweet deliciousness
 Will swiftly run to waste.
 So if you have a husband true,
 And want to keep him "sweet,"
 Just cook him—it is easy done,
 I'll give you the receipt :

A good preserving dish is best ;
 In linen, clean and white,
 Then wrap him ; have it mended well,
 The buttons sewed on tight.
 A silken cord, called "comfort," bind
 Quite gently all about—
 The one called "duty" is not strong,
 In case he should jump out.

Then make a bright and steady fire
 Of neatness, love and cheer,
 And should he sputter, sizzle, spit,
 You need not think it queer ;
 (Some husbands act so till quite done) ;
 Be sure you do not miss
 To add some sugar, well prepared
 In what is called a "kiss."

Use nothing sour, by any means ;
 A little spice is fair,
 And will, no doubt, improve the taste,
 But must be used with care.
 Don't use a fork to see if done—
 'Twould be a dreadful blow—
 For that, if you have watched him well,
 You cannot fail to know.

Now every husband treated thus,
 Will always after be
 Most sweet, digestible, and good,
 And with you will agree.
 But should you ever careless grow,
 And set him in the "frost,"
 Why then, of course, he will congeal,
 And all your work be lost.

TIME.

TIME, like an endless tide rolls on,
 And swiftly bears the years away ;
 While in its flight, with deathless hand,
 On all below it writes decay ;
 As flow'rets bloom, then fade and fall,
 So with man's life—Time changes all.

What steals the bloom from off the cheek,
 And marks it o'er with lines of care ;
 Turns golden locks to silvery white,
 Bedims the eye once bright and fair,
 Brings falt'ring steps, and forms bent low ?
 We answer : " Time's most rapid flow."

How oft time changes loving hearts,
 And mem'ry ceases to unfold
 Its mystic door, to welcome in
 Some thoughts of friends, or days of old,
 And in those breasts burns wrathful ire,
 Where once glowed warm affection's fire.

Though monarchs high their sceptres sway,
 And kingdoms wax to mighty fame;
 When highest pomp and show display
 To fan ambition's worldly flame;
 Time's breath soon withers all their bloom,
 They fall, spoil for the greedy tomb.

Our Master says: "Redeem the time,
 For evil are the days and few,"
 And if we follow this command,
 Rich blessings shall our pathway strew;
 If we in Time God's children be,
 With Him we'll spend Eternity.

THE BRIDGE OF TIME.

THERE'S a bridge of countless arches—
 Every arch a moment's space—
 Over which in measured marches,
 Pass the myriad human race.
 And beneath it flows a River,
 Filling all immensity,
 Rolling on, and on, forever—
 River of Eternity.

Bridge of Time ! so treacherous, swaying,
 Planks decayed, and timbers old,
 O'er thy slipp'ry span we're straying,
 Falt'ring, lest we lose our hold.
 One by one they fall around us,
 Friends beloved—the true and tried ;
 Loving forms no more surround us,
 They have launched upcn the Tide.

We must follow ; sure, impending,
 Is th' inevitable doom ;
 Every hour our feet are wending
 Downwards, to the darksome tomb ;
 But with Jesus, dear, to guide us,
 Hold our trembling hand each day,
 Fear we not, He'll safely hide us,
 When Time's fatal bridge gives way.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

SCENE I.

THE coffin was a plain one—no flowers on its lid,
 No rose-white satin lining its rude interior hid ;
 No ribbon, smooth and glossy, upon that shroud was
 placed,
 No cap, with plaited border, that brow of marble
 graced ;
 The dark brown tresses parted, were plainly brushed
 aside,
 A smile of peace disclosing, which grim death could not
 hide.
 The city undertaker, with stern and reckless mien,
 Prepared to hide forever the slumberer serene.

"I want to see my mother!" a sobbing voice implored;
"You can't, go 'way, I tell you, I cannot well afford
To spend my time in waiting, so just be still, I say;
Won't some one have the kindness to take the *brat*
away?"

The poor heart-broken orphan still urged his humble
plea:

"Please, only just one minute, let me my mother see!"
And at the rude box clutching, tears streaming o'er his
face,

On which no bloom of childhood the watcher's eye
could trace,

'Twas utterly heart-rending to hear his cry of woe:

"Oh, let me see my mother just once before you go!"
But brutally that monster, with heart as hard as steel,
Struck that poor boy, so helpless, a blow which made
him reel.

The poor child stood a moment—grief, rage swelled in
his heart,

His bright blue eyes extended, his pale lips sprang
apart;

While through his tears there glittered the glow of
Hatred's fire;

With most unchildish accent, he screamed with venge-
ful ire:

"When I'm a man, I'll *kill* you, yes, that I gladly
will!"

He raised his arm, so puny, but soon his voice grew
still;

Despair came o'er his features, his fevered brow grew
cold,

His little heart seemed bursting, his anguish was
untold,

When, from his home so lonely, the undertaker took
His *only* friend, not granting e'en one last parting
look.

A heap of earth—a coffin, now mockingly doth lie
 Between that child and mother ; no tombstone rearing
 high,
 Points out her place of resting ; but in that boyish
 heart,
 A monument is builded, in mem'ry of the smart
 Wrought by that deed so heartless, stronger than
 granite far,
 Time never can efface it, or heal the cruel scar.

SCENE II.

A densely crowded court house—the Judge asks loud
 and clear :

“ Now, as this prisoner's counsel does any one appear ? ”
 A silence, when he finished, fell on the listeners all,
 Till from the crowd stepped forward a stranger, young
 and tall,

His lips pressed hard together, while recognition's
 grace,

Blent with reserve most haughty, o'erspread his hand-
 some face.

He plead for one so erring—his genius all entranced,
 His arguments convinced them, so pointedly advanced.

Then spoke the man acquitted, with gratitude so true ;
 “ O sir, may God reward you, 'tis more than I can do ! ”

“ I want no thanks,” the stranger with icy coldness,
 said,

And with a meaning gesture, he bowed his stately
 head.

“ To me you are unknown, sir,” the pardoned man
 began.

“ Ah ! I'll refresh your mem'ry quite easily, my man !
 No doubt, you still remember, that twenty years ago,
 You struck a weeping orphan, with hard and cruel
 blow,

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Away from a rude coffin, which held his mother dear,
 Regardless of his pleading, or of his falling tear.
 I was that boy so wretched; now, what have you to
 say?"

"O sir, have you thus saved me, to take my life
 away?"

"No, my REVENGE IS SWEETER; to-day I've saved the
 life
 Of one, whose deed so brutal, has waged its inward
 strife

For years within my bosom. Go! but remember long,
 The tears of one heart-broken—the deed that did him
 wrong."

The humbled man before him stood with a drooping
 head,
 Guilt, shame, remorse commingled, his countenance
 o'erspread;

He left his benefactor, amazed beyond degree,
 That such a gen'rous spirit in man could ever be.
 And that forgiving lawyer has felt the smile of heav'n,
 Since a REVENGE, SO NOBLE, by him was freely giv'n.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

MATT. vi. 29.

WHEN the dear blessed Jesus was here below,
 In that wonderful season so long ago,
 How precious the lessons He taught
 To those chosen disciples, who loved their Lord,
 And who listened with joy to each tender word,
 With holy deliciousness fraught.

How He loved on the mountain alone to stray,
 Or beneath its green summit at close of day,
 To walk in some sheltering vale !
 There, in prayer, to kneel 'neath some wide-spread
 bough,
 Where the breezes of heaven might fan His brow,
 With balmy, perfume-laden gale.

And one day when He walked in this cool retreat,
 Where the moss-bedded vines kissed His sacred feet,
 And rivulets murmured so low ;
 He, methinks, stooped and plucked from its fragile
 stem,
 A perfumed valley-lily—a way-side gem,
 With petals as white as the snow.

Then, when many a learner His presence sought,
 And He sat Himself down on the "Mount," and taught,
 He spake of that lily so fair ;
 All enrobed in its purity's stainless dress,
 How it grew in its fragrance, and loveliness,
 Untouched by the finger of care.

"Consider the lilies!" now hear Him say,
 "They toil not, they spin not, yet clothed are they,
 E'en Solomon, mighty and wise,
 In his splendor and glory was not arrayed
 Like this sweet little flow'ret, which blooms to fade,
 Beneath the serene summer skies."

But the chariot-wheels of old Time have rolled
 Onward, onward adown through the ages gold,
 Years many—full many since then ;

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THEY "LIVE IN THE COUNTRY."

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But those beautiful words have remained the same,
As when first from the Saviour's lips they came,
To those favored children of men.

What a lesson of cheer, O thou doubting heart,
And of pure, simple faith do those words impart,
Which gleam from the pages so true ;
He, who tenderly noteth the sparrow's fall,
And who bade us consider the lilies small,
Assuredly careth for you !

Then whenever a lily we chance to see,
Let us trustingly whisper : " He cares for me,
While toiling on life's rugged way !
And a home-place for me He doth now prepare ;
Fairer lilies, methinks, bloom immortal there,
In wide, fadeless gardens of day."

THEY "LIVE IN THE COUNTRY."

TO R. H. S.

I ONCE beheld a noble, manly youth,
His clear brow glowing with the light of truth ;
While intellectual fire beamed from his eye,
And fond Ambition led his spirit high
To hills of fame. He drank of deepest lore,
And still his thirsty mind reached out for more ;
His aim in life, by precept, voice and pen,
To honor God, and help his fellow-men :
And yet, poor lad ! how very sad,
His home was " in the country !"

I saw a gentle maiden, tall and fair,
She too, was blessed with talents rich and rare ;
By the sweet graces, which within her reigned,
Esteem and admiration, both she gained.
Love shed its halo o'er her youthful head,
And virtue round her path its nectar shed ;
And yet, alas ! each bright accomplishment,
These talents, graces, altogether blent,
Were "wasted on the desert air,"
Her home was "in the country !"

Yes ! "in the country !" that wide "desert" place,
Where smiling Nature shows her lovely face,
And praises her Creator, God, each day,
In notes of most melodious symphony.
Where heaven's own breezes fan the fruitful tree,
And rippling brooklets murmur o'er the lea.
Where harvests of abundance all abound,
Where health, peace, and contentment may be found,
Where all that's pure and lovely has its birth,
The dearest, sweetest spot on all God's earth.
Who dares to say they are not blessed
Whose homes are "in the country ?"

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

THREE beauteous forms, long, long ago,
 Came to this world of ours,
 With willing feet they downward stepped
 From heaven's own fragrant bowers.
 Their mission is most sweetly grand,
 Without their presence here,
 This earth would be a gloomy waste,
 Cold, desolate and drear.

Faith shows her lovely gleaming face,
 And bids us look on high,
 To joys unknown, and all unseen,
 Save by her tearless eye.
 We walk with her, and lo! the way
 Doth brighter, brighter grow ;
 We look beyond the hills of time,
 Beyond this life-tide's flow.

We see the far-off golden strand,
 Where we shall find repose
 From all earth's rude, destructive blasts,
 When life's last scene shall close.
 All heights are scaled, all doubts removed,
 While Faith is at our side ;
 She smiles, and cries : " It shall be done,
 Whatever may betide ! "

Then Hope appears, and bids us grasp
 Her anchor, firm and sure,
 On which to rest our weary souls,
 Within the veil secure.

O trusting Faith! O glorious Hope!
Your smiles and graces glow
With heaven's own pure, transcendent light
Athwart earth's vale below.

Yet, Love, sweet Love! thou art the best,
The greatest of the three;
Without thee, but "as sounding brass"
Earth's noblest deeds would be.
Thine heart is pure; no evil thoughts
Molest thy stainless mind:
'Tis thine to bear, thine to endure,
To suffer long, be kind.

Thou art the fountain-head from which
Joy's welling springs arise,
The key-note of all happiness
That thrills the earth and skies.
Thy voice is music to the heart
Of sorrowing ones distressed;
Thy tender touch like magic soothes
The weary, aching breast.

It was thine hand, O Love, that brought
The blessed Saviour down!
He laid aside His kingly robes,
His glory-circled crown;
And led by Love, inspired by Love,
With pitying haste He ran
To rescue from a lost estate
Poor fallen, wretched man.

O Love sublime ! grand, wide, and high
Thy virtues upward tower ;
Thou art incomprehensible
In magnitude and power !
Faith, Hope, and Love ! O noble Three !
Beneath thy banner broad
We'll march to vict'ry, and ascribe
The glory to our God !

"WITH YOU ALWAYS."

"**L**O ! I am with you alway !"
Oh, words of wondrous cheer !
No music sweeter, richer,
E'er greeted mortal ear.
Spoken by lips most sacred,
Where truth her nectar shed,
To cheer us on our journey
As earth's lone way we tread.

When dark clouds veil the smiling
Of heaven's azure way,
Temptation's soft beguiling
Allures our feet astray ;
Then to our hearts this promise
A soothing balm doth lend :
"Lo ! I am with you alway,
Even unto the end."

O Love, most condescending!
O Grace, most full and free!
Which prompts the King of Glory
To deign to walk with me.
His presence, how delightful!
His smile can chase away
The blackest night of sorrow,
And bring abiding day.

Then let me clasp still closer,
And never let it go,
That hand which safe shall lead me,
Where sweet still waters flow.
He'll lead at last through portals,
Where many mansions be,
Still whispering, "With you always,
To all eternity."



TO LITTLE ANNIE MAY.

IN MEMORY OF DICK, HER CANARY.

C RUEL pussy ! you have robbed me
 Of my little birdie Dick ;
 Oh, how could you be so naughty,
 As to play me such a trick ?
 Now I listen, listen vainly,
 For the songs my birdie sung
 In yon sunny eastern window
 Where his pretty cage was hung.

Every morn he woke me early,
 And I fancy he did say :
 " A good morning to you, Annie !
 How are you, my dear, to-day ?"
 But, alas ! his notes of gladness
 Are forever hushed and still,
 All remains of little Dickie
 We have buried 'neath the hill.

Put away his cage, now vacant,
 In the perch no more he'll swing,
 When he went to sleep at night-time,
 With his head beneath his wing.
 Pussy I believe was jealous,
 And that was the very cause,
 Of her seizing Dick, that morning,
 In her sharp and cruel claws ;

Jealous 'cause she was no singer,
 And because we loved Dick so ;
 Thinking *he* received attentions
 Which on *her* we should bestow.

How unwise, you wicked "Peggy,"
 Now we all your form despise;
 I'll not love you any longer,
 You're a *murd'rer* in my eyes.

LINES FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

"REMEMBER thy Creator," now
 In this the glad day of thy youth;
 And let thy fond heart ever bow
 At the altar of virtue and truth.

May richest blessings strew thy way,
 Peace, friendship, love, surround thee,
 'Till closes life's uncertain day,
 And angel-hands have crown'd thee.

A gem of remembrance you ask me to trace
 On your Album-leaf, dainty and white,
 I give it, but, ah! Time's chill hand may erase
 This written memento from sight.
 The HEART is the dearest, best album, my friend,
 With its mem'ry-leaves, stainless and wide;
 'Tis *there*, only *there*, I would ask you to blend
 My *name* with the friends true and tried.



IN MEMORIAM.

ONLY.

ONLY a little grassy mound,
Down in yon churchyard 'neath the hill,
O'er which the song-birds flit around,
And waft the breezes at their will.
Only a precious form of clay,
There in a casket hid from sight,
Snatched from our side one wintry day,
Filling our hearts with shades of night.

Only two dear, sweet, dimpled hands,
Crossed on a lovely marble breast,
Loosed evermore from labor's bands,
Naught shall they know but rest, sweet rest.
Oh, could we feel once more the touch
Of those soft hands upon our brow;
And that sweet prattle, loved so much
Oh, if we could but hear it now!

But this is all remains to-day—
Only a tress of sunny hair,
Only wee garments laid away,
Only our Alma's vacant chair.
Yes! this is all; with tearful gaze
Often we view them o'er and o'er,
Till from the gloom of sorrow's maze,
Whispers a voice from yonder shore.

Then as submissively we bow,
Lo! 'tis our darling's words that come:
"Only a little Angel now,
Safely I've gained the soul's bright home.
Mourn not my loss, your Alma waits,
Only just waits to welcome thee,
Watching beside the pearly gates,
For thy frail bark to cross the sea."

Rest, little one! we'll stay our tears,
Thou only wast a sunbeam given,
Cheering our hearts a few brief years,
Flitting away so soon to heaven.
Only a few more days of gloom,
Only a few more throbs of pain,
Then in thine endless, fadeless bloom,
We shall embrace thee once again.

LITTLE OLIVE.

WHEN the harvest-moon was shining,
And the autumn winds blew cold,
While a mystic hand was painting
Forest leaves in shades untold;
Then it was, as nature faded,
That our little Olive bright
Drooped—then fell like a sweet blossom,
In the cold grave from our sight.

Oh, how drear is life around us,
Since our darling baby died!
Empty cradle, little dresses,
Tearfully are laid aside.
For she nevermore will need them,
Or our fond and loving care,
Angel forms do now attend her,
In the city over there.

Could we but have seen her spirit,
As it gained the glitt'ring strand,
Heard the rapturous song of welcome
From the bright immortal band,
We methinks would cease from weeping,
And submissively would say:
"Blessed be the Lord who giveth,
Blessed He who takes away!"

She will never know the sorrows
 Of this dark and toilsome way;
 Never feel the heavy burdens
 We must bear from day to day.
 Free is now her angel spirit
 From earth's wearisome alloy,
 Naught can mar her fadeless beauty,
 Or becloud her endless joy.

Sweetest Olive! precious blossom!
 Though we miss thy form so fair,
 Yet we would not wish to call thee
 Back to this lone world of care.
 But if faithful to the Master,
 We shall meet thee, little one,
 In the realms of day eternal,
 Far beyond the setting sun.

 IN MEMORIAM.

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. C. ROOP.

AS I enter yonder churchyard,
 Where the green grass softly waves,
 And as thoughtfully I'm gazing,
 I behold four little graves.

Silently in death's calm slumbers,
 In those graves our dear ones sleep;
 Side by side, we there have laid them,
 Free from care, and yet we weep.

Though we know 'twas God who called them—
And He doeth all things well—
Called them to the realms of glory,
Loud His praises there to swell.

Ah! methinks those infant voices,
Which no earthly songs have known,
Shall amid the choir of heaven,
Sing far sweeter round God's throne.

Though we still have four remaining,
Whom we trust our hearts shall cheer,
Yet there seems an aching void,
None can fill, though e'er so dear.

Yes! the last dear babe God gave us—
Little Ruth, so bright and fair—
We had thought to keep her with us,
But she's climbed the golden stair.

Her bright eyes, like angel's beaming,
Never more our own shall meet,
Or again those arms entwine us,
As she gave her kisses sweet.

Calmly over Death's dark river
Did her gentle spirit soar;
Gazing on her wondrous beauty,
Scarce we thought she was no more.

But too true; the darling sleeper,
For so short a time was given,
Like a sunbeam sent to cheer us,
Quickly taken back to heaven.

Oh! what sculptor could have moulded,
That sweet form we laid to rest,
As her little hands were folded
Peacefully upon her breast.

In those hands we placed a blossom,
And from off the snow-white brow
Tearfully the locks we parted—
Golden locks, an angel's now.

They are gone—those four dear treasures,
All God's ways we cannot see;
But we know the words of Jesus:
"Little children, come to Me!"

From the graveyard, and from mourning,
Let us turn our thoughts away,
Gazing upward through the shadows,
Into realms of cloudless day.

Safe within the Golden city,
Where their feet shall ever roam,
Side by side, we see our lost ones,
Welcomed to an endless home.

Could we wish them back? No, never!
For we know they're early blest,
Jesus' loving arms enfold them,
And they lean upon His breast.

They have only gone before us—
Waiting on the other shore,

1880.

CHILDREN

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Side by side, they there will greet us,
When our earthly march is o'er.

Oh, may we be ever faithful,
Till the messenger doth come—
An unbroken family gather,
In the everlasting Home.

1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. J. BENT—DIED OF DIPHTHERIA, 1883.

STERN old Winter's snowy mantle
Covers deep the hill and lea;
And the chilly winds are sighing
Through each faded, leafless tree.
Winds, sigh on! and let your voices
Chant a measured requiem low,
O'er three little graves made newly
In the churchyard, 'neath the snow.

For no mournful funeral anthem,
Or e'en one brief word of pray'r,
By those open graves was uttered,
When they laid the dear ones there.
Two were buried in the night-time,
By the "misty moonbeam's light,"
Hastily their forms were lowered
In the cold grave from our sight.

Soon another lay beside them,
There three little brothers sleep,
Naught of earth can e'er molest them,
Or disturb their slumber deep.
Their young cheeks in health were blooming,
But a few brief weeks ago,
Till disease, that cruel monster,
With a firm grasp laid them low.

See their little forms prostrated,
Mark the fev'rish, panting breath !
Can no earthly hand relieve them ?
No! naught but the hand of death.
Hear the parents' cry of anguish,
As their loved ones pass away,
One by one, till *all* have vanished,
Like sunbeams at close of day.

Oh, how silent now that household ;
And when twilight falls around,
There is heard no little footsteps,
No dear ones with joyous bound,
Now from school, or play to enter,
With glad shouts and laughter bright ;
And no sound of prattling voices,
As the evening hours take flight.

No tired little heads to pillow
On their soft and downy bed,
No wee hands to clasp devoutly,
When the evening prayer was said.

But the tender Shepherd leads them,
O'er the streets of shining gold,
Those dear lambs He loves to gather,
In His blessed upper fold.

And He smiles, and gently whispers
Words of comfort, love and cheer;
"I'm a present help in trouble,
Therefore, mourner, do not fear!"
And when faith is lost in vision,
Mourning parents! you shall meet
All your precious little lost ones,
By the crystal waters sweet.

ONLY GONE TO SLEEP.

THERE'S a pair of dimpled hands
Crossed upon a breast of clay;
There's a little cherub form,
In a casket laid away.
There's two sweet, dark eyes closed fast,
That shall never wake to weep.
Softly to her bed draw near—
Little Addie's gone to sleep.

When that little weary head
Sank to rest that fatal night,
What a flood of glory burst
On her spirit's wondering sight!

And a sweet angelic smile
O'er her parted lips did play,
Which the icy hand of Death,
Did not, could not take away.

We have smoothed the sunny curls
From her lovely marble brow,
For the last, last time on earth—
Angel fingers smooth them now.
How we miss that prattling voice!
Yet why should we sigh, or weep!
Only for a little while
Has our Addie gone to sleep.

She will wake, to sleep no more,
In a fairer home than this;
There so free from earth-born care,
Dwell 'mid scenes of endless bliss.
And the Heavenly Shepherd dear
Safe our little lamb will keep;
So we'll dry our every tear,
Addie's only gone to sleep.

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TO THE MEMORY
OF MY DEAR FRIEND ADA.

WHEN the leaves had lost the beauty
Of their autumn tints so fair,
And by chilling blasts were scattered
Far and wide upon the air.
When sweet nature smiled but sadly,
Yielding surely to decay,
Then, dear one, thou too did'st wither,
Slowly, calmly sink away.

Can it be that thou has vanished
From Time's lonely, rugged shore?
Can it be thy smile is banished
From my vision evermore?
Can it be, thy form so youthful,
With thy bright, endearing charms,
Lies in yonder sea-side graveyard,
Clasped secure in death's cold arms?

Is thy sweet voice stilled forever?
Ada, darling, can it be
That the songs we sang together
Thou no more wilt sing with me?
Still fond mem'ry doth behold thee,
As in happy days gone by,
When we met, and formed a friendship
That can never, never die.

Dearest friend, I loved thee fondly,
But, alas! it is too true,
That the last, sweet happy moments,
I on earth have spent with you.

Yes, too true! disease had marked thee
 Early for the shadowy tomb;
 And the Master's voice hath called thee
 Early from this vale of gloom.

But beyond the mists and shadows,
 Hovering 'round this life's decay,
 There's a land that knows no parting,
 Where all tears are wiped away;
 There, 'tis there, I'm upward gazing,
 With Faith's tear-dimmed, longing eye,
 Waiting for that glad re-union
 With the loved ones by-and-by.

There, I know, dear friend departed,
 Thou hast found abiding rest,
 For when weary life was closing,
 Thou didst lean on Jesus' breast,
 Hark! methinks I hear the music
 Of the white-robed angel throng,
 And thy voice so sweetly blended,
 With their strains of heavenly song!

Fare thee well! on earth we'll miss thee,
 Lonely will thy mother be,
 And the many friends who linger
 On this side life's surging sea;
 But how soon 'twill all be over,
 But a little while we wait,
 Then, if faithful, we shall meet thee,
 Dear one, at the Golden Gate.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

THE cradle is empty, go hide it
 Away from my sorrowing eyes;
 No sweet baby-face on the pillow
 In slumbering innocence lies.
 The wee carriage, too, standing vacant,
 Seems only to mock at my woe;
 Ah, me! how I miss my lost darling,
 None, none but a mother can know.

I miss, how I miss, the warm pressure
 Of a fair little cheek against mine,
 The touch of the rosy-tipped fingers,
 The dear, dimpled arm's soft entwine.
 Dark eyes, full of far-away sweetness,
 Which trustingly looked in my own,
 A smile, that was born of the angels,
 All vanished—my birdling hath flown.

Too pure was my gem for earth's pathway,
 Too fair for this cold, barren soil,
 Too frail to withstand the wild surges
 Of life's fevered conflict and toil;
 And so the dear Master transplanted
 This bud in the gardens of light,
 To bloom through the unnumbered ages,
 Untouched by Time's frost-chilling blight.

Yes! far o'er the mist-hidden river,
 The death-angel bore him, 'twas done;
 The brief little life-struggle ended,
 Eternity's glories begun.

We gazed on that sweet form, now lifeless,
 And whispered: "O beautiful clay!
 Too fair in your cold, marble beauty,
 To hide from our vision away!

But, farewell, my own little treasure,
 With dimpled hands crossed on thy breast,
 And laughing, dark eyes closed forever,
 Sleep on, precious one, take thy rest!
 The Master who gave thee, hath taken,
 Blessed be His all-glorious name!
 Hath taken thee far from earth's shadows,
 Its turmoils, its sin, and its shame.

A little more sorrow and sighing,
 A little more conflict and care,
 And then, angel-boy, I shall meet thee,
 At the portals of light over there.
 So bowing in lowly submission,
 Low down 'neath the chastening rod,
 I leave thee, lost babe, with the angels,
 Safe, safe in the bosom of God.

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND C. L. D.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

FRIENDS whom we cherish most, are first to leave
us,

And hearts loved dearest, first to pass away ;
Death, cruel death, how oft it doth bereave us
Of all that gladdened life's uncertain day.

We stand and watch beside the darksome river,
To catch the last faint echo of the oar
That bears our dear ones from our side forever,
Across to yonder mystic, unseen shore.

My friend, I know thy heart to-day is aching,
Beneath the recent loss thou hast sustained ;
By waves of sorrow o'er thy spirit breaking,
Affection's inmost depths are sorely pained.

For hard it seemed, in cruel separation,
Between thy home and thee long distance lay,
When she, whose loss brings heart-felt desolation,
To her eternal home-place went away.

Fain would thine ear have caught her last faint
sighing—

The last low accents of her parting breath—
Gazed in those eyes once more, ere cold, defying,
A hand had sealed their love-light deep in death.

And yet "God's will be done!" the Master kindly
Hath called thy sister to her early rest;
And by-and-by, what now we see so blindly,
Shall glow with heavenly light—He knoweth best!

Her hours of pain and anguish all are ended,
Her spirit from earth's weariness is free,
Her songs with angel-notes are sweetly blended,
To swell the joyous heavenly symphony.

For in the loving arms of Christ reposing,
She sank to rest, with faith most firm and clear,
And bade a fond farewell, when life was closing,
To all the loved her heart held fondly dear.

We now as "through a glass but darkly" seeing,
Ere long shall see each other "face to face,"
And "know as we are known," O glorious being!
Within the Father's own abiding place.

There, there no cruel parting e'er shall sever,
No blighting sorrow chill the happy soul,
But peace, and light, and love be ours forever,
Long as the glad eternal ages roll.

IN MEMORY OF EDGAR J. MULLOCK.

SIT we now in sable garments,
In our cottage lone and drear,
Listening vainly for a footstep
That we nevermore shall hear.
Waiting for a form most cherished,
And a sunny, smiling face,
Just once more to beam upon us,
From its old accustomed place.

But, alas! how vain our longing!
For our Edgar's gone to rest;
Dear tired hands and feet are lying
Cold as is the marble breast.
Now the cheerless, shrieking wild winds
Chant a requiem sad and low,
O'er his lowly bed, all mantled
With the winter's stainless snow.

In a distant land he sickened,
Low and lower sank each day;
Wife and brother hastened to him,
Sadly watched him fade away;
Till at last one fatal moment
Saw they no more fever's flush
And they knew the SOUL had vanished,
In that *awful* moment's hush.

Then, with hearts sore pressed by anguish,
They, their lifeless burden bore
Homeward—to his sorrowing mother,
Homeward—to his native shore.

Oh! the gloom within our household!
Light and sunshine all, all fled,
When we heard those measured footsteps
Bearing home our loved one—DEAD!

But a light breaks o'er our sorrows,
And dispels the awful gloom,
Gilding with a light supernal,
E'en the lone and darksome tomb.
Yes! for not as those who sorrow
Sadly without hope, are we,
For our lost one died in Jesus
And has gone with Him to be.

So we look beyond the shadows,
And the sombre mists that rise,
Upward—to the hills of glory,
Upward—far beyond the skies.
Safe beside the crystal river,
Safe within the pearly gates,
Free from earthly turmoils ever,
Our dear Edgar for us waits.

LITTLE FRANK.

WINTER, clad in snowy vesture,
 Stalked athwart the hill and vale,
 Through the forest's leafless branches
 Hoarsely moaned the northern gale;
 All without seemed lone and cheerless,
 But beside our fireside bright,
 Peace, content and joy were mingled,
 Blighted not by sorrow's night.

But alas! across the threshold
 Of our happy cottage home,
 With a step, most bold and rapid,
 Hark! we hear a footstep come!
 As we pause awhile to listen
 Tremblingly, with bated breath,
 Bursts upon our startled vision,
 That grim spectre, known as *Death*.

Oh! the anguish of the moment!
 How our hearts within us sank,
 When we saw this cruel monster
 Grasp our first-born—little Frank;
 For he was in truth our idol—
 Grandpa's pet, and parents' joy;
 He himself would often prattle:
 "I am auntie's angel-boy!"

Now that ringing voice is silent,
 Vacant is the little chair,
 And we hear no toddling footstep
 In the hall or on the stair.

When we saw that form so cherished,
Which like sculptured marble lay,
And those sweet blue eyes forever
Close upon the light of day.

And the death-mist circling slowly,
O'er those sunny locks of gold;
How, we thought, how *can* we give him
To the grave's unsightly mould?
But he slumbers in the valley,
Where the murm'ring breezes sigh,
Where the green turf grows above him,
And the songsters warble by.

When these earth-born clouds have vanished,
When the shadows all have flown,
Hope is whisp'ring—over yonder,
We shall know, as we are known.
By that far-off crystal river,
In the fadeless home of joy,
We again shall meet our lost one,
And embrace our angel-boy.

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MY MOTHER.

SHE has gone, dear, old suffering mother,
Gone, gone to the soul's desired rest;
And the last throe of anguish is over
That long bound her poor, aching breast.
In the hush and the darkness of night-time,
Ere dawned the first glimmer of day,
She passed o'er the cold, swelling Jordan,
So peacefully, calmly away.

O my mother! Her name was the dearest
Of all the names earthly to me!
And her warm, tender heart was the nearest—
None loved me as fondly as she!
But alas! she has left me forever,
I hear her sweet accents no more;
And no dear, wrinkled hand's soft caressing,
I feel on my brow as of yore.

With a heart-pang of desolate sorrow,
I turn to her dear, vacant chair,
Oh, go hide it away from my vision!
The form that so lately sat there,
Now has gone from the earth-home forever;
She will nevermore sit by our side,
For that frail, aged form, loved and cherished,
The cold, cruel grave now doth hide.

We have brushed the gray locks from the forehead—
Dear locks, which were once threads of gold—
Closed the dim eyes, once glowing in lustre,
Their love-light no more to behold.

And the poor tired feet now are resting,
Which once did so willingly go
Toiling on for us all with a patience
Which only a mother can know.

Yes! the weary hands, too, now are lifeless,
How oft have they labored for me;
And how often in sickness, and sorrow,
Their touch spoke a true sympathy?
I could carry to her as none other,
The cares of my childhood's brief day;
And a word, and a smile from my mother,
Would banish the clouds quite away.

But "though dead, she yet speaketh," her counsel,
So earnestly, fervently given
All along through life's way, and so shortly
Before she went upward to heaven,
Still shall ring in my heart, clear and solemn,
While treading earth's thorn-covered way:
"O MY CHILD, BE IN EARNEST, BE FAITHFUL,
DO RIGHT, OH, DO RIGHT, WATCH AND PRAY!"

Dearest mother! God grant I may ever
Obey that last counsel of thine;
Filling up with some work for the Master
The sweet, golden hours that are mine.
And at last when the conflict is ended,
When all this lone heartache shall cease,
Oh, then be thy dear smile my welcome
Above, at the portals of peace.

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For I trust thou art there, my own mother,
All sickness, pain, doubt fled away;
What a contrast! peace, joy, rest and heaven,
Compared with thy life's weary way.
Ah! methinks heaven's joys will be sweeter,
From tasting of Earth's bitter cup,
So the Master in love and in wisdom,
Did give thee the dregs to drink up.

Fare thee well! thou didst fall with the leaflets,
And Nature too faded with thee—
Faded, only to rise in the spring-time,
With gladness all newborn and free.
And 'tis thus thou wilt rise, precious mother,
When wakes the loud trump from on high,
Then, oh, then may we all gather homeward,
And clasp thy dear hand in the sky.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE DEPARTED CENTENARIAN, MRS. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, WHO DIED AT
SOUTH BERWICK, ON MARCH 8TH, 1888, AGED 107 YEARS.

CALLED at last. The mystic, silver strand of
life, which God so wondrously had lengthened
out, at last is broken. All, all is over now.

The weary, earth-worn pilgrim has reached the goal,
and laid her aged head to rest, beneath the valley's
mould. Rest, sweetly rest, dear snowy head! over
which the whitening frosts of more than a century's
winters have wheeled their cycling flight.

The long, long waiting-time with thee is ended.
Thy long-ried faith at last is lost in sight; and upon
thine eye, no longer age-bedimmed, hath burst the
bright realities of the far-off untried shore.

The writer had the privilege, not long since, of
meeting with the dear departed. Her faculties seemed
excellent, while with clear, distinct utterance she
recited a poem, composed by herself at the age of one
hundred. Upon being asked, if life to her seemed
very long, she replied: "AH, NO! NOT LONG—IT
SEEMS NOT LONG TO ME!"

"Not long, not long"—although a century's flight,
Had stretched its varied scenes before her sight.
"Not long, not long"—though sorrow's heavy hand
Oft wielded o'er her brow its chilling wand;

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Though countless cares, and conflicts by the way,
Beset her weary feet from day to day.

"Not long"—a hundred years! a hundred years!

How strange this all to youthful minds appears!

Not long? When kings of mighty lands have reigned,
And sunk to dust—proud empires waxed and
waned—

The battle-call resounded, far and wide,

And brave ones for their country fought and died;

How many a noble deed has had its birth,

How many a cherished one has passed from earth,

How many gleams, and shadows, smiles, and tears,

Make up the network of a hundred years?

And yet "not long, not long," to her it seemed—

"Not long" since youthful joys her fond heart
dreamed;

"Not long," since she, a happy child, did roam

Amidst the cherished haunts of childhood's home.

But now—a new life greets her raptured eye,

A life eternal, far beyond the sky;

A life—with which a hundred years compare

But as a mote, upon the wide-spread air,

Or, as a tiny drop in ocean wide,

A grain of sand upon the sea-beach side.

Not long—ah, no! this fleeting life of ours,

Though we should live to tell a century's hours,

'Tis but too short the Master's work to do,

For there's a work for me—a work for you.

How soon, how soon, shall life's descending sun

Set on our last brief day of labor done.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE BERTIE SAUNDERS—DIED SEPTEMBER, 1880.

O H! our hearts are sad within us,
 And our home seems cold and drear,
 For from out that home has vanished
 One sweet form, to us most dear;
 Yes; our precious Bertie's left us,
 For the Saviour in His love
 Thought 'twere best to call her early,
 To His own bright home above.

One short week of pain, and suff'ring—
 Then the final blow was given,
 And the little form lay lifeless,
 While her spirit soared to heaven.
 Tearfully we closed those eyelids,
 Parted back the sunny hair,
 Gazing on the darling sleeper,
 Death had left so very fair.

In the cold, dark grave we laid her,
 With the death-wreath on her brow,
 But, we know in yonder haven,
 She is safely anchored now.
 Oh, could we have heard the welcome,
 Seen the angels hover near,
 As the golden gates were opened
 To admit our Bertie dear!

For methinks the infant choir
 Struck anew their harps of gold,

And adown the plains of glory
One glad shout of welcome rolled ;
Then to her a crown was given,
And a robe of snowy white ;
Sweetest Bertie ! safe forever
Thou shalt walk those streets of light.

Though on earth we'll sadly miss her,
Miss those little pattering feet ;
Nevermore shall hear her prattle,
Or receive her kisses sweet.
Yet we'll bow in low submission,
'Neath the Father's chastening rod ;
Listen to the words of Jesus :
"Such the kingdom is of God !"

Soon we, too, must cross death's river,
When life's closing hour shall come,
May we then on wings of angels,
Soar to that celestial home.
Then, oh, then we'll meet our darling,
As with smiling face she'll stand,
And in that blest home forever
We shall dwell, a happy band.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE MYRTLE ZINCK.

SWEETEST little Myrtle!
 Precious little flower!
 Torn from us so quickly—
 Withered in an hour.

Brush the sunny ringlets
 Off the snow-white brow,
 Fold the chubby fingers—
 All is over now.

Little lips are pallid,
 Fanned by no soft breath;
 Sweet blue eyes forever
 Sealed in sleep of death.

Little form so cherished
 But a lump of clay,
 Oh! how can we lay her
 In the mould away?

Those dear little footsteps
 We shall hear no more,
 For those feet are walking
 Yonder golden shore.

And the Heavenly Shepherd,
 Safe our lamb will keep;
 For our darling Myrtle
 Only went to sleep,

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She will wake in glory,
 In the homeland fair,
 Free for aye from sorrow,
 And earth's surging care.

There we hope to meet her
 In celestial bloom,
 In the glad reunion
 Far beyond the tomb.

TO THE MEMORY OF

GEORGE W. HILL, OF KINGSPORT, WHO DIED AT BOSTON, OF SUNSTROKE,
 LEAVING A YOUNG WIFE AND MANY FRIENDS TO MOURN THEIR LOSS.

O CRUEL Death! thou hast so many ways
 To let this feeble life of ours depart,
 Thy icy hand so mercilessly slays,
 So swiftly hurls the deadly, piercing dart.
 Upon thy river's sullen, surf-lashed shore
 We stand to-day, and gaze with tearful eyes;
 For one we loved so well has just passed o'er,
 On golden strands his bark at anchor lies.

Not by disease he wasted day by day,
 No dire contagion laid his body low,
 But heaven's blazing sun with piercing ray
 Struck on his pure white brow the deadly blow.
 The same bright sun whose lucid beams had shed
 Their cheering radiance on his youthful way,
 And threw a gilded halo round his head,
 One year ago—upon his wedding day.

Now on his lowly grave the same, same sun
 Looks down and smiles in summer's heat and glow;
 Shine on, thou flaming orb! while ages run
 Thou ne'er canst warm that pulseless heart below.
 For lo! upon his spirit's raptured sight,
 The glorious Sun of Righteousness hath broke;
 Which never is eclipsed by gloom or night.
 Whose pure, mild beams can give no fatal stroke.

Then stay the tear, repress the heaving sigh,
 Since one so loved and dear from care is free;
 The lowering clouds of mystery by-and-by
 Shall roll away, and plainly we shall see
 The hand of Love, the wisdom of our God,
 Who fills our cup of sorrow to the brim,
 And bows us low beneath the chastening rod,
 That we may but the closer cling to Him.

O sorrowing wife! we know thou'rt sad and lone,
 And sighing for thy youthful partner dear,
 Whose smiling face hath from thy vision flown,
 Whose tender accents fall not on thy ear.
 Yet look above! behold him as he waits,
 To claim thee there, when weary life is o'er;
 To bid thee welcome at the pearly gates,
 And clasp thy hand as in the days of yore.

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IN MEMORIAM.

BEHOLD in yon churchyard a newly-made mound,
 Blow lightly, soft breezes ! blowly lightly around
 This spot which is sacredly dear !
 Disturb not the slumbers so dreamless and deep,
 Of one now reposing in death's icy sleep.
 Serenely and peacefully here.

She saw the last beams of her life's setting sun,
 In death's misty twilight fade out, one by one,
 And knew that the night-shades drew near ;
 Then folded her dear, tired hands on her breast
 And stemmed the dark water's wild, billowy crest,
 Without e'en a shadow of fear.

A wife and a mother, beloved so well,
 Like pure benedictions her smile ever fell
 On all whom her friendship did hold ;
 How sadly she's missed from the fireside at home,
 Where clouds of bereavement so lately have come,
 And all seems so cheerless and cold.

Go back, if you will, through the vista of years,
 Behold what a halo of beauty appears
 Around her pure maidenly brow !
 Her light airy step and her musical voice,
 Might well make the hearts of her parents rejoice,
 And lovers before her to bow.

Then one came to woo who was welcome and dear,
 The sound of whose footstep fell sweet on her ear,
 When day's busy toiling was done ;
 Their mutual affection grew day after day,
 And swiftly the bright, joyous hours fled away,
 Like dew-drops when kiss'd by the sun.

Alas ! one sad day came a dire, luckless blow,
 With cheeks fever-flushed this fair maiden lay low,
 And death's pale-browed angel seemed near ;
 Friends tenderly bent o'er her pillow of pain
 And prayed that the Master might spare her again
 To those whom she fondly held dear.

She rallied, she lived, but fate's merciless hands
 Had bound her with cruel, unbreakable bands,
 No more was her step light and gay ;
 Now sank her young heart when the fact she did
 know,
 With paralyzed limbs she must evermore go
 Along o'er life's wild, rugged way.

But what of the lover ? oh, say, will he spurn ?
 And coldly from this dear afflicted one turn,
 When hope from her bosom hath flown ?
 Or will he so nobly by constancy prove,
 The undying truth of a pure, fervent love,
 And claim her his loved and his own ?

Ah ! what careth he for an imperfect limb ?
 Those true, love-lit eyes still shine brightly on him—
 The pure, virtuous SOUL still is there ;

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So with scarce a regret he did stand by her side,
The vows softly breathing which made her his bride,
His helpmate on life's road of care.

In heaven's own bounties their pathway was rife,
Nine children were given to gladden their life,
And make home so cheerful and gay.
Six only for "Mother" are sorrowing here,
The others were waiting to welcome her there
In that blessed home-land of day.

Farewell, sainted mother! we'll check every sigh,
For faith now beholds thee in mansions on high,
Where rivers of joy ever flow;
With steps never falt'ring, thy strength restored feet,
Shall walk evermore on the golden-paved street,
And never earth's weariness know.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

ONE year—and alas! one of sadness and gloom,
 Since the joy was all stolen away from my life;
 One year, since my partner was laid in the tomb,
 Thus to leave me a lonely and heart-broken wife.
 The Christmas bells chime in their sweetness and glee,
 As they herald the glad, joyous season again;
 But, ah! they but bring saddest memories to me,
 While afresh throbs the wound in my bosom of
 pain.

My thoughts wander back to the last Christmas-tide,
 To that dark scene of suffering, sorrow and death,
 When sadly we stood by that dear one's bedside,
 There to witness the throes of his last failing
 breath.

Before he crossed over the dark, surging sea,
 He called me—ah, me! how my aching heart bled!
 "Dear wife, I am dying, come, go home with me!"
 In the tenderest accents he chokingly said.

I answered with sobs: "Ah! my time has not come!"
 When he murmured "Good-bye," and sank sweetly
 to rest;

Then passed from our sight to the fair palace-home,
 To the far-distant shores, and green isles of the
 blest.

Yes! this glad assurance our lonely hearts keep,
 That our dear one the joys of the blessed doth share,
 For often he whispered: "For me do not weep,
 I have found the dear Saviour, I soon shall be
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Though sometimes crushed low, in my anguish I feel,
 That I've nothing to live for, or bind me to earth,
 Until to my side, three dear little ones steal,
 E'en my own precious darlings, to whom I gave
 birth.

Then breathe I a prayer—"Thy will, Lord, be done,
 I will live for these treasures Thou gavest to me,
 To teach them the dark ways of evil to shun,
 Ever striving, dear Master, to train them for Thee!"

When this lone earth-journey forever is past,
 When the dark shades of myst'ry have all fled
 away,

Oh, may we as one be united at last,
 A sweet family-band, in that city of day,
 Where filled with delight, we shall clasp as of yore,
 Many warm, loving hands of our waiting ones there,
 And, resting forever, to go out no more,
 All their rapturous pleasures eternally share.

IN MEMORY OF

LITTLE GERTIE, BEULAH, AND ROBBIE, BELOVED CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS.
D. J. RUDOLF, WHO DIED AT LUNENBURG, OF DIPHTHERIA, 1886.

O Death! thou lovest to cull the tender flowers,
To grasp them with thy reckless hand so chill,
And bear them far away from earth's fair bowers,
Thine own dark, mould'ring charnel-house to fill.

Three little blossoms once to us were sent,
Oh, how we loved and prized their precious worth!
Their blooming fragrance in our hearts was blent
With all that gave us gladness here on earth.

Alas! that ruthless hand, which none can stay,
Hath seized our treasured flow'rets one by one,
And borne them from our bleeding hearts away,
Their happy little transient day is done.

Those dark, sweet, laughing eyes are closed for aye,
The little busy feet are silent now;
Dear dimpled hands are crossed on breasts of clay,
The curls are smoothed from off each snow-white
brow.

No tired baby footsteps now draw near,
When weary day is sinking into rest;
No merry, prattling voices do we hear,
No curly heads are pillowed on our breast.

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"Our Father! must we drink this bitter cup?"
In deep and helpless woe we sometimes cry;
"Oh! must we quaff the dregs of sorrow up?"
"Thy will be done!" our aching hearts reply.

We will not look upon the darksome tomb,
But upward—upward to the gates of day,
At whose wide portals stand, in fadeless bloom,
Our angel treasures, early passed away.

They stand, and watch, and wait, the gate beside,
To clasp, and bid us welcome, by-and-by,
When we have stemmed life's heaving, surging tide,
And reached the strands which just beyond us lie.

OF MR. AND MRS.
ERIA, 1886.

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TO THE MEMORY OF

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, MR. F. WOLFE.

THE flood-gates of mem'ry are lifted to-day,
 Its deep surging waves o'er me roll,
 Arousing to action each slumbering thought,
 And stirring the depths of my soul.
 Again I behold o'er the far-distant hills,
 A cottage so trim and so neat,
 To which, long ago, when the night-shades drew near,
 I oft turned my way-weary feet.

The season spent there with its inmates so dear,
 Oh, ne'er shall I cease to review ;
 Those two cherished ones gave me welcome and cheer,
 With friendship deep, tender, and true.
 What quiet and comfort we then did enjoy,
 As round the warm fireside we sat ;
 How gaily the long wintry evenings sped by,
 With singing, and laughter, and chat.

Alas ! there's a shadow creeps over that home—
 Again I look in at the door,
 But one chair is vacant, one dear form has gone,
 To return nevermore—nevermore.
 With tear-bedimmed eye sits the widow alone,
 Enshrouded in sorrow and gloom ;
 Her joy has departed, her day-star gone down
 In the shadowy mists of the tomb.

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Her dear beloved partner has gone from her side,
 His way-weary feet are at rest :
 He anchored his bark o'er the dark surging tide,
 And entered the home of the blest.
 And will he ne'er feel the wild throbbings of pain,
 Earth's weariness, sorrow, and woe ?
 Can these ne'er molest his calm spirit again,
 Or dim his bright vision ? Ah, no ?

Then why should we weep ? 'twas the Master who
 called,

And can we not say, " It is well ?"
 Too good to deal harshly, His wisdom errs not—
 Oh, let not our weakness rebel ;
 But ever trust on, where the eye cannot trace,
 Trust all to our Father so dear,
 Until in His light we shall see " face to face,"
 And myst'ry's lone shades disappear.

Our dear ones departed are but gone before,
 And whether we wake or we sleep,
 On Time's restless waters our bark hurries on
 To Eternity's fathomless deep.
 Oh ! then let us work, let us watch, let us pray,
 While here for a little we wait ;
 And then with the loved we shall gather, one day,
 And enter the Beautiful Gate.

LITTLE POLLY.

WE have lost our little treasure ;
How our hearts did ache that day
When the pale-browed angel bore her
O'er death's river far away.
Little Polly ! how we loved her !
How her sunny, smiling face
Brightened home and cheered us daily
With its sweet and gentle grace.

Yes ! she was the household idol
And our loss we deeply mourn—
Miss our precious tender flow'ret
Thus so quickly from us torn.
But we know she now is blooming
In the gardens bright and fair,
Far beyond this vale of shadows,
Far beyond earth's toil and care.

She, too fair, too pure and lovely,
For this life's dark thorny way,
Was transplanted over yonder
Where her feet shall never stray,
Where no sin or pain can reach her ;
Her pure life no stain shall know,
And her robes of shining splendor,
Are as spotless as the snow.

When the angel came to take her
She gazed upward steadfastly,
And we whispered : " Tell, us darling,
Tell us what it is you see ? "

But she only smiled and vanished,
Like the dew of morn, away,
Leaving us to weep in sadness
O'er a little form of clay.

But we'll weep not, for our darling
Shines a brilliant little gem,
Fraught with heaven's own light and beauty,
In the Master's diadem.
Shine on brightly, precious lost one!
Be thou but a guiding star
That shall lead us on to glory,
Where the "many mansions" are.

For if we would hope to meet thee,
We must walk the narrow way,
Give our hearts, our all to Jesus,
Do His will—work, watch, and pray;
Then when weary life is over
Shall the bright reward be given,
And with all the loved and ransomed,
We shall safely rest in heaven.

A TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF IDA JEFFERSON, AGED FIFTEEN YEARS.

YE summer winds, which lightly blow
 In airy, undulating sweep,
 O'er yonder new-made grave breathe low,
 Break not that slumber calm and deep;
 Wake not the peaceful sleeper there—
 She with the sunny, golden hair.

And you soft dew's of balmy eve!
 Oh, let your crystal tears be shed
 Around that lonely, sacred spot,
 Above the youthful, sainted dead,
 Above that hidden snow-white breast
 Laid in the solitude to rest.

O sweetest flowers! shed o'er her grave
 Your rarest nectar and perfume;
 For, like a lovely, stainless bud,
 Just in the flush of girlhood's bloom,
 She drooped, then faded day by day,
 Till angels bore her far away.

We saw the health-glow of her cheek,
 The brilliant lustre of her eye,
 And little deemed that with his dart,
 Consumption stood so closely by;
 But ah! that piercing aim was sure,
 No hand could save, no skill could cure.

She sank beneath that fatal dart,
But oh, how patiently she lay!
Awaiting but the Master's call
To leave this tenement of clay.
She bade her parents stay the tear,
In words of tend'rst love and cheer.

Before her spirit soared away,
She whispered, "Soon I'm going home,
The Saviour stands with open arms
To welcome me—He bids me come."
One smile, one little fluttering breath,
The sweet blue eyes were closed in death.

Farewell dear Ida! spirit blest!
So free from all earth's dark alloy,
So early entered into rest,
So early found eternal joy.
Rest, loved one, rest! and by-and-by
We hope to meet thee in the sky.

JULY, 1887.

HOME.

HOME! fond mem'ry clings around it,
 Like the verdant tendril vine;
 Home! the purest beams surround it,
 That e'er gilded mortal shrine.
 Varied scenes of brightness meet us
 As in distant lands we roam,
 But no notes of sweetness greet us
 Like that word so tender—home.

Oft the wand'rer on the billow,
 Far from home and loved ones dear,
 Bathes his rocking, midnight pillow
 With the silent, briny tear.
 Now he smiles, in fancy soaring
 Far across the ocean's foam,
 Undisturbed by wild waves roaring,
 He is wrapt in dreams of home.

Once a youth from far-off Rhineland
 Rested by our cottage door,
 Telling of that sunny vine-land,
 Which his fond eye viewed no more.
 Then he whispered, "Will you sing me
 'Home, sweet home,' that old refrain?
 Touch the keys—those sweet strains bring me
 To the vine-clad hills again."

Yes! the heart delights to cherish
 More than all things else on earth,
 That sweet word which cannot perish—
 That loved spot which gave us birth.

There it was when day had ended,
And the twilight shades grew dim,
That our childish voices blended
With a mother's evening hymn,

Then, as low, devoutly bending
Round the family altar there,
From a grateful heart ascending
Rose a father's fervent prayer.
Childhood! oh, that we might linger
In thy perfumed, smiling day!
But, alas! Time's with'ring finger
Touched thee, and thou fled'st away.

But there is a home above us
Where the heart can ne'er grow old,
And a Father there to love us,
With a matchless love untold.
When on home, and dear home faces,
We have closed our weary eyes,
May we find abiding places
In that home-land in the skies.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

MOTHER! Oh, what living fragrance
Breathes forth from that tender word,
Mingled with far sweeter music
Than the ear hath ever heard!
Tell me not of names more lofty,
Which on history's pages shine,
Not one name glows like a mother's,
In the heart's most sacred shrine.

Mother! Wand'ring back to childhood,
Through the vista of long years,
We remember how she ever
Shared our joys, and calmed our fears;
How she taught our lips to murmur,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Praying, too, that guardian angels
Might their vigils o'er us keep.

Mother! When the bloom has faded
From that cheek once young and fair,
And the hand of age has scattered
O'er her brow the silv'ry hair,
Let us ever comfort, love her,
Guide her trembling feet along,
Till the Master's voice shall call her
To the far-off land of song.

Home, sweet home! a glorious halo
Seems to hover round this spot,
Be it found in halls of grandeur,
Or the humblest, meanest cot.

Home! if in thy sacred borders,
Love and Purity hold sway,
Thou art like a fair oasis,
As we tread earth's desert way.

Home of childhood! As wide open
Mem'ry's mystic door we throw,
Thoughts of that old homestead enter,
As it was long years ago;
When we played upon the hillside,
Or beneath the shady tree,
And when round the family altar
We devoutly bowed the knee.

But alas! this earth-home changeth,
'Tis as transient as the day;
Death and ruin trace upon it
With bold hand, "Decay! decay!"
One by one loved faces vanish,
Well-known footsteps do not come,
And ere long Time's breath hath withered
Every trace of our old home.

But I turn my thoughts to heaven,
That blest home-land of the soul,
Where grim Death can never enter,
And no changing seasons roll.
Oft we scent the fragrant odors
Wafted from its verdant hill,
But those jasper walls are hidden
By yon stream so dark and chill.

Heav'n! Eye hath not seen the splendor
Of thy shining streets of gold,
Pearly gates, and glittering mansions,
All so wondrous to behold.

Ear hath never heard the sweetness
 Of thy music's rapturous notes,
 Which adown the plains of glory
 On each balmy zephyr floats.

Heaven! Eternal noontide streameth
 From thy dome of dazzling height,
 Over which no dim clouds gather,
 And there fall no shades of night.
 Sun or moon are needed never
 To illumine thy fair domains,
 For the Lamb, enthroned forever
 King of light and glory reigns.

Heav'n! bright home! When shall we wander
 By thy murmuring crystal sea,
 And sit down with saints and loved ones,
 'Neath the shade of Life's great tree?
 Hope is whispering, "Soon, lone pilgrim,
 Shall yon mystic veil be riv'n,
 And on thy ecstatic vision
 Burst the endless joys of heav'n.

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HOME, home, sweet home! no spot on earth so
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Life's fondest recollections centre here.
Here dawned my earliest dreams of hopeful life,
In childhood's golden tints of sunlight rife.
'Twas here my infant lips first learned to frame
Sweet words of prayer, and lisp the Saviour's name;
While kneeling at my precious mother's knee,
In innocence, and true simplicity.
O sacred spot! O sweet abiding place,
Where love delights to show her smiling face,
It matters not, with her dear presence there,
If home's a lowly cot, or mansion fair.
Home's where there's one we love, and one to love us,
A faint resemblance of the home above us.



