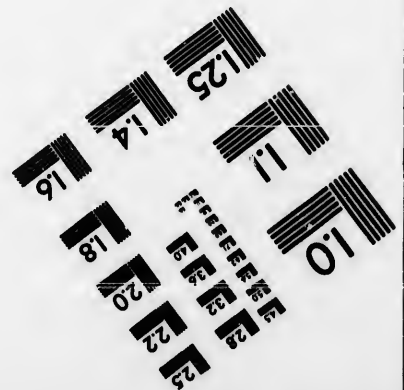
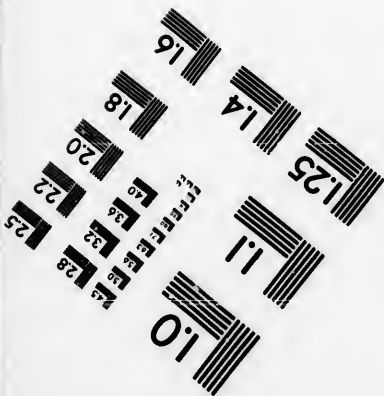
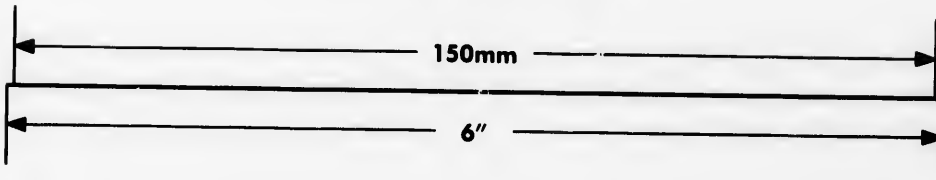
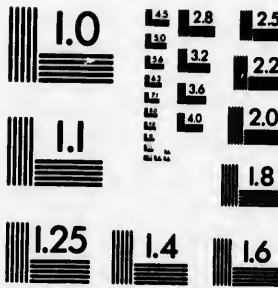
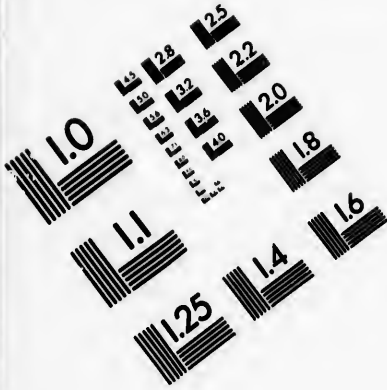


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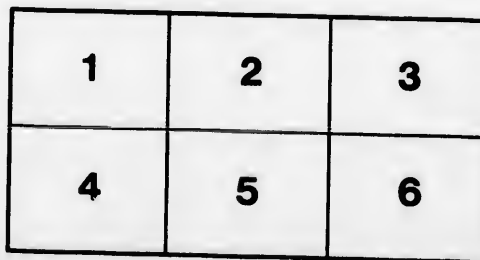
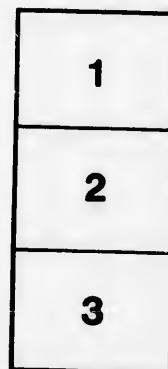
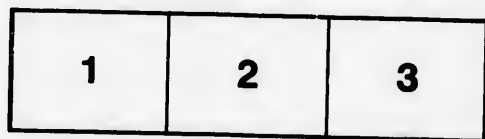
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. . . Rhymes.

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THROUGH AUTUMN.

DIGGING TIME.

BEFORE the chatting digger's lay
Long blinking rows of deep-eyed Reds,
While follow'd busy nodding heads
Above the mellow beds of clay.

The deep-neck'd oxen strayed among
The blighted tops, with clinking yoke,
And round the cart the little folk
Pass up and down the sloping tongue.

When with the last full load came in
The early dusk of Autumn day
The dip of candle light would play
Across the pane, and pleasant din

Of cooking rang, where flames shot high
Round swinging kettle and the crane,
And shed their glow upon the plain
White linen spread, where lay the pie

With golden centre, and the bread
Of home raised wheat, with oaten cake
And doughnuts of the twisted make,
And China dishes at the head.

All clean and brush'd the boys and girls
Took places round the tempting fare,
While mother kept beside her chair
The tender babe with laughing eyes.

October parted with the pranks
Of hollowe'en, and round for miles
The torches glared, and flaming piles,
Lit up the vales and wooded banks

INTERMISSION.

Childhood's sweet companionships,
Are wedding in the paling light,
Beneath the fostering tenderness
That clothes the ancient site,—
Where low of old the drooping eaves
Drew softness through the long long day,
And looked with love paternal down
Upon our lightsome play.

The only village church, still keeping
Thought of holy Sabbath hour,
Stood near ; so near, her pointed gable
And the lofty square built tower
Threw shadows down upon our green,
Wherein both natures sweet and rueful rude
Met in one little comedy
Of light vicissitude.

How softly crept the hours round,
As mute hours of toiling thought
Absorbed the youthful mind, forbidding
Listless yearning, caught
From aimless swaying winds
On distant sunny hills and leafy trees,
Or music floating in through windows
Wide, or humming bees.

Sweet mirth and childhood's innocence :
It chimes upon the Autumn air,
And thrills the slow decrepit hours
Dispirited with sordid care,
Sweet smiles break through the shading past,
And slumbering chords awake to sweetest song,
While the soul with youthful sympathy
Is lightly borne along.

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YOUNG FOLKS SONNET.

I catch the shy whispers
That run through the grain
While gay heads are dodging
And peeping again,
And bold stalks are crowding
Or standing tip-toe ;--
All bidding for smiles
Of the afternoon glow,
While Phoebus is gilding
His throne in the west
To scatter his brilliants
When toil is at rest ;
And the light-winged breezes
Are hovering low,
And the sirens are singing
In measures so slow,
That eyelids are closing
On nature's kind breast.

MIS-SPENT.

The cry is of the carrion call,
And jars the unresponsive ear,
And all the barren world is drear,
With murky cataract o'er all :—
The breath is loathing tainted air,
Whereon the seedy furze is blown,
And Life is sowing, and has grown
The harvest of a dark despair.—
Oh night were kinder than the day
Since all is blighted that was fair !
Would time could take the light away,
And Death could leave the furrows bare !
But Time has won the vacant field,
And Death shall reap forever there.

MIS-SPENT.

f the carrion call,
e unresponsive ear,
barren world is drear,
e cataract o'er all :—
is loathing tainted air,
e seedy furze is blown,
sowing, and has grown
of a dark despair.—
ere kinder than the day
blighted that was fair !
could take the light away,
could leave the furrows bare !
as won the vacant field,
shall reap forever there.

APRIL.

I.

Like foam flakes on the mountain stream
The sheep go lining down the hill :—
A sudden pause, a moment still,
Then toss along through shade and gleam.

II.

The earth lay drench'd with storm all night ;
And bagging hollows catch the flow
From dripping line of skirting snow
Along the hill-side purpling white.

III.

Afar, in the lull, with torrent sound
The tops heave down in the wake of the squall :
The sparrows from the branches fall
And flutter leaf-like o'er the ground.

IV.

The cloud sails o'er, with twinkling
Low-searching through the shadow
The paddling marge-weeds mutter
And diving-ripples cross the stream

V.

The boys come dropping out of
And perch above the dipping rain
On rafts, with jackets spread for
Some venture voyage o'er the pool



IV.

oud sails o'er, with twinkle-gleam
earching through the shades of flight :
addling marge-weeds mutter fright,
iving-ripples cross the stream.

V.

ys come dropping out of school,
erch above the dipping rails,
fts, with jackets spread for sails,
venture voyage o'er the pool.



THE AGED JUSTICE.

He had been justice of the place ;
He heard and judg'd in many a cause ;
He had an instinct for old laws
And precedents ; he could trace

The course of justice widening down
From tyrant sway of ancient kings,—
The fount of freedom from its springs
Between the commons and the crown.

He told me of his early days
At school, and where the old house stood,
Just in a clearing of the wood
Beside the meeting of two ways.

Here the early masters taught
To read, and write, the Rule of Three,
And forced with strict severity
The mind along the grooves of thought.

He'd much of entertaining
For my amusement ; I was
Beside him oft, and loit'ring
The sunny threshold of his

As oft in twilight hours we'd
Midst gath'ring vision of
I'd watch the shadow of his
Grow livid with the spark of

He was a man of such a type
As figured in colonial days ;
With features strong and noble
Of fearless speech, and judg-

With scope of reason broad
With heart to grand tradition
Had time not bound him to
He might have fill'd a larger

e'd much of entertaining lore
or my amusement ; I was found
side him oft, and loit'ring round
the sunny threshold of his door.

s oft in twilight hours we'd sit
dst gath'ring vision of romance,
watch the shadow of his glance
ow livid with the spark of wit.

e was a man of such a type
figured in colonial days ;
with features strong and noble ways,
fearless speech, and judgment ripe.

with scope of reason broad and clear,
with heart to grand traditions loyal,
and time not bound him to the soil,
might have fill'd a larger sphere.

THE SEA BIRD.

A MORNING SONG IN MAY.

Yes, yes, yes, to-day, to-day,
My love shall meet me on the spray :
Love and sunshine, love and lay !
How sweet, how sweet,
For hearts to meet,
In the tender light of May !

Yes, yes, yes, to-day, to-day,
To my love's love I'll say, I'll say,
My voice shall sing a double lay,
And guard I'll keep
Whilst thou art deep
In the nest, if I may, if I may !

I know what my love will say to-day—
It will not be nay—not nay—not nay.
It will be yea—for aye—for aye !
How sweet is morn
When hope is born
Out of the misty gray !

THE JOINER.

We met him at both ends of
The village jobber
On the common way.

His step was quick, though slow
His pace, his whiskers grey
His shoulders sloping and his
He bore a heavy burden

Time gave him health, a stalwart
But through his toil
His nobler manhood came
A truthful man of quiet lips
And little blame.

Each morning found him doing
Each evening brought him

THE JOINER.

I met him at both ends of day—

The village jobber

On the common way.

His step was quick, though short

His pace, his whiskers gray ;

His shoulders sloping and his figure bent,

He bore a heavy burden as he went.

He gave him health, a stalwart frame ;

But through his toil

His nobler manhood came—

A truthful man of quiet lips

And little blame.

Each morning found him doing at his best,

Each evening brought him peaceful rest.

But John is failing, and his eye

Is not so true

As in the days gone by.

His neighbors marking, yet

Would fain deny

That age has warped the judgment of his head.

He needs must earn his daily bread.

Though time may lade him in his years,

His simple trust

Removes his deeper fears,

His manly faith is stronger

Than his tears.

His God has been his stay through trials past,

He will be to the last.

From those who toil enduring late,

As humble craftsmen

Or as honor'd great,

God mans the bulwarks of

His church and state.

Safe-guarded thus His kingdom shall increase ;

Their rest shall be *His* day of peace.

DELIVERANCE.

His glance was furtive and distrest ;
A struggle waged within his breast—
The sting of insult deeply prest.

Revenge was lurking in his plot,
Inspiring hate—he knew it not—
The victim of an evil thought.

He kept it in his heart concealed,
He knew not that his look revealed
The cause he could but would not yield.

“ Oh Lord, I bring my cause to Thee ;
Thou wilt avenge my wrong for me :
If I forgive I shall be free.”

The soul forgiving and forgiven
Now saw the brooding shadows riven,
Forgiveness brought the light of heaven.

VERANCE.

is furtive and distrest ;
ged within his breast—
asult deeply prest.

arking in his plot,
—he knew it not—
an evil thought.

is heart concealed,
that his look revealed
ould but would not yield.

ring my cause to Thee ;
nge my wrong for me :
hall be free."

ving and forgiven
brooding shadows riven,
ought the light of heaven.

LOVE'S INSTINCT.

Let love grow
As nature gives it power—
Full in the beams of strength'ning day :
Force not the bud
Before its opening hour,
But let the broad light across the casement play.
While life goes round her sober cares within.
Fear not : no vagrant lip shall steal
The early dew upon the rose-lip hung, and so forest all
Thy sweetest joy. Love shall reveal
Its secret ere the petals fall,
And if another bloom there be
To match thine own,
Whether it be cherished o'er the sea—
In foreign country grown,
Some dove shall soar from loving hands set free
To bear that bloom to thee.

LIFE'S FLOW.

Music in the soft-lit vale,
Laughing eyes and dimpled stream,
Flowing through the meadow-land,
Drifting through an early dream :
Flowers nodding all along
In this charmed vale of song.

Lo, the broadened river runs
Winding seaward on and on,
Flowing by the harvest-field,
Where the fire of noon-day draws
Glances firm the reapers' steel
In the strife for love and weal.

LIFE'S FLOW.

in the soft-lit vale,
g eyes and dimpled stream,
through the meadow-land,
through an early dream ;
nodding all along
harméd vale of song.

broadened river runs
g seaward on and on,
by the harvest-field,
he fire of noon-day drawn
firm the reapers' steel
rife for love and weal.

Westward 'neath the setting sun,
Where the banks are open wide
Lisp the waters peacefully,
Where the tide is meeting tide,
And from hollow-sounding shore
Landward echoes—evermore.

Fails the song of singing-bird
As the latest murmur stills :
Fall the shadows tenderly,
While athwart the brooding hills,
Like sweet mem'ries of the past
Fade the glory-beams at last.



LOVE'S VICTORY.

I

He was more shy of her and she
Of him, than other two might be ;
And ere a word they dared to speak
Of love, it bloomed upon the cheek.
Between them lay a wide expanse
Of worldly-graded circumstance.

II

While through the years each nobly wrought
For larger life and purer thought,
Eternal laws conspired with time
To make a bridal hour sublime :
The world grew fair, the skies above
Cast sweet permission on their love.

III

They stood together arm to arm ;
Each wore a lively native charm,
Touch'd with sweet sincerity,
That marked a sacred unity
Complete before the vow was said —
They two were bred, yea, born to wed !

VICTORY.

I
y of her and she
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they dared to speak
ned upon the cheek.
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II
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ission on their love.

III
ther arm to arm ;
ely native charm,
eet sincerity,
acred unity
the vow was said—
ored, yea, born to wed !

SAVOURY OF MINT.

He brought her staggering loads of wood,
And piled the darksome passage full ;
And he'd come tripping in from school
To search the corner, where she stood

The little axe kept just for him ;
And then he'd climb with buoyant pride
The doting logs, and swing from side
To side, 'till from his notch would skim

The loosened chips to tap the glass,
Or chase the sharp-cut echoes round
The gloomy yard. Light tapping sound
Cheered the inmate as she'd pass

Like shadows gliding to and fro
Between the lights, to lay the spread,
And draw the tea, and set the bread
With pictured dishes broad and low.

She gave him cakes with caraway,
And set him down to early tea ;
He ate and watched the ships at sea
Upon his plate, and on the tray

The jockey horses prancing round,
And dreamed of clear and cooling lakes,
And creeping vines on crossing stakes,
And castles old, and knight, and hound.

He came to spend a holiday
Whene'er he could. The golden moss
Lay in the hollow dell ; he'd cross
The field in shining morn to play

With pieces trailing from his hold,
To build and cover in with fir
And spruce. He borrow'd tools from her
And hand-made hammer from the old

gave him cakes with caraway,
set him down to early tea ;
ate and watched the ships at sea
n his plate, and on the tray

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field in shining morn to play

a pieces trailing from his hold,
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spruce. He borrow'd tools from her
hand-made hammer from the old

Chest. It had two letters stamp'd
Between the iron straps that bound
The handle on two sides. He found
Some rusted nails bent and cramp'd,

With which he pinn'd the bows upon
The frame. He'd watched the village smith,
And loved to imitate him with
Anvil-ring and red-hot iron drawn

From little smoky forge rough-made
Of bricks. "So like a little man
He is," the good dame mused, and ran
Her fingers round the line of braid

About her apron. He would tread
His grandpa's footsteps, with a hand
For cunning work, and command
His wages away, and his bread.

UP STREAM.

A line of ripple strikes athwart the s

A flash of red

Above the darksome bed.

Then where the drift is all as soft as

With shadows bending low,

I watch him trailing slow—

Slyly with the slimy grasses swaying

To and fro.



UP STREAM.

ripple strikes athwart the stream—
dash of red
above the darksome bed.
where the drift is all as soft as dream,
with shadows bending low,
watch him trailing slow—
the slimy grasses swaying
and fro.



DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

I

A clearing wide and grassy way,
A scattered orchard and a lawn,
With tumbling fences trailing on
Round distant pastures old and gray.

The day creeps through the silent glades
And shadows of the hermit pines ;
All lonely 'mid its trailing vines
The cottage sleeps with fallen shades.

The raven startles with his call
From lofty branches far remote,
And glossy pinions circling float
Around the pointed tree-tops tall.

II

The low gate dragged upon its hinge,
And grasses closed above the walk,
Where golden dust from ripen'd stalk
Kept sifting down on faded fringe.

I stooped to hunt the hidden key,
And thickly round the pavement set
Were mingled mint and bouncing-bet —
Exhaling ancient savoury.

I paused to breath the fragrant balm,
While yet the morning breath was cold.
I saw the dream of years unfold
In soft reflection, clear and calm.

II

ragged upon its hinge,
 sed above the walk,
 ust from ripen'd stalk
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 nt the hidden key,
 nd the pavement set
 int and bouncing-bet—
 t savoury.

 th the fragrant balm,
 orning breath was cold.
 of years unfold
 , clear and calm.

III.

I wrenched the rusted grating lock
 And forced my entrance to the halls ;—
 The doors stand gaping in the walls,
 And hiding echoes loudly mock

 From darken'd room and sunken cot.
 In loneliness and darksome dread
 The walls gloom round me and o'erhead,—
 Still guardians of an ancient thought.

 Here opens wide the fire-place
 With idle tongs and and-irons twain ;
 With hanging hooks the sooty crane
 Is swung across the blacken'd space.

 A passage from the kitchen led,
 Darkwinding, with a narrow stair,
 To the open chamber cool and bare,
 With dusty hangings overhead.

Lights from two gables stream within
And cross the unbroken space between,
Where the rafters from the plates low-lean,
And gnats in shaded crannies spin.

The band hangs loosely on the wheel,
And here an empty warping-spool
Lies idly by the weaving-stool,
And some waste threads are on the reel.

The memory parts some olden bands,
Of faded warp to weave anew,
And sends the active shuttle through,
And deftly knots the broken strands,

'Till all the fabric is complete,
As in the vivid story told,
How mothers wrought and taught of old
With nimble hands and tireless feet.

The house is settling with its walls,
And rent with heaving of the mould ;
It has stood many years blind-fold,
With darkness brooding in its halls.

The edges of the garden pots
Are sadly draped with wilted vine ;
While lingering blue of columbine
Is waving in the corner lots.

The barn sinks deep in bed of mire,
And cripples o'er its rotted sill ;
The rains have fill'd the blacken'd still
Round broken sled and rusted tire.

The cross-stak'd fences tumble down,
And cattle crop the orchard trees,
While hollows of the famished leas
Fall in with wavy lick of brown.

The happy dwellers left in haste
By some delusive prospect drawn,
But they had sad regret anon,
And now lament the years of waste.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

He wore a suit of English blue,
His brim was hove a little down,
His salted cheek was shading brown,
His tie across his lappet flew.

His old companions shout his name
And forward run to grasp his hand—
"Oh, Jack returns from foreign land!"
And so the boys break up their game,

And little list'ners gather near
To hear some tale of wonderland,
And tip-toe round the circle stand,
Or pressing forward shyly peer.—

"And who are these? and this? and he?
" Oh, how the little lads do grow!"
" Yes, you were older"—" I did know—"
" We hailed them in the China Sea."

TURN.

ue,
own,
g brown,
s name
s hand—
gn land!"
eir game,

ar
land,
stand,
eer.—

is? and he?
grow!"
did know—"
na Sea."

" Your elder brother drown'd at sea ? "

" I knew the ship and crew right well !

I caught her name the Ocean Belle,

As she went by us sailing free."

" But I'll move on to rest at home :

I see my mother in the lane.— "

"Oh, Jack, and you've got home again !

I could not think you'd never come ! "

" Your letter stray'd ? Ah, that was why

No word reach'd here. I watch'd the mails.

'Till sick at heart, and ships and sails

Through restless dreams went by."

" Brown said that other ships had been

Longer out, and you'd been hail'd

Just two months from the day you sail'd,

But neighbors talked—that they' had seen

Reports of ships cast up on sands,
And broken spars half sunk from sight ;
And how a steamer stove at night
A western bark with twenty hands."

" 'Twas Christmas when you sail'd, you mind ?
That was the day, no—yes, 'twould be
The day the owners sent for me
And show'd the check that you had signed."

They're in and out the cottage door,
And dampen'd clothes are hanging out,
And bits of canvas lie about
With relics of some foreign shore.

But Jack is in snug harbor furl'd ;
He feels the home-love warm again ;
He has been years with thoughtless men,
And beating on a wide rough world.

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MAKING HARBOR.

I stood at morn on look-out head,
And lo, a craft with short-legg'd sails
Wading deep with dripping rails,
Which, shooting up to windward, sped

Away! with sudden run of sheet
And angry toss of chasing swell,
That tripping on the long reef fell
With line of foam and sullen beat.



THE LONE TENANT.

The house had large unfinished end
With sightless windows : at the rear
A hovel stood with greenwood near—
'Twas but a little from the bend

Of the village road, where stood the church
In white above the sloping green,
The school-house,—a narrow space between.
The cemetery lay back, where flick'ring b'rch

Threw shade across the leaning stone.
'Twas heartsome when the school came out
And playful children grouped about
The door, but evening gathered lone.

The balsam on the casement grew
In fractur'd pots of ancient ware,
And closing curtains broke the glare,
That pierced the cottage through and through.

ENANT.

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The door swept soft o'er braided mat,
That eased the footstep in the room ;
Half-hidden in the twilight gloom
The lonely tenant brooding sat.

A cover'd chest was softly set
Below the draping vine of mint,
And colored bits of ancient print
Were pieced upon the coverlet.

The last dull ember falling down
Shot out its gleam and sadly died ;
The winds through tossing branches sighed
And passed the house with dreary moan

She smoothed her locks beneath her cap,
And leant her head upon one hand ;
The other pressed the lustre band
That held the apron on her lap.

" I lay last night upon this chest,"
She said, " and sighed for sympathy ;
And, Oh, the hours went wearily,
And brought me little rest.

" But smiling Ethel came at morn
And brought me cheer for all my pain .
I felt a mother's joy again
And knew not that I was forlorn.

" If I could pass the winter drear,
I'd love to see the smile of May :
But I can trust Him day by day
If He designs to keep me here."

• • •
A tuft of softwood crowns the hill,
Rich clover scents the waving field,
The creeping moss and grass have healed
The broken turf where lay the sill.

• • •
They came to one neglected lot,
And stooping down they softly read
The letter'd marble at her head,
And sighing turned to leave the spot.

aled

