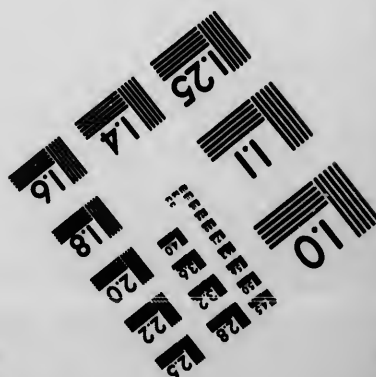
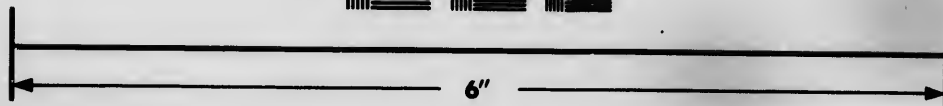
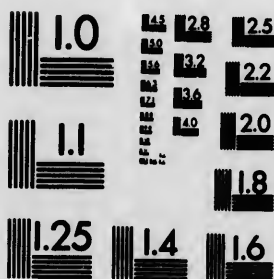


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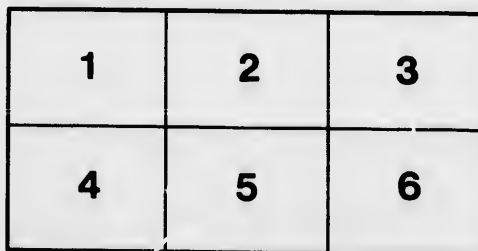
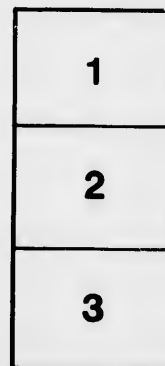
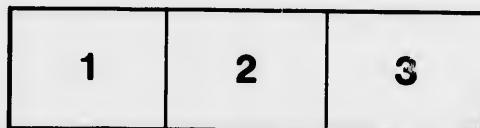
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Poetry and
oems of ..
Alfred Stafford.

* *

Daily Musings .
Of
A Boy Poet



13578

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Jones
Cosby

PAGE

ca. 1898

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Introduction.



To whom it may concern : As it is customary, so is it equally important for me to adjoin with this volume a suitable Preface or Introduction, which I trust shall prove serviceable, interesting and instructive to every eye about to scan its printed page. Now that I am about to present to the world my first edition of poetical views, I conscientiously feel that such would not be complete without first apprising my readers of a few facts concerning it and its Author's Life.

It is not my intention to here assert that this little Volume of Poems did not originate amid such paths as labor, time and disadvantage. Written and composed in harmony with those weary feelings which daily surround the busy toll of rustic life. Authorized by a heart, mind and pen associated from infancy with farm duty, humble surroundings and common country life, with its rusticity. The productions of a gift, cherished and exercised by a youthful career, face to face with the opposing elements of life ; strengthened by many peculiar disadvantages of an independent, sensitive nature ; blessed with but an average education, obtained from those enriching and scholastic views of a common country school.

How early it my daily absence guessed,
How rich was I to be so richly blessed !
Where once a master's eye had longed again to trace,
Before his desk, my studious clever face,
Whose pen he aimed to match with ready will,
Whose pencil loved to triumph o'er his skill.

(From Poem on "The Old School.")

Nor is this all, as many of my finest selections were first memorized from the tracings of a nail or pencil on a board or post, then written down hurriedly at night, such as "The Spirit of Reform," "Wedding Bells," "My Mother," etc., whose first writing and originality to-day adorn these printed pages. I am also obliged to inform those, my readers, that this little work (none of which has ever been hitherto published) is but a portion of my entire writings, which the lack of means hath necessitated me to omit from the present edition. Hoping that the public will in the meantime extend to me a liberal patronage to further assist me in my present undertaking, and to them I here extend this pleasing assurance, that ere long I may be spared to placed within the reach of every home a more complete and substantial work. In order to introduce the present volume into every home, it has been my constant aim to set my price at so low a figure that no family need be without literature in this progressive age.

Yours by birth,

ALFRED STAFFORD, POET.

Born in the township of McKillop, Huron County,
the 28th day of July, 1877.

NECESSARY CORRECTIONS.—Page 1, last four verses are supplied with the title "It." Page 6. Now and forever, but never. Page 40, "The Riverside," 6th verse, How well they cheer me in this place.—By The Author.

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Poetry and Poems

—♦♦♦OF♦♦♦—

ALFRED STAFFORD.

Lines written the day following our Epworth League Birthday Party, held in Walton Methodist Church, February 22nd, 1898.

Our Birthday Party.

Our birthday social now is past,
Just what it was to be !
A treat most grand and yet a feast
To last eternally ;
How sweet her fruits were gathered home,
Where satan ne'er shall sever,
Or out apart, loves chorded hearts
Forever and forever.

Every day may be a birthday
To celebrate as then,
For man while here is destined free
The rights of birth again.
True he may not have a party,
Nor yet behold a feast,
A daily birth in soul and mind
Ranks not of fame the least.

Yesterday eve in Glory sped
In peace with one accord ;
Souls spent upon our meeting nights
An evening with the Lord,
To celebrate His spirts birth
In buds now opened flowers ;
His church of love enjoyed this treat,
So lived our sleeping hours.

We served out to all refreshments,
For body, mind and soul ;
As bread alone can not sustain
Our lives as one grand whole ;
Now past and o'er in truth I say :
All hearts were homeward driven,
Those words of cheer and songs of praise
Are stored for us in Heaven.

Some friend hath missed it here on earth,
This treat the spirits love ;
But league with us thy hand and hearts
And share it far above ;
Dear brother seek in Christ a birth,
From earth direct thy flight,
We long to have thee share with us,
Our triumphs for the right.

Lines Written to a Mother About to Witness the Untimely Death of Her Only Beloved Child.

All glory to the Father be,
Now angels seek above ;
How soon their hands shall bear from thee
This spirit of thy love.

Make this thy sorrow known to God,
Not fully known to men ;
Soon he will hear and bear thee up,
Lest ye would fall again.

If ye from God had given power,
Would'at thou recall thy child
From such a home of peace and love
To wickedness defiled.

T'is for thy sake he cometh now,
To prove thy love untried ;
Compare these pains to those Christ bore,
Nailed to the tree he died.

Uncertain visitant of the past,
Ye word of stand still growth ;
T'wixt truth and error thou art classed,
To mark our place in both.

Thou art but simple yet great in power,
Denying man his strength ;
Ye word which reason speaks each hour,
And measures pride it's length.

True thou hast the power to divide,
Our faith of hearts from God ;
Yea raise us on the wings of doubt,
False unbelief to land.

Upon thee first doubting trust is formed,
Uncertain is this end ;
Minds seeking thus and thus adorned,
Retain a mortal friend.

The above was written Sunday, February 6th, 1898. This includes the following verse also.

Sin.

Cruel disobedience first temptation,
 The only one from truth ;
 Ever first and ever last to yield vexation
 In years which follow youth,
 Only this once we hear the pleading
 child,
 First prompted by its word from impulse
 self-desire,
 Unrestrained the spirits growth is natural
 wild ;
 Why now withhold thy training word of
 fire,
 Beneath the sunshine of the sky ;
 Weakly first let the spirit die.

The King of Beasts.

Weak man alone is king of beasts,
 For he alone will say :
 Ye dare to use his tongue gain't truth
 And utter in his simple way
 There is no God.

Harken to him who made the earth,
 Reason dusty lover,
 Study nature but know thyself
 And sure it is you will discover
 There is a God.

Scan the stars throughout the Heaven's,
 To question if they shine in vain ;
 Study actions of the heathen
 And lovely flowers of the plains,
 They praise a God.

Man himself is weak, imperfect,
 A fool if not denied ;
 All his strength doth tend to weaken,
 When living in his selfish pride
 Without a God.

Into the egg within the shell
 His hand is clever shown,
 In insects life, in daily life,
 We see the mark of His alone,
 The hand of God.

Within a volume book of truth,
 Is wisdom perfect given ;
 It's love and power doth foretell
 By it's promise of a Heaven,
 The voice of God.

Where is there such another shown
 Amid the works of man ?
 Where was there wisdom ever known,
 So full and perfect in it's plan,
 Without a God ?

There is a God who reigneth o'er
 This darkened earth of nights,

There is a God forevermore
 Ready to flood the soul with light.
 Such is my God.

By day and night He walks with us,
 To light us on our way,
 And always shall we know him thus
 If we conceive by faith His ray,
 A ray of God.

He gives us reason to behold,
 A gift not born of flesh ;
 This mortal life proves at it's best,
 To be a net of deathly mesh.
 Our mortal God.

Immortal is the spirits beam
 That sheds abroad his light,
 And everlasting is that stream
 Which always flows on day and night.
 The love of God.

The stars which shine beyond the gaze,
 The day it's sure return ;
 From each and all of every phase,
 We could not fall if we would learn,
 The power of God.

The promise in His word fulfilled,
 Gives us His high ideal ;
 To ever let our minds be tilted,
 For prayer and praise will still reveal
 The truth of God.

To trust and live despairing doubts,
 Whilst tempting storms may roar ;
 From hearts to God our praises shout ;
 Soon we shall go forever more
 To live with God.

The Sinners Epitaph.

HERE KNELT THE IMAGE OF THE LORD.

This is the spot, now mark it well,
 Within this tomb a sinner fell ;
 Yet died not till his spirit fled,
 And numbered with the tempting dead ;
 But God of Heaven lent a hand,
 And raised him up again to stand.
 This resurrection unto truth,
 Gave back the vigor of his youth ;
 To live by prayer in sweet accord,
 Here knelt the image of the Lord ;
 Long hath he passed, his earth was riven,
 He lives with God, he rests in Heaven ;
 May all who see this as they trod,
 Laud not this spirit, but it's God.

Above this trampled dust,
 Life is above, below is death ;
 Our God is love and claims our breath.

Shattered Morals.

How many are the thoughtful words,
Risen, yet never spoken !
How many are the promised ends,
Awake a last but broken !
How often are our thoughts of love,
Which flow twix't mind and heart,
Divided by these selfish tongues,
Where friendships fall apart !

How often pity is pitiful,
And aid in time is severed !
How often obedience is a crown,
And never half endeavored !
How often our charity is a sham,
And not through love sincere !
How often praise is shatt'ed blow,
And not the words of cheer !

How often envy takes her rise
Against a prosperous soul !
How often passions do despise
The spirits self control !
How often we neglect to pray,
Until that hour is past !
How often ambition rules this mind
And never found at last !

How many are those bitter words,
Never again recalled !
How many are those anxious hearts,
Where pen has never scrawled !
How many have such self conceit,
As will not bow to toil !
How many have such filthy tongues,
As tempt clean lips and spoil !

How many do control themselves,
Unknown to their heart !
How many move in circles gay
An empty polished cart ?
How many rue each fatal day,
They lost in time of youth !
How many thought, yes ! Thought to late,
To live a life of truth !

Past Friendship.

To-night my mind before the evening calm,
Conceives fond friendships of the past ;
Afloat on time's river at memory's dam,
They still are gathered now to last.
Yes ! I hear those voices in the waters,
Clear as they floated years ago,
Unselfish, each ripple as it totters ;
Great is this stream and true it's flow.

Perhaps some have passed it by unnoticed,
Oh ! What a journey this to see ;
Lost neath pleasures of a selfish spirit,
Lost now and to forever be.

Found amid my choicest recollections,
Are those familiar chimes which fell,
And called me from pleasures and affections,
To treasures neath the schoolday bell.

Friendships were they indeed of unknown
worth,
Which I behold lost now and then ;
Such golden minutes unknown to desire,
Could I but live such o'er again.

Encourage others is much better far,
To leave those paths, which cause my rent,
Than lose the profits of the present hour,
O'er which some make a long lament.

Stand and Wait.

Last night ! Just at the close of day,
When darkness dimed my sight,
I asked the Lord what must I do ?
From Heaven flashed a light ;
I bowed my head and hid my face,
I knew not of my fate,
When down to me a voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Again I asked amid my fears,
How must I bear my pains,
For Lord Thou knowest of my cheer,
Thou also shared my gains ?
I listened as I did before,
I knew not of my fate,
Again to me that voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Again I asked with weeping eyes,
How must this thing do ?
My faith is weak in thee dear Lord,
My word is false untrue.
I listened as I did before,
I knew not of my fate,
Again to me that voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

'Twas then I knew the voice that spoke,
I raised my head to seek ;
But of myself, I could not see
But darkness cold and bleak,
Then I remembered of those words,
When I knew not my fate,
That voice to which the flesh was dead :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Books.

Ye books ! With all thy knowledge stored,
Can't never make the man.
The worse is picked—the best ignored,
To please some natural plan,

I. A Sinner Bold.

When I, a sinner bold and lost,
I would not be controlled ;
How I would threaten when I was crossed,
No truths did I love told,
My every little wish and whim
Was not as God would care it.
This foolish life
Is full of strife,
My soul must pay or share it.

God.

Unseen being, fountain of love divine,
Who hath such precious ore,
Within a heart substantial and sublime
To shine forever more ;
Each passing hour tell'th power,
Power we should know ;
Draw near and laud
This living God,
Whose truth forever flows.

Sacred being veiled from this earthly eye,
For wisdom's sake to be ;
Great giver of all choice to live or die,
By faith I know of thee.
His spiritual light shineth bright,
Hearken to His call,
Thy truest friend
A hand wilt lend,
And lift thee from thy fall.

True Thou art near although we know thee not ;
Here daily by our side
The humblest temples in past ye sought,
O'er lofty paths to guide ;
What is pleasure ? What is treasure ?
Dying to adore ;
Now found, now lost,
Beyond us tossed,
Now and forever more.

God Thou art of all the living and the dead,
Perfection rules Thy hand ;
Alone by Thee is nature's goodness fed,
In this our fertile land.
Now and forever more, but ever
Wilt thy truth decay ;
But void of strife,
Thou giveth live
To live eternally.

Varnished Walls.

Varnished walls and lofty ceilings,
Choice brick and stone in mansions grand,
Is no mark or sign revealing,
Such life and comfort of a land ;
Give to me the humble hovel,
Yea give to me the humble mind ;
Not those built in fashions novel,
Not earth built treasures of mankind.

Money, money ! Root of evil !
Sure such a tree in death may fall,
Like the grain it hath a wev'il,
So man himself is purged with gall.
Are ye bent for it to labor ?
Are ye possessed of monied real ?
Are ye still my distant neighbor ?
Why boast ye of external weal ?

Are ye hopeful every moment ?
Oh ! Can ye truly say that ye
Have a home in Heaven waiting,
A home, at home with Christ to be ?
All the knowledge thou can'st garner,
Without a knowledge of thy God,
Proves uncertain as the mariner
Out on the billows far abroad.

*The following is a true sketch from life
entitled " Judgment Passed" :*

Judgment Passed

Here beauty frowns upon thee pretty face
Possessed by age, yet a curious child ;
She sought the mirror unconcerned to guide,
The shears to cut her image to disgrace.
There clip by clip her eye brows passed away,
Her altered look returned the vacant stare,
The prize she wished, the image of her mind.

T'is judgment passed on her curious self,
No brow is left to hide the eye from shame ;
T'is judgment passed and yet a lesson taught,
Which shall bring forth a second growth of
hair !
She seemed but wise within her own conceit ;
But foolish still when she herself would
tough,
To perfect make that gift of nature's law.

Take God With Thee.

If thou would'st reap in time of harvest,
If thou would'st love or lover be,
And concentrate each day the farthest,
Take God with thee.

If thou would'st have a hope of Heaven
Up where the happy ransomed see,
And lose thyself from those now riven,
Take God with thee.

If thou would'st have a faith unbroken,
High gifted spirit of the free,
And lift up truth, yet never spoken,
Take God with thee.

If thou would'st have a peaceful spirit,
If thou would'st through past ages see,
And the spirit of prayer to cheer it,
Take God with thee.

Books.

Ye books ! With all thy knowledge stored,
 Can't never make the man.
 The worse is picked—the best ignored,
 To please some natural plan,
 For such enfolds his narrow view ;
 Uncultured fallow waste,
 Thy riches deep—unknown to few,
 Are gathered but untraced.

Good books are proper tools to use,
 To fashion mind as mind ;
 Still man must know not to infuse
 Such of a trashy kind.
 Don't taste a book ! What e're it be,
 If God be not it's aim ;
 Dare not to pry within to see,
 For satan tempts to claim.

A Short Poem on Sickness.

These days of sickness, hours of pain,
 Ye cruel denials of the past ;
 Few seek to know this glorious gain,
 Few enjoy this glorious fast.
 True frat ! I thought ye came in vain,
 Well have I viewed thee o'er and o'er ;
 Greater is thy profits spoken,
 As now I view the more and more.

Love and Obedience.

*A short poem from early writings, but
 date of composition unknown.*

Brothers, brothers ! Christ hath called me,
 Called me, called me, day by day.
 This his signal he is waiting,
 Here I meet him, I obey.

O ! my brethren how I love thee,
 Must ye all forsake me now,
 When I leave my earth and labors
 To follow up my spirit's plow.

Speak in language sweet immortal,
 This alone will crown the rest.
 Hope beyond a peace, a comfort,
 Flowing life within thy breast.

Lo, the Heaven's room must open,
 I must go to dwell therein ;
 If ye love not truth outspoken,
 Thou wilt perish in thy sin.

I Cannot Beg.

I cannot beg, I will not beg,
 My fair name to disgrace ;
 I'd rather choose to leave this world,
 Than such a life embrace.
 If the world be rich with riches,
 Could she not freely give,
 Instead of eating all my gifts,
 And nothing left to live.

Heavy is thy yoke a burden
 To all who live for thee,
 Since I knew my blessed Jesus
 I feel in spirit free.
 I but await the word to go
 And live beyond the skies ;
 Yea ! leave this cold deceitful earth
 Behind for paradise.

I know God guides me day and night,
 Through faith He walk'th near ;
 My wings are prone to worship right,
 Instil me Lord with cheer.
 Give strength to me, oh Lord ! I pray,
 To leave my gates ajar ;
 Unto Thy word my soul is stirred,
 This fading morning star.

A Winter Poem or a Thought
 Before Christmas.

The autumn winds have ceased to be,
 Behold the wintry tide ;
 Again once more as days of yore,
 The children run and slide.

The shifting flakes go drifting on
 Across the crystal crust ;
 Some pause to praise his artful gaze,
 The snow man's fingered bust.

The wind is bleak, the air is chill,
 What must it bring to fear !
 For merry rays will speed the sleighs
 To sound the Christmas cheer.

Toil is Strength.

Toil is power, knowledge gain,
 Grandeur beauty, beauty pain.
 Love is spirit ; not this earth,
 It's fire warmth not it's hearth ;
 Yet must we hold her less she rise
 Beyond our reach in vacant skies.
 When God supplies they cook us food,
 Which others taste to share our good ;
 I here conclude yet more I find,
 If ye would know expand in mind.

How Would I Like to Travel.

How would I like to travel ?
 Is a question of the past,
 For how would means unravel
 Little threads for me to grasp ;
 But contentment is a treasure
 When spoken by my God ;
 Whilst travelling is a measure,
 Weighed out to wealth abroad.

The sailors of the ocean
 See'th scenes they can't describe.
 The pleasure seeking tourist,
 Many truths that won't abide,
 For the devil and his angels
 Divide them in his heart,
 Thus untruthful is the changeling,
 Which bids the child depart.

How scenes that wing the ocean,
 How the billows of the sea,
 How ships which stir her motion,
 Could waft many thoughts to me ;
 How great churches are but steeples,
 And never half revealed,
 Of false beauty and her peoples,
 How truth is left concealed.

How would I like to travel ?
 Is a question of the past,
 And may in time unravel
 Little threads for me to grasp ;
 Bye and bye is in the future,
 Unspoken by my God,
 Like travelling she hath measures,
 Weighed out to go abroad.

Hidings to Slumber.

Entertained must be thy slumbers,
 Within thy cot with thee,
 Be patient ! If the loft en'umbers,
 No better place have we.
 I wish you well, my host said he,
 As I went to retire,
 I thanked him as I bid adieu,
 Then left his gratefull fire ;
 Before I lost the staircase step,
 His words rose up as true,
 And e're I to my room had crept,
 Their meaning well I knew.

In going naked to my bed,
 Where coldness met repose ;
 The chill was great, I might have said,
 Their shivering to the nose ;
 My watering eyes, that running nose,
 Where added to the scene.
 The wind it howled, the shutters swore
 Profanely with a scream ;
 How could I sleep on such a night,
 Amid such piercing roar !
 My cuddled limbs met with delight,
 They never met before.

Deep breath of frost was on the pane,
 I now beneath the cover ;
 How close above this rustic swain,
 Jack frost seeks to discover !
 Faithful to me trusty lover,
 True ye will not leave me ;

But in the darkness of the hour
 Hand in hand receive me.
 Ah thanks ! I've broken them away,
 But still within thy power,
 I dare not rise till coming day,
 Oh ! blessed morning flower.

Thy fingers are but gone to come,
 A creeping up each leg ;
 Ye seem to think this tickling fun,
 For more and more ye beg.
 My noose keeps running like a keg,
 Just tapped to empty go.
 Thy foot prints are upon my face
 To squeeze a greater flow ;
 How must I sleep on such a night,
 When Jack is on my chace !
 My cuddled limbs meet with delight
 For they are in the race.

But sleep hath come is now a truth,
 Relieving him of pain ;
 But when it came, this rustic youth,
 He lives, but can't explain,
 Now rising up in calm disdain
 Against the biting frost,
 He proves his will to reach the shore,
 With hope above the lost,
 For he hath slept on such a night,
 Dispite the piercing roar ;
 His cuddled limbs met with delight,
 They mostly met before.

Shall We know Our Jesus There.

Up in Heaven's choicest borders,
 Lights of truth are shining there ;
 Sacred to his mighty orders,
 Shining, shining ! everywhere.
 What a scene for us to witness,
 Reward of true and devout prayer !
 Can we safely say in spirit
 We shall know our Saviour there.

Shall we know our blessed Jesus ;
 Are we still of mortal breath ;
 Are we waiting, are we waiting,
 Waiting to be lost in death ?
 Shall we know our blessed Jesus,
 He who give'th light on high ;
 Are we waiting, are we waiting,
 Him again to crucify ?

When beset by strong temptations,
 Shall we know our Jesus there ?
 When the world is robbed with darkness,
 May we know him still in prayer !
 Shall we walk ! yes, walk with Jesus,
 To know him not when troubles glare !
 Must we thus forget our duty
 Unto Jesus everywhere.

A Lesson Taught.

The sunbeams sparkle on my face,
This lovely morning spot and place ;
I dream that I dwell here alone,
As I behold an upturned stone.

My thoughts are buried in a mind,
To often found throughout mankind ;
Soon I deny my prides enohant,
Whilst I behold a busy ant.

Some thoughtless foot engaged to roam,
Hath overturned this nature's stone ;
I look to see the havoc made,
When sudden thought at once is laid.

With eager look do I observe
Some burden it is a slave to serve,
It meets with triumph, but, alas !
You fallen rail, it fails to pass.

Trying, trying, becomes it's plan,
Where was ever such pluck in man ?
Now half the distance hath it gained,
But strength is failing once retained.

See it securing burden there,
Then up it mounts itself with care ;
How soon returned to toil again,
Spied by it's brother passing then.

Down he comes half way to meet it,
At the top two others greet it,
Now fully relieved of it's load
It follows on to their abode.

Look to nature, be not thou blind,
It proves examples to the mind ;
Be not selfish in deed or thought,
Was in this lesson which they taught.

An Early Poem—No Title Given.

My house was divided,
My father resided,
Kind, yet careless his way ;
Such good will and stature,
Men knew of his nature,
And tempted him often to stray.

Te edil I di-diddle !
His body would fiddle,
Tunes most common to know !
They would shine on his face
When performed out of grace,
Whilst mind proved his uncho.en bow.

Ripe decision was rare
About him I declare,
True a common disgrace ;
He varied in wonder,

Imperfect to blunder,
Like others concerning his race.

Unripe education
Brought on his vexation,
Else he would'nt thus fell ;
Despite toleration
Comes this consolation,
He really and truly meant well !

Lines Written After Viewing the
Life and Death of a
Beautiful Flower.

A darling pure and sweet she came,
And sweet she came and went ;
A taste of earth was all she wished,
Her life was upward bent.
The cold earth was not praise worthy,
Of beauty there instilled,
For at her death unto this earth
Her dust was all she willed.

Her beauty owed not to shadows,
It faded with the night ;
Each lovely tint which she possessed
Was known by the light.
Thus the ruler of all nature,
Which know'th not repose,
Knew well her life of unseen breath,
And thus by faith she rose.

From whence the sun poured forth his rays,
She early bent her head,
And perished with his setting gaze,
For thus I found her dead !
A day was all she could desire
In life born unto fame,
This example do I require
To meet a birth the same.

T'was but a flower perfect gem,
Conveyed unseen by men,
Who trample high with selfish tread
O'er lessons taught to them ;
No end hath God created vain
Unfit for manhood's use ;
But fools are we who tread our way
To treat them with abuse.

Yet more and more t'is my desire,
One wholesome to be ruled ;
To cease from passions erring fire,
And be by nature schooled ;
In error have I craved to read
Such books, unfit as mine,
But nature is an open book—
A book of books divine.

No gold can't buy or yet reserve
My right to search her through,
No human mind is wise enough
To say she is untrue ;
Each humble mind her wi-dom seeks,
God loveth such to be.
The rich cannot her treasures buy,
Her teachings flow as free.

Examples are her mighty works,
Which form her entire span ;
They all point out in faith to show,
And elevate the man ;
Imperfection must first subdue
And thus deny my strength,
Then soon will rise a life which few
Could ascertain in length.

God's spirit ruleth nature's ends
To sympathize with our ;
Thus have I here been lifted up
By one small withered flower ;
Oh ! What a space the spirit tills
To reap, if souls endeavor,
And who wilt doubt the truth of this
Forever and forever.

The Butcher.

Oh ! the butcher, Oh ! the butcher,
An honest man is he,
Out riding where the breezes blow,
His smiling face I see,
With meat cut up to hide the bone
To tempt the farmers buy ;
It must be fresh as it still moves
The country to supply.
Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
It wasn't fit to eat !
When e're you'd cut the slices off
They'd make a quick retreat.

His sight was good enough to see,
He sold it by the pound ;
He gave good weight at any rate,
If it had but been sound.
No ice adorned his covered rig
To chill the maggot fly ;
But still he came and still he went
The country to supply.
Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
It wasn't fit to eat !
When e're you'd cut the slices off
They'd make a quick retreat.

He carried sausage boil and roast
Cut up with tasty trim ;
It's trashiness was his constant boast,
I'll say his name was J ;
T'was old before he took it far,

But sell it he must try,
That tainted stuff where skippers jar,
The country to supply.
Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
It wasn't fit to eat !
When e're you cut the slices off
They'd make a quick retreat.

Twice weekly he would come about
And stop right at your door,
And raise his old accustomed shout :
" Want beef ! dirt cheap ? " once more ;
T'was old before he took it far,
But sell it he must try ;
That tainted stuff where skipper's jar,
The country to supply.
Oh ! the meat that butcher sold,
It wasn't fit to eat ;
When e're you'd cut the slices off
They'd make a quick retreat.

Smartness

Is smartness always a virtue ?
No, more often a sham !
But now one thing it is certain,
That true t'is a tool used by man.

Of't it will cut because narrow,
Then false pride gifts his find ;
How it doeth thrill through man's marrow,
But ever leaves vacant his mind.

Up from the dust by the roadside
Drifts there smartness to please ;
Alas such dust is not smartness,
Comes such with the spirit and breeze.

So may I learn to be humble,
Gifts are borrowed not mine,
And may pure truth be their guidance,
Far beneath this surface of time.

Mother's Words.

Son obey your mother's words,
If she be still a mother ;
Soon her calling shall pass by,
Then in vain you oft shall sigh
For virtue in another !
Here ever present with you !
Her worth you never miss it !
Mark that day of her adieu,
T'is then you sure will kiss it !
Thy raughty deeds and grievous words
Shall rise against thee driven,
And ye shall mourn these blessed
When thou couldst hear her loving voice
Repeat one word, forgiven.

Reason.

Here lost unseen amid the depths of thought,
Ashamed to write, ashamed to idle be,
Ashamed to fully trust thee gracious God ;
True, well hast thou in truth remembered
me.

Great thought kindled in the breasts of ages
past,
Rose from some tongue touched with thy
spark of fire ;
Overwhelmed with joy from griefs to rise,
Such is power and such I do require.

No voice can't heal which mortal will hath
raised ;
No storms shall cease by human strength
or word ;
No second power can't rise to quenched
the first.

Whilst envy against it ever shall be stirred,
I, created first within earth's bosom,
To mortal hand was workmanship unknown ;
Yet where is skill to fashion or comply,
Or equal his invisible here shown.

Yes, everywhere if reason would abide,
Would light be shown within this mortal
heart ;
And void of doubt his truths would smooth-
ly glide,
To bid our gates of error all depart.

My Elegy in Nature's Darkness.

*Composed in measure, combining truth,
soundness and depth. THE AUTHOR.*

The toil of day hath sped before the face of
night,
In silence sank the hours to rest, but not
alone ;

Like them our younger hearts are lost in
calm repose,
Unknown and unconscious time is speeding
by.

Some insect life which charmed the thought-
ful gaze ;
The grateful throats which touched in note
and praise,

Lay cradled in the bosom of the night.

A veil hath hid the starry firmament above,
No breath or breeze disturb these peaceful
scenes at rest.

Such intervals between the sometimes
slumbering wake.

Our landscape lamps, as if to pilot and to
guide,
Stretch forth a star unto this lonely spot,

Where flies strike forth a quick uncertain
light,
A startling view this darkness to amuse.

With prompted ease the bull frog breaks the
silent pool,
As if to yawn away the space twix't sleep-
ing hours ;

Perhaps desire to fill the vacant space
The whipporwill had made to close the day
or ope the night ;

Strange some hidden songster should now
break forth,
Unseen, yet he by his song is known,
Charming taste, for darkness with-holds the
rest.

What a picture is here conveyed before my
mind !

No eye beholds the vividness of nature's
art ;
She comes instilled within the spirit clear
through faith,
All other gates in error bids her truths de-
part.

The waters move through aid to move along ;
The grasses flourish well when ere she
weeps ;

Thus I learn thy good, sympathizing tear.

Trees in unison are moved by the unseen,
Throughout doth reason guide by some im-
pulse unknown ;

Great truths, which man would vain
disclose, still rest with God ;
No vain thing hath he created as man would
be,

When he would'at live without his maker's
law.

Oh ! God why revealeth thou such wisdom,
Within this humble brow, unworthy mind.

Here all alone in solitude, I rest with thee ;
Thou knoweth my desire, my thirst is
quenched ;

While many sleep within their earthly
tombs, ye feedeth me ;

Often when I would'at speak to rise or
showy be,

Ye ruleth, yea deny my tongue all power ;
But when returned alone with the to dwell,
I learn the truth and wisdom of thy ways.

Oft this same sad sacred spot I knew, know
as now ;

I feared the darkness, then was I unborn of
God ;

Now gulded by thy peace and light, I spend
with Thee

The night, the richest moments man hath
ever known !

This cage is but a cradle, yet to be
To rock the infant child that can't not

walk,
Till it receiveth strength direct from
Heaven.

Well may I be timed in purity to receive,
To stand upon high vantage ground when
called away

From this tabernacle to that substantial
throne,
Clad as angels in robes to praise forever
more ;
My weakness telleth where my weakness
lies ;

Each triumph gaineth me required strength
To battle with the thorns upon my way.

The right of choice is given unto all who
thirst ;
The bee pertaketh of the tasty and to good,
For such their glorious choice none could
well refuse ;

To thee those rustic trees which mark my
presence here,
Which by day hath sway'd the chattering
squirrel ;
Russel slightly before this short lived
breeze,

As if to call me homeward from this spot.

Drowsy, yet mind is temple fearless of the
night ;
Now strengthens and rules beyond the
power of sleep ;
Behold the many who have gifts to pen their
page,
Have yielded to this tempting God, in peace
sleep on ;
But woe shall find them at their troubled
wake,

When age is born, the spark about to fade,
And view beside their talent nothing done.

Show me the gift not worth the cultivated
gain !
Point out to me the mind unworthy of it's
muse !
Dead is that critic's heart which seeks to
hew away,
Yet doth not build itself a higher, better
make.

Why judge the weak at equal with thine
own ?
This same said sword by which ye love to cut,
Unmercifully by it shall ye be judged.

Our souls may grow into conceited selfbuilt
strength,
And ever rule at leisure in times little day !
Men may live to boast physically a giant
great,
And yet intellectually an erring child ;
Wisdom is not conceived by mortal eye ;
So wisely hidden it shall always be,

Thus toil must bear it to the humble heart.

The very breath which taints this fragrant
air to muse,
Gives forth new life at each heartfelt in-
spired draw ;

So is it now, as when first the man breathed
forth life,
Into his nostrils did he receive the breath of
God ;
Our life lies daily within his hand to
quench,
Deadly pressure is he at will to give,
Or draw it forth into another world.

Oft have I pondered, but have never
thought so vain,
As mortal sought to fully independent be ;
Convinced through reason, ye great teacher
of the soul,

That lives of prayer and praise must light
our dwelling here ;
So youth hath passed with all her idle
dreams,
As seasons pass with every morning sun
From us to never, never more return.

Lives once wasted, but repented in dying
hours,
Should not daily within the ear be left
unheard,
When danger meets us face to face at every
step ;
Consider of this universe through which we
tread,
And view in heart the frailness of the man,
Inducted through truth we, vile sinner's
learn ;
Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shall re-
turn.

The Mirror of Our God.

View we within the mirror of our God
The eye for such, it is
Deceiver, reverse of faith used to land
And look on all as his.

The inward eye within this mansion dwells,
Seen but by those who know the true
divine,
To weep whilst mortal eye in mischief swells ;
But when reversed it ever seeks to dine.

The true light of the body is the eye,
When mortal such we see,
When spiritual this temple then is high
And ever seeks to be.

True faith through spirit is it's noble guide,
One which can't never fail to guide
aright ;
Though round it lurk the mocking voice
of pride,
Withdrawing by day, returning by night.

Sonnet.

Outside beauty pileth envy within the heart
 True the loveliest form which nature can
 produce
 Falls a prey beneath this vile instinct and
 desire.
 The laws of God are not the laws of man
 Protrayed in full, when he would't a temple
 make ;
 The tenth he gave to shelter and to clothe
 the rest,
 Still Christ perceived them yet without a
 spire,
 Heaven his great belfry, he rose to build
 above ;
 He the bell to call forth and raised the
 numbered dead,
 To bloom in sacred faith a life beyond the
 skies ;
 Love for it's mission to prove the first un-
 altered,
 Unchangeable His law, His spirit rules the
 same.
 Thus Heaven is Christ's palace, if we
 would't enter,
 Great is that pass and only sought through
 His most holy name.

Learn Ye The Lord to Fear.

To-night if He would't call thee,
 Would't thou be ready friend ?
 Would't thou in fulness grace and joy
 This summons comprehend ?
 To-night would't thou receive his claim,
 The claim thy Saviour makes ?
 Be not a man in self built frame,
 The humble child he takes ;
 Come prepare for thy departure,
 It may beawaiting near !
 Thy life is not as yet secure,
 Learn ye the Lord to fear.

My Journey.

*Written and composed one evening at
 sunset, Marsh 2nd, 1898.*

My journey though long is nearly wended ;
 This temple soon must pass into decay,
 As yon towering cloud now is blended,
 Behind is nature's tints before the way ;
 Well may these transparent moments glad-
 den,
 Thus, my effort the future here shall trace,
 Every cloud is rich when viewed in sun-
 shine ;
 And my life though ye know no smiling face.

*The following are verses collected from
 papers here and there, which I had written
 and overlooked :*

I

Perishable is external beauty,
 Such beauty crown thee with the frailest
 gift ;
 Death like that thought disregarding
 duty,
 Up unto Heaven all our actions lift.

II

We may here be mighty, lofty and great
 Before assemblies blessed with blinded eyes,
 We may at heart view ourselves pure of
 truth ;
 But judgment from God rests upon our
 enterprize.

III

Life for gold stores no heavenly treasure,
 But lures us far upon a path of woe ;
 Visible the fulness of it's measure,
 Whilst false pride inspires hearts to down-
 ward go.

IV

A living spirit brings us a blessing !
 One to warm these our deadened hearts of
 night ;
 Ever found the tiny spark caressing
 In life, such is our God and such our light.

*From memory of a lost poem, enough to
 preserve the metre, style and title, which was
 termed as*

Trouble.

Trouble, trouble in the air,
 Trouble, trouble everywhere,
 Trouble, trouble all to soon !
 Trouble, trouble in the air,
 Trouble, trouble all to scars,
 Trouble, trouble, condescending to the tomb.

Heaven with light is a treasure,
 Heaven is shining in gold !
 Heaven shall never give pleasure
 To spirit of earth uncontrolled.

Laugh hearty friend at jokes ye crack so
 well
 Possess ye wit, but genius is not thine ;
 Well do ye draw the eye and mind with
 ease ;
 But when alone thyself thou vain would
 please ;

My conversation low unpolished still,
Tempt not my mind to pass beyond my will.
A track may hold a surface touched with
oil

Of many colors touched in rainbow lines ;
Whilst neath the scum upon this flattered
pool,

Stagnation in but water could prevail.

Ye come and beg me go and act the fool,
Because my surface speech deficient is ;
But underneath my treasure is secure
Beyond the guess of all who seek to know ;
Imitation can but wield itself tubes
And beat against my rock a hollow sound,
Until the mind which now with ease
Stands up in pride, for well he thinks
Knowledge and truth orish out with power.

Definitions.

I

Poetical development is yet in its infancy, and its progressive channels are as numerous as our future extension of life.

II

Poetical genius is the ideal power of language, and the unseen art of spiritual construction.

III

That the faculties of the true poet are a gift from God is a fact undisputable.

IV

Take up thy cross,
Thyself I mean,
And bear it for the Lord ;
Think not of dross
Excuse to screen
Thyself from truth His word.

Thy actions speak,
If not thy tongue,
That truth which ye well feel ;
When truth we seek
Thy head is weal
To think not words of weal.

Dialogues of Thought.

What is a mother ? A mother is a soul gifted with the love of God.

What is a father ? A father is the necessary being who supplies the solid food, and materials of comfort ; whilst a mother

fashions and moulds them into real growth and life.

Who is my mother ? My mother is the invisible church of God.

Who is my father ? My father is the living God. His word my food and His spirit thereof my materials of comfort.

What is a son ? A son is a being governed by the light of direct obedience.

What is a daughter ? A daughter is a soul robed in the finer and more beautiful charms of nature, to attract the admiration and attention of man in order to promote the combined growth of flesh and spirit and regeneration of life. Two souls thus formed represent the children of God.

There is a promise of sustenance unknown in power, which no natural poet can acquire ; great thought is not always in the sweetest rhyme ; sound and style is not the highest sentiment, neither is sentiment of man but a brooklet running from the great river of God.

Let thy peace be as the peace of angels, continual and abiding within the inmost receptacles of the heart.

No manner of applause equals that which follows some high and worthy effort.

Clouds and sunshine mingle before the advance of prosperity.

Sweet thought to praise will lengthen days.

Questions and Answers.

Who are my most popular authors ? God, His faithful followers, disciples and ministers.

What is conversion ? Conversion is a continuous and permanent change or alteration, tending to a complete transformation from a lower to a higher life, as from all fleshy lusts to the purity and development of the spiritual elements.

Define the bible ? The bible is simply a book, the highest and most complete of all classics, having God as its author, His word as its truth, perfection as its inspiration, His spirit as its power for sanctification and bounding throughout with endless stores of knowledge, wisdom, and instruction necessary for a proper enlightenment tending to a speedy development in the study of mankind, and given purposely in order to lift up and benefit the condition of fallen man and to guide him out of the paths of demoralization.

Short Prose Writings.

Here is youth pictured before my astonished gaze of admiration. He is indeed a noble emblem of his species, invigorated and cheered by the powers of almost perfect health, and the feelings arising from the ripeness of a well knit development and superb physical condition, which indeed is a marvel of the skill, as well as the years of those ideal workman first employed in its construction. This is but the mould of life, and soon shall be its return: unto the pit from which it was taken. If the soul therein goeth not before the signs of industry, and transform effects to life and beauty, equal to the height and advantage given by such a noble stature.

Blessed indeed is the spirit of God, day by day am I bent to realize the rapid growth of that useful and beautiful flower in the garden of my soul; day by day am I inspired by inspiration of its purity, virtue and exaltation. Oh! what must be the joy to which this soon must lead, that light and glory which crowns the souls of righteous men entering forever anew upon heavenly perfected paths. Oh! how weak and unworthy is this spark I now possess. Yet could I wish for more? No! Conceited abundance is not glory. One pure, yet tiny spark shines with greater brightness than all this world's great lamp of life, which sheds afar her many rays of misty, imperfect light. Oh! God confine my unruly heart within thy bounds of trust and faith, at once and forever, while I tread these darkened paths of time. Instruct me only in such wisdom which knoweth truth alone, for through these do I observe that whenever error is conceived it leadeth me to hastily speak: Oh! God thy wisdom is unknown. It echoes back great tidings unto man "know thyself"; it telleth of the powers of a noble mind, which bless and enlighten the highest development of thought, which knoweth not the excuses of non-conformity, which establish not those things which exist; but to corrupt the inward life of brotherhood, people, generations and nations yet to come. If such evil within this belfry of my soul exist, I earnestly plead that through thy Almighty grace and influence their immediate flight and destruction may be accomplished. What is this mind without the true inspiration of the spirit of God? Could she contrive one single independent thought worthy of observation? Could she wield within herself such gigantic and utilizing powers of continued concentration? Could she be instrumental in opening up

alone a higher and better religion than truth itself? If so, where abides the great secret of such important qualifications? They cannot exist except they be born from death itself.

There is no home regardless of beauty which external surrounding and flowers can produce, nor of the fruit imparted by the fertility of the richest soil; happy, if the souls dwelling in their midst be not endowed with the spirit of righteousness or unacquainted with the freedom of the wings uplifting the combined body of heartfelt prayer, praise and truth. Blessed indeed are the feathered wings of righteousness which soar daily near, ever directing our flight from a world of wickedness and temptations to light and rest forever upon gates opening the ideal kingdom of a heavenly paradise. What is gold compared to such magnificent scenes, entering forth anew unto eternal glory. "Praise ye the Lord." Great indeed are His works, but few are His rewards. Come let us be up and doing while yet it is day, for the night cometh when no man shall work. Let us gather our treasures for heaven, and by faith shall we know them, for death shall be trodden in the dust of our path. Whilst Jesus walks above.

Looking Backward.

In far different lands, we friends are divided;
Yet from our infancy such changes have
glided,
From scenes in the east to scenes in the
west,
Yet the home of our birth we recognise
best;
A change may be new, yet strange it may
be,
T'was old long before, but still new yet
to thee.

Back from the days, peaceful days that are
flowr,
Do we count recollections, but count not
alone?
We see on our cheeks, wrapped over with
years
The sweetness of childhood, the value of
tears,
Which ran all for joy, true man to embrace;
His time ceased then to trickle down this
hardened face?

A mother so loving and a father sincere,
Bloom ever as rose buds in fond memory's
ear;
From soils of the farm, the bosoms of men,

The charms of the homestead remind us
again,
Which span on our life, truer man to embrace ;
Has time ceased such to trickle down this
hardened face.

One thought for our school days, where great
values were sought ;
Come, Oh ! tell me if since, have we such
values taught ;
With hearts for companions truer than
these,
So faithful contented, and mindful to
please ;
Examples remind, such samples were true,
Good are they and worthy ; I extend them
to you.

Yes ! backward and forward, souls and
minds are still rooked ;
Painted deep in time's mirror, the spirit each
image is locked.
They whisper us words, old ships have a
maat,
They bring back to the soul the life of the
past ;
From skill as a boy through practise of
years,
They tell us of failings of our nonsense and
fears.

They point out our sorrows, when our loved
ones had fled ;
They picture in fancy, many dreams of the
dead ;
They tell in old age the cost of our gold,
When death is sneering, and fears rise un-
told ;
They journey along in mind and in soul ;
Whilst death is as certain, as to ashes the
coal.

Unreconciled shadows, oft drift up by the
way ;
Half mingling our gladness, through our
life's little day ;
Protrayed in the heart, the mind and the
world,
This banner of sadness rises unfurled ;
Sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in show-
ers,
Thus soule become beautiful, beautiful
flowers.

Still, friends, we look backward, our minds
are divided,
From truth or from sin, where the spirit
abided ;
From scenes in the east to scenes in the
west,
But the home of our birth we recognize
best ;

Wherever we go, wherever we roam,
We all think with an author, there's no place
like home.

A Verse on Spring.

Spring is trickling in the waters,
Spring is whispering in the flood,
Spring is painted on the landscape,
The spring is promised in the bud,
O'er the meadow and the ploughed land,
Where the wintery winds hath swept,
We can see her fast appearing
Where long the frosty snow had slept.

See you bank across the roadside,
See it now whittled with the breeze,
See the rain descending on it,
Yea see it dripping from the trees,
Hear the robin, queer his whistle,
Whilst thronged the chirpingsparrowwearing.
Every voice seems tuned with welcome,
For welcome is the voice of spring.

The Bigamist.

His love is undecided and by beauty won ;
Deep are his attractions through conver-
sations run ;
So thoughtless, with each gem, a wife he
knows,
A gifted bigamist through life he goes.

Worthless character is within his bosom
found,
With tempting pride the liar's wealth doth
he expound ;
Great in lands of fiction, he castles builds ;
What careth he when such his aim fulfills.

Delight is made, through show of style and
fancy dress ;
Thus ambition mistakes the man of external
guess.
His many suits are borrowed, still unpaid,
A rogue is he, where truth shines out por-
trayed.

Woman with heart, for wealth by him is oft
deceived ;
With name disgraced, her life this devil
deep hath grieved ;
This a proverb, still lights love's path and
way,
He first to love is not the love to stay.

See thou, love is not found, where riches
rule the man !
For such at heart how many, so speak,
think and plan ;
Where ere is wealth, the souls must be con-

ever we roam,
 or, there's no place

Spring.

At the waters,
 In the flood,
 The landscape,
 In the bud,
 The ploughed land,
 Birds hath swept,
 Appearing
 Snow had slept.

On the roadside,
 With the breeze,
 Singing on it,
 In the trees,
 His whistle,
 Pingsparrow'ssing.
 And with welcome,
 The end of spring.

Artist.

By beauty won ;
 Through conver-

A gem, a wife he
 Life he goes.

Within his bosom
 His wealth doth

Castles builds ;
 His aim fulfills.

Now of style and

Of a man of external

And, still unpaid,
 Shines out por-

And by him is oft

Life this devil

Love's path and

Ve to stay.

And, where riches

Many, so speak,

Which must be con-

trolled.
 The truest heart is not the heart of gold.
 Of lovers are there, many this have I ob-
 served,
 From faithful to bigamistic view, there
 thoughts are curved ;
 No two alike, the pretty sweet hearts find ;
 Diffused are they according to our minds.

*The following verses of different metre
 was written just below the former piece,
 and whether it was set apart for the last
 verse I am not prepared to say ; neverthe-
 less it suits it admirably.*

But, woe shall crown all who discover,
 They wooed and wed a drunken lover ;
 You take your choice, it matters not
 To other people what you got ;
 Keep pure thy soul and let it be,
 Thus ever bound to make man free.

*A verse on the late election. Composed
 merely for amusement, is :*

The Victory.

Once I thought, through recollection,
 To write a poem on the election,
 A good one sure I would a wrote,
 If I could only poll a vote ;
 Too young I was to stand the strain,
 To poll a vote on either reign ;
 Without me was the nut well cracked.
 The best was broken was a fact,
 Hyslop won the field of glory,
 Mooney shines brave as a Tory,
 'Twas well for both such was the case ;
 A Grit would faint in such his place.

*And honest occupation, with truth, many
 times excels a life of human applause with
 political corruption. This is an assured
 fact.*

The Toper's Glory.

Where shines the toper's glory,
 I ask to-night with pain ?
 Inducted in His wretched hand
 On those who bear His name.
 Is it in each anxious look,
 Or in discouraged tears,
 Or written in the judgment book,
 Unknown to His fears ?

How shines the toper's glory
 On all who sell him rum ?
 Who lures the man to wretched needs,

And christens him, a bum ?
 Title now so deeply set,
 Where manhood ought to bloom ;
 Whilist ! souls thus lost ignore regret,
 And march down to the tomb.

Where shines the toper's glory ?
 I sooner know than see.
 May people pray with me to-day,
 His glory cease to be !
 May it change from selfish strains,
 From voice of doubly cry,
 To journey far in temperance trains,
 And bid saloons good-bye.

*The above is just as it was composed, being
 written hurriedly. It, therefore, lies at the
 critic's mercy and must be taken for what it is
 worth, and for shame's sake I will not give
 the date when written.*

It will, when people pause to read,
 Stand much investigation,
 And touch the hearts of men in need
 Of such consideration.

Thoughts of Melancholy.

(Before and after conversion.)

Melancholy is this feeling
 Which at times enshrouds my heart,
 Sometimes lost, though seldom kneeling,
 Prompted by some earthly dart ;
 What this sorrow, what this comfort,
 Inspired all alone to trod ;
 Viewing daily, hopeless, careless ;
 Describe this life, myself, my God.

Claimed by health, then was I monarch ?
 Self independent I surveyed ;
 Thankless was my pride's possession,
 For worthless I the moments weighed.
 Oh ! affliction blessed shadow,
 Which hear beneath the Heaven's fall,
 Clothing souls in better garments
 To worship, Christ is king of all.

True, earth's tongue is vile to wander,
 Yet faithful must each promise be ;
 Wilful to acknowledge plunder,
 Carrying truths which none can see ;
 Melancholy is this feeling,
 Brooming me where'r I roam,
 Bringing thoughts to me while kneeling,
 That earth is not my treasured home.

*A verse of welcome, composed and writ-
 ten, but not submitted, March 22nd, 1898.*

We welcome you unto the church, our home,
 To-night ye aged parents of the past ;

For here our love, true love was lifted up,
Yet for thy spirit sake we love thee still,
We recognise our duty unto thee,
And lip to thee the secret of aspire.
A birth took we but not again of flesh,
For God proves unto us the spirit's sire.

There is no distinction in life like this,
Our soul's rank friend, as friend God loves
us all ;
Sweet hearest thou our mother song the
church,
As by her hand our cradles here are rocked ;
Peace be thy spirit, whilst ye wait for
strength ;
Be patient through wisdom, thy tongue be
stayed,
Else go ye forth through gain to crown thy
lips ;
Like Judas with a kiss, his Christ betrayed.

Our social hearts to-night extend to thee
A hearty welcome, true unfeigned, sincere ;
One of respect tuned full of gratitude,
For labors done for which we hold esteem ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for well ye may at heart
Profitable, to souls both yours and ours ;
This league of life, where hearts live on
secure ;
' Neath this parental roof whilst darkness
lowers.

Come now enjoy with us to-night
These moments for the bleat ;
They hold for all a calm delight,
For such we make request.
Time is harvest, time is treasure,
Now reap a store from word and song ;
Seek and such shall be thy measure
To make this soul in weakness, strong.

*The Walton Epworth League, dedicated for
the "At Home" to our congregation, March
22nd, 1898.*

*The following poem was composed on
the morning of March the 22nd, dedicated
to Monday evening, March 21st. Entitled
" Bidding Them Our Last Good-bye," or*

Parting for the Far Prairie.

Just as spring was bout to open
Out charming buds, in nature's green ;
Through a kindly voice of welcome
Did I behold this parting dream,
When the night was past and over,
The time for all to homeward turn.
Speak farewell became our mission,
Their heart and hand its pangs to learn ;
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul did inward cry,

Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast did heave its sigh.

What a message time doth carry,
Me in this present future look,
In this kindly voice of welcome,
Here recorded within this book ;
How strange it is in every phase,
T'is our beat always seems to go,
And leave behind the greenest herbs
To taste every bitter woo,
Which heal the heart and bring at once
Melting tear drops to the eye ;
Parting for the far prairie,
To them I bid my last good-bye.

Soon the cars shall stretch the distance,
T'wixt old Hurou's well tempered dust ;
Friends must part as life is precious,
Too precious yet to waste or rust ;
But last night as friends we gathered,
Each formed to quest to hold esteem ;
Through a kindly voice of welcome,
And thus beheld this parting dream ;
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul did inward cry ;
Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast did heave its sigh.

Soon the bride must follow after,
To own her home out in the west ;
Cruel to say its joys and laughter,
Shall n'er surpass old Hurou's jest !
May this move lead on to fortune,
As sunshine follows after rains ;
May that province, smooth and level,
Yield health and comfort to their veins ;
True my wish is not of envy,
Riches possessed are never mine ;
So I give as I receive them,
Withholding gifts is losing time.

Then farewell dear friends and neighbors,
Until we meet, yes meet again ;
Though ye hold a smile of courage,
Yet deep within there's hidden pain ;
Hidden sorrow, when at parting,
Sad sensation within the breast ;
Thrilling, weeping, ever smarting,
When love is changed a mourning quest,
None beheld it light or airy,
Every soul doth inward cry ;
Parting for the far prairie,
Every breast must heave its sigh.

Toothache.

*This is not only a truth, but an exper-
ienced fact, witnessed by the Author.*

Of all ills that flesh is heir to,
Deed toothache caps them all ;
You'd think your jaw was shot clean through,

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As you extract the bawl ;
Both day and night we take degrees,
To cure in vain a danber ;
We burn our gums and hold our jaws,
And catch the running slobber.

To bed we go, with plastered cheek,
Pressed upon the pillow,
And groan in vain for what we seek,
Rolling like a billow ;
Often upright we away and sit,
As if to take it easy.
A hollow tooth's an ugly tlb,
Fed well, but seldom greasy.

Delirious, the soul who knows,
By woe this face oppressed ;
Some say we twist from head to toes,
We devils know the rest ;
No rest by day, no sleep by night
Doth crown my defenceless head ;
No thought, no gold, canst give delight,
With this aching nerve undead.

Two days and nights I've raved in pain
From these unwholesome pests.
Oh ! fool I was to bear that chain,
Neath such tormenting guests.
A man who never had it yet
May laugh just as he pleases ;
But friends like me, will say, you bet,
T'is king of all diseases.

Sunshine and Trouble of Spring.

The cats of the household
Lazily bask in the sun ;
Whilst fowls by the farm yard
Feel the same habit done.
The dog on the grass no longer keeps guard,
O'er strangers who pass near his way ;
The herds chew content, who eat round
the stack,
As seldom they pine for their stall ;
The ewes on the sod are leaving their
track,
As their lambs ma loudly their call.

Bright sunshine of spring time,
Lovingly gifts us with joys ;
Such impulse through nature,
Well become us as boys.
We play on the grass, no longer neath
snow,
So soon to be clothed rank and green ;
Flowers in woodlands are blooming once
more,
In splendor they boast not of pride,
This same worthy trait they on us implore
To honor our master and guide.

Ye trees bud in promise ;
Handsome shall ye be clad
To impart, to each heart
Blessed scenes to make glad.
Filends now afflicted shall taste of the joy,
As never was written by pen ;
With 'love we behold, the team in the
plough
A turning each furrow so neat,
Ye ploughman whose skill, I vain canst
think now
Any one great skill could defeat.

Birds' songs and their warble
Happily float back again ;
With profits now lifted
From you loud cackling hen.
Just an egg, what a noise poor boastful bird,
A wonder ye layed I declare.
The chore boy now loaded with peeling and
and swill,
Treads his way straight off to the sty ;
Despite the loud squeal, he's careless to spill
A part 'gainst a block passing by.

The heat of the noonday
Merrily gifts me to muse ;
Half filled with the feeling,
To forsake from my shoes.
Whilst the sparrows preach inside of the
barn
In each saucy old fashioned way ;
Until the days with a well load gun,
All return to prompt me once more ;
I threaten, forget, then everything done ;
The sparrows are safe as before.

In sunshine comes trouble,
Truthfully, said I declare ;
The farmer man and wife
These very troubles share.
From the agent, who haunts by our door-way,
To the tramp in his crawling bed ;
Whilst the ewinder steals from our honest
hand
Earned fruits, hard toils of many years.
A mortgage once made, slowly eat our hord ;
Thus a debt is a bank of tears.

Roads when growing dusty,
Suddenly carry in view
A man driving, of course ;
Yea ! A peddler, too true.
Somehow to me, he resembles a Jew ;
Afraid of the dog, not at all ;
He tethers his horse, he comes to stay ;
Then shoulders his bundles, Oh ! my ;
With well chosen words, he opens his way ;
Then praises and talks you to buy.

When farmers must purchase
Wonderful, each have the best ;
They all have the cheapest .

But w e folks know the rest.
As rivals, they quarrel and seldom agree ;
How foolish to think, yet they do.
Ye agents, why plague, whenever in need,
We buy from who ever we please ;
Go trouble us not, now busy to seed ;
Else we plead with you not on our knees.

Now as in other days,
Affliction through flesh doth roam ;
With sore throat, colds and croup,
And belly aches at home.
As anxious mothers give the healing balm,
To ease those babies born to squall,
Now toothache, restless, as the spring time
comes ;
Well may the owner twist and squirm,
Hopeless to grate betw e n his painful
gums,
This monster, as if he had the worms.

Truth is truth and ever
Unsheltered this naked breast ;
Yet sorrow, thorns, ever
Perfect us for the best.
Thus souls, brought forth in bitter solitude,
Can't better reason with their heart ;
Repentance ye, first seed when stout of
growth
Sprouts true religion of the souls ;
Whilst submission to the least temptation,
Weakens its power and control.

A Verse of Revelation.

Ye towns and cities, so boastful of at-
tractions,
Inviting before we, its meaning compre-
hend ;
Saloons and shops encountering man's
transactions,
Have life and profits for money at their
end,
Here retired toilers, go to spend their
thrift,
And to ever waste in poverty in disguise ;
Plain humility, and good character, fair
name assumed ;
Down streets in mixtures, do ragged
children roam ;
Here we behold the urohin poor shivering
child,
Destitute of food, clothing, comfort, and a
home ;
Whence is no plea, to check the
drunkard's thirst,
Or den his blood shot, passions fiery gaze.

True Love, the Truest Charm.

Written shortly after a visit of an age
man, April 4th, 1898. For a full explan-
ation read poem, both interesting an effective,
true to originality. THE AUTHOR.

There's a look that often gladdens,
One such I never met before !
Soon we parted ever sadens,
That kindly look, which Martin bore.
He a stranger, yet I loved him ;
True, something bound us, heart to heart
Something bound us once together,
Then something told us both to part.
God of Heaven, how I thank thee,
That thou hath shown me thy love,
In a brother, not a stranger,
Within thy spirit, gentle dove.

E're long made welcome to our hearth,
Well did the infant learn his prize,
In that voice both meek and gentle,
More undeceived by kindly eyes ;
At his meal he stoped to listen,
In answer to her tiny voice !
Prideless was his aim and feeling,
He loved with others to rejoice,
The jealous watch dog quiet grew,
Beneath this stranger's harmless gaze ;
Thus true to instinct, well he knew,
Its great intent to live and praise.

And when his conversation grew
Along the line of future strife,
He praised McKinley's peaceful view,
When choosing peace protecting life.
He touched upon the sacrifice,
Engendered by such bloody gains,
By saying, war was vast in price,
Involving woe and mortal pains.
The truth of this smote deep my ear,
Although they pressed, without a word,
The smallest things I love to hear,
Condensed they hold few proofs absurd.

With dinner o'er, he stayed to chat,
Before the hearth, whose grateful fire
Now played upon the drowsy cat,
Couched in this circle of desire ;
Well built, they—unseen castles there ;
Without—the mind, through bellies rung,
As on my pen, each praises share,
Which flow above the wagging tongue,
Until the stranger pleads of me
My simple verse of hurried rhyme,
Which he enjoys, such truths to see,
So vast within, the space of time.

Now as I close my books to go,
He marvels youth so plain to see ;
Yet wonders whither came such flow,

the Truest Charm.

Shortly after a visit of an age
in 1898. For a full explanation
both interesting and effective
by THE AUTHOR.

That often gladdens,
never met before !
Never sadens,
Which Martin bore.
That I loved him ;
Which bound us, heart to heart
As us once together,
Which told us both to part.
Now I thank thee,
Which shown me thy love,
A stranger,
Which, gentle dove.

Which blooms to our hearth,
Which not learn his prize,
Which meek and gentle,
Which by kindly eyes ;
Which led to listen,
Which tiny voice !
Which in and feeling,
Which here to rejoice,
Which dog quiet grew,
Which anger's harmless gaze ;
Which, well he knew,
Which to live and praise.

Which creation grew
Which future strife,
Which 's peaceful view,
Which cease protecting life,
Which sacrifice,
Which in bloody gains,
Which at in price,
Which mortal pains.
Which be deep my ear,
Which ed, without a word.
Which ove to hear,
Which few proofs absurd.

Which I say to chat,
Which those grateful fire
Which rowdy cat,
Which of desire ;
Which in castles there ;
Which through bellfries rung,
Which wishes share,
Which wagging tongue,
Which of me
Which ried rhyme,
Which truths to see,
Which ce of time.

Which to go,
Which ain to see ;
Which e such flow,

And think a genius I must be.
His stay out short, he must depart,
A journey walks before his mind ;
He thanks his host with all his heart,
For acting open, frank and kind,
Then spies the child's deserted looks,
And lifts her up with perfect bliss ;
T'was kindness planted as she took,
Straight from his heart a loving kiss.

Transparent is his manly face ;
Such goodness, wisdom never shuns ;
This, God's disciple, truths embrace ;
Like Christ he loveth little ones.
He turneth me his smiling brow,
Touching such as good enchanted,
With grateful lips, I scarce know how,
Thanking me his favour granted ;
Now with esteem long to abide,
We miss our friend before our view,
As o'er the threshold he doth glide
To leave his peace behind, adieu.

Rescued in Time.

*This was from an event of actual life,
beautifully portraying the drunkard and the
responsibility which is daily incurred upon
saloon keepers.*

The clouds began to lower fast—
The rain came sprinkling down,
As we prepared to leave at last
A little country town.

The water skurried in the tracks,
With swiftness down each slope ;
The horses feet beat swifter smacks,
Along this muddy scope.

Thus soon the town was lost to view
By fast revolving wheels ;
Quick jolts and jerks was nothing new,
With flying slush which peels.

Beside a stream, which skirts the way,
A traveller caught my eye,
Whose wagon now began to sway ;
He on the verge to die.

His coat was wet, his body numb,
No place for man to be
On such a night ; thus charged with rum,
A state of shame to see.

Now perched above, below his death,
So near a drunkard's grave ;
And like his brains, he lost the reins,
Yet groaned for help to save.

The blood still trickled from his nose,
And down along his face ;
A man he was, a wretch to woe,
His manhood to disgrace.

In shorter time, than here I write,
I sprang to give him aid,
And from that ditch quick turned his flight,
My effort was well paid.

What ! he a neighbor I once knew,
Who owned a home near me,
Whose thirst for liquor stronger grew,
To spend it on the spree.

Now in the care of other hands,
We leave him far behind.
The moral this lesson yet demands
Should govern every mind.

That is to leave the glass alone,
Before ye meet your death ;
Or swallow up both peace and home,
To breathe a toper's breath.

Writings from My Early Poems.

*The following embraces most of my earliest
writings. From the time which I determined
to preserve each and every composition,
which I commenced to put in practice in the
latter months of the year 1896, and the be-
ginning of 1897. Yet I had composed many
poems at an earlier age than this ; but being
specially inclined towards a desident nature
or disposition, I therefore lacked confidence
in preserving such as might now be of much
value. Little did I then realize what those
little rhythmical dialogues of thought
signified. I remember well at the age of
fifteen years of producing two or more credit-
able selections, which I even now would re-
gard with much esteem if again possessed.*

Once written thought my mind possessed,
To-day, by sorrows pang expressed.
To-day is mine, why must I borrow
And lose each comfort of to-morrow.

*Again the following verse is dedicated to
the memory of a lost poem, written shortly
after my mother's death, August, 1895,
Entitled " My Parting of Mother," which
was indeed a jewel in that great movement,
poetical genius. Thus the aforesaid verse
touches upon my bitter lament, which*

*naturally followed with its correspondent
strain of muse.*

No more to come, forever past,
From this my own deserted path ;
I hope again that treasure grasp,
Again with pleasure, not by wrath.
Tell to me where thou hast strayed,
Ye tender, my beloved poem ;
Through my soul ye once arrayed,
Precious thoughts of mourning home.

Poetical Introduction.

*A preface to my early poems. Written
in opening part of 1897. Heading a small
volume of poems.*

Within this little volume lies
Some thoughts, the fruits of toil,
Here exposed free to searching eyes
That chance to round them coil.

At any time and any day,
When they may chance to dwell ;
You'r welcome if you wish to stay
And read these thoughts to swell.

Should any herein touch your breast,
Just read them through with care ;
Perhaps you need to be caressed
With words which heal than tear.

If you be looking for mistakes
Here, you may find many ;
But there's a book, the only book,
Where critics find not any.

Friend ! take it up at leisure's will,
Then criticize it through ;
Alter not wisdom, by your quill,
Such changes prove not true.

But should you ask the reason why ?
Go seek ye between its cover,
For all who do must surely die ;
So well known to her lover.

Now you be foiled in your attempt,
Then study all to praise her ;
Faithful life, shall help exempt,
Lengthening of you days, Sir.

What ! disobedience to law,
With penalties and trouble ;
For sin at best is but a flaw,
Deceiving as the bubble.

Out floating on the tide of life,
Decoying sailors from her ;
Enticing music, sounds her fife,
With satan's magic drummer.

Now should you ever chance to stray,
When music charms to blind thee,
Return and go the rightful way,
Warningly I leave this here behind me.

Dreaming of Christ.

Last night I dreamt a pleasing dream
Before I sank to rest,
I dreamt of Jesus, my Saviour
And how we all are blest.

CHORUS. —

Jesus blessed Jesus,
Sweet spirit born of love ;
Lord of earth and heaven,
Yet gentle as a dove.

Who gives us grace to flee from sin,
And leave this snare behind ?
Who gives us strength to lead with Him,
The poor, the sick, the blind ?

CHORUS. —

How must I love thee dearest Lord,
To pay my debt incurred ?
Must I a full submission give,
When trusting in thy word ?

CHORUS. —

Must we upon Thee troubles cast,
And thus accept Thy grace ?
We lose them all, when death is past ;
Life ever to embrace.

CHORUS —

This is a dream, how soon t'is o'er,
And so with life the best ;
Forsaking earth forever more,
On Christ's most gentle breast.

The store house of the soul is Heaven.

—STAFFORD.

Scene by the Wayside, or Evening Charms.

Again with solemn thud, the day hath
ceased to dwell,
As vibrates through the atmosphere, the
evening bell.

From yon noisy village, across the retiring
plain ;
Yet seemingly drifts, more fruits of joy
than pain.

Listen ! That distant babble of children at
their play,

ever chance to stray,
runs to blind thee,
rightful way,
ve this here behind me.

g of Christ.

a pleasing dream
est,
ny Saviour
re blest.

Jesus,
a horn of love ;
and heaven,
s a dove.

o flee from sin,
e behind ?
h to lead with Him,
the blind ?

dearest Lord,
urred ?
on give,
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oubles cast,
grace ?
a death is past ;

on t'is o'er,
best ;
more,
le breast.

soul is Heaven.

—STAFFORD.

side, or Even-
rms.

nd, the day hath
ne atmosphere, the

across the retiring
ore fruits of joy

bles of children at

Too floats in harmony with the change and
sway.

That now is gathering, and far and wide
resounds,
When darkness slowly threatens ; because
night her forehead frowns.

Those squeaking sounds of insects, all day
drifted into melody ;
But at eventide their music is the sweeter
by far to be.

The perfumed breeze takes up the echo as it
gently sways
To and fro those wonderous forks of nature
in endless praise.

The bee, he too passeth swiftly onward with
his solemn striking hum,
And in it seems a saying : Again to-morrow
I will come.

Faintly the bleating of the lamb travels
from the distant pasture land,
Uniting those little, but cheering voices,
with the chorus already grand.

Then of a sudden from the woodlands, out
rings the robins note,
Thrillingly swing his charms around me, as
his raptures seem to float.

Ere it lingeringly dies, another lifts up-
wards the fallen strain ;
From flying on the wings of ecstacy my soul
cannot refrain.

As turning then to listen, my vision is by
glory blest ;
When the sun in gorgeous splendor is a sink-
ing in the west.

Holding outstretched such tempting
grandeur, for man here to behold ;
With his curtains touched with crimson and
set in purplish gold.

Instead of bringing a dying message, it fully
seems to leaven,
One thought in mind's great centre, a sweet
fortaste of Heaven.

Silently as the shadows fall, the stars spring
forth on high,
Until unnumbered sparkling jewels richly
unveils the glory of the sky.

Can't those mark the shining borders,
where souls before have croased ;
Should I strive to pass this night, I certain-
ly would be lost.

Unseen therein, that boundless space, when
engulfed unknown to God within ;
How could I pass those burning lights,
which quench each stain of sin ?

It may be now hath come, that hour free
from care,
To lift this voice above to God in gratitude
and prayer.

Ye evening, thou has many charms, which
never penetrate our sod ;
Can it be that this should pass, our prayer-
ful look to God ?

Abiding with him as we walk, all our safety
doth depend ;
Whose ear beholds the simplest prayer
above the knees that bend.

Now in this glimmersing light of day, our
duty yet lies undone,
Until we raise undying praise to the "Fath-
er and the Son."

Peculiarity.

Outside the church, beneath the atseple,
Abound in throngs peculiar people ;
Each force their ways till troubles groan,
Then each their modes of life disown.
Yet when exposure turns her back,
They follow on their former track ;
Forsake they, reason as a guide,
Thus with them strangers shall abide.

Earth is No Home.

Innocence, doth not hold a plea
Where no distrust is found,
And guilt proves what it seems to be,
Tilled on forbidden ground.

Is their but one place of safety
On earth so broad and wild,
Where mortal head can rest in peace
Without the soul defiled ?

Pleasure is a nest of future burdens ;
No ease, no comfort there ;
Worldly greed the harbor of vexation,
And doth our good impair.

Ambition erects no shelter
From storms, which reign this earth ;
Glorious warfare, proves but to welter
In blood of lives of worth.

Long, long, the years this earth I searched
In wisdom's path to trod !
Yea rose, but fell, whenever perched
To find a crown with God.

Mark My Path.

Mark my path, yea mark it well ;
Mark its fountain and its swell ;
Mark it in and mark it out ;
Mark it as God marks His trout,
That ye may know it as ye wend,
And know that God waits at its end.

True Courage.

To-day true courage, will of action, high,
 sublime ;
 By thy spirit, all tempting evil must be
 stayed,
 And find a grave beneath each foot-step of
 our time ;
 There each youthful passion must be for-
 ever laid.

Little by little, conquered, not as we de-
 sire ;
 Well linked with patience, ye must bear
 us heart and mind ;
 Thy words must chide us on perfection we
 require,
 Ever lost in thee, true salvation then we
 find.

Not from this troubled form of earth by me
 possessed,
 Would I know thy inspiration in paths
 to trod ?
 But from this spirit, humble aspirated
 guest,
 True courage draws me closer, nearer to
 my God.

Courage fears not evil, though shadows
 dark may fall ;
 Courage is light on life's pathway, this
 journey here.
 Thus born of God, such foundation is more
 than all
 The weapons which Satan can produce,
 for God is near.

Unsatisfied.

The violet waves beneath the tree
 Shaken, amid the forest din ;
 Like man who trembles on the knee,
 Shaken by years of guilty sin.
 They both appear to upward plead,
 When they by the world are riven ;
 Thus by themselves, they stand in need
 Of stout mercies to be given.

*A true spiritual hope crowneth man with
 the consolation of peace.*

—A. STAFFORD.

An Early Reminder.

I loved to dig both here and there
 The wood-chuck to his burrow,
 Than follow on
 With boots so big
 The plough to turn the furrow.

My dad I rue, was such a man
 To do so like an arrow ;
 But, Oh ! how quick
 I found he too,
 Could magnify the narrow.

But here I state, with boyish pride,
 I had a loving mother ;
 Sure I may watch
 In vain to wait,
 Loves equal in another.

Now as I live, no life yet clings
 Above them, my dearest prize ;
 For well they taught
 Me truth to give
 A more blessed chance to rise.

May I hold their memory bright,
 And thus cheer my heart, when sad,
 To journey on
 With courage bold
 When no debt I owe the bad ;

'Tis true their past, those by-gone days
 With my times of long ago ;
 Strange they yet live
 And often hath
 Charms to drift a guiding blow.

A Word to the Meadow Lark.

Sweet meadow lark, bird of glee,
 Piping sweetly o'er the lee ;
 From morn till night I hear that strain,
 In pure delight ; it brings no pain.

Many the place thou wingest ;
 Wh'er'er ye go thou singest ;
 Blithe happy form, but small thou art ;
 Generous bird, great is thine heart.

A loving ear, instills me
 A merry voice, God gave thee.
 Of't from the fields, both far and near,
 I hear thy strains of known cheer.

Now we here met, so gayly ;
 Oh ! could we meet thrice daily,
 That I may learn thee more and more,
 Bird, whom I dreamt I knew before.

Here I pause to satisfy
 My minds desire, its supply ;
 But after all, strange to remark,
 I but a lad and thou a lark.

Hunting the Coon.

Far in the night, when frost did bite
 Whenever I should stand ;
 Beneath the moon in search of coon,
 With cudgel in my hand.

...ue, was such a man
...e an arrow ;
...! how quick
...he too,
...ify the narrow.

...state, with boyish pride,
...ng mother ;
...ay watch
...to wait,
...in another.

...ive, no life yet clings
...my dearest prize ;
...they taught
...to give
...nd chance to rise.

...their memory bright,
...or my heart, when sad,
...on
...ge bold
...I owe the bad ?

...our past, those by-gone days
...e of long ago ;
...ey yet live
...hath
...t a guiding blow.

the Meadow Lark.

...lark, bird of glee,
...o'er the lee ;
...night I hear that strain,
...; it brings no pain.

...thou wingest ;
...thou singest ;
...orm, but small thou art ;
...great is thine heart.

...stills me
...God gave thee.
...da, both far and near,
...e of known cheer.

...t, so gayly ;
...et thrice daily,
...thee more and more,
...am't I knew before.

...atisfy
...its supply ;
...nge to remark,
...ou a lark.

the Coon.

...when frost did bite
...uld stand ;
...in search of coon,
...my hand.

My dog is where ? I see him there
Between the withered row ;
That piece of stuff, has got a snuff,
Enough to make him go.

I know his tail wags on trail,
Now ruffling through the stocks ;
Tis gone, a bark drifts through the dark,
Followed by angry squawks.

Those wails of woe, do louder grow,
I know their cause of yore,
And quickly run to join the fun
Of making wails no more.

Soon do I find, I have to mind
To strike that dog, but coon ;
With one hard stroke, his head is broke ;
Whilst silence seals his doom.

I grasp his tail to homeward sail,
O'er crackling grass, so stiff,
To make a brag o'er one corn bag
Round which the dog doth sniff.

With twine near by, his legs I tie,
Tight beside each other ;
Secure from snag, I leave him hang,
With room for yet another.

I do not hesitate to say that the above mentioned room became occupied that very night.—The Author.

Fear Not Death.

Think ! Speak of those comforts at close
of time and ending day, when all our earth-
ly toil is done. How beautiful is the
darkest summer's cloud, mixed in reflection
of the evening sun !

Spring Time Greeting.

(April 18th, 1897.)

Everywhere the tree is blooming,
In days of sunshine, nights of rain,
Jaunty breeze, thou art perfuming,
Whilst honey bees have busy gains ;
Hear the black-birds whirring flitter,
Just settling in yon wood top near ;
Hear the sparrows chirp and twitter,
From far and wide swells out the morning
cheer.

Blossoms waving, dew drops sparkling,
Upon the plain, within the dell ;
Voices mingled notes of music,
How pleasant is this spring time swell !
Hear the lamb, its mother calling

Timidly from the pasture land ;
Now hear it rise, hear it falling ;
Doth life and nature walk forth hand in
hand.

Just a moment, must I listen,
Musical is the froggies choir.
Could I tell what hear is missing,
I would indeed be nature's sire ;
Music pleasing, duty binding,
Must I to-day thy thought expel ?
Unforgotten, ever finding,
I cannot here bid thee a long farewell.

Lost Forever.

(January 19th, 1898.)

Another day of life is gone,
Marked by the setting sun,
I look, but have not strength to say :
T'was lived and something done.
Yes ! pleasure is but a flower,
Its kindred friends to please ;
Alas ! its scent is wafted off,
And lost amid the breeze.

The Power of Faith.

Oh God, as I propel by faith
And view in endless hour,
My heart is melted, Jesus reigns,
I feel his cleansing power.

The Heaven's open 'fore my face,
In him I am made free,
My death is lost in endless grace,
As Lord I trust in Thee.

Ye come to give me rest on earth,
When toiling as a child ;
Ye give me life and promised birth
In Heaven undefiled.

Come great Redeemer guide me on
O'er paths, lest now I stray.
All flesh is weak, Thy love is drawn,
Thy spirit must have way.

As yet my faith is weak, dear Lord ;
Oh strengthen broad and deep !
Such food was not upon the sward,
When I a wandering sheep.

But since I learned to trust thee Lord
And not Thy name despise,
I feel that I must soon in thee
To Heaven's regions rise.

*Sweet are those thoughts with gladdened rays,
Which haunt our paths on Christmas days ;
Sweet are those words of new born cheer,
Which mark the birth of each new year.*

—A. STAFFORD.

The Godly Home.

Where is love more strangely mingled
Than on a father's knee ?
Where is delight fixed more unmingled,
With parents joys to be ?

Where is there more joyful meetings,
When deserted and alone ?
Where must there dawn more welcome greet-
Than in that children's home ?

Where are sweeter thoughts awaiting,
To join, but not to spurn ?
Where are their hopes more unabating,
For their fond sires return ?

Where exists there such a friendship,
So free from earnest guile ?
What stage of life doth curl the lip,
So void of surface smile ?

Where is truth like in them beaming,
When life is but a fray ?
Where is the time less spent in dreaming
Of things they ought to say ?

Where are there thanks told more sincere
By mortal tongues to God ?
Where lies deception that could endear
Those freedom paths now trod ?

Name belief less known to stumble
Through darkness on our path ?
Where is duty less soiled by grumble
And free from selfish wrath ?

Questions Unanswered.

*On seeing a man drinking over the bar
whom I know.*

Drunkard, where reats thy foundling ?
Doth it hold a father's bliss ?
Is she on a naked roam ?
Does she enjoy a father's kias
In a well provided home ?

Thy wife, may I also ask,
Is she living, is she dead,
Whom ye took with solemn vow ?
Is she filled with aching dread ?
Is she waiting for thee now ?

Proved she false or proved she true,
Beams thy love for her as sweet,
Tender as of days row flown ?
Is it love which thou repeat ?
Is it but a drunken groan ?

Hast thou thy farm and cottage,
With a trusty deed full paid ?
No hearth, no hearts to comfort dear,
Or ripe plans for future laid.
If so, why art thou here ?

My Warning.

Forsake not truth in days of youth,
For I repent the deed ;
But go, if must, will cure the rust,
Occasioned by thy greed.

On Seeing a Mink on the Back
Field of My Father's Farm.

(November 8th, 1897.)

Oh ! mink, ye well fed creature,
So sleek thy bones to hide ;
Is thy home in yonder grasses
Where thou do now abide ?

Deception rules thee cunning
And prudent in my view,
That instinct is working in thee,
Away ye dart anew.

I watch the place where vanished
Thy form amid this dale ;
But long ere this ye must have sped,
What shakes you reedy sail—

Above earth's tangled cover,
So coarse, so wild and green,
I spy thee pass among the grass,
From things so perilous seen.

But departure speaks a word,
Return to duty now,
I grasp the reigns, then turn about,
Git dept ! then moves the plow.

He Reads to Scorn.

Trus were the words upon that page,
Which smote the villian's heart to rage,
Then travel back in shameful scorn
And doff the old to new adorn.
How strange it is, this life's great tree,
Should in the dark a mystery be ;
But when once held before the light,
All troubles vanish from the sight,

Ode to Myself.

(January 6th, 1898.)

Remote from cities do I live,
Such as I have I love to give ;
Nor do I wish to ever grow
Into a man, yet never know
These very words I speak.

I quell the flow of language stream,
That I may speak not in a dream ;
From those who through great cities strayed
Their truths and evils have I weighed,
To find such life a leak.

I am, as yet, a worthless youth ;
Where is greater wealth than truth ?
I am, as yet, unknown to fame ;
Is she still buried in my name
In coming time to rise ?

My bed is pain, cruel words my ease ;
Affliction visits me to tease
My flesh away to hide in shame ;
My soul is beauty, not my frame
Which hides it, till he dies.

The Necessity of Reform.

Something lost will come amiss ;
To sip thy health is sip thy wealth,
Where is greater truth than this ?
Where is lost amid our lands
Greater truth than this commands ?
Where is found from day to day
Greater evils on our way ?
Why not set thy mind to act
Only on a better tact.

*Religion floweth as a spring to nourish and
supply*

*Each valley where her waters sing, beneath
the sun and sky.*

—STAFFORD.

True Scholarship.

A college is the most sublime
Of all our earthly schools,
Good students are those marks of time
Which rank among her jewels ;
That faithful zeal, that studious look,
Haunts her enlightened door,
To know that thoughts can crown no men
Who were not men before.

Up there they go, and there they learn,
True greatness is no pleasure ;
To act the man, they all must spearn
Their former youthful treasure !
Yea ! toil and study, hard and long
To make the mind obey,
And strengthen her in knowledge strong
To force through life a way.

Yet to the poor, whose means are sought,
When health is yet his own ;
Takes proper books, with careful thought
Instruct himself alone ;
Good teachers cannot crown a dunce
With knowledge, which they know,
If he hath not himself a will
To take his oar and row.

True hope knows not discouragement,
But action to be brave ;
True faith must crown the scholar's mind,
Else live a pending knave.
As thistle down, must fly all chaff
To leave the mind forever ;
All weeds must first be rooted out
To make the student clever.

His passions he must master well,
Lest he should backward roll,
Thus hearken to his conscience knell,
When they must need controll ;
True scholarship is not a name,
Nor yet conceited boasts,
As sometimes shown instead of fame
By earth's mistaken hosts.

He must be true and diligent,
Yes ! faithful every hour ;
He must increase by steady zeal
His intellectual power,
For such as this divides the man
From Lords who love to feast,
And more than this it lifts his plan
Above such flesh as beast.

Mere imitation knows him not,
Such works must be unknown ;
Instruction is but dearly bought
When thought is not his own.
True paths of study long begun
By faithful student friends,
Bring times reward to every one
Through beneficent ends.

His ideal must be true and high
By aid of mental spring ;
It must be tempered 'yon the sky
And forged with metal ring.
His steady aim shall drive his sparks
To light where'er they fall,
Which after death round Heaven's throne
Shall crown Christ Lord of all.

A scholar bright and genuine,
Lives by a noble mind ;
Not 'neath his knowledge stored within,
Concealed from all mankind.
He takes instruction in a phase
To possess ideas fine ;
He bids us cease from sinful ways,
By Christ's example shine.

He must possess the weight of thought,
Not words of thought alone ;
His wisdom must by toil be wrought
From solid thought like stone.
Diplomas do not speak of fame
Because they are obtained ;
But learning goes on as before,
Perfection must be gained.

True scholars seek not to covet
Language of other lands,
To master one is their design,
With mind, heart, tongue and hands,
To enrich the spheres of common life
Remains his constant aim,
For gold is not his treasure sought,
He loves the truth to gain.

When asked why he doth labor thus,
He makes the calm reply :
My duty is to save the lost
And strengthen lest they die ;
This is the work of scholarship,
Its highest aim and art,
And great that work for all who have
A scholastic heart.

Comè to Jesus.

True physician of the spirit
Is in Jesus Christ alone,
He the balm of all diseases,
Comfort of all chills and breezes
In this earth of woe ;
We must love him, do him honor,
Guilt and sins will be atone ;
'Twas He who died upon the cross
That this poor world might gain her loss,
Such we freely owe.

Come in faith and he will heal thee,
Heal thee whiter than the snow ;
Heal thy love and voice now broken
With his truths and word once spoken,
Where on earth below !
Harken, harken ! hear him calling,
Come ye in my blessed name ;
Come seek, and ye the truth shall find
That all possessed in heart and mind,
Might salvation know.

Go in love and tell thy brother
Ye have spoken with the Lord ;
Not in flesh, unseen, though near it,
Not in person, but in spirit,
Holy be his name.
Come to Him, beloved mortal,
Jesus waits just o'er the way ;
Call to him and he will hear thee,
Trust in him for he is near thee,
Ever blessed Lord.

Friend, he died on earth to save thee,
Why must ye forsake him now ?
He is waiting, thou debating ;
He is truthful, thou art youthful,
Doubting with disdain.
Open up thy heart, dear brother,
There is danger in delay,
He will aid, if thou believe him,—
He will come, if thou receive him,
Every day the same.

Come to Jesus—Come to Jesus !
Sinners now by sin oppressed ;
Mark the danger from thy doubting,
Mark the godd, which ye are routing
Daily from thy soul.
Sweet is the peace the Saviour gives
Through his patient loving grace ;
What ! still watching, waiting o'er thee ;
Come ! Oh repentant, sinner come,
To say in heart thy will be done,
Now without delay.

The Little Minister.

His cheek was chubby, plump and round,
Though age adorned his face ;
His whiskers grew a redish hew
Around his reverential chin with grace.
A minister eloquent indeed he was,
Eloquent sublime.
He worshiped God, soocial, good natured
too,
Love instilled his chime.
Loved he was, by all who knew him well,
More worshipped than his God ;
His hearers bathed in his flowing well,
Yet new him not to trod ;
Waters flowed, yet failed to wash those
who feared to dive ;
In Harmony his word it passed, yet few
alive.

Praise Ye the Lord.

(Written from memory, November 27th, '97.)

Lift ye up the word of praise,
Living creatures of the earth :
Each the name of Jesus raise,
Give to it a wider birth.

Sound it here and tell it there,
 Into places not before ;
 Show an I sing it everwhere,
 Tell it, tell it, more and more.

To the weary, sick and poor,
 To the sinner lost and prone,
 Make his name, a name secure,
 In the circle of thy home.

Feel through him, no need of shame,
 Praise him with a deeper gloss ;
 Praise our blessed Saviour's name,
 Great redeemer of the cross.

Praise Him, praise Him ! time is fleet,
 Praise His name with sweet accord ;
 Praise Him, all that you may meet,
 Heaven's king and Christ our Lord.

Results of Disobedience.

Each trifling act of disobedience,
 Proves death to life, which in thee lives ;
 No man can slight to his delight
 The bounds which mercy gives.

*Deception will many a heart yet grieve,
 So surface smiles will oft deceive,
 All those who each and all believe.*

—STAFFORD.

Another Sabbath Eve.

Composed Sunday Evening, October 17th, '97.

Sweet joys of Sabbath rise to greet me,
 Mingled with the evening air ;
 Not the sounds of home returning
 From the busy fields of care,
 But other sounds by far more pleasant
 Are softly fading in my ear !
 Ye news and blithe and sacred,
 Another Sabbath eve is here.

The pale moon holds deep her reverence,
 Turned with face above the cloud ;
 Meanwhile beneath the earth is seen
 Still, in holy silence bowed ;
 Down by the wayside church are gathered
 Its friends, mindful of good to share !
 The peace, the peace, of Jesus,
 From this his blessed hour of prayer.

Sonnet on Affliction.

Through life and faith I know this truth,
 Affliction is a noble gift from God !
 Our hardened hearts to cleanse, to soften
 and to melt ;
 Though darkness is at first unfurled,
 Which seems to tear, which seems to rend,
 When God must come to claim a friend ;
 Pain ! A father's chastisement this his rod
 To quench our love this outward world.
 Visible earth, to spiritual, unseen, though
 felt

This life light of eternal day to come ;
 In days of sickness have I dwelt,
 I know no greater weal,
 They mould and fashion soul and mind
 For better days to seal.

A Morning of Winter.

The farmer's sleigh o'er snow beat tracks,
 Are groaning as they slide,
 The jingling bell, the wood man's axe
 Ring out now far and wide.
 The morn hath come, the sun is high,
 No breeze to stir the hoar ;
 Ye splitting frost through action lost
 A picture seen once more.

The evergreen, the naked branch,
 Yet claim their nightly sheen ;
 O'er sheltered nooks and crusted rills
 Behold yon rising steam ;
 Dull vibrating of frozen earth
 The distant sound conveys,
 For speaks a change, though not its range,
 Which time with truth delays.

Oh ! blessed scene of winters tide,
 Is there no praise for thee ?
 Deserving of thy silver pride
 Which glitters on the tree,
 For miles and miles before my sight
 Ye ! thus the plain adorn,
 With crystals for the shining light,
 Which woke at break of morn.

Those silver tongues, there sparkling bright,
 Each rising echo drowns,
 Unseen below, the depth of snow,
 Receptacles of sounds ;
 No feathered creature have I seen,
 Except the one I see
 Which scrapes yon moss of faded green,
 The hardy chick a'dee.

Revelations of Nature.

Composed when about to return from a stroll in a small wood—Property of F. Young, August, 1897.

Ye aimless prowlers of these woods,
Hath reflection cast in man ;
Ye noisy rooks, whose cry I hear,
Doth mimic well his plan ;
Ye trees which tremble 'neath those skies,
And vary to my gaze,
Well picture out the growth of life
In every part and phase.

Ye venue fallow yet in waste
Beneath the stump and knoll,
Portrays to me the image of
A weak, uncultured soul ;
Ye estate on which I have tread,
Whose deed shall n'er be mine,
Doth plainly to my mind reveal
A likeness of our time.

Ye water trickling steadily from
Yon spring at first a rill,
Doth at a glance to me convey
All growth which we instil ;
These traits of nature have I found
With types deep set in men,
And such my spirit could reveal
More clearly than my pen.

On the Growth of Fancy.

The following lines were written on the gloomy verge of a wet October night, when my fancy became aroused in such a distinct manner as to convey into the channels of my mind a real and almost perfect picture of the opposing elements engaged in the outward gloom, yet unsubmitted to the vision of my eye, and from this marvelous painting, thoughts originated themselves, which resulted in this simple poem "On the Growth of Fancy."

Fancy alone but half perceives
How night herself hath bowed,
Unless the thunder should reveal
The darkness of her shroud.

Or sounds conveyed by splashing sheets,
There trickling down the pane,
Brings her to see in fuller view
The tempest's wind and rain.

The strength of wind again is told,
When roars those stubborn trees,
As thrilling, creaking, louder grows
Where such delights to tease.

Then waves of fancy needs be great,
Like kindred of the coast ;
To grow, indeed, is but her fate,
Of helps she hath a host.

Trifles Make Perfection.

Little seeds of kindness planted by our way
Will after death remind us ;
Pray ! be careful what you say,
Moral in trifles spoken in a very thought-
less phase.

Have proved words of invitation
When fell the mighty rod,
Through the slightest aspiration
Have souls been bought to God.

A Musing of a Journey.

(A sketch true to life, April, 1897.)

Simply a cabin passed a week ago to-day ;
'Twas but a humble dwelling, roofed beneath
the skies,
Sheltered, yet no wifely hand is there to
cheer

This its inmate in solitude, but not alone ;
True ! unhappy man, great indeed thy
sorrow, pain and woe,
Afflicted here, yet thy noble heart is blame-
less,

True ! from all these earthly trials through
dust,
This life is not pleasure, neither is this for-
saken crust.

Often this same unselfish outstretched
hand, I knew,
When 'neath the shade ye spoke, yea blessed
me as a boy,

Thy memory feeds me still, I hear thy
voice,
Which once so deeply touched my simple
boyish heart ;

Bless you my boy, may ye yet live a good
and useful life,
Ye are but slow to speak, I love thee as my
child !

So soon returned ? from thy errand which
I sought,
Pure is this water you obedient to my word
hath brought.

Those summer hours long since have passed,
 but yet I see
 His kindly face, those falling blades, his
 scythe, that swath,
 As if they increased and shown but yester-
 day ;
 Earnest, simple, his manly way which met
 my gaze ;
 Who would dare his presence there despise ?
 rest he well deserved ;
 When e're he stopped to rest beneath some
 friendly shade,
 His friendly chat and those words he bade
 me keep
 Again thrill through my living veins, their
 fruits again I reap.

Sweet musings of yon now sighted cot, here
 unfold !
 A form with aged step confronts me as I
 speak ;
 Not as it would, that faded sight, dimed by
 time,
 Deceives the goodness of a soul, I pass him
 not,
 But grasp this withered hand given un-
 certain into mine,
 As his known voice demands this noble
 stranger's name !
 Responded, his earnest mind knew no better
 tact
 Than thank the love of God, so shown with-
 in this stranger's act.

Again he blessed me, as he often blessed be-
 fore
 A scene of joy, prideless to drive a melting
 tear
 Down my youthful cheek, one n'er to be
 forgot,
 While yet I live, with hands to give and
 strength for good ;
 An hour too soon passed swiftly by, while
 friends in gladness met ;
 Cruel time, ye as a sword, our forms and
 paths divide ;
 Each quivering lip will not this truth deny,
 Again clasped hand in hand we say, per-
 haps, our last good-bye.

Loyalty.

Is true life not worth the living,
 Dear brothers here on earth ?
 Is true love not worth the giving ?
 Why seek ye lower worth ?
 Yes ! fair Canada I love thee,
 Yea love thee heart and hand ;
 May I remain to ever be
 Loyal patriot to my land.

Not for all thy wealth and beauty
 Would I my life lay down ;
 But in freedom's name and duty,
 Such honor is renown ;
 Where is there higher privilegias
 Than in her boundaries shown,
 For truth to grow and love to flow ?
 I feel them as my own

*Laziness holds no attraction,
 Rest is only found in action ;
 This alone yields satisfaction.*

—STAFFORD.

*Lines composed upon the death of Miss
 Margaret Mowbray, as highly respected
 friend and school mate, who passed away
 November 28th, 1897.*

Another school mate past and gone,
 A friend of mine was she ;
 Ah ! quick she marked her early flight
 Without one word to me.

Upon her parents, folks and friends,
 Deep sorrows sad were strewn,
 To lisp amid this costly rend
 Our lives uncertain doom.

Can she be dead ? Why came this news
 Which quenches words of strife ?
 This flower plucked amid us weeds
 And in the prime of life.

Hath she but fled to meet in love
 A sister who hath flown
 Not long ago to seats above,
 Round Christ's celestial throne ?

Together doth Christ behold them
 In light eternal grace ;
 N'er shall I tell with ink and pen
 The joy of that embrace.

Rewarded may those spirits be
 In day of endless hour ;
 Yea live a life of prospered peace,
 With beautifying power.

If we but live to serve their King,
 Who gives our spirits birth,
 Soon in those regions we shall sing
 Of freedom from this earth.

Musings on Cheer.

Part 1.

Walk on my lads, we yet may know
The path way to the gates of cheer
That leads above life's darkened glow,
But lies not in each quaking fear ;
Now let us march to seek that gate,
Not found in wrath, nor yet in hate ;
Such brothers seldom pour forth good,
Nor do they speak of gratitude.

Of many paths we have our choice ;
Fear holds her own for stores of pain,
Pride speaks to us her cheering voice,
Wealth hers for hours of fretful gain ;
They bring not cheer to come to stay,
To guide and aid us on our way,
Until wisdom brings her chastening rod
For cheer alone is found in God.

It may give pleasure when we gaze
On some false image passing by.
Why must we yield our life and days
To such which hath an end to die ?
True cheer is built on truth and right,
Which will at times from us takes flight ;
Then back to us she makes return,
Within life's bosom, there to burn.

Musings on Cheer.

Part 2.

*Composed in different metre, as the reader
can easily see.*

Then cheer up for glory waits thee
When you reach the other side ;
Of this dark and adverse changing
Involved within earth's crimson tide.

Love thy God, the same thy brother,
As ye journey on thy way ;
May no greed be found in worship
All Gods, but God dessert and slay.

Live the true, the right, the noble,
Though our friends on earth be few ;
Time is short, till Heaven calls us
Homeward to take eternal view.

There our trials are changed to gladness ;
Faith is answered by no frown ;
Neither is there pain or madness
To mar the glory of that crown.

Straight way then, be up and doing ;
What is pain and sorrow here
Compared to the hearts renewing ?
Come let us feel such themes are near.

We shall reap, as mercy tells us,
Times increase with good or ill ;
Name which fruitage marks thy labors,
When earthly voice is hushed and still.

Serving sin impairs our talents,
With all strength for truth or right ;
Thus satan's form bars our windows,
The temples threshold for the light.

Blindly we lose precious moments,
Shun this weakness, which we crave ;
Live the present for the future,
How frail is man before the grave.

Be discreet in every duty,
Utility well restores ;
Habits lost when careless feeling,
Found unguarded life's fatal doors.

How they creep inside that portal,
Thief-like how they hide in gloom ;
Stealing of the souls bright treasures
Away from his forsaken room.

It may be perhaps to-morrow,
That occupant seeks to find
Set departments filled by others,
Born of a vain and worthless kind.

Life and Death.

Sunlight now is ending,
Here told by dusk with creeping shade
And people homeward wending.

Eve ! how soon to greet thee,
With silent message on thy brow ;
A time of thought for me.

Bright stars begin to blink
At night's approach, when toil is o'er
She sits me down to think.

This life holds but a smile ;
A sweet foretaste of Heaven's bliss,
And death is but a stile.

*Virtue is a mighty angel flying in spirit
to and fro between Heaven and the children
of God.*

—A. S. STAFFORD.

Fruits of Glory

(October, 1897.)

How autumn brings to vision's grasp,
Here the fruits of glory ;
Except when hid by misty light,
Or morning frosts so hoary,
Then neither bee, or buzzing wasp,
Wing forth to seek their gain,
Because their foes were put to flight,
Pursued by autumn rain.

As yet the leaves adorn the tree,
The country far abroad
Holds high the contrast now possessed
Above this withered sod ;
Although the leaf must fallen be
And birds desert their home,
Ripe fruits this loss hath surely blessed,
For such, we can't atone.

Why lift not thanks to earth's best friend,
For blessings given all ?
The poor receiver speaks most high,
The greatest proves most small ;
For fruits which cause the bough to bend,
And fields with taste run o'er,
Yea ! scenes so pleasing to the eye,
Which I so well adore.

No more upon the woodland knoll
Shall flowers bloom in the shade ;
Not now shall esger children romp
To pluck those stems decayed.
Instead they run with uncontrol,
Told in their merry cry,
From place to place in childish pomp,
Where hidden nuts now lie.

To-day the sun shines dim, but warm,
O'er field and fallow ear ;
The wind hath gone to leave behind
This smoky atmosphere ;
Flies in the air now dance and swarm,
Where comes such grace and ease,
When gazing up I quickly find
The eye they love to tease.

Within yon neighboring vineyard
And orchard on the hill,
A sight of pleasure to behold,
Vain desires crave their fill ;
Within our hearts, as we regard
Dainties, which the seasons bring,
With apples green and apples gold,
And ruby autumn King.

Speaking nothing of the garden,
Where little children run,
Amid the yellow pumpkins scattered,
Bellies upward to the sun ;
Such a view would never harden
Chords of a thankful heart ;
But cause thoughts of mercy tattered,
Forever to depart.

The corn rows, now somewhat broken,
Have dawned their golden tint ;
O ! how richly each are laden
With ears of treasured mint.
Those melons are a token
Of the flavor they possess,
Which the pretty daisy maiden
Would never darkly guess.

Lines Dedicated to A. Young,
Musician.

Fair musician, sweet charmer of the soul,
Thy noblest gift so well once given thee,
Proves not in vain.
Great aspiration in such devotion lies
Known not yet to all, but they who hear
Thy tune on sacred days.

Recompense is sought by thee, not all from
men ;
Lovers of the earth.
Thy bosom holds a happy thought,
Trust only God.

Where is there pleasure outside joys of the
Lord,
Deeper in the soul ?
Or where abounds a tuneful art
With greater praise ?

At seats of learning one wise writer said :
That such was the language God's angels
spoke

In other lands of bliss, beyond our own.
'Neath many pious walls a vacant seat we
find,
From sources unknown ;
Except those frequenters fled from instru-
ments approach.

Who but a bigot could turn, in haste desert
One such holy pew ?
At time when music rose to lead
The voice in song.

Continue futher, with thy sweet charm of
bliss ;
Let man's poor nature prevail yet where
it will ;
For sake us not.
One note of music aways a charm with
power
And bids us observe our startled cause,
To be a water drop.

Tiny water fall, how weak thou art, indeed,
 Before notes, which rise and flow into the
 depths
 Of harmony ;
 Which with ease excites, love the spirits
 power
 Into endless flow, when it hath but God
 To ever guide the way.

Life is divided, yet on each separate wing
 Music leads, whilst we can see in paths of
 stray
 The fault of man.
 Go fair musician, spare not thy gift of bliss,
 Thy talent of zeal and fear not earth ;
 But fear the living God.

The Weather Change.

(A picture from life, October, 1897.)

The clouds they darkened in the west,
 The weathred changed for snow ;
 The leaves went scudding from the gale,
 The wind now rose to blow.

There as I gazed in scanty dress,
 With piercing gusts it blew ;
 How could I fail to feel that chill,
 Which pierced my whole frame through.

The earth put on a misty look,
 The air quick colder grew ;
 The sun was hid by wreathing clouds,
 To shine no more in view.

Those bushes in the garden row,
 Madly the ground they gored ;
 The dust from off the highway flew,
 Oh ! how the forest roared.

Loose hay around the clover stack
 Rose high up in mid air,
 Things quickly were now thrown about,
 Once put to place with care.

The stock upon the pasture land
 Turned backward to the squall,
 The calf more fearful than the rest
 Poured out his frightened bawl.

The fowl scratch in yon sheltered yard,
 While shone the light of sun,
 But at this tinkling of cold sleet
 They all for refuge run.

My scence no futher sheds a view
 For wind, that bitter pest,
 Hath drove me off to look heat up,
 To be his friend and guest.

The Spirit of True Love.

I covet not thy worth,
 Nor envy those thy friends,
 For God who made us both
 On all his mercy leads ;
 I worship not thy beauty,
 But love men for their soul,
 True love is not in passion,
 But found in self control
 The spirit its designer
 And moulder of its worth,
 Though man must be its finder,
 'Tis God must give it birth.

Dancing as a Pleasure.—Learn this Lesson Well.

Me thinks I see that sleepy glance
 Following night of restless dance,
 Journeying on to music sweet,
 Patering light fantastic feet
 From mid-night gloom to early morn,
 Each whirling move, each soul is shorn.

Shorn of content, as moments fly,
 For more and more is passion's cry
 To keep his wish to greet the dawn ;
 But long e're this wise guests have gone,
 Gone to avoid that sleepy glance,
 The smallest evils of the dance.

Journeying on to death to greet
 That crumbling dust beneath their feet,
 That crumbling dust in hidden gloom,
 The only dance within the tomb ;
 What do we gain to step the floor ?
 Much stiffer legs and something more.

Much stiffer heads, with stiffer minds ;
 Whilst love of dance with such combines
 Companions evil ; find we here
 With games for life and hearts for beer ;
 Here we behold deception wink,
 When envy and the jealous thiek.

The dance increased as music rose
 High on the devil's knee,
 But while both love to climb up there,
 They hold no charm for me ;
 Old Satan smiles a pleasant smile
 To see his children
 Trimed up so neat from head to feet,
 So well his pleasure share.

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Departed.

*Lines on the death of Mr. John Forbes,
 written the day following his sad departure.*

His soul took flight with morning's light,
 Each clad in mantle grey ;
 Old age hath worn away once more
 A spark of life's array.
 No more shall earth deny that soul
 A sheltered path to trod,
 But far above, where all is love,
 It sped to meet its God.

Softly, gently the sting of death
 Crept o'er his aged brow,
 Disturbing not that feeble frame
 A slave to pain, but now ;
 It is made free, as loved one's see
 As parts that ending breath ;
 Deep in sorrow, they each behold
 Those eyes now closed in death.

Return fond change to visions range
 That noble life once led ;
 'Tis but this frame of spirit's fame,
 Which numbers with the dead.
 Rejoice good wife in morning life,
 Have God alone to fear ;
 For thee, once more, John goes before,
 Thy good old pioneer.

Can't ye but gaze on brighter rays
 When God must join two, one
 As on a reel, my statement feel,
 This tread now almost run ;
 Bride go prepare for him up there
 Thy soul with brighter robes,
 That ye may hear with purer ear
 Sounds not of fleshy lobes.

Come now, arise for Paradise
 Right true to him were ye ;
 When branches swung you both well clung
 Through storms on life's great tree ;
 Fear's are shedding for a wedding,
 In Heaven must it be,
 With Christ thy King, shall angels sing
 Eternal march for thee.

Unsuccessful.

Once conveyed to me by murmurs
 Of the breeze which rolled the deep ;
 One, a blessed dream of fancy
 Which revives my eyes from sleep.

At the foot of life's great mountain
 Stands an engine with her train,
 Every car is heavy freighted,
 Not one foot her strength can gain.

While the track was smooth and level,
 Mile by mile, it swept its way ;
 But now hath risen this lofty level
 Holding gloom and dark dismay.

Great is her fate, cruel poverty
 Caused by lack of fuel and steam,
 Which hath face to face now met her,
 As the driver soon must deem.

*Copied from a slip which unfortunately
 contained only a part. The remainder un-
 recovered.*

My Mother.

Oh ! my mother, blessed mother,
 What a history thou bringest to me,
 As I look back to my childhood,
 What a debt I owe to thee ;
 But thy face though long departed
 Still with memory it doth shine,
 With its smiles and words of mildness
 Float back through the stage of time ;
 As a child, I well remember
 From obedience I did stroll,
 Or in mischief kept a walking,
 Kept adding sorrow to thy soul.

But dear noble patient mother,
 Who hast thy trials so nobly borne,
 It was thy skillful hand which lead me,
 Which I shall never see no more ;
 By the cold hand of death
 You left this world of ours,
 For a happy and distant land
 Blessed with sunshine and with flowers ;
 I cannot count those toil's and cares,
 Or even realize their worth,
 For they that were are past and gone
 To have no recompense on earth.

Love Poem.

Love hath its charms, that n'er decay,
 Which may at times all glide away
 To make return with brighter ray,
 Such, is its wisdom in our day.

Make bare this life without its away,
 Can we one part of life well slay ;
 Our every action yields dismay,
 Why then should we cause loves delay ?

For when we do we build of clay,
 A native like the mole or quay,
 That seldom in light come to stay ;
 How true is this and this I say ?

Its entrance to the fields in May
Doth mar the harvests merry lay,
Neath roughened fields of grain and hay
Their very lives they soon betray.

If ye be one? Come out I pray
And walk in loves true open way,
Then you shall find your marks of bay
Marked deep on life, both grand and gay.

Not with old friends to make array.
In piling sins on God's strong dray,
Drawn by Christ's our Saviour aye,
Wake up, join hands, help him, hurrah!

Morning Poem.

How sweet is the fragrance of this bright
early morn,
Now upheld by the breeze, which doth rus-
sel the corn.

With its low murmuring whistle,
How it sweepeth the hill,
As it stirreth the thistle, it waveth the rill.

The dew it doth scatter this great nature's
disguise,
Many pure crystal beads which bedazzle
the eyes;

Beneath us life is a stirring,
O'er great mansions we tread;
Each small creature, unerring, still lives o'er
the dead.

Free borne with the sunshine, songster,
melodias swell
From birds in the woodlands, the meadow
and dell,

Merrily charms are now leaving
All vile lovers who sleep;
Whilst the faithful are weaving this sun-
shine to keep.

Blithe morning, gray morning, go swift
speed on thy way,

Wait not on the lazy, who now love not the
day;

Worthless is man who thus covets to
waste,

Useless his head, till grafted by God,
With new shoots thus grown, he's a gem in
a sod.

Oh! God of mercy from the skies
Look down on man below,
And quench his petty strong desire
To make him upright grow.
He loves to ramble here and there;
He loves a tickled ear, and not the open
truth of life
To mingle every care.

He loves to ride behind a horse
Which fairly splits the air,
While others bet their ready cash.
Thy church they could not spare,
They tempt the treasures of their race
To do the same as they; if they would
reason on its end,
Would they cause such disgrace?

I will not say all things I know,
There better far unsaid,
I'm wise enough to hold them back,
How bitter if once fed.
Men never seem to love the truth,
When spoken to the point they turn and
twist. Yes! hite you back;
The same is true of youth.

*The title can be given by the reader.
Copied from a slip of my writings.*

The Swallow Queen.

(May, 1897.)

Never winged a form so clever
In dress of rich and gaudy sheen,
None performs a swift endeavor
Like ye—our little swallow queen.

Grace to thee art surely given,
My envy eyes thy perfect flight;
Soon such fangs from me are riven
Replaced instead by sweet delight.

As I perceive thy skimming motion
O'er yon tiny, yet swollen stream;
Like the billows of the ocean
My envy changes to a dream.

Up above the ridge and hollow,
True thou seem here, then thou art there,
Vainly doth my vision follow
Thy endless curves now everywhere.

At the brooklets muddy border
There ye in busy numbers rest,
Mixing clay, as if to order
For thy marvelous mud built nest.

Fellow masons gayly twitter
Behind the eave, beneath the roof;
Yon cock whose dusky flitter,
Chides up before his voiced reproof.

Almost at his morning bidding,
Sounded by his clarion call,
Ye think not that he is fibbing,
But wing it forth while shadows fall.

An early, early bird thou art,
For thus ye rise to greet the dawn ;
Pure food and health renews thy heart
Before the morn is past and gone.

Sweet bird of culture, bird of praise,
Now flying were we wicked dwell ;
Thy merry joys, thy fruitful days,
I wish in vain that I could tell.

Surely thou do come to bless me
With this our spring time, o'er and o'er,
Harmless creatur, I possess thee
Within my bosom more and more.

Of't in times of doubt and trouble—
Ye cast thy sunshine in between,
Making them light as a bubble ;
Still do I crown the swallow queen.

*Lines composed and written on Christmas
morn, December 25th, 1897. Exactly as
jotted down when composed.*

Christmas morn ! Christmas morn ! peals of
merry laughter bringing ;
Christmas morn ! Christmas morn ! sweetly
everywhere is ringing,
O'er and o'er each snow tipped border,
sounded by a mighty hand
Is this blessed news of Christmas, through-
out our good and peaceful land.

Christ is all ! Christ is all ! keep each to-day
His sacred name ;
Christ is all ! Christ is all ! have faith instead
of untried shame,
Keep a purer ensign waving, quite un-
molested by our earth ;
Send thy gifts and tidings homeward, give
new extension to his birth.

Bethlehem star ! Bethlehem star ! yet lights
a path unto our King ;
Bethlehem star ! Bethlehem star ! shines
bright in glory while we sing,
Sing of Jesus, sing His praises, sing a pray-
to all mankind,
Tuned in voice of fullest talent, to cheer the
sick, to lead the blind.

Jesus born ! Jesus born ! born to redeem our
lost and prone ;
Jesus born ! Jesus born ! yea born for
Heaven's happy throne ;
May he be born in hearts to-day with great-
er zeal than ages past ;
May his fragments lost be gathered up to
receive him now, as last.

Oh ! happy thought, happy thought, should
to-day embalm each heart ;
Christmas thought ! Christmas thought !
must seal all essence they impart.
He who wears the christain armor must don
his polished coat of steel,
To compare his mail with being, and search
if their be inward weal.

Jesus Lord ! Jesus Lord ! still lives to-day a
child, a kind ;
Jesus Lord ! Jesus Lord ! great fountain at
our gospel spring ;
May our hearts live not in festal, nor wor-
ship her a Christmas God,
But in motives higher, upward, to cheer us
as we onward plod.

Christmas day ! Christmas day ! reveal ye
charms I never knew ;
Christmas day ! Christmas day ! I soon to
thee must bid adieu ;
Ye will not wait for man to brood o'er
better things which might here dwell,
Thy thoughts, thy ways, thy merry days
were I a poet I could tell.

Happy day ! happy day ! thy time is short
I must declare ;
Happy day ! happy day ! may all slike thy
comforts share ;
But e're ye pass, I here suggest this one
great thought I must implore :
Keep join in one, our days as this, until we
meet to part no more.

The Spirit of Reform.

This spirit prisoned in the heart
Sweeps down the dust of care,
And every image, dark and false
Abides no longer there.

No themes delay to make reform,
The present is in view ;
As wisdom says begin at once
Thy great eternal new.

Where are the heart's intended deeds
Ye promise by delay,
As mist they bar declining sight,
With falsehood on thy way.

Have courage brother seek control,
Repentant without fraud,
And make a full surrender now
Unto the living God.

Have faith in Jesus Christ alone,
Confess in full thy sin,
Both pray and trust His blessed name,
Great triumphs shall ye win.

*Written contemplations of thought while
passing through a burial ground, April,
1897.*

Gathering of this dusky gloom
Waits to me a shivering dread,
To walk amid these ghostly tombs
Mingled o'er friends now fled.
May we despise my feather tread,
Which speeds with silence o'er the dead,
When ever thought is on each stone,
Erected o'er but crumbling bone.

Vile tales of fiction haunt my mind.
Like fearful devils in my thought,
Ah ! when I chanced such trash to find,
My soul, my life, was all but bought ;
To leave they feigned and then I fought,
But into memory they have got ;
Like him whose hair lifts from its root,
I am a dog, poor frightened brute.

Foul novel spell of early youth
I once enjoyed with thirsty greed ;
Vast imitation is not truth,
And never will her ranks accede ;
Thus woe falls unto all who read
The charms of fictions, without need,
When fruitful lives is through them lost,
While crippled memory adds their cost.

Oh ! faith attune in truth to roll
My mind each foot step and my heart,
And cleanse auricle from the soul,
That she may nobler gifts impart ;
May pleasure be not sweet, but tart,
To avast passions, now which start
Debasement on a downward path,
Which brings a cloce to life in wrath.

My future years are not for me
But to expound my gifts with cheer ;
Perhaps in time men mourn to see,
When but my bones do crumble here
And read that epitaph of fame,
Which simply bears my humble name ;
In verse to-day I might have said
My clay shall bless this place I tread.

*The proper channel of acquisitiveness in
life is that of acquiring a true and unfeigned
love of God.*

—A. STAFFORD.

A Prayer for Aid and Protection.

*Composed and directed by me, when about
to fall into the hands of passion, April 1898.*

All mighty power from the Heaven's now
descend,
And chide corruption from this tongues
request ;
Vile indeed its harmony, if thy rule be
lost ;
Foul its language, when born of not the
beat.

No viler seed is borne from man
Than a poet's pen might scatter o'er a
land,
Led by some passion of his own,
Or blinded of his, makes will, his strong
right hand.

Thou givest gifts, but train them now to
grow ;
How great the passions of a poet's heart ;
How foul his precepts formed in some
natural flow ;
If there be mercy bid them now depart.

On every error thou dost take account ;
Great judge o'er Israel in dark ages past,
Proclaim in me a knowledge to restrain
Yea from each known sin to ever fast.

Hence forth ! while yet I here abide ;
Bless well each humble flourish of my pen,
That pride, may flee, and be thus exemplary
borne
To all heart's of ambition, now the heart's
of men.

Chastise me Lord for evil I may do
While sight is blind to now behold thy
face,
Here would I die, to in a future live ;
Affliction is but mercy I must yet em-
brace.

Oh ! hard these thorns upon the righteous
path,
With patience how great that comfort
wrought ;
Redemption by promise to everlasting life
Surpasses earth with all, 'tis wisdom's
thought.

Kindle this breast to speak no vain desire ;
Sad fate now built upon the new born
tongue,
Impart true knowledge to the inward mind,
Instructed to reveal dark snares of wrong.

Aid and Protection.

Directed by me, when about
 of passion, April 1898.

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*Lines composed while spending New Year's
 with the Germans, January, 1898.*

Mingled strangeness where lies thy power,
 Born with bewilderment alone,
 Lost in the progress of each hour
 Thy unseen hand of stone.

Converted by the spirit's heat,
 Conveyed into a milder clime,
 Ye image, which I must defeat
 Reflected hand of mine.

In language unspoken to me,
 With earnest, unaffected grace,
 Grouped before the fires ruddy glow,
 This hand I well can trace.

How hospitable this their hearth,
 Where meet we kindness so disposed ;
 Their tideness is also felt
 By taste of food disclosed.

Though short my stay, have I observed
 Great thriftiness from place to place ;
 Two things I give them credit for
 Frugality and grace.

My Late Return.

*Composed while returning from a call late
 on a winter's night. My whereabouts I am
 prudent to with-hold, the Author.*

The moon, a moment seems to pause
 While peeping through her hazy gauze ;
 She seems like me, void of the right
 To frame the beauty of the night.

No thoughtful aim can't in me rise
 To paint in time those azure skies,
 Or touch yon ring of rainbow hue
 A perfect circle full and true.

Mark yonder wood which tips the hill,
 Dark to the mildest winter chill ;
 Distinct above the crystal snow,
 Which zephyrs fail to raise or blow.

Some owl now reigns this solitude,
 To break the stillness by his mood,
 Which echoes, whe ; whoo, whoo, whoo—
 whoooo ;

Thus asks me quaintly. Who are you ?

As watch dogs from adjoining farms
 Wail forth their tongue with sharp alarms ;
 Responding voices of delight
 From feathered pups which wing the night.

*(Feathered pups alude to a barking bird
 of the owl species. Now very rare in our
 woods.)*

Unheeding lateness of the hour
 But mindful in his shady bower ;
 The coon is mooked and often heard
 By voice well unsucked by a bird.

Yet other life is still abound ;
 From far and near I hear the sound
 Of distant trains though miles away,
 And jingling bell before the sleigh.

Perhaps some man can scarce discern
 Through paths of night, to make return
 Unto his home of sinking mire,
 To spue his filth before the fire.

Perhaps some lover from his mid-night stay
 Goes driving homeward in his sleigh.
 His love he thought not to adjourn
 Till trampling on the hours of morn.

Perhaps some traveller delayed,
 Or him from sickness is conveyed,
 Who spares not self, to gain renown
 When comes the doctor from the town.

Darkened stillness holds false alarm
 From distant sound, that means no harm ;
 So distant is each sound and clear,
 The rabbits start from peace to fear.

Their lower instinct guides their view
 Which aids departure from the true ;
 They have no moral to aid their plan,
 The same I say is true of man.

Unknown value and moral worth
 May from such scenes as these take birth ;
 Deserting all, I homeward plod,
 Here leaving such with nature's God.

Uncertainty.

I

A child of vigor, unsurpassed,
 May with her comrades play ;
 A child endowed with beams of life
 Is frail to melt away,

II

A boy may have no truthful glimpse
 Of future hurt, or sorrow ;
 Yet hours of pain and sudden death
 May come before to-morrow.

III

A youth may independent be
 From taking good advice ;
 But woe betide that stream of pride
 Which changes joy to ice.

IV

A man may on his journey go
Equipped with earthly treasures,
Yet in the end he must lament
Each day of selfish pleasures.

V

Uncertain is this life for man
To build on crumbling sand,
When storms of heat shall 'gainst it beat,
Will such erection stand ?

VI

Good wheat may grow on such a soil,
While showers fall to cheer ;
But if in turn, the sun should burn
Those blades scorch brown and sear.

VII

Fruit buds may blossom on the vine,
Then followed by jack frost ;
Thus with him hope doth of elope
To leave all prospects lost.

VIII

Ye might have led a noble life
Thou begger on thy way ;
Had ye but known to leave alone
Bad whisky in thy day.

IX

My man you might be free to-day,
Slave to tobacco went,
And now ye fret, because in debt,
For that in folly spent.

X

Our household joys would brighter be,
More loving words be said,
If friendship shone where tempers groan,
For mastership to tread.

XI

Small troubles on our daily paths
Would never rise mount high,
If such as we, could always see
The brightness of the sky.

XII

Words from childhood might be spoken
With more of truth in them,
If babes could hear more truth to cheer,
Now spoke by reckless men.

XIII

To-day there would more weddings be
If sexes grew not cold,
By single meet and self conceit,
And grow from young to old.

XIV

More noble deeds would come to pass
If fruits their ripeness met,
And to the heart more joys impart,
Less followed by regret.

XV

Some wife would have her husband yet
Without a crippled back,
If she had missed the man who hissed
At her and her boot-jack.

XVI

The wind would not come in the east
Had not that missile flew,
The kids would not to hiding got
If safety was in view.

XVII

The cat would not have spilt the milk,
The fault was hers no doubt,
Such pains of fray would go their way
If maw would chuck her out.

XVIII

Some wretch may not have been to-day
A chewing one dry crust,
If he had wed his sweet red head
The girl he wo'ed, then cussed.

XIX

That boy would not of been so sick
From fruits he eat in bed,
If he but took the physic book,
Then acted what he read.

XX

Two boys once thought they saw a ghost,
To follow was their plan ;
Sure as I tell, it proved a sell,
A lantern with a man.

XXI

A youth once sought to take a girl
A driving out some where,
But when he called his heart was galled,
Because she wasn't there.

XXII

Two men struck out to ride to town,
Although the mare was hitched,
By one quick bound, she wheeled around,
Both gentlemen were ditched.

XXIII

Uncertainty may meet us all,
Our little jokes to break ;
For once I wrote a private note,
Alas ! it didn't take.

XIV

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XV

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XXIII

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; note,

XXIV

This life is all uncertainty,
If things be not done well ;
Upon our way from day to day
This closing thought I tell.

To Greatness as Yet Untitled

Now I am but a humble bard,
A very humble one indeed ;
Both taught and lived in humble life,
And even born of humble seed.

So humble is my very name,
How could I here desire greater ;
World's bath never it yet bought.
Neither can she buy it later.

She might raise temples with her Gods,
Upon poor laboring peasants ;
But leaves her tall from first to last
Behind her, like to the pheasants.

To such sweet Heaven holds a frown,
Thus do I labor for her smile.
These days' are short and time is fleet,
Why live to waste this little while ?

I ask no more for fear a vain
Ambition should creep in,
And mould my now well polished brass,
Destroying all with sin.

An Epitaph.

Here lies the body of a soul
Whom lived a noble life,
Who learned at chaff,—the people smile
At truth the voice oft strife.
He learned to live, he learned to die,
Thus underneath his bones now lie ;
Here buried deep in peace to learn
The way to mother dust return.

Changed.

No more are bayonets gleaming
O'er mountain, plain and hill ;
No more is life blood streaming
Down warfares bloody rill.

No more the moon beholds them
At quiet dead of night ;
May all such scenes of carnage
Vanish from Heaven's sight.

No more do sounds of battle
Disturb our peaceful land,
Instead we hear sweet music
By God's own chosen band.

They stoop not ! but to conquer
The darkest depth of sin
Among his poor lost soldiers,
And life impure by gin.

May Heaven guide them onward ;
The saved ones, them reward.
Glory be their victory,
Victory for the Lord.

My Vision.

'Twixt the banks of a river no fame can
abide,
Like that which lies covered still untold by
the tide ;
To ye simple mankind this a riddle may
seem ;
But the same passes unpoken in life's little
dream.
Thus the more it becomes solved, the wider
our views,
Until all is forgotten when death brings
us news.
Then we gaze back behind us to learn of the
past !
Finding many dark foot prints to conquer
at last :
We see many mistakes, we see labor in
haste,
When God's known perfection make vacant
the waste.

In the form of an image cherished idols now
stand,
And wait but to be broken by God's mighty
hand.
Trifling acts to companions rise up like a
star
On their journey for Heaven, in mercy their
car !
Deeds of love in the centre directing her
flight,
At the front are her drivers, faith, hope,
truth and right ;
Soon this earth is forgotten when rises her
song :
Thus forever and ever the souls float
along !

Wedding Bells.

Wedding bells are gayly ringing
In yon village across the way,
Heart and hand shall be united
In fellowship for life to-day.

Autumn's tide drifts invitations
To join within that feastal glee ;
Although her chimes are drifting merrily,
True hath she chimed none out to me.

Yet in peace do I enjoy it,
In ideal dreams, both bright and fair !
Wrapped in beams of heartfelt beauty,
More lovely than when witnessed there.

Happy be the smiles that cluster
About thy face, ye cheerful bride ;
Life lights beam thy every feature,
Seen by the lover at thy side.

Everywhere is peace and comfort
In union with both love and cheer ;
Harmonizing autumn weather,
This blessed season of the year.

All in one are ages mingled,
Each inspired with good to tell ;
All have come to make responses
Unto that grand old marriage bell.

Not a cloud is in the future,
Thus happiness dispells that fear ;
Fore-told to the guests now honoured :
A home well stored with life and cheer.

Still wedding bells are gayly ringing,
By trust my soul their comforts share ;
God bless this couple on life's journey
Is my fervent humble prayer.

The above poem, I must admit, was composed amid humble surroundings, being engaged in the duty of mixing mortar for building purposes at the time of it's formation ; neither is it in any manner a fictitious tale. The wedding alluded to, was one held in the village of Walton in 1897. The poem will speak for itself.

—The Author.

Pictures by Nature.

(May, 1895.)

The flowers bloom in countless groups,
The bud is on the tree,
Song birds now mingled as in one
A charming melody.

The sancy squirrel chirps from the branch,
The gentle lamb is heard,
Such echoes sweetly float to me
Where ever life is stirred.

How joyful is this change of spring
To all who clasp the same ?
For love hath cleared away at last
A winter's icy vein.

Labor seems but heartfelt grandeur,
Now greater than before ;
True courage must match ambition,
Or fall to rise no more.

As in proud cold depth of winter
Yon monarch crash below,
Now lying 'neath those drifting heaps
Amid the winter's blow.

In this time she stood unguarded,
Careless what she might do,
While thus reaching her ambition,—
The only end in view.

Lost vanity ! I behold her
Stretched foremost to the ground,
While others now are murmuring
A half forgotten sound.

Too neglectful of life's failings
In time—the present goes ;
Imprudent to life's foundations,
Imperfect thus she rose.

Fashioned by dreams of a future,
With but a gentle breeze ;
Thoughtless of storms yet sneering,
Thus weak she fell by these.

Still her roots are yet unsevered,
But trust no more the earth ;
Hope inspires life yet to blossom
Forth a grand noble birth.

The Riverside Poem.

(From the memory of a past poem.)

Upon yon pleasant river bank,
A lovely spot to be ;
A thousand gems still sparkle down
That valley to the sea.

The bull-frog near its pebbled shore
Sits grinding out his proke,
A person hearing him would think
His wind was almost broke.

The musk rat in yon reedy place
Doth dabble in the stream,
Then off he shoots unto his nest,
With mouth too full to scream.

Great rings increase before his form,
While ripples rise and swell,
At last they cease, yet centre out,
The place he dived so well.

How strange I'm lost in nature's charms
That mingle through my soul ;
A rush of life thrills all my veins,
Which makes my life seem whole.

I hear the varied worshipping
Those warbling songsters give ;
How well they cheer me in the day,
And teach me how to live.

weet praises floats up through the air
Amid the murmuring trees,
Carried softly within its course
The gentle scented breeze.

The grass blades now begin to rise
As dew drops cease to weigh ;
Thus freed from burdens they proclaim
The light, the light of day.

The songs of morn are being sung
Along this charming shore,
The tones with far more richness strung
Than ever heard before.

Swath yon mossy out reaching bank
The sunbeams dance and glow,
Scattered by pebbles as they sank
In waters far below.

Where busy crabs delight to bathe,
Or hide beneath the mud stained stone,
In solitude each reign supreme ;
Whilst nature wills a home.

Far round about by faith I see
Scenes of marvelous power ;
Yet lost when passions rule from me
The knowledge of each hour.

Wonderful are God's mighty works,
When we such judgment give,
From them we cannot fail to learn,
Those paths by which we live.

Fair river side with gems of life
A lesson ye have taught :
That happiness here given me
Is neither sold nor bought.

'Tis but a gift to every heart
Which seek'th to be wise,
By asking nature of her store,
Then hearing her replies.

If with me you would be happy,
Seek every where her charm !
Each by toil we best may find them,
When living on the farm.

Cities may have great attractions,
Procured if we have wealth ;
Yet think ye what the country gives !
The rosy cheek of health.

Farewell, farewell, ye blessed scenes
Here by the river side ;
Great thought of thee is yet unborn
In mansions to abide.

The Effected Lover.

A youth he was, but soon a man to be ;
His look proved strange, though mortal
Such was he !

His form developed once in better trim ;
His etiquette n'er proved his eye sight dim,
Certain now effected by many sleepless
Nights ;

This sacrifice he makes to save his future
Rights.

His labor hard, with experience none the
best,

Afraid to go alone and yet to take a guest !
Loud is his praise from those who know
him well ;

No rest by day when they in night excel.

His mustache young, untrained they bring
to play,

Mid truthful points, which touch his loving
way.

The tricks he played, that he might them
evade,

Are now in photos, one by one conveyed ;
Produced so near to life, surprised he can't
deny,

In silence with ignorance feigned they must
pass by.

Delighted by each success they now seek
the more

To find those truths which he will least
from them adore.

Is life worth living, may engage his vow ?
If she still lives, I think it will be now.

When first we met a charm did I discover,
Unknown did I admire, yea was thy lover ;
Concealed from thee my thoughts, afraid to
speak,

Lest ye should doubt my worth and be not
meek.

'Twas there my life in twain was severed
far apart ;

Each hour without thy love, divided was
my heart ;

Each friendly look from thee, however
slight, would please ;

Headless of wealth, for thy reward would
moment's seize.

Ye seemed an angel sent by God to bless,
Yet knew not where till need alone would
guess.

Now courtship hath connected heart and
hand ;

Our spoony look is played by mimic brand.
No peace is found except alone with thee,
Indeed a charm—whilst,—shines futurity ;
Would ye desert me ? Consider all kinds as
done,

Those trips you well enjoyed before the
setting sun,

Those moonlight walks, conversation, the
landscape scene,
All promise made, the plans we laid, were
they a dream?
Would ye for ake and lose with me and
mine
Those links of thought and love, the cost of
time?

True thou hast said amid thy beauty proud :
My wealth would be an unapparent cloud
Before the eye of them ye love so well.
My wealth is life, undying to excel
In Heaven's light, unseen by earth as ye
have said :
Live to please thy God and not thy already
dead.

Dearest thy hand is God's, and not thy
parent's earth ;
To love me not, would give but sore allisted
birth ;
Purity of love ever is defiled
By riches seen outside the simple child.

Would they consent, deny, my looks are
plain,
Unvarnished to behold, God loves the
same ;
Few habits tarnish either mind, or soul ;
Few passions quench, or pass my self con-
trol.

I am not perfect in mind, or soul, as yet I
live ;
Neither be they who would their judgment
on me give.
My humble dress fulfils my maker's wise
desire ;
My tongue beneath a watchful mind be-
come a liar ;
A lover's wealth falls not with me in line,
True this I say : A lover's fame is mine.

Love Thy Neighbor as Thy Self.

*Composed before retiring one cold winter's
night.—The Author.*

The bitter gale with terror froze,
The snow flew thick and fast,
The whirling drifts increased and rose
Before this howling blast.

Woe fills the traveller's path to-night !
Unsheltered in his form ;
God give him strength and courage bright
While in this pelting storm.

Have mercy on that hardened heart,
Which would not bid him stay ;
But turned him out and saw him start
I such a naked way.

Ye know not what ye here would do,
Thy home is God's, not thine !
If ye were him and I were you,
I change thy place for mine.

Wake up ! Oh beast, thou selfish fool
And share thy bed and leaven !
A step like this would surely be
A step from hell towards Heaven.

*Composed on hearing a wren singing on
returning from a stroll in the woods.*

Thy sweetest song, thy mellow voice,
Inspires me again,
As on I walk with inward talk,
Ye charming bird the wren.

Ye while away the golden hours,
Creating nothing wrong ;
When lisping out, far round about,
Each welcome tender song.

Why flee before my careless step,
Non-plied by harms request ?
To crush the weak I would not seek,
Nor hold it in my breast.

Go wing thy way ye clever bird,
Trust not this form of man ;
Men of a frame act not the same,
But differ in their plan.

Live on, live on, thy life to please,
All those fond nature's friend,
And thus fulfil thy maker's will
And His created end.

Tempt Us Not Again.

*Gathered from a slip of paper ; time of
writing unknown.*

Ye tempting lovers of the glass,
Vile derangers of purer men,
Still haunts our doors and try their locks,
Oh ! tempt us not again.

Ye must not enter thieves of thrift,
To make our house a wretched glen ;
Leave us now, at once, forever,
Oh ! tempt us not again.

On our paths we meet them daily—
Satan's angels, but where and when ?
God of mercy guide, defend us,
To never yield again ;
Gaurd us that no foe deceive us,
Oh ! tempt us not again.

The Praise of Man.

Vainly, vainly, from hill to hill
 Sound false praises from nation's still ;
 Hypocrites too, pervade our plains,
 Where e're the queen of envy reigns !
 Men natural, ungoverned, as the fool,
 And do obey as satan's tool.
 They cannot reason or conclude,
 But shift and slide to suit their mood

Man formed in life without restraint,
 Proves more a devil than a saint.
 The drunkard makes his sample fine,
 To live a life, the curse of wine ;
 Yet what a crime to condemn
 Such faults as these in other men
 He a student, clever shown
 To reveal faults which hide his own.

Atheists exist ; but in disguise,
 Amid the good, sure there he lies.
 He holds their name, weak faithless thief,
 Possessed in heart by nubi-lief.
 He came a sinner poor forlorn,
 But never since, increased reform ;
 Varnished religion suits him well,
 Remote from Heaven and from hell.

Where is his prayer, where is his praise,
 So soon about to crown his days ?
 His breast it heaves, his looks adorn,
 Yet imitation swells that form.
 His home well proves a surface saint,
 Which gives his church unwholesome taint,
 And better if he had a soul
 To bring his flesh beneath control.

Profaneness hath yet other robes
 To touch and charm his flesh made lobe-,
 Which from his lips in pride hath fled,
 Dark oaths I often heard as dread.
 He spreads corruption by his voice,
 And tempts true hearts with him rejoice ;
 Foul fiend of earth have ye no soul
 To keep in safety by control.

On such lives my memory wakes,
 Revealing error for their sakes,
 Sure as I speak, great time they need
 To break off passions from their creed.
 This time is fleet, this strength is frail,
 To let them pass without avail ;
 Why pray for talents more and great,
 When those you've got most such a fate.

The Sabbath day, men still profane,
 As well as take God's name in vain,
 With pomp and pride to strengthen views.
 They sit to read the week day news,
 At first they thought and then forgot,
 But now through habit it is sought ;
 They claim it holds religion fine,
 With sermons and good verse in rhyme.

Those sermons which they relish most,
 Spring from the politician host,
 And verse whose rhyme attracts its friends
 Hath theft and murder for their ends ;
 Indulgence must now freely run
 In tales of fiction one by one ;
 Weak man of earth have ye no soul
 To strengthen daily by control.

The liar's tongue is weak and false,
 It will not stand when taught to waltz ;
 To make those tales, which are but guessed
 For slander and to raise a jest.
 While comrades aid, its downward flows
 From lip to lip, defilement grows ;
 Yet steals not from a scholar's toll ;
 Language, true image of the soul.

When doth he read that book divine !
 'Tis not his costume, yet 'tis mine
 To question when, both where and how ;
 And did he read with solemn vow
 To search the truth and keep it true,
 God's word of life whose themes renew ?
 Alas ! his taste, I know it well,
 Fades off to sleep from mystic spell.

Truth to error, turn coat is he
 Where doubts prevail, this hypocrite I see !
 At prayer have I observed his pious mood,
 Too innocent and faithless for much good.
 His judgment of himself is not severe
 Enough to wield the hammer of reform ;
 Corrupted tempers love form best,
 Because the heart knows not his guest.

Moral instruction is not efficient,
 When simply taught within the mind alone ;
 Each sentiment which tends to future weal,
 True must at once be brought the heart to feel.

What is knowledge, which we but simply
 know,
 But can never really act or show
 A single part in life, when this we find :
 How exists combined expansion of soul and
 mind.

Memory is the reaper for the soul,
 So must be driven 'neath her own control,
 And should her harvest be in sheaves of
 rust,
 Her cells are clouded by this worthless
 dust !
 From observation, thought and life I speak,
 But dare not here from unwise theory
 squeak ;
 Then die away to never rise again
 Before the vision of good thinking men.

Musing on the Grave of Burns.

(Composed on the Evening of
January 10th, 1898)

Poor Burns his earth is in its tomb,
Like others gone before,
And after death the world it wept
To find him here no more.

So found it once his comrades met,
For death bad weeds will harrow,
Ah! did they wonder in their fret
To find their sorrow narrow

When nineteen years had past around,
Still Scotland's bard there slept;
Erected they a costly mound,
A nation's foul precept.

They honored him, not in his life,
Now costly stone reminds him;
This was his life and such his death:
A shroud, a shroud enshrines him.

A life of hardship well he knew,
And yet he pined his page;
Without reserve his musing grew,
This poet of his age.

When manhood was but in its prime,
His body found a grave,
Borne to this early tomb of death,
To thirst he was a slave.

When in a sober mind of life
His talents were well aimed,
To centre out that mark in life,
Where genius is proclaimed.

To-day men still would wish to gaze
Upon his first great tomb,
Marked humbly by his widow's hand,
That place of widening gloom.

First humble slab, rich mark of death,
Which bore his humble name,
Lies hidden 'neath his nation's breath
To hide her guilt and shame.

Not since hath Scotland raised a bard
Whose inspiration learns
To thrill the breast and blood of man,
As that of Robert Burns.

Ye Wheel of Fortune.

A wheel of fortune I have got,
A wonderful machine;
Two wheels she has, one fore and aft,
And pedals in between!
The price of it: just thirty-five,

The merchant said so free!
A sum one third as large as that
Nor yet belonged to me.

A bargain you have well secured,
Was what the merchant said,
The wheel of fortune took a turn,
And then it homeward sped;
It was a second handed rig,
Had taken turns before,
With fortune's for the middle men,
Who push to reach the shore.

Alas! the spring time has arrived
And nothing yet to pay!
The wheel must take a backward turn,
And turn the other way!
A wheel of fortune is it, when
It turns right straight ahead;
But should it take a backward roll,
Misfortune lives undead.

Their cost is great and debt is worse,
The things they will go wrong:
The punctured tires merrily sing
To us misfortunes song!
But worse and worse remains to tell
When on the road to town,
That wheel she took another turn
And turned clean upside down!

The handle bar was backward bent,
The wheel was off the true,
With mud and dirt it was a fright,
While scratches proved no few;
Thus back it turned again to me
A wonderful machine!
Two wheels it had, one fore and aft,
And pedals in between.

I gazed upon it in a dream,
And scarce could realize
What it would cost to fix her right,
This antelope surprize.
It went to town to get repaired
Of her now many dints,
And from that day to this I say:
I never seen it since.

Lines Composed on a Visit to an Entertainment

The supper dishes empty grew before the
many teeth;
Suddenly exclamations from a loaded tongue
exclaims:
To-night will be that big time, which I near
forgot,—
The time is near if I must go; 'twas well I
thought!
Soon preparation is complete, the chink
supplied,

I choose to walk rather than take a horse to ride,
Alone and unobserved I slowly tread my way,
Passed every now and then by teamsters on their sleigh.

The village, reached decidedly, I turn towards her store,
The proper place to buy, inside; but near the door

I am saluted by a friend with beardless chin,
Who asks in vain for me to join him at the inn,

Which noisily skirts the way unto the village school:

At this as other times my resolutions rule;
Deep silence does not always give consent
as tongues have said,
And never shall to such a call if half the flesh be dead.

Now on the threshold, I with wonder do observe:

A keeper's pomp, as if all credit to deserve,
With decency I pay my toll, then inwardly pass on,

Where people beneath embellished walls are thither drawn.

Odd, oddity and oddness of our race are gathered here,

Of many in shapes and sizes down to the nursing dear,

Impatiently awaiting some elixir nigh to gain,

When far above confusion roars a mockery of a train.

The chairman old, yet hearty, now gets seated on his chair,

Presently ascends the show to open in programme fair:

A professor leads in music, pure undiscorded strains,

What a talent he possesses, revealed by encore gains.

Again from above the platform's closest border,

Sternly rings out our chairman's cry for better order,

Which as yet hath not been granted
By a people half enchanted.

He also spoke about the good these entertainments done,

Yet I must know the reason why many good people shun

Such places where all classes in one mixed body meet,

Where worldliness rules unrestrained, as out upon the street

Where natural laughs of flesh built pleasures reign secure,

Where frivolous conversing yields not profits sure,

Where envy governs, lest some should gain in lower ways,

Where satan's dark impurity sends round his tempting trays.

Some hoddie doddies slip-slop have obtained,
Slaug whangers in the audience places gained;

Topsy, turvy, their frugal minds now feign possessed;

Whilst horthy, torty, rules around this shame well guessed;

Such heads as these make lost vessels termed a lugger;

Loaded with their cargo purchased huggers, muggers.

In hurly, burly, they seem to enjoy the night;

Indeed much to theirs, but not so to my delight.

Untuned sing song have the audience now in rhyme,

As shifting feet and flying candies beat the time;

Offensive breath of those near to my side doth bear

A foul perfume of alcohol instilled in there,
Yet not quite enough to set his rapids flying

Quickly down into rocks of public shame and mire,

Yet quite enough can I detect upon that breath,

To tell he yet may live to die a drunkard's death.

Meanwhile the programme, half unheard, is passing on

In choice music, dialogue, and patriotic song,

Of which some senseless hearers well had chanced to know,

And with their noisy hum the time doth mingled grow;

But see that lad who sings straight onward as before,

Which has within its chorus "British to the Core."

He will not be provoked from duties sovereign cause,

And so ends up triumphant amid unfeigned applause.

Now at last appears Miss Tobin upon the platform gay,

With girlish looks, inclined to take some
people's thoughts away ;
Erected upon front seats, uncontrolled from
greed and harm,
Do youth behold her every act itself a
charm.
All payed the same as they, some surely
must have knew,
Unsafe from passions have they become a
reckless crew ;
Here natural youth hath unbounded desire,
this they yearn,
Fools seek to scoff and spoil things ; wise
heads came to learn.

Followed by Professor Hawkins, the final
piece is sung,
Which returns a peal of laughter where e're
his accents rung ;
Sweetly merriment doth tingle those hearts
of boy and man,
Who heard his many voices shout loudly
Mary Ann.
Alas ! when the strain was ended what did
those people mean,
'Twas but a few within this crowd would
sing "God Save the Queen."
The hour is late, I will admit, the crowd do
shout and moan,
Some people think to find their hat, while
others think of home.

Some have a sweet heart to escort along the
snowy road,
That ends perhaps before the gate, which
leads to her abode ;
They may in turn find a sister who escorts
them the rest,
To spend an hour later still, honored as a
woman's guest ;
But should it be this dignity she might out
there disown,
They turn about and say good night, then
hoof it home alone ;
At yonder wall a light betrays a hand's un-
thieftly stroke,
The village master at hi- ease, lights up his
pipe to smoke.

Lig-lag joins this hurry-scurry, snip-snap,
to reach the door,
Such pell-mell, whiltie-whaltie, was such
shim-sham known before ?
Toilsome, tiresome, unwholesome is this
journey now of mind,
Who could keep from incarnation, crowded
by the unrefined ?
Now in lateness do I ponder, listening to
some careless strain,
Humed by voice with better impulse, some-
thing humed not all in vain.
Out of all this night's vast pleasure, this
alone absorbs my mind,

These words of love, peace and comfort
given straightway to mankind.

Prose in Rhyme.—Monuments of Fame.

Fame, where do'eat thy monuments of great-
ness dwell,
Those whose elevation rises above all
worldly praise ?
Whose lowest achievements, when administ-
ered can compel,
And hasten sine surrender in all its
brightest ways.
Where is that cemetery with all its
wonderous posterity,
Still yet concealed in lives of modern,
but ancient men ?
Tell it to us, that we may with wisdom
know
How to take that enduring path and
follow after them.
Why should I ask ? 'Tis but to express one
thought :
To raise our hearts to those monuments
above the sod ;
For those virtuous epitaphs of fame was all
they sought
To be engraved within his walls, the
spirit of their God.
Adding a quiding lusture to greatness of
future time,
Thus recorded within this classic of
veneration given ;
Ye book of booke, the bible of life the most
sublime,
Which tells of Christ, our Saviour await-
ing us,—for Heaven.

The Christian Man.

(June, 1896.)

A blessing is the christian man,
Borne far to those who stand in need ;
Be fruitful to the Lord, His plan,
And truly blessed is His seed.

Where e're he goes his mind doth show
His many raptures reconciled,
With Godly motives here blow ;
For he the Lord's most worthy child.

When laden down with trials of care,
His patience bears them not alone,
Through fellowship with God in prayer,
His earth is turned a happy home.

Children honor such fathers dear
By thoughtful words of loving praise ;

Tuned heart, with tongue they learn to fear
Not his blessed and righteous ways.

Thus when death may sever this world,
God seed is left to grow and shine ;
With life that all may use unfurled
O'er soils of sad afflict on time.

Temperance Exhortation

To-day brothers, are we sleeping,
Still sleeping here in calm repose,
Harvest ripe—and few are reaping,
Wages great for laboring blows.
God employs men for the conflict,
All are wanted, great sheaves to save ;
What a field our nation's honor,
Come save her people from the grave.

Some are speeding to the rescue—
Alas ! their number is but small,
Yet they conquer in the conquest
To witness rums defeat and fall.
This mighty vice still is growing,
Increasing strength each passing day,
Should we now delay in going,
Victory shall be swept away.

Swept away with mocking slander
From this vile and murderous foe,
Follow Christ, life's great commander,
Forward, forward to battle go ;
Fight by deed and power of heart,
Spread far and wide the battle word,
That every hosom unengaged
May feel a need for action stirred.

Why delay until to-morrow !
Careless, thoughtless, for pleasure bent ;
Sought for pleasure brings but sorrow,
When precious time is all but spent.
Rouse up men for noble action,
Use thy talents God hath given,
Seek, improve, the soul's attraction,
Be not with temptations driven.

Time is treasure, yet still fleeting,
Indeed, how quick it seems to roll ;
To the heart in duty beating,
Daily nearing true life's great goal,
Unto that goal above the skies,
Unto a life of living breath
Where cares and sorrows never rise,
Unknown to such thoughts as death.

Within one twinkling of the eye
Shall righteous souls immortal be,
Borne to sweet Heaven far on high,
To meet reward of liberty ;
Seek one and all while here on earth,
By labor to obtain this prize,
Give glory to thy God in birth
Above this earth's dark vanities.

Why stand ye here in idle acorn
At thy brother's who go before ?
Their paths lead right, but thine forlorn,
Each for forever and forever more.
Oh ! what a path thy laugh divides
As it sinks on its erring way,
Creeping gulfs, with depth besides,
'Twixt them and thee for endless day.

Control thyself and be a man,
O'er an errand of duty bound,
Make, serve not self thy foremost plan,
And all for God thy voice to sound
Giv' forth to labor, come what will,
Till not for benefit of praise ;
For voice of man can never fill
The need of life throughout our days.

*In ignorant, uncultivated men rank as toys of
life, whilst their passions are their play-
mates.—A. Stafford.*

*Fiction may be defined as a charming
angel of the devil, thus according to the ex-
tent which mankind seek to converse with her.
In like manner shall be our temptations.—
A. Stafford.*

*These lines were carelessly written by the
aid of a lead pencil on a piece of board,
merely to satisfy my own curiosity and
amusement, which I afterward copied on
paper as a sample of my idle minutes.*

The bachelor may boast of his corners,
Where thrift might number disease ;
Old maid's who live on as mourners,
From disturbance self only to please ;
True a home may know not of mischief,
Yet is it considered so sweet
As when we hear the child at play,
The sound of pattering feet !
Its little chat, that touching cry,
To stir the lonesome ear,
Or vanish each deserted sigh
Where thoughts of pride outlive the tear.

In truth's language picture true colors
Of love—a motherless home ;
Picture those paths that are broadened
To each heart now unrul'd there to roam ;
Yes, picture each gay look of pleasure,
Unrul'd in the child self careased,
Which shall bloom in further affliction,
Futures of truth in the breast.
Picture by pen and by pencil
Paths which lead men to fame,
Tell them how no other riches
Can't surpass a high noble name.

Written one evening at sunset after a hard day's toil, April, 1898.

Here as I sigh, I yet behold the setting sun,
To behold the greatest task as not the
easiest done;

Little by little perfected as yet we live
Inspires us reward by wisdom's crown,
Thus continued with duty well begun
Hath more than half of life's victory won.

—A. STAFFORD.

August, 1895.

A short sketch touching upon my sufferings in the above mentioned year, at which time my life was in a very hopeless state; when my recovery seemed very doubtful indeed.

Just sore afflicted is this heart of dust,
Unfertile soil;

To meet the soul's procrastinated God,
So long delayed.

Wild love lies tamed amidst this aching flesh
Of healthful spoil,

With self desire which sought to rule the
breast,

At last decayed.

Great buds of life are in this season born,
Which span that circle of eternal bliss
Where golden heaven's dawn in day of light.

—A. STAFFORD.

Poem on Fashion.

Words in poems of fashion

In this great world to-day
Holds not a rank in place, or prank,
For truths a bard would say.

Surface signs, fulfil not

The search of his desire,
As depth replies and truths arise
The whole world shouts thou liar.

This incense and abode

Few poets wish to bear,
For heart and hand with her they stand
To make truth's poems most rare.

Form hath growth deceptive

Our female long to mar,
So much I guess in foolish dress
Men wonder what they are.

Those hoops of twenty years ago

Was one to make men fret,
Perhaps like I you'd wonder why
A kiss was hard to get.

The bustles of ten years ago,
The bustle on the rear,
Its length and size—its width and rise,
No man could love—but fear.

False head-dress then engaged the mind
At very rash expense,
'Twas labor lost, but never cost
A grain of common sense.

Tired legs of fashion jumped the hoop,
Bustles forsook the rear,
Great loops and frills turn out to be
Expense instead of cheer.

Still one by one another fad,
Odd dress they love is true,
As thunder clouds before the sun
Big sleeves rise up in view.

But baby's fashions seldom change,
No matter when, or where;
Fashion suggests no simpler garb
More safe than its square.

Poor woman hath her faults to bear
And hear their husbands boast:
That they all fashion's do despise,
Unlike the female host.

Their dress is always very plain,
Omitting hat and wig,
And duds with breeches frogleg tight
And others loose and big.

And coats cut square and swallow tail,
And collars low and high,
And razor toes on dressy shoes,
Yes! laced with latest tie.

They never seem to talk, or hint
About their biggest ships,
Whose pipes stick out above the deck,
Held tight between two lips.

But men they will forget their ways
When in their common clothes,
For now and then I see them draw
Their coat sleeve cross their nose.

Their hands get greased up now and then,
Such things will be by chance;
They never think to wash them off,
But wipe them on their pants.

Yet not a whit of decency
Can we as husband's find
In any woman, or her dress
Regarding cost and kind.

If women possess no virtues,
What could be said of men!
The most slovenly of mortals
Is good enough for them.

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Toiling:

(May, 1895.)

From hour to hour the bee speeds on ;
Flower to flower from day light till dawn,
Through treasures of beauty she unceasing-
ly wings,
Through riches of woodlands she content-
edly sings ;
Still humming, still drumming,
Onward she goes,
Working with pleasure, although the wind
blows,
Gathering her treasure a rich harvest she
sees,
Whose time exceeds not the life of the bee.
When honey seasons are over,
When plenteous harvest is past,
No more blooms the clover
Within autumn's faded contrast.
Dwelling as stately as Queens did of old,
Whilst seasons past ye by ;
Heeding not weather, both dreary and cold,
Feeding there on an abundant supply.
For honey sustaineth life to the bee.
As health is to life that dwelleth in thee ;
Striving for food, both getting and giving,
Marketh the toil of creatures here living.

Stars of Light.

(June, 1897.)

Thou trembling star, yet shining bright,
That spreads afar a vivid light
Where never cloud hath rolled,
Beyond that rise, above the skies
Is Heaven built in gold.

Upwards from me light is treasure,
Biding with thee double pleasure ;
Pure virtue here I find,
As I gaze upon the rays
Where no darkness dwells behind.

More are growing, others ranging,
Some bestowing, beams unchanging,
Each a message of love
To and fro on us below
From a higher world above.

Towards early morn, when shadows creep
Away in scorn, beneath the deep,
Then from our earthly vision rise
Numerous gems, which glory hems
Around for morning's sacrifice.

Our naked eye can't not reveal
Wonders that lie hidden so real ;
Even leaves of the wood,
Which wave and blow, can't never show
So great a magnitude.

They all night long keep a peeping,
Without a song, still keep reaping,
Such charms, which, but admire
Within our hearts, serving as darts
To wing the souls desire.

Unto that place far up above
Of endless grace, where God is love,
Heavenly portals such they be :
Ye halls of light, the souls delight
Through all eternity.

The above poem, "Stars of Light," is one
of my earliest compositions. —A. Stafford.

The Little Messenger.

By the cradle sat a young mother
Quickly plying needle and thread,
A stitch then follows another,
Each making her baby a bed.

While close by the earth in the corner
The father sits beaming with pride,
Thinking his house will be warmer
Since his own sweet son he hath spied.

His heart seems filled to overflowing,
He dandles that child on his knee,
Backwards and forwards he's going,
Your my little darling you see.

Come my own, but precious wee laddie,
Look up in my honest old eye,
See for yourself a good daddy,
But hush ! don't get skeary, don't cry.

Oh ! meroy my trousers are soaking,
Right unto my legs they do stick ;
Now if this isn't provoking
For you thus to do such a trick.

Hurrah ! wife, come here, be quick I pray,
Come seize hold to this child of thine,
See ! he is in a filthy way ;
Now that there kid is none of mine.

Go ! begone away, depart from me
Thou deceiving troublesome guest,
With opened mouth now screaming free,
Nuisance a father's noisy pest.

Dear husband, do cease thy talk of scorn
And be thou too, like other men
Who pity these—their newly born ;
Indeed, they're grateful to have them.

My man ! remember you were a child
Like our own darling helpless here,
With screams and yowls, both loud and wild,
Yes ! Only ten time worse, I fear.

Just consider now the pest you were
When ye were petish young and small,
Before ye on your pins could stir,
Good husband reason through it all.

Now beaten, that husband leaves the room,
A scolding voice more sweetly singe,
Soundly a babe is sleeping soon
In calm repose, sweet rest it wings.

Unconscious, now that small bosom heaves
To draw within each living breath,
Uncertain drawn,—thus it leaves
Crossing not the portals of death.

Now using her tongue as a ladle,
Smoothing words addressed to her child ;
She kneels spell-bound by the cradle,
Watching gentle, patient and mild.

At last as those slumbers are blended,
Quietly to work she now goes,
Dreams of the future are mended
As this healthy messenger grows.

A blessing, the life of the household,
When absent a longing is felt.
Its presence again will enfold
Such greetings with raptures that melt..

Both husband and wife are united
By these bonds of strength yet untold,
Handed to them to be righted
From mothers and fathers of old.

For the Little Folks.

The other day I passed a house, I was't on
a tour,
High in my ears, creating fears,
A sound rose up with power ;
It was the roar of falling tears,
Caused by inflicted pain.
The cat had scratched the badies paw,
Which went right to its brain ;
It was't like Niagara Falls
With sights and sights of joys,
Yet for its size it knocked it out,
For heaps and heaps of noise.
The blooming thing it equalled and equalled
As if it would go wild.
I won't condemn it 'cause it bawled,
For I was once a child.

England's Queen.

Within Britain's great Isles of the Ocean,
Now mistress supreme of the sea,
Live the greatest of statemen and mortals
Most famous, yet famous to be ;
Set apart and deserving of honor

Reigneth the grandest of sovereigns yet seen,
Lift three cheers for that heart true and noble,
For the heart of England's great Queen.
Give ye thanks unto God for this blessing,
The blessing of peace which has rolled ;
May her triumphs be borne on forever,
May peace fill her bosom untold.

Throughout regions and fertile dominions
Where Victoria's name is unfurled,
There is love to respect her a ruler,
Whilset freedom enlightens the world ;
Spread afar by one broad proclamation
The good enjoyed by her long noble reign,
Sixty years from her first coronation
Speak sound all her triumphs with fame.
She a monarch of civilization,
May such monarchs ever increase
To uphold the great light of salvation,
God's welcome foundation of peace.

God be praised that such glory, or splendor
As bloodshed reflected in arms,
Hath never like royalty rendered
Unto all Victoria's charms ;
Yea before all Great Britain's vast empire,
Despite every glory by it cast,
Through affliction and bitters of sorrow
Her soul by endurance hath passed.
So 'tis wielded by God throughout Nature
On wealthy the humble the best ;
In the castle, the palace and hovel
It ripens the heart in the breast.

Oh ! no wealth of this world can e'er shelter,
No gold true protection can't give,
For death's shadows will cross in our doorway
Where ever on earth we may live ;
Learn of that sympathy she extended,
With timely gifts from her heart by her
hand ;
Oh ! remember such deeds as true symbols,
Well she loves the poor of her land ;
For hospitals her purse has been opened
To lift up misery there stayed,
Such relief forms the blossom of freedom
To life's tree by loves given aid.

But to-day men respect this, thy birthday
In Canada faithful and true ;
Oh ! ye Queen of the greatest most worthy
We stand ever faithful to you,
How we long for that great proclamation
To swell this bosom of time o'er the sea,
And create in one grand celebration
To sound forth thy great Jubilee ;
By song and by speech our voices shall raise
Far across thy empire green,

Each heart tuned with prayer the strongest
of praise
For England, but God save our Queen.

The above poem was composed on the morning of May the 24th, 1897. Its style and composition differing from any hitherto written by me. I will not make any further comments upon it, as I trust the poem will comment for itself.

—By A. Stafford.

The Sinner's Prayer.

To night my Lord I cannot rest
On luxurious beds of ease !
They give not peace of mind to me,
All earth proves vain to please.

I once coud on my cot of straw
Receive sweet calm repose ;
But since I fail to trust thee Lord
No comfort can I know.

My hours are spent in dreadful dreams
That haunt me day by day,
Great God restorer of all peace,
Here teach me to obey.

Oh ! teach to me deep paths of truth,
Which never shall depart
In darkest time of adverse life,
Now ruined is my heart.

Implant in me that gift to know
The paths of right from wrong,
That I may liep to thee again
A tuneful, brighter song.

Oh God ! I knew not of thy power,
The fullness of thy grace,
Which I behold this passing hour
So deep so full to trace.

Teach me to know my errand well
And works which ought to be,
Control my tongue in truth to speak :
God Lord thou knowest me.

Help me Lord to rule o'er passion
And triumph every care ;
Fill me with thy voice of wisdom,
Tuned in heart, tuned by prayer.

Guide me now, Oh blessed Saviour !
Pray strengthen me from earth's decay ;
Satan watches near to tempt me,
And earth's possessions pass away.

May I have desires worthy,

And ever aided by thy grace ;
Keep faith joined with courage in me,
Until fulfillment I embrace.

The Soul's Awakening.

Tired and alone here in vain I seek for rest,
While the darkening shadows cancel
from my sight
Those paths leading to scenes where others
have confessed,
Sought to begin once more and guide
their steps aright.

My soul at last hath grown weak by man
sin stained days,
Still one by one they yet return my
troubles to increase.
I long to be a child again on Christ to utter
praise,
For through him only must I find true
happiness and peace.

Thoughtful conscience now exhorts me this
onward step to take,
And varnish away forever all worldly
thoughts and fear,
To grasp another infancy and thus from sin
awake,
For such did Jesus shed his blood, along
with precious tears.

Now weary of this world and laden with my
hardened sin,
I present myself to thee, sincere and with
sweet accord,
That I may find forgiveness and grace to my
soul therein,
In the spirit of our Jesus, Redeemer and
our Lord.

Forgive, yea take my soul all to thee I fully
owe,
And ever teach me with thy blessed voice
so meek and mild,
Gift me that I may on other creatures thy
love bestow,
To ever bow before thy face a father's
worthy child.

Such is the soul's awakening to one eternal
day,
Great celestial light is shining to guide us
from this land ;
There is but one path to enter, God pro-
phesies the way,
None are ever left behind who obey the
Lord's command.

Sonnet.

The lightning may here beneath the
Heaven's flash,
The thunder echo forth with might and
power,

But man is frail ;
Great beauty now possessed can't pass
away,
'Tis but an earthly splash,
Struggling with some fashionable hour
With life to fail.

Death may escort us off within a day,
Our cherished hopes may blasted be,
Our pride may lead us to eternal death,
How blindly we our brightest prospects see.
Oh ! what this life ruled by a selfish whim,
Without a knowledge of our Maker's will ;
Al gain is dying thirst and foolish still,
Oh ! ignorant are but earth, the learned,
the shower ;
Gold our weakest riches, knowledge equals
power.

My Life a Lamentation.

A poet great is but a humble man
Inspired by his God,
The spirit faith propels his fame,
With patience is he shod ;
His namely growth is as these once
tender blades,
Which 'neath the Heaven's wait,
Amid these darkening hours of time,
For dews which fall too late.
His life sees not but drought within its
day,
Few showers fall to quench his thirst or
wash his way ;
Uncertain praise hedecks his pathway as
he goes,
Supplies of nourishment this genius weldom
knows ;
His present name and worth, ingratitude
speaks not to save,
Until poverty crowns his life, whilet glory
crowns his grave.
Man ! where is thy reason,
Hidden as yet unseen !
Why mourn o'er thy once worthy dead,
Now past all human aid ?
Turn,—breathe thy life into the present
age ;
Not embitter life which liveth but a season,
And decorate the unclean grave with ferns,
As nation's have the second tomb of Burns ;
Supply needful cinders unto this hearth,
my breast,
While burns my spirits fast, consuming fire,
Which early, soon must die.
The oil of support my early genius hath not
yet known,

But flattering tongues to hinder ;
Enlightened purity of my poetic toll,
Such gifts but add fresh unseen burdens to
my soul.

Yon lamp is but a cloud
When debt supplies her light ;
Each fleeting day is but my shroud,
It to denies my right,
And yet oh Lord, my master and my guide,
Why should this be when everything is
thine,
The nearer I unto thy breast must rise,
The more all men my spirit do depise,
The purest talent tasteth great of pain,
Indulgence finds reward by practise vain,
On earth, yea earth alone.

Sonnets.

I

Know thyself ye natural, honndless man,
This is a sermon of all life itself,
A Heaven lies before each humble thought,
Which few do ever seek, or wish to bear.
Man know thyself when in some false dis-
guise,

As man but great amid external men.
Know ye are evil when thy passions rule,
And blind unto thyself and Heaven's God.
The essence of all good live in spirit,
For truth alone must mould the model man.
Know thyself before the light and truth of
Christ

When haughtiness pervades thy paths to
roam ;
Self knowledge is a gift no rival can supply,
Except by such which tends to weaken and
to die.

II

This life in which I daily live is but
A dim reflection of my celestial home ;
These thoughts which crown my mind are
but to give,

Those fruits which I obtain through Christ
alone,
Still day by day as on this path I tread,
My soul expands in wisdom and in grace,
As up a mountain is my walk of time,
Each step is strength, which it shall n'er
deface.

'Gainst all earth hath my spirit to contend,
Her pain and thorns come more to heal
than rend ;
Such must I reap, if I would well ascend
With inward joy, peace, faith, belief and
life ;

Upon my daily journey up this slope,
This comfort gives earth's death, my spirits
hope.

III

That faith which I observe within the child,
When perched upon his Godly mother's
knee,
So simple, pure and childlike undefiled,
In after years of age I seldom see ;
Great as he becomes taught the language of
the earth,
His flag of faith is pieced by patch and
seam,
Until from weight and shame the first is
furled,
Thus comes divided faith throughout the
world.
His many colors please his vision well ;
His friends are many, who possess such
growth and birth,
The simple while from which they first be-
gan
Is kept and carried in a hidden way ;
Whilst varied colors change as life doth
plan,
So comes the change and growth of faith in
man.

IV

Each minute passed, though unobserved is
time,
The past is lost, the present is but mine ;
Covetousness can't not return by wishes
sought,
Everything when lost is gone, the change
is wrought,
Our life dwells here, the present is our own,
Why turn we back to look and fret, 'tis
flown ?
Forever a space is left unfilled, alas !
Idleness a common error hews this pass ;
That past is debt, paid it must, dear
brother,
When here holes men dig to plug another,
Rather than at once reveal their state and
grace.
This a shame, their fellows to an end will
trace ;
Yea laugh and mock, but wise is he, when
he again must live ;
Such is the time when Christ is come His
debtors to forgive.

V

This cherished hearth of fondness and re-
view,
Bright casket, which from infancy I knew ;
A mother's love ranks foremost there to
prize,
And here to-day her presence I surmise.
Thy evening chat with undulated sway,
Bright jokes became the busy neighbors'

way,
Where sped away the would be vacant
night,
Of winter's tide, in quickness and delight.
My sires return, how welcome to his
thought and age,
That ruddy glow which quickly bade his
chills assuage.
The busy murmur mingled with the
children's laugh,
Ascends to tell, but feign could speak an
entire half
Of all thy joys we meet, where e're we roam
Amid this hearth where love adorns the
home.

VI

The present lost in sunny dreams of earth,
Is lost indeed !
The most beautiful oft, adorn the weed,
Flowers whose beauty bloom forth to perish ;
Good looks are short and frail,
Which we admire and crave in heart ex-
ternal God,—
God of declining life.
Quench desire and contented be,
A taste is all and more than ye can't bear ;
Gratitude crowns thy spirit into a perfect
soul
For Heaven's path, a circle found.
Hour by hour, each well employed, when
fled,
Give strength as we require,
Yea lifts us diligently from all beauty dead.

VII

This is God's word now void of doubt to me
conveyed,
Spiritually concealed upon this humble
page,
Once deserted by my heart, loved in sin to
sway,
Which now by wisdom reason speaks and
bids its stay,
Trusting never more into wilderness far to
roam !
This is my guide, whilst obedience builds
my home ;
This earth forms my altar, thy truth is fuel
to burn,
Which others see, and all my steps from
thee they learn ;
Religion taught and in this volume found,
Is not aspiration of earth in mound.
Such as denies this selfish soul its strife
Is spiritual, and quite another life ;
Faith for its foundation, love its power,
A cloud, indeed, yet blessed is its shower.

VIII

True aspiration virtue seldom found,
Within these temples built the spirit's
mound!

Formed in blindness by flesh the spirit
ruled,

Stubborn to yield to be by wisdom schooled.
Wisdom imitated ye hand of earth,

Choice of man to give aspirated birth ;
True aspiration sound ideal, the life of him,

Who lived and died for us, Redeemer of all
sin.

All, who, the highest aspiration gained,
Were those who forsook all and steadily
reigned.

Christ's spirit ! true Heavenly dove,
On all alike—for such is love ;

Denying all proud works the flesh can't do,
And lived they prayerful, faithful, ever
true.

—
*No language from a mortal tongue
Swells forth with greater praise ;
No themes of life are higher strung,
As friends we spend our days.*

—
Heaven abounds in beauty ; meet me there.

—A. Stafford.

—
**Written After Viewing a Morn-
ing Thunder Shower.**

The sun had lit the eastern sky,
His streaked light its furrows ploughed,

Though calm below—the breeze blew high,
Whilst swiftly sped the flying cloud.

The sultry air deceived the morn,
Then as its cool accustomed hour

The southern veil was closer borne,
Which marked the fast approaching
shower ;

Lightening flashed with vivid light,
The thunder rolled with livid might.

The heaving mass now darker grew,
The sun upon us ceased to shine,

Thus quickly from my gaze withdrew
To light abroad some other clime ;

Then purplish clouds breathed forth the
breeze,

Which sung upon the silvered rail ;
Based by the swift returning bees

Before the unexpected gale,
Which yields their timely hustling aim
Before the shower's bustling train.

O'er yonder scene a curtain hung,
As nearing dawned the sullen roar,
When through the woodlands rain drops
sung

Like waters 'gainst a stormy shore ;
Thus soon it envelopes my home

With bead-like drops and hurried splash,
Creating rills with mud-like foam

Which wash the slopes as on they dash ;
The air begins to turn for cool,

Whilst flowing waters churn the pool.

Light dawns in the southern sky,
Rich that space of wonderous blue,

Transparent to the gazing eye,
Which seeks this sweet enchanted view.

The thunder sounds the distance back,
Reserved the clouds move to that scene,

Yet leave behind their silver track
And nature clothed in double green,

By chance it came, they might abate,
To cleave the day and light beyond.

—
*The following had for its source a great
flow of amusement. Having had the good
fortune of witnessing a girl fight, at which
my love of musing is admirably displayed in
the spirit of the moment.*

—The Author.

There were threats and there were misses,
There were flying skirts and hiases,
There was anything but kisses

At the brawl.
There was jawing, there was jawing,
O'er a little trifle said ;

There was hitting, there was spitting,
There were tempers at its head,

There was biting, there was fighting
Over gall they could not bear,

Till I grew afraid to mingle,
Lest should I be mangled there.

When their strength from them retreated
Both opponents felt defeated

From some fearful wound to die,
Which was close unto the heart,

When it acted out its part ;
Yet healed by a hearty cry,

Which from bitterness doth sever,
Making friends as good as ever

By the brawl.

—
The Drunkard's Home.

Oh ! what a scene affronts us as we near the
drunkard's home,
Laden with its dreary prospects we feel our-
selves alone ;

But, hark! there is music ringing out
through the chilling air,
The mournful voice of a woman, once happy,
young and fair.

Heart thrilling, the sound drifts upward in
strains so rich and clear,
Out from that broken windowed dungeon,
yet from a heart most dear,
To cheer up those little inmates whose
choking sobs increase,
Can I may they dwell in another land, one
of joy and peace.

The song ended—a voice pleads upwards in
faltering prayer
For a safe return, her husband whose faults
she has to bear.
The chill of the night increases amid the
pelted rain,
The worn-out hearth lies vacant, only the
ashes remain.

The utensils of this prison are scanty, yet
how neat and clean,
But to her eye are mocking and only a
wretched dream.
That picture the clocks face yonder, doth
fill her heart with pain,
For the thoughts of him debauching now
twists that tortured brain.

His child on the straw beside her, the
sweetest and the best,
Hath fled from pangs of hunger, ever in
Heaven to rest;
Forsaken this home of coldness, of passion,
and of lust,
Thus deserting a mother to escape this cage
of dust.

Hark! above the sobbing his step echoes
'crossed from the door,
That father returning home again, as he
often came before,
Not again to abuse his child or rouse him
from his sleep,
That ghastly face, those sightless eyes will
cut both hard and deep.

Friend, this home was robed in mourning—
caused by the cup of woe,
Nor is it yet the only one's that through our
lands may flow;
Learn now to leave the glass alone, by
thirst ye sorrow crave,
Before it sinks thy all and all to vanish in
the grave.

The Tended Garden.

(In two parts—spring and summer.)

Part I.

Spring Time.

Tended garden, spot divine,
Where green tendrils upward climb,
Where the weed is daily sought.
Murdered by a prudent thought.
Ye, I question seeking more,
Nature feeds thy humble store,
Brings thee anything but joy;
Insects, which ye here employ,
Timely hands are not delayed,
Yonder ye are being sprayed.
Trust me not, lest I forget,
With thy secrets hidden yet;
Mind I well, when but a boy
Of thy treasured raptured joy.

Here white blossoms load the vine,
Nature's fingers—not for mine,
Here fond nature paints the rose,
Here the yellow lily grows,
Here the grass is tended green,
Trimmed with taste to charm the scene.
Here the blossom's swarm with bees,
Here the birds nest in the trees,
Here is toil, here its reward
Richly painted on the sward.
Here the children play at ball,
Heedless, careless of it all;
Happy feet to rove unshod
While they play upon the sod.

Yonder fields must envied be,
Now as beautiful as thee;
Dandelions paint with gold,
Was such beauty ever told?
There are garden's now at will
Naked to the nightly chill,
Thus untended they may pass
Unlike plants beneath the glass.
Safe to mock soils thiraty wrath
As they sip each sprinkled bath;
Tended do thy garland's twine
Where the morning sun doth shine,
Here we spy the humming bird,
Thither by his thirst is stirred.

Rich perfume doth here abide,
Breathed to winds that onward glide,
Rich with music as with scent,
As in pleasure all is spent.
Here the leaves do thicker grow
On the bushes blooming so.
Noticed sad the thought to see
Yonder fading girdled tree,
Tended garden this I trace,

Now the time its life replace.
Spring time tended this thy birth,
Garden fruitage, tasty earth,
Hotter doth the sunshine burn
Bringing summers sure return.

Part II.

Summer.

Summer, summer, summer's will
Yeilding riper fruitage still,
Tended garden by the way,
Tended yet from quick decay ;
Now thy vines of widened spread
Load with berries scarlet red,
Quick to stain and blear the lip,
First the thumb and finger tip ;
Now flowers fall—summer rains,
Blessings many busy gains ;
Toil is needed, time is o'ie,
Golden precious as before,
Now and then the toilers go
Slaying weeds by horse and hoe.

Tended garden, fruitful sure,
As with profits ye mature,
Now potatoes yield us food
From beneath the tops that stood ;
Now the union suits the taste,
Not to strong before us placed ;
Great thy treat from bush and vine,
Cherries sweet and dainties fine ;
Still the flowers charm the gaze
'Mid this heat of summer days ;
Tended garden is it true
Where thou art our wants are few ?
In thy image do I find
Tended garden of the mind.

Neath Yonder Trees.

Dead ! there beneath yon straggling trees
To spoil the glory of the breeze,
Some thrifty hand, imprudent mind,
Deserted hastily from this spot ;
Vile act of his to leave behind
A carcass thus exposed to rot.

A faithful beast it was no doubt
Before old age had worn it out,
As steady as it lieth now
It daily tugged the heavy plow ;
Indescent wretch, void of respect,
So thoughtless as this grave neglect.

Is gratitude by thee possessed,
Is what ye have o'er there expressed ?
Indeed it is from morn till night,
The air is robbed of sweet delight ;
What greets the breath disease, decay,
By vermin life it lives to-day.

O'er yonder road of travelled dust
The driver moves in deep disgust.
He speeds his steed as on he goes,
Half faint the ladies hold their nose,
All wonder what they cannot see,
The truth before disclosed by me.

Come thou, oh slayer of this steed,
And bury deep—for great it need.
It owed thee nothing 'fore it died,
Ye owe the toil its form to hide.
A steed like this is out of place,
And buildeth thee deserved disgrace.

A viler smell hath never rose
To taint the health and plague with woes,
As from yon earth doth upward rise
To sweep the plain as on it flies ;
There is a way to bring him shame,
And not expose abroad his name.

The above poem was composed in a state of extreme annoyance, from which the reader can't readily guess. It would not be a prudent act to disclose my whereabouts, as such might lead to unpleasantness of feelings.

—The Author.

Lines dedicated to the worthy memory of Mr. William Gladstone, as a token of respect for the deceased Premier of Great Britain. Respect for virtue followed in life, remembered in death, worthy of a nation's honor, is the name of Hon. William Gladstone.

A name he bore, like to his grace and will,
Which triumphed in the mighty cause of good,
Orated by a breath of earnest fire,
Earnest to debate 'gainst outspoken wrong.
His noble master mind declared its skill,
Before past storms of battle calm he stood,
With courage to support his sound ideal.
A man he was and yet the statesman's sire,
Whose face shone forth his vivid thought to
feel ;
True pride which glistened every action
strong
Drew every ear attentive, 'twas his song.

Midst life, a marksmen unsurpassed was he,
Unerring sight excelled the mortal eye ;
On earth a faithful walk he lead for all ;
To rising minds his life unfolds a view,
Unhidden plain that all may clearly see.
In life he taught to live—in death to die,
O'er life and death Great Britain's champion
stands.

His influence to rise, but not to fall,
Enlightens the labor of our minds and hands,
As on we ply with faithful step and true,
Needful of his moral and will to do.

The world is clad in mourning for a prince,
Whose spark hath yielded to his Maker's
call,
To speed to meet his long deserved reward ;
Church bells hath tolled his spirit from his
laud,
Whilst thunder here had tolled the same
said hour,

Yet told not storms of grief so soon to fall
And bring to all the stricken heart to weep ;
Sincere he prized the worship of his Lord,
And justly sought the Sabbath day to keep ;
Untiring zeal, pursued by voice and hand,
Hath formed a circle ever to expand.

An unextinguished light he leaves behind
To lift each heart, his memory feeds.
How peaceful hath his peaceful spirit fled !
Transported to a higher clime to live.
Borne from us was our ripest British mind,
Whilst back its mansion unto dust it leads.
His eloquence which thrilled the troubled
hour,

His voice that spake long years before it
sped,
Was to his nation's breath a source of
power.

'Twill this earth and heaven are we now
rive ;
His faults are lost before—Oh ! word
forgive.

*The above poem, composed Saturday morn-
ing, May 20th, 1898, differs greatly to any I
have yet written, abounding in depth and
truth throughout. Despite the rapidity of its
construction, it even surpassed my own ex-
pectations, and I trust, if received rightly, it
cannot fail to find a home in every bosom
which esteems the name of William
Gladstone.—By The Author.*

Death and Burial of Gladstone.

Why weep ye British subject's true ?
Ye weep, but not in vain ;
As from his coffin'd breast ye drew,
So filled with saddened pain.
Ye feel thy loss, this ripened soul,
Now from his bosom flown,
Sad yet it sped to meet its God,
Maturing such thine own.
His life ne'er closed within the tomb,
The Abbey forms no prison ;
For safe outside the Abbey walls
His spirit's flight hath risen.

Thronged by the way unto the tomb
A sad procession swept,
Unto the grave, our final doom,
Where others long hath slept ;
Amid Old England's greatest dead,
Ye laid his temple down ;
Great honor marked thy solemn tread
As air hath breathed renown.
The humble mourned as did the great,
His life did not ignore us,
Though laid to rest, he feeds us still,
His memory, the word before us.

*England mourns and deep she may
O'er her brightest vanished ray,
Which streamed its light so long to cheer,
Now worthy of the falling tear.*

—A. Stafford.

*Verses written in practise book, Sunday,
May 29th, 1898.*

Oh ! could this breast yield as a spring,
Unceasing streams of love,
To draw me closer to my God,
Who reigns supreme above.

May I obedient to his word
Remain his strong right hand,
Until his angels guide me safe
To Heaven's promised land.

Not as I would, but as thou wilt,
Tune forth my lips to praise,
For Lord thou reign as King o'er all
To light these fleeting days.

Weak lamb of earth—I often live,
Mistled by sparkling gold ;
Enlight my heart from day to day,
Prepare me for thy fold.

Is there a refuge from this vale
Where mine's taste not of care?
None but the soul's transported flight
On attitude of prayer.

*Copied from a slip written on the house
of my birth—Date unknown.*

A mansion, yet ye mark my birth,
With helpless day of food,
Surrounded by mosquitoes life
And planted in the wood.

With this and that and other things,
And things I do not know,
For great the contrast of to day
With fifteen years ago.

The Moonlit Rainbow.

This is an exact description of a beautiful scene, witnessed one night about ten o'clock while returning from an errand. For its marvelous beauty and vividness it excelled any view I had ever before observed. At but a short distance the sound of a falling shower could be distinctly heard, as strangely as the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled from place to place as one echo follows another, gradually dying away, as a mighty voice sinketh into a whisper. Though this appeared over two years ago, the following poem still brings to mind this beautiful episode of Nature's intermingling of light and darkness.

—The Author.

Moonlit rainbow, colored beauty,
How vivid ye adorn my sight;
Western arch, perfect lovely,
Reflected o'er the shades of night.

Semi are the Heaven's shrouded,
Deep set with cloud of darkest hue;
Semi are the stars still shining
On this scene of marvelous view.

Strangely light is intermingled,
Not beautiful, more lovely still;
What a band must paint such grandeur!
Triumphant o'er all human skill.

Hear the showers gentle falling
On the stillness of the hour!
See the lightning's strangely flash!
Hear the thunder's fading power!

Moonlit rainbow thou art fading,
Fast fading from yon distant sky,
Yet in language thou art pictured,
Though pictured to no mortal eye.

The Selfish Peddler.

*A sketch true to life; revealing the evil
from ignorance and vice—beautifully ex-
posed.*

Over hills and round crooks of the country,
He travels by wagon—a Jew;
His aim and motto is money,
Both narrow and surly his view.

When early one evening I met him,
He cabbaged the whole of the way,
Free came a good explanation
Of such views as lead him astray.

I bade him a cheerful good evening;
Like a dog too selfish to growl,
Cold unattentive to manners,
With a face contracted to scowl.

He triumphed, but to-day I remember
The victory gained on that place,
Besides I haven't forgotten
His unhandsome crabbed wee face.

Scarce a year disappeared with my footsteps,
When he chanced to come by the way;
He came, yes! came for his dinner,
Unheeding permission to stay.

When attending his wants as a hostler,
His temper proved sour, unsweet,
He grumbled, saucily grumbled,
O'er such bay as his 'oss had to eat.

At the table, to say without joking,
His presence it didn't look neat;
He chewed his dirt fingered victuals,
Still he shied the fat looking meat.

For his fare to show he was liberal,
Willing always, justice to pay,
He counted four noddle kerchiefs,
Ten cents: 'oss and dinner that day.

When questioned if good stockings he carried,
Had everything touching that line,
This they revealed by much handling,
To have rode with him a long time.

All scattered abroad, without discipline
Formed the order throughout his pack;
Ask him for anything wanted,
He would fumble hunting its track.

But if found such and such didn't please you,
He grumbled and mumbled away,
Unssintly its smiles I remember,
His crabbed wee face to this day.

Looking Heavenward.

Just a thought, just a word
 Warmly in a bosom stirred,
 Yet it is a name to prize,
 Hidden from these mortal eyes.

Just a gift, just a prayer
 Pleading from a world of care,
 Yet it is a voice to gain
 Something more than mortal pain.

Just a heart, just a child
 Weeping cause it is defiled,
 Yet a hero on to plod,
 Toiling for the cause of God.

Just a murmur of amen,
 Spoken ever now and then,
 Yet all earth it doth eclipse,
 Spoken through divided lips.

Just a hope—just desire
 To escape eternal fire,
 Yet two souls it oft hath bore
 Happy life forever more.

Just a faith, just at heart,
 What our fate should such depart ;
 Could we view a life like this ?
 Would we know of Heaven's bliss ?

Just a word, just forgive,
 Teacheth sinners how to live ;
 Just the little things of life
 Built by faith can't vanquish strife.

A Closing Poem by the Author.

Pressed by the labors of the farm,
 Pressed by my love to muse,
 Too pressed by want I must present
 No language to abuse.

Up from the dust hath risen bards
 Before my age and day,
 Like them I feel my time is short
 And too must pass away.

A critic may condemn my words
 And never know the same,
 Yet mark the mind that judgeth skill
 And spoils a path to fame.

No riches have I but my own
 To fight this world of care ;
 Here I rich I am, yes rich indeed,
 Whilst some be wanting there.

I might with-hold this treasured scope,
 Which follows mind and pen,
 As yet unripe to shallow minds,
 But truth must rise again.

Finis.

Finis! the tone and thought of my once
 early youth,
 'Twas all I gave, yet wished for more.
 Unfaithful zeal hath power yet to quench
 desire

Of boundless youth as in my days of yore,
 Where 'neath robes of idleness I hid to
 shun the truth ;
 And memory fled, but through the gates of
 judgment's fire.

Alas! in cruel torture did I long remain,
 Yet turned when I to mercy lent my ear,
 To heed that word which she would to me
 give,
 With all my lost did she bequeath, I live.

The gift to labor goeth before the pen.

—A. Stafford.



