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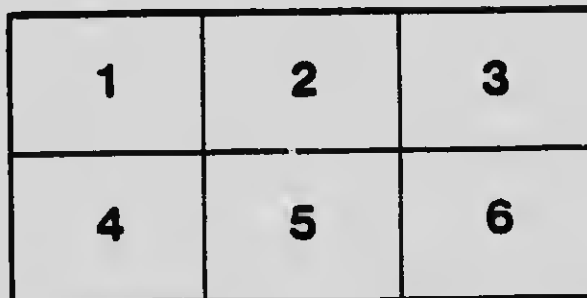
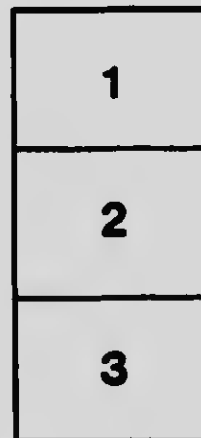
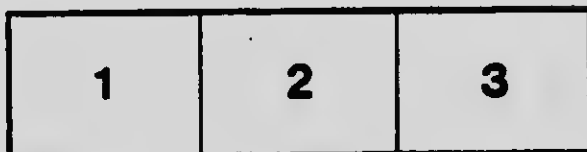
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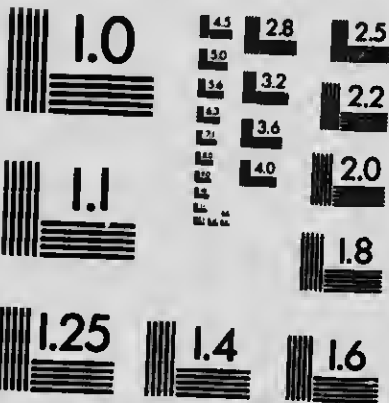
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*Songs by the
Wayside*

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William J. Fischer

Case Fischer, 21st 1904

To Mr. John A. Cooper
with Dr. Fischer's
kindest regards.

St. Joseph's Hospital
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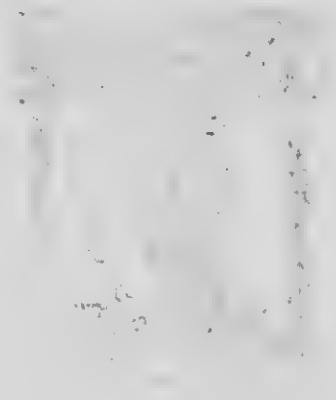




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William J. Fisher M.D.

Songs by the Wayside

WILLIAM J. FISHER



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1880

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Portrait of
William J. Francis M.D.

Songs by the Wayside

WILLIAM J. FISCHER



BOSTON
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THE GORHAM PRESS

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DEDICATION

To his dear mother and father, on whose parent knee he heard many a tender, love-inspired song in the long ago, this book of verse is inscribed by the author—out of a love, that is all gratitude.

London, Canada, June 1, 1903.

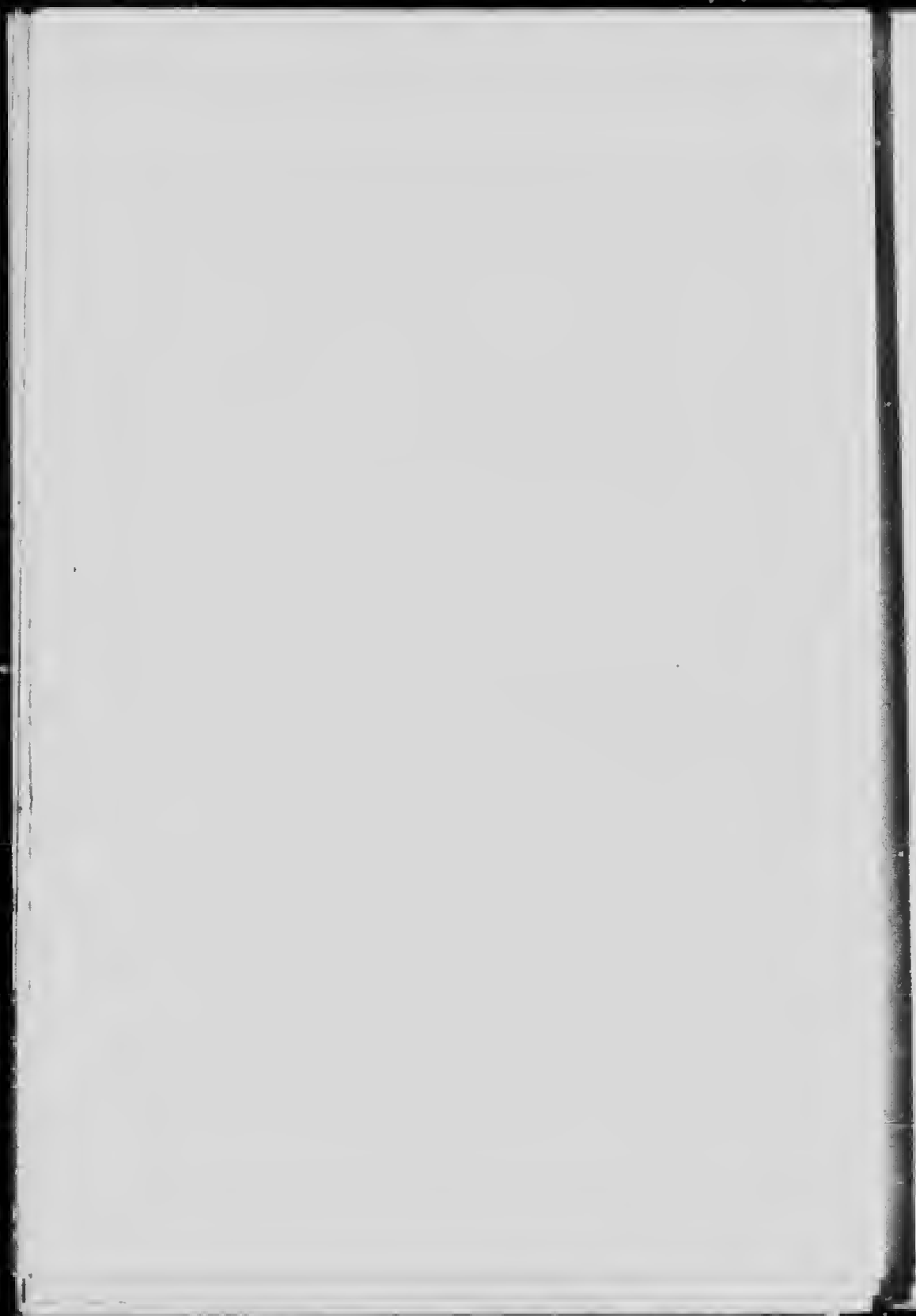
*"If any thought of mine, as sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand-fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.*

*Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be
spoken.*

*Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's, deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand—
One touch of fire—and all the rest is mystery!*

*Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are
lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."*

—Longfellow—"The Seaside And The Fireside."



FOREWORD

Keats desired ten years for the purpose of singing himself into immortality. "Give me time to develop", is the cry of many a young poet. And time is required. Few really great works of literature are produced without infinite labor. The poet must carve his gems as well as the lapidary. He must shape patiently and polish skillfully. He may have genius, but out of patient toil the highest excellence is born. And is it not Emerson who assures us that "what's excellent, as God lives, is permanent"?

The poems of William J. Fischer reveal that a new man is about to arrive in the field of American letters. It is not contended that his work is perfect. Now and then discords are sounded; but it is true work, nevertheless. There are passages of exquisite melody, and, through it all, rays a morning-light, which is a presage of splendid noon. Grant that imperfections exist, still it is a new voice singing. Here is a poet whose work is not a mere echo of that of greater poets. He is not an imitator of Swinburne or Tennyson. Here we find no lines reminding us of Poe, Longfellow or Lanier. His voice is a young, glad voice, yet full of power and originality. Give its possessor opportunity to develop it and the result will be a new American singer worth the hearing. No one can read this little volume without becoming conscious of the young poet's promise.

One pledge of future excellence is the symmetrical development of the young author so far as he has grown in literary stature. Here are songs of nature and songs of home. There are

FOREWORD

love-songs and heart-songs and cradle-songs, and songs of gladness and songs of pain. The singer is young but he sings in many keys, just as the medley of life is written. If the truest poets are they who sound every chord, then Dr. Fischer is a true poet. More commendable than all, perhaps, is the healthy optimism which pervades his pages—the faith, the hope, the charity, the constant looking toward God, and the inclusion of all beauty, which leads toward the higher life. In this, William J. Fischer is distinct among present-day American poets, and, if he be true to his ideals, he will win a place of which his native land may one day be proud.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Chicago, Ill., 1903.

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BY THE WAYSIDE.

ge.
50 Look up and the skies are cheerfull
52 Look down and the dim shadows fall
53 About life's way,
56 In the heat of day,
When there's sunshine above for all

59 Our lives are just what we make them,
77 In the struggle and sweat of years;
22 The world so bright—
67 In misfortune's light—
21 We spectacle only through tears.

31 It wants but a little courage
44 And a purpose, so strongly, planned
70 To bravely fight,
69 Till the lonely night
67 Stalks gloomily over the land.

22 There are loud intonings many,
12 From Niag'ras of deep despair,
58 But sorrows grow dumb
57 And feelings numb,
48 In the peaceful valleys of Prayer.
40

VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Full often, in the dreamy sunset's glow,
When parting shadows purple the lone hills,
The twilight's harp. with mystic music, thrills
And wakes my soul to thoughts of long ago.

Bright thoughts! borne onward by the angel-
wings
Of those short years, between this now and
then,
That comfort the wild, throbbing hearts of
men,
You fill my life with Love's, sweet whisperings.

And, gladly, do I sing of those fond days—
The jeweled treasures in Life's, sacred shrine:
They tune the joy-strings of this heart of mine,
While busy winds chant vesper-hymns of praise.

And, in the soft, gray atmosphere around,
I picture all the scenes of that brief play—
The bright, blue sky—the tender, rose-strewn
way
And two small feet, kissing the dewy ground.

I see again a little, winsome face,
The golden curls, two, dancing, anxious eyes
Hiding the future and its precious prize
In their blue depths, when life began its race.

Ah, dream-thoughts, visions! Call them what you
will!
They hold for me an endless boon of joy,
That all succeeding years can ne'er destroy.
Visions of childhood! yea, I love you still.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

In drowsy night, long after the lone day
Has folded up its silent, crimson wings
In seas of gold, I hear the whisperings
Of some sweet voice, that lures my thoughts
away,
Into a land, blushing with rose of May,
Where joy, enthroned, tunes her harp's, silver
strings
To rhapsodies, which far and wide she flings,
While sad-faced mem'ry kneels a-down to pray.
Dear land of Dreams! 'Tis God that lights thy
face
With the pure sunshine of the years gone by,
And, in thy smile, a radiance fairly beams,
While, to Sleep's pris'ner in thy fond embrace,
Youth's voices glad and Love's, sweet, tender
sigh
Recall, so bright, Life's morning's, faded
gleams.

SORROW.

When Sorrow pale, a queen, doth reign,
Within the heart's, wild citadel,
The bitter word, that calls forth Pain,
Falls from her lips we know full well.

And yet we love her, through the days
Of wand'ring o'er this sin-stained sod;
'Tis she, who lights Love's, burning rays—
'Tis she, who turns our eyes to God.

AN EASTER LILY.

She grew and God's smile kissed her face
And filled her pure, young soul with grace;
And good Saint Anne—the mother fair—
Upon her lips a gentle prayer,
Folded her child in sweet embrace
And, when night's shadows dulled the skies,
Sang: "Lily mine! Come, close thine eyes!"

In Bethle'm's stall, a Lily glows—
It smiles upon an opening Rose;
And shepherd-stars, Night's, high peaks, climb,
And angels carol forth sublime,
While midnight shadows, silent, still,
Creep soft around glad Juda's hill.

On Calv'ry's Cross—a faded Rose
Its blood-stained petals does disclose
And, tear-kissed, 'neath the sacred Cross,
The Lily weeps—a flower's loss—
And mourns, upon its tender stem,
Love's Death! The Rose of Bethlehem!

Good-Friday's lights so mournful burn
But with the Easter-gleams' return
They fade, the shades of fear and gloom—
A dead Rose blushes into bloom!
A Lily, with her pure soul brave,
Glows sweet beside an empty grave!

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.

The church, he loved so well, is standing yet,
And twilight paints her faces on the door;
And now I see him. Ah, who could forget
The good, old priest—his brow soft crownéd
o'er
With locks of gray? Who could forget the eyes,
Sweet raised at Mass, in glad devotion rare?
He taught us love, and stilled our souls', deep
sighs
And soothed the wounds, that sin left bleeding
there.
And, now, in yonder grave-yard, fast he sleeps
With those fond ones, he buried through the
years
Of saintly toil; the spreading willow weeps,
Upon the lone cross, bare, her dewy tears.
He is not dead—though his pure eyes are dim
But lives in hearts, that beat in prayer for him.

TO COLETTE!

Red are the roses, she wears in her cheek,
Red are the soft lips, that gladly enclose
White pearly teeth—the pure portals of prayer—
Through which her white soul's expression
sweet flows.

Bright is the angel-look in her dear face,
Happy the sunshine gay in her eyes mild—
O there is nothing in all the wide world
Like the pure, innocent heart of a child!

A CANADIAN AUTUMN.

The wild geese wing their flight across the sky,
Filled well with brooding clouds, so dull and
gray;

A sullen sadness shades the face of day
And, mirrored in the brook, the shadows lie.
The murm'ring, forest pines and the wild cry
Of some poor bird—the thirsty blood hound's
prey—

Make Nature lonely, though her bright display

Of color dazzles man's, æsthetic eye.

The maple trees in crimson, yellow, red,

The asters and the princely golden rod,

The clust'ring vines, near by the cottage door,

The dying willow, bending her proud head—

All, all, so meekly, to the twilight nod

And, lol the woodman's axe resounds no more.

AFTER PARTING.

The wind blows cold down the dark lane to-night

And here, alone, I wonder that my heart

Should beat so wildly, for when I did part

With him, my poor, old, trembling heart felt light

And gladly hopeful. Am I thinking right?

O will he like the noisy, troubled mart

And will the city's, red crimes, glaring, smart

His white, white soul, so lily-like and bright?

O God! I wonder, when the shadows fall

Will he forget to breathe the prayer, I taught

His childish lips, long, long ago, when naught

But joy was mine? Nay, he will surely call

Thee, Lord, to father him, when sin—be-

fraught,

And I will mother him with prayers—my all!

THE ANGELUS.

Like the voice of angel stealing,
All its sweetest joy revealing,
Lo! to me thy gentle pealing
 Ever sounds sweet, little bell!
For thy music, drifting, drifting,
All my soul to heaven lifting,
 Sounds diviner,
 Rarer, finer,
Sweeter far than words can tell.

When the birds, on tree-tops swinging,
Greet the day, their matin singing,
Little bell! thou too art ringing
 And thy song doth fill the air;
It dispells all pain and sadness,
It is set in tones of gladness,
 Sweetly stealing,
 Full of feeling,
Breathing soft a hymn of prayer.

When the noon-day sun is beaming,
And the blue skies bright are gleaming,
Kissed by sunbeams, warmly streaming,
 From thy belfry, neath the sky,
Whisp'ring voice! from out those portals,
Speakest thou to weary mortals,
 And thy greeting,
 Glad and fleeting,
Leads awhile to God on high.

When the twilight shades are blending
With the sun's rays, fast descending;
When the dying day is ending,
 Soft in prayer we bend our knee;

And we put aside our sorrows,
And we dream of glad to-morrows,
While the pealing
Bell, revealing,
Sounds its parting melody.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

He sleeps alone, where softly blows
The maple and the willow,
Upon his breast, a faded rose,
The cold earth for his pillow.
The birds of spring loud chant a hymn
With voices sadly blended;
He sleeps alone. his eyes are dim,
His song of life is ended.

Love's harp, whereon he oft did play,
Lies coldly on his bosom;
Yet all his songs of one fair day,
In memory, still blossom.
And, though no more, alas! he'll tune
His heart-strings to vibration;
They linger, like the breath of June—
His songs of animation.

O gentle poet! Hark! the years
Still echo thy soft numbers;
We greet thee but our anxious tears
May wake thee in thy slumbers.
Dream on, then! Rest thy weary head,
Upon thy lowly pillow!
Thou livest yet—thou art not dead,
But sleeping 'neath the willow.

THEN AND NOW.

Do you remember that fond day,
We walked the meadows, you and I,
The wild rose clinging to our way
No sorrow-cloud to mar the sky?

The south wind stealing scarcely stirred
The willow, bending down in prayer,
And, in that early hour, we heard
Love's whisper on the dewy air.

How still we stood and, turning, gazed
Into the Dawn, sweet crimsoned o'er;
The jewels of the morning blazed,
Our hearts beat gladder than before.

The breeze stole lightly o'er the lea,
The birds were singing everywhere;
We listened, wrapped in ecstasy,
Our lives were young and youth was fair.

Their voices thrilled the air above
With clear and ringing melodies;
They sang of God's, eternal love—
Of Him, Who tuned life's, eager keys.

Do you remember that fond day,
The splendor of the mountain-brow?
Red roses bright *then* decked our way
There were no thorns as there are *now*.

A MORNING SONG.

O bird of the morning! I hail thy glad lay,
That steals o'er the blossoming trees;
It stirs, in its sweetness, the pulses of day
And echoes and dies on the breeze.
It brings to my thoughts, the sweet notes of a
song,
That float on the wing of the years
And heart-throbs, within me, beat softly along,
While mem'ries awake the glad tears.

O loved song thy music is sacred to me,
Thy gay-tones of peace are so dear!
They ring in my ear their fond echo of glee
And banish the shade of a fear.
And glad, o'er my soul, a fond message of prayer
Thy words whisper, sweetly and low—
O grant they may linger, remain ever there,
Sweet song of the bright long ago!

LOVE'S BIRTH.

In darkness deep, a sinful world lay waiting,
Her eyes, sad, filled with longing tears, the
while,
But, when a star shone in far Juda's heaven,
The world gave birth to its first, Christmas
smile.

Within a stable, cold and dark and lonely,
The Christ-Child smiled and stilled Hope's,
deepest fears.
For Love lay captive in that strawy Manger
And Love it was, that dried the lone world's
tears.

THE LONG AGO.

Soft in the twilight's, gentle glow,
They come, the thoughts of long ago—
Glad thoughts, by mem'ry borne along
Like echoes of a distant song.

Ah, tender thoughts of youthful dreams
And life's, glad, sunny, spring-time gleams!
Ah, thoughts of love, from sorrow free,
What fond scenes you recall to me!

The pictures of those angel years,
I see them through a mist of tears;
Ah, they are bright—they come and go—
Those pictures of the long ago.

Those pictures of the long ago!
Ah, they are dear! I love them so—
The joys of youth—the dreams so fair—
The throbbing hearts—a mother's prayer.

A KIND WORD.

It was but a kind word spoken
Yet it dried an old man's tears
And it healed a heart, sin-broken,
And it stilled the pangs of years.

It was but a kind word spoken,
By a priest in gentle tone,
And God's angel bore the token—
A strayed soul—to Heaven's throne.

THE DESERTED SCHOOLHOUSE.

Again, I stood—the summer sky was fair—
Before the old school, on the grass-grown
street;
The willows green were bending in the heat
And shook their boughs, sad, drooping in despair.
The sparrows sat and nodded on the stair,
I listened for the sound of anxious feet
And longed, once more, loved faces dear to
greet—
I called in vain, for Silence, queen, reigned there.
Then, in a dream, I saw the school again—
The rosy morn full bright upon her face—
And, through the Past, there stole sweet mem'ry's
call,
I heard glad shouts and laughter fill the
plain;
The gray-haired master stood in his old place,
I saw my youth—God's smile upon it all!

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

It is not the word, that's spoken,
But the word, that's left unsaid,
That may soothe the heart-strings broken,
When all sense of hope is dead.

O, then, wake thy soul from sadness!
Let Love's harp vibrate in glee!
And thy lips, dear, red with gladness,
Will move sweet, in sympathy.

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A SONG OF THE SEA.

O sea, bounding sea thy fond music is ringing,
Thy voices vibrate in their wave-symphony,
And bring to my heart such a wealth of sweet
singing,
That fills me with joy and a feeling of glee.

And fain would I be a glad child of the ocean
And feel, on my lips, the cool breath of thy
waves,
That stir in their hissing and frenzied, wild mo-
tion
The fishes at play, in their deep, marine caves.

O sea, angry sea in thy fury and splashing,
Thou throwest thy wrath on the shore's, stony
track
And sweetly they smile, in thy turbulent dashing,
The little, pale moonbeams, that ride on thy
back.

O sea! dear to me is the rush of thy waters,
The noise and the roar of thy innermost soul,
And dearer yet, still, are thy snowy-clad daugh-
ters
That foam, when the storm-cloud-voiced thun-
der does roll.

O sea, bounding sea! thy gay heart wild is beat-
ing,
Thy voices vibrate in their wave-symphony,
And, down in the dale, the night-winds are re-
peating
The song of thy waters—in tuned minstrelsy.

AN EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

So sweet and low, so sweet and low,
Our whispered words to heaven flow;
The last sunbeam has kissed the blue
And fast the night comes stealing through.
And Mother, now, on bended knee,
We raise our thoughts awhile to thee;
Though night be dark we do not fear,
For thou art near, for thou art near!

We seem to feel thy presence rare,
Thy song comes stealing on the air;
Its words are set in tones of love,
Breathed from above, breathed from above.
Come, then, and bless thy wayward child,
The shades of night loom dark and wild
And, o'er the pathway, shadows throng—
The way is long, the way is long!

And now, in joy, we offer sweet
Our deeds to-day, with love replete,
And beg thee, through the weary years,
To dry our tears, to dry our tears;
And, O fond Mother, while we sleep
Pray let thy love a vigil keep
And guard us safe till morning's light,
For it is night, for it is night!

A SAILOR'S LOVE-LILT.

I sing me a song and the angry, wild sea
 Throws its foamy, white hands to the skies
 And, while the waves roar, over yonder, bright
 shore,
 Comes the light of your passion-worn eyes.

And, deep in the soul of the heavens that roll,
 The wild thunder shrieks, teeming with pain;
 And, sweet o'er the lea, in love's, glad melody,
 Comes the sound of your voice once again.

The storm winds loud moan and I stand here
 alone,
 While the night settles fast on the land;
 And, in the deep gloom, while the light-house
 guns boom,
 Comes the tender, soft touch of your hand.

The crimson morn burns and my spirit-ship turns
 And my heart's, fairest kingdom I'll seek
 To greet you, my queen—and, now, dainty col-
 leen,
 Comes the gentle caress of your cheek.

TO AN ITALIAN MADONNA I

O sad tearful eyes, though you tell me of sorrow,
 I know that the gleams of sweet smiles linger
 there
 And they bring me hope, as I dream of the mor-
 row,
 And awake, in my soul, an echo of prayer.

MEMORY.

Mem'ry's an album, precious and rare,
Holds, in its sweetness, life's, ebbing prayer ;
Dear are its pages, wrinkled and worn,
Many the fond hopes, glad, that adorn.

Sweet, o'er its pages, oft through the day,
Glad, blesséd moments I dream away ;
Each leaf is sacred, each word is dear—
Many the heart-aches written down here.

Old are its pictures. Some of them glad,
Some full of color, others dull, sad—
Skies of a summer, brightened by years,
Skies of an autumn, hidden by tears.

Mem'ry's an album of the dim Past
And its fond pages will ever last
And, when in fancy my young heart grieves,
Thoughts bright are fingers, turning the leaves.

A LYRIC OF AUTUMN.

When the voice of Autumn whispers
And bids the birds be still,
And the willows, sad and weary,
Stand naked on the hill ;
When the piping breezes greet me
And whistle 'round the eaves,
And the forest-land lies hidden
In a wealth of tinted leaves ;
When the wild winds of September
Sweep o'er the frosted lea—
'Tis then, heart, I remember
And send a thought to thee.

When the green leaf on the maple
Turns crimson in the fall
And the rose of summer's faded
Beside the garden wall;
When the days are growing shorter
And clouds of gray float by,
And all that breaks the silence
Is a lone, crow's, mournful cry;
When the wind blows cold and crisper
Through branches, bare and free—
Fond heart! It brings a whisper
And a message, sweet, from thee.

When the last song bird of summer
Has sung its parting strain,
And the grass, on field and forest,
Lies withered in the rain:
When the last, fair flower of morning
Sleeps on the mountain's breast
And the chill winds of September
Chant matins sweet of rest;
When the shades of twilight greet me
A-striding 'cross the lea—
'Tis then, dear heart! O fond one!
I dream Love's dream of thee.

LOVE'S ANGEL.

A smile, that brightens with each day,
A hand, that leads me on my way,
Two lips, that fold me in their prayer,
When ev'ning spreads its wings of care—
My mother's—she's love's angel fair.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

The dew lies thick upon the brake,
The robin's song is ringing;
I hear his voice steal o'er the lake,
And O, the joy 'tis bringing!

He calls and welcomes, o'er the hills,
The daylight, bright, adorning,
That stoops to kiss the whisp'ring rills;
He stirs the heart of morning.

The rosebud opens its bright eyes
Upon its velvet pillow;
The meadow-lark, 'neath opal skies,
Sings matins on the willow.

The crimson gleams, with color, veil
The sun's rays in their blending,
And over mountain, field and dale
The warm beams are descending.

They wake the lily, in her bed,
Upon the clear brook sleeping
And, through my window, curtained yet,
They're peeping, peeping, peeping.

QUATRAIN.

Some may prize diamonds, treasures fair,
Unto life's, weary end,
And never own that jewel rare—
The heart, that's in a friend.

SONG OF THE EVENING BREEZE.

I steal o'er the hills, in the twilight's glow,
When the shadows are kissing the blue,
And I lift my voice, while I blow and blow
My cooling breath o'er the meadows below
And, the leaves, they whisper they love me so,
As they rustle the starry night through.

I kiss the wild waves, as they storm the sea;
I blow my breath, through the sweeping sail,
And the sailor's, staunch heart beats glad and free,
As he dreams of love and he sings, in glee,
The praises of her, in sweet melody—
The soft blue eye and the cheek, so pale.

I sigh, through the fields, the village streets bare,
I shake the trees on the mountain's rim
And I sing a hymn to the old church, there,
And I hear the sobs and the aching prayer
Of longing hearts, sad—and they fill the air,
With notes of pain, while the lights burn dim.

EASTER.

The lily rears her pure, soul's chalice to the skies
And dewy tears of silver-pearl its crest adorn
And Mary, in her beaming, rapt'rous mother-eyes,
Mirrors, on this celestial, Resurrection morn,
The lily-whiteness of her soul, while Calv'ry's
cries
Are lost in Easter anthems, by fond earth up-
borne.

REQUIEM AETERNAM.

They chant most solemn dirges o'er his head
And wave their costliest censers in the air,
And, there, he lies, clad in his vestments rare,
Whilst wistful Grief kneels, sadly, with eyes red,
Beside the black, cloth-wrapped, funereal bed,
Twining her sorrow-rosary in sweet prayer,
'Round fingers pale—and, down her cheeks so
fair,
Floats, tear on tear, for ev'ry Ave said.

O Priest-Heart! gentle as a little child!
Heart, humble as Loyola's, gifted saint,
Filled with the visions, dreams of life above!
We pause and think—how many, sin-defiled,
Have found in thee, when weary, sore and faint,
A place of solace, filled with perfect love.

A SUNSET-WISH.

The crimson sky far off, ablaze,
Floats one, white cloud-ship in its sea;
The sun's, last smile—its tender rays
Lead, Lord of all, my thoughts to Thee.

O let my going be as bright
As your fair sun's! let life's, blue sky
Hold in embrace the love-clouds, white,
While sorrow-clouds, so dark, move by!

O Lord of all! deep darkness through,
Lead Thou me on, lest I forget
And welcome me, beyond the blue,
When my life's, weary sun has set!

THERE SHONE A STAR.

There shone a star, in Beth'lem's, opal sky,
While shepherds, old, outstretched their hands
 in prayer
And whispered, longingly, unto the air
Their hearts', best wish, while Herod-winds did
 cry
For blood, in hatred—in their awful sigh
No tone of pity! Yet the world was fair,
When that bright star welcomed the nation's
 Heir,
In a lone cave, that midnight winds passed by.
A candle flickered in an humble room,
Where a Babe, new-born, drew its first, glad
 breath,
While angels sang, through heaven's gates
 a-jar,
The praises of Love's, fairest flower a-bloom—
The Child, that was the Lord of Life and
 Death—
And now, o'er sin's, deep gloom, *there shone a*
 Star.

NOVEMBER.

In widow-weeds, she kneels at Earth's, lone
 tomb—
Love's queen—while night is weeping in des-
 pair,
And now Christ's stars peer through the heaven's
 gloom—
O wealth of souls, sweet ransomed by her
 prayer!

LEO XIII.

Alone he kneels. A hand unseen doth trace
A smile, so saintly, 'neath his snow-crowned
brow ;
A shade of heaven seems to kiss his face
And linger long, in silent awe. And, now,
He slowly lifts his eyes as to implore
His Master's aid. They rest upon the cross
And fingers trembling, sweet, in prayer, count
o'er
His beads, as night wears on. Not his the loss
Of sleep—in vain, the chimes of midnight try
To summon him to rest; he hears them not.
On wings of prayer, his soul is borne on high
And angels bless his earthly cares forgot,
And, sweet, a voice, from Father unto son,
Steals, o'er his soul, for duty nobly done.

TO MOTHER!

Brighter than summer's, crimson-tinted rose,
The color, that thy cheeks at twilight wear,
Brighter the silver thread of thy gray hair,
Soft woven by the years, so sweetly glows.
Thy smile, so gen'rous, e'en yet gladly throws
Its beams of love with angel-guidance rare,
Recalls the long ago—the lisping prayer,
My infant lips, slow, sang, at ev'ning's close.
O Mother! on the pulse of happy years,
Pregnant with childish mirth and melody,
There steals a song—and lo! it stills my fears—
Dear cradle-song, vibrating, glad and free,
Tuned by thy ruby lips! Ah, gentle tears,
Begone—to-night, the Past is king with me!

REVERIE.

The moonbeams are creeping around the green
trees,
The grass in the meadow is wet with the dew ;
The leaves of the maple are kissed by the breeze
They rustle and whisper, the starry night
through.

And, lo, I am dreaming. Ah, sweet, ev'ning
dream!

You bring me the gladness, the peace of those
days,
That sparkled so brightly, when youth was a-
gleam
With love-lights, soft kindled by Hope's, tender
rays.

Ah, glad thoughts, so golden, breathed from the
dead years,

To me you are sacred; stay, linger a while !
You paint, on the shadowy vista of tears,
Bright memory's pictures, sweet framed in a
smile.

O paint me the faces, the throbbing hearts free,
Life's, gay, ebbing morning—the love-beams
that glowed,

The fields and the mountains—the sapphire-green
sea,

That heard oft the ripples, of childhood, that
flowed!

O pictures of childhood, the dearest of life!
They set me a-singing sweet joy songs of glee
And, when I am longing and weary of strife,
Dream-thoughts are the artists, that paint them
for me.

HEART SONG.

Though dark be the clouds in the heavens,
Cheer up, little heart! do not sigh,
For, in the bright lap of the morning,
The angels of hope softly lie,
Awaiting the beckoning fingers
Of sunbeams, hid high in the sky!

Cheer up! Life's, promiscuous failing
Some little good oft-times will bring,
That awakes, in the soul of suff'ring,
Glad, spirit-like thoughts, that do cling
To the dead years', old, crumbling pillars,
In mem'ry's hall—where Love is king.

Cheer up, little heart! in thy yearning,
There's something sweet, yet unexpressed;
Though day brings the long, bitter battle,
The night brings pure hours of rest.
Your soul, fasten, then, on the striving,
For God points the way! It is best.

'Tis best, little heart! for some morrow
Will soothe the deep pangs of to-day,
And, for the regret of November,
Will come the glad joy of a May—
Then, into the fray of the battle,
For God, little heart, points the way!

GENTLE WORDS.

Speak, O speak a gentle word!
Let its echo, oft, be heard!
It is music to the ear,
Laden with love-tones of cheer—
Gentle words are treasures, rare,
Floating on the breath of prayer.

Gentle words have many wings
And they bring hope—whisperings,
To the weary in distress,
To the soul in sinfulness—
Gentle words are always dear,
They have dried a pauper's tear.

Gentle words are angel-tones
And they still the piercing moans,
That ring through the dismal street—
Saddened hearts and weary feet!
O so many weeping there!
Love so cheap and words so rare!

Gentle words are spirits bright,
That oft lead, in darkest night,
Some poor soul to haunts of rest—
Spirits that, within his breast,
Kindle thoughts of God above,
With their orisons of love.

Speak, then, speak a gentle word,
Sweeter far than song of bird!
It is music to the ear
And it gladdens ev'ry tear,
And, with joy-gleams, sweet, it blends.
Gentle words are Heaven's friends.

SONGS OF DAY.

I saw a star shine through the azure blue—
Bright light of morn, that heralded the day;
The shades of night had melted into gray
And daybreak, o'er the trees, came peeping
through.

I saw the mist go creeping, 'cross the lea,
Far o'er the frosted fields and hills so bright,
The sun threw out a golden flood of light
And, in the meadow, songsters trilled in glee.
And, while morn's pulses throbbed with quick-
'ning life,

My soul drank in the beauty pure, supreme
And, far into the heaven's, azure way,
My thoughts did steal, from the hot fields of
strife,
To visions bright, where Hope's, pure, precious
gleam
Will lead my soul, I trust, to endless day.

Alone, I stood, upon the hill, and gazed
Across the vale, the whisp'ring trees below,
The grassy mead, with daisies fresh, aglow,
The distant lakes, that in the sunset blazed
Like silver fields, kissing the skies so red.
And, as I gazed into the crimson West,
The weary sun sank tranquilly to rest
And Day was dead—its light serene had fled.
O Lord! Who knowest all our earthly fears,
Be Thou, the light to lead our footsteps on
And Thine, the hand to dry our aching tears,
And, when life's sun almost its course has run,
We pray Thee, Lord, to cheer the heart, that
strives,
And bless us, in the sunset of our lives!

The city sleeps—hushed is the tramp of life,
That filled the streets long through the sultry
day,
And hushed the weary song of woe and strife,
That chilled our hearts and scared the birds
away.
And, now, as night wears on and whisp'ring trees
Sweet music make, beneath the star-lit sky,
I feel the breath of roses on the breeze
And watch the shadows creep away and die.
O blessed Night of rest and sweet repose!
A wealth of gold, far o'er the deep, blue skies,
Thy queen—the moon—in all her splendor
throws,
While, sweet, my thoughts in prayer to heaven
rise,
Where, far beyond the skies', bright, azure bars,
There dwells a God, whose angels are thy stars.

HOPE.

Hope is a bright angel—Faith's, twin-sister, fair,
On her face, God's, sweet sunlight—the smile
we know well.
When she enters our hearts, grim-visaged De-
spair
Shrieking, wings a swift flight to her loath-
some, dark hell.

FACES IN THE STREET.

Sitting, sad and silent, peering, down into the
crowded street,
I hear sounds of weary feet
And my longing spirit craves
Just a blessing on those faces, staring down into
their graves.

With the morning's, crispy clearness, in the full-
ness of the strife,
Comes the flood of human life;
And, when night's, grim shadows meet,
We still hear the clang, that calls us to those
faces, in the street.

Some are bright and others, staring, tell their tale
of grief and woe;
They were happy long ago;
Once each youthful eye did seek
For the roses sweet, that blossomed in each fair
and ruddy cheek.

Where is now the beaming brightness, that en-
circled once each brow?
Sorrow only lingers now,
And all hope has sadly fled
From the face, once fond and faithful, from the
heart nigh cold and dead.

Theirs has been a reckless failing—just a little
day by day—
And they halted on the way,
In life's twilight hour, most sweet.
O great God! look down, with pity, on those
poor faces in the street!

OLD FRIENDS.

Keep the old friends! They are dear,
They have brought us words of cheer;
They have stood the trial—the test.
They are dearest, they are best—
Friendships, that have blessed our way
With love's, tender, beaming ray—
Friendships noble, true and brave,
That live on, beyond the grave.

Keep the old friends! They are gems,
Diamonds in life's diadems;
Gems the richest, brightest there—
Treasures of a friendship rare.
They do brighten life's, dim cross,
With their love-gleams and the loss,
Of an old gem, from that crown,
Brings regret, a tear, a frown.

Keep the old friends! They are true,
They have shown, what love will do.
By our side, in joy and pain,
They have wandered, not in vain—
Wandered, through the dreary years,
Felt the kiss of salty tears.
They have filled a mother's place,
Dried the tear-drops, on our face.

Keep the old friends! They are best,
Cherish them, within your breast—
Tokens of a sunny life,
Jewels from a world of strife!
They are dearest, they are best,
They have stood the trial—the test,
And, should life its joys unfold,
Make new ones but keep the old.

WOULD YOU?

Were I a rose in garden fair
And you, dear, softly passing there,
Would you stoop low to see my face
Sweet pillowed in the leaves' embrace—
Would you?

And, if, perchance, the drops of dew
Would hide it from your tender view,
Would you, dear, passing by that day,
Wipe all my lonely tears away—
Would you?

And, whisp'ring gladly in my ear,
A love-inspired word of cheer,
A beggar in Love's garden there,
Would you, dear, listen to my prayer—
Would you?

And, with a bright light in your eyes,
As radiant, as the dawn's, flushed skies,
Would you take me to your warm breast
That I might feel Love's calm and rest—
Would you?

And, folded there for some long while,
With red cheeks, warmed, dear, by thy smile,
Would you bend low again to hear
Something sweet, I would tell thee, dear—
Would you?

Or, in my little garden, there,
My breath upon the throbbing air,
Would you, dear, pass me idly by—
Alone, unloved, have me to die—
 Would you?

NOCTURNE.

The night winds whisper, through the leaves,
 Their serenades to fields a-bloom;
 No stars clear light the city's gloom;
The ocean heaves
And, sad, she throws, outstretched in prayer.
 In terror wild, upon the sands,
 Her foamy, ghastly, trembling hands,
In grim despair.

The lone shore feels her hissing breath;
 The cool winds hear her thunders roll,
 And, in her deep and awful soul,
She sings of Death,
O weary toiler on night's sea,
 O cheery heart, yea, longing so,
 O faithful one, with love a-glow,
She calls not thee!

Her songs are orisons of rest,
 For those, who stooped to kiss her face,
 And died in that fierce, last embrace,
Upon her breast.
They beat no more—those hearts so brave—
 The bravest of that sailor-band;
 And God has blessed, with loving Hand,
Their ocean-grave.

ANTONIO: A TALE OF THE STREET.

He stands at the corner, in sun and in rain,
The heart of the city beats free;
Upon his young lips lies the imprint of pain,
His eyes full of longing, you see.
His cheeks are as pale, as the lilies that bloom,
In his own bright land, o'er the sea;
He stands there forlorn—all alone, in the gloom,
And sings sweet a love-melody.

And there, at his side, stands his harp, old and
worn,
That has lightened sorrows for years;
Sad, homeless—an orphan—with jacket all torn—
He kisses it oft with his tears.
And, filled with emotion, his song often steals
Into hearts, so gen'rous and rare,
And lingers entrancing and sweetly reveals
The fond homes of pity left there.

One ev'ning, he sang a sad, low, tender strain,
And the harp played chords in between,
And crowds gathered round him to hear the re-
frain,
So sweet was its music serene.
For the song, he sang in his own native rhyme,
Thrilled the pulses of past, glad years;
And the minors of grief found pity this time,
And melted one heart into tears.

For, close at his side, stood a man, richly drest,
Who wept 'neath the spell of that strain;
It recalled to his mind a grassy grave, blest,
On sunny Italia's plain,

"O mother, farewell!" came that clear voice again,
The stranger looked up with a start,
And said, while the harp notes sang o'er the re-
frain:

"Come, laddie! your song's won my heart."

The bells of St. Patrick's are ringing, and slow,
A message to us they do bring;
They recall to our minds that night long ago,
When we heard an orphan-boy sing.
To-day, at the altar, Antonio stands—
God's priest—and his lips move in prayer,
And, Mass being over, he raises his hands
And blesses his friend, kneeling there.

AT SIX O'CLOCK.

The city shrieks, 'neath sound of brazen bell
And voice of whistles loud, that wildly ring;
Yet, O, what dreams of peace and rest they
bring.
O what a tale to careworn hearts they tell!
Their work is done and, now, long streets they
swell,
The sons, so worn, that to the workshop
cling—
Age, white with years, and youth worship the
King
Of Toil—enthroned in hearts, that know him
well.
Father of heaven! thy sweet mercy shed
Upon this throbbing vein of human strife!
O bless these tired souls, that feel the weight
Of battle! Yea, their hearts have often bled.
Down in those ranks are hidden gems of life—
Pearls of good character, prized oft, too late.

TWO LITTLE SPARKLING EYES.

One may search the fairest flowers
For their hue of smiling May,
One may view the silv'ry wavelets,
As they sparkle in the spray,
Yet, alas! these cannot equal,
In their grandeur, 'neath the skies,
The wealth of beauty, beaming
From two, little, sparkling eyes.

What a world of glad expression
Lingers 'neath two eyelids, young,
Like a song of sylvan stillness,
With its words left, yea, unsung!
'Tis but the beam of brightness,
That an angel from the skies,
Left ling'ring, o'er the cradle,
For two, little, sparkling eyes.

What a stream of joy is flowing,
From those little, sparkling eyes!
God grant that it may brighten
Saddened hearts and wretched lives!
O youthful child! I cherish,
That, one day, those eyes so sweet
Will tell their fond heart-story,
To some poor soul of the street!

What a wealth of love is streaming,
From those childish eyes of blue!
Ah! 'tis the soul, unspotted,
That is shining, peering through—

Shining through, in all its pureness,
Like lily, to the skies—
Smiling up to its Creator,
Through two, little, sparkling eyes.

A MADRIGAL.

I prayed for Joy.
My cheerless heart was sad and lone
And in a tender, gentle tone,
A lark, poised in the skies afar,
Like morn's, last, pale, ethereal star,
Welcomed the daylight o'er the hill—
The green earth smiled and all was still—
And Joy was mine.

I prayed for Hope.
Life's afternoon was clouded deep
And rained thick tear-drops on my cheek
And birds sang songs across the lea—
O weary heart! they sang for thee!
And, when the sorrow-clouds were few,
God's sunshine, pure, came stealing through—
And Hope was mine.

I prayed for Love—
And Love it came, from God's, white throne,
And made its presence, rare, mine own.
It tuned my heart's, sad, pulseless strings
And sang for me fond whisperings
Of peace, that brightened life's, glad day
With sunsets, golden, twilights gray—
And Love was mine.

SONG OF ABSENCE.

I cannot sing to-night. My heart is longing
For youth's dream, bright, serene,
And deep, within my soul, glad thoughts are
 thronging
O'er days, when Love was queen.

The night winds wild, through willows green, are
 calling
To my poor, restless heart;
Around me, deep, the shadows black are falling,
Bidding glad joy depart.

And, as I gaze into the fire bright burning,
The dreams, years ne'er destroy,
Come back again, and, in my heart's, fond yearn-
 ing,
Sorrow gives birth to Joy.

And, now, I see them, bright as rosy morning,
Those faces, glad, sincere,
That crown the Past with gold-gleams fresh,
 adorning,
To bless life's, bitter tear.

How sweet their smile and glad their lips are tell-
 ing
• Of love, that never dies!
The past is bright and anthems glad are swell-
 ing
In hearts, that sympathize.

Yes, I *will* sing to-night the gentle measure
Of Youth's song, long ago,
For Love, that crowned our childish hearts with
pleasure,
Reigns queen, again, I know.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

From the fire-place, so olden,
In the Yule-log's, ruddy glare,
Leap up mem'ries, that are golden,
While the twilight breathes a prayer;
And, before mine eyes, dear faces,
Glad with love's, fond overflow,
Beaming brightly, leave their traces
On the hot coals, red a-glow.

Beaming faces I in your splendor,
Drifting down the silent years,
O the joy pure, that you render,
Has controlled a flow of tears I
Come I together let us wander,
Down the aisles of long ago,
While the Christmas bells clear, yonder,
Ring their tidings o'er the snow I

Let our old songs swell with feeling,
Let our spirits bright return,
While old dreams come backward stealing
And, in Mem'ry's, treasured urn,
Thoughts, sweet, slowly light the fires,
At the dear shrine of the Past,
While they burn, the old desires,
In our hearts, now beating fast I

WHEN THE NIGHT HAS COME.

O the heart is tuned to gladness,
When the night has come!
And they fade, the shades of sadness,
When the night has come.

The wind goes piping briskly, o'er the mountain
and the lea,
The river, rushing wildly, throws its arms into
the sea;
The foam-waves hold their revel—O 'tis joyous
to be free,
When the night—when the night has come!

O lay down your little sorrows,
When the night has come!
Dream of joys and glad to-morrows,
When the night has come!

The Sprite of Day has vanished, from its world of
toil and care,
The willow, green, low-bending, tells its beads
into the air,
The roses kneel, so meekly, like pious nuns at
prayer,
When the night—when the night has come.

O poor heart! pray cease thy longing,
When the night has come!
Thoughts of peace, so sweet, come thronging
When the night has come.

The city's lone and empty-hushed, the sound of
weary feet—
No bursting peals of laughter! Gone, those faces
in the street,
And, on the high, old towers, the pale moon-
beams dance and meet,
When the night—when the night has come.

A LOVE SONG.

Your eyes are homes, where angels dwell,
As blue as heaven's blue;
What innocence so rare they tell—
Those eyes, where little angels dwell,
Clear, sparkling sapphires, true!

Your cheeks are like a twilight sky,
As flushed as summer's rose;
O how they color, when you sigh—
Those cheeks, so like a twilight sky,
And how each red rose glows!

Your smile is like a sunbeam fair
From heaven sent to grace,
And bring to me a joy so rare—
That smile, so like a sunbeam fair,
That nothing can efface!

Your voice is like a rippling rill,
As gushing and as free;
I love its music—always will,
Your voice, so like a rippling rill,
Bursting in girlish glee.

TWO GRAVES.

I

In yon, fresh grave, o'er which the willows rise,
Where monument, so costly, bears his name,
The honored statesman, cold in death, now lies—
A Nation's, cherished idol. Wealth and Fame
Long threw their smiles upon his hoary head;
A king's, gay fav'rite, too, for many years,
He'd been and, when 'twas known that he was
dead,

An Empire's grief did flood his bier with tears.
For many days, his body lay in state

And Royalty looked on, with solemn mien,
And placed a wreath upon him, lowly laid—

How solemn, in its grandeur, such a scene!
Long years pass by and springbirds sing again,
The willows tall, still, guard a statesman's
grave,

But O! How changed, from what it once had
been!

Is mem'ry dead for him, there, sleeping laid?
The monument lies shattered on the ground,

The rains of years have washed his name away
And ivy, creeping, spreading thickly round,

Has decked his grave. Has no one come to
say

Just one short prayer, for him, long resting
there?

The robin's, sad, sweet song is all he hears
And what is honor, fame and wealth's, great
share,

When one's *forgotten* in a few, short years?

II

Far in the Western wilds, dark, gloomy, lone,
Which oft have felt the Indians on their
breast,

The chapel chime chants sweet, in monotone,
O'er one, green grave, a requiem, thrice blest.
No monument to grace yon, grassy plot,
Where long he sleeps, beneath the cedar's
shadel

A wooden cross, alone, sad, marks the spot—
On his cold breast, no kingly wreathes were
laid.

From France, a priest, in youth, long years ago,
He came to teach the Indians peace and love;
For fifty years, in rain and sleet and snow,
He led them on in joy to God above.
And, when he died, beloved by all his band,
The souls, he'd saved, beamed, bright as glist-
'ning stars,

That led him to a brighter, happier land—
To bliss supreme, beyond the azure bars.
And, though he died, by earthly kings unsung,
A King of heaven crowned his saintly head.
'Tis Spring again. The chapel chime has rung
And, from their wigwams, by the old chief led,
They come in tears—soft, at yon grave, love's
theme,

In tuneful voice they chant, and, on the hill,
The sun in parting throws a gentle gleam,
O'er him long dead, in prayer, *remembered* still.

THE SONG OF THE DYING YEAR.

It's a song of desolation
And its notes are filled with pain ;
And, in minor-tones of sorrow,
It steals o'er the icy plain.
It is fraught with words of feeling
And it's set in tones of prayer,
And it melts the breath of winter
And it saddens all the air.

O voice of the starry midnight,
From thy bed of ice and snow !
Lo! we hear thy dying accents
And thy parting tale of woe.
And all eyes are filled with tear-drops
And all throbbing hearts beat slow,
While our gladdened thoughts, so happy,
Sweet recall the long ago.

It's a song of desolation
And it rustles on the breeze,
And it lingers, like an echo,
'Round the naked, frozen trees,
That stand, lone and sad forsaken,
Like night's watchers, wan and old—
Blessing, sweet, the old year, lying
On its, icy bier, so cold.

Now the midnight song is ended
And the requiem-winds are still ;
Now is hushed that song of sorrow
And our gladdened pulses thrill,

For the old year's gone forever
And its spirit lone has fled
And the New Year, in its dawning,
Rings its joy bells overhead.

THREE PICTURES.

Within a room, a babe beheld
The light of life's, first day,
And, through the window, curtained-white,
Sunbeams began to play.
Like angels, they came stealing in
To open two, blue eyes;
They heard a mother's, joyful prayer,
That stole up to the skies.

Long years passed by and, in that room,
Sunbeams again did peep;
Like angels, they came stealing in
To close two eyes in sleep.
A mother knelt beside the bier,
While tears shone in her eyes;
She tried to pray—but he was dead—
Her son—her hope and prize!

And, on a grave, just o'er the way,
A rose has bloomed for years;
A mother came to pray each day
And bathe it in her tears.
To-day, again, the sunbeams steal—
Steal o'er life's, sweetest loss.
Her prayer is done—and now she, too,
Sleeps softly, 'neath the cross.

IN THE LIBRARY.

Fair, from a shelf—their silent home—
They gaze upon me, day by day;
They never wander, never roam—
Their presence cheers me on my way .
They bring my heart a sweet delight—
Those constant friends are always bright.

They cheered me in my youthful time
And taught me pity—love's, dear song—
And, like the scent of rose and thyme,
Their voices lingered o'er me long.
They opened up their hearts to me,
As friend to friend, so joyfully.

They told me tales of bygone days,
Of lives, the kind God often sends,
Whose actions, like fond Hope's, pure rays,
Deep warmed my thoughts to nobler ends.
Ah voices, you sang sweet one day,
Far sweeter than the birds at play!

And, even now, you give to me
Your sweetest thoughts, so tender, rare;
You open your pure souls to me
And teach me all, that lingers there,
And, often, on some weary day,
Your voices sing my cares away.

O Friends! Indeed, you are the best,
The truest, for your friendship's pure!
You lead my thoughts to homes of rest,
To dreams of joy and, ever, lure
Them onward to your peaceful nooks,
Sweet friends! Blest company of books!

A CRADLE SONG.

Little one! O close thine eyes,
Do my dearie! Do my dearie!
Shadows kiss the ev'ning skies,
O so dreary! O so dreary!
Soft, the chimes come sweetly stealing
O'er the willows, full of feeling,
And they bring me peals of gladness
And they soothe the thoughts of sadness
While I whisper, sweet and low:
"Sleep, O sleep, my baby O!"

Sleep, O sleep, my dearie dol
Do my dearie! Do my dearie!
Two wee eyes, so bright and blue,
They are weary; they are weary.
Hush, the Dream-man's coming, coming,
Hear him calling, hear him humming!
On the field, the frost is lying,
And the breezes, they are sighing,
While I whisper, sweet and low:
"Sleep, O sleep, my baby O!"

Hark! I sing a hush-a-bye
To my dearie, to my dearie,
And I kiss, where roses lie,
Cheeks of dearie, not so weary.
Gentle voices, joy, are bringing
For thee, dearie, they are singing;
All night through, a love-watch keeping,
O'er thy cradle, angels peeping,
Whisper ever, sweet and low:
"Sleep, O sleep, sweet baby O!"

THE ANGEL OF SMILES.

The Angel of Smiles! You have met him I know,
As he flies on the breath of the breezes, soft
blowing;
He plays, round the fields of the dreams long
ago,
And, glad, brings us a joy and a peace so con-
soling.

The beggar's, old cot and the palace of kings
Are places he visits, on pinions light, flying;
The poor and the rich hear the sweet song he
sings
And it gladdens and stills their lone voices'
sad, sighing.

Our faces are his and he kisses them sweet
And wreathes them so fondly in bright halos of
gladness
And sunbeams stoop low, soft, to kiss his pure
feet,
While he brushes away all the lines of our sad-
ness.

And, with his white wings, lo, he dries our salt
tears
And fans the pale lilies, our wan cheek oft dis-
closes;
The Angel of Smiles is the friend of our years—
Joy's, anxious, young lover, that recalls the
dead roses.

WHILE HOPE SLEPT.

Without, the midnight stars bright wait,
While at the Virgin's altar, fair,
A woman, with dishevelled hair,
Cries: "Mother! see--too late! too late!"

Upon her trembling arms so weak,
An infant sleeps; two sea-blue eyes
Look far beyond the earthly skies.
He hears not that wild, mother-shriek.

"'Twas but a moment, since he lay
Upon my breast and I did feel
His little heart's, last message steal
From eyes, that sunbeamed my sweet day."

"Lord! why must Thou, now, crush my heart
And take from me my very all?
I thought I heard the angels call—
O Mother mine! 'tis hard to part."

"'Tis hard to part. This bitter loss
Has filled the cup to its red rim;
I cannot, when I think of him—
I cannot lift the heavy cross!"

And, suddenly, a strange, sweet light
Transfixed the woman's, tear-stained face;
Her lips moved slow, a prayer did grace—
A white, white pearl—her crown so bright.

A mother unto Mother spoke
And, o'er the hills of her despair,
To bless life's, coming moments, rare,
Hope's rosy morn, then, gladly broke

VOICES OF THE MIDNIGHT!

Hark, how the joy bell's, silver peal rings far,
 across the snow,
 Whilst twinkling stars, like angels, throw their
 Christmas smiles below;
The night's filled with devotion, and, upon her
 jeweled wings,
 A song of love comes floating, and a wealth of
 joy it brings.

It tunes all hearts to beating, with its notes of
 right good cheer;
 Those voices of the midnight sing to bless the
 coming year.
Their song has rung for ages, on the quickened
 pulse of Time
And—"Gloria in Excelsis"—is the burden of its
 rhyme.

Then twine a holly wreath of joy, while bright
 the Yule-log glows,
 And raise your voices in the song, that from
 yon belfry flows:
It steals, far o'er the city, like an angel's, whis-
 pered prayer,
 It fills all hearts with gladness and, sweet,
 leaves its message there.

O! Joybells, soft, now ringing! Pray, cease not
 your silver peal!
O! Voices of the midnight! Let your music
 sweetly steal

And fill, with hope and lasting joy, the sinful
 hearts of men,
The while you carol forth the birth, of Him, at
 Bethlehem.

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

From far beyond the autumn hills,
 The frost winds lured it, lone;
Across the plains and rippling rills,
 It sang a monotone.
The sparrow heard its mournful call
 Ring down the mountain side;
A sky of gloom o'ershadowed all,
 The last, bright leaf had died.

It sang a dirge in doleful rhyme,
 A song of death and woe;
The year was old, the pulse of Time
 Was beating soft and slow.
The voice stole through the skies, so gray,
 It whispered, called a name;
The snow flakes fell, fast in their play,
 When, lo, the High-priest came.

He wore a robe of frost and snow,
 'T was soft as eider-down;
Upon his head, with white a-glow,
 He wore his icy crown.
He prayed the dying year to rest,
 While stars beamed in the blue;
His icy hands upon his breast,
 He welcomed forth the—New.

SONG OF HOPE.

Smiling forth cheerfully, in the deep gloom,
Hope is a flower rare, bursting to bloom—
Flower, the purest there, kissing life's way,
Calling the sunbeams, fair, dancing, to play.

Standing, yea, fearlessly, lighting life's wave,
Hope is a beacon-light, beaming to save
Hearts, that in darkest night prayerfully roam—
Hearts, that are sore-distressed, longing for
home.

Glowing sweet, cheerfully, brighter than star,
Hope is an angel's smile, through skies afar—
Smile, wreathed in deepest love, pure and serene,
Leading our souls, above, to the Unseen.

THE CONSOLING CHRIST.

Before Thee, here, he kneels, O Master great,
At Thy bright altar's foot, heartsore, alone!
O stifle, Thou, his sigh—his piercing moan!
Do'st hear him plead at Thy sweet, pearly gate
Of Grace, through which Thy servants pass elate
To paradisial fields, whilst he is blown
About Sin's angry sea—his young heart grown
To crime? I wonder, is it now too late?
Too late? Ah, no! Upon the altar fair,
Christ waits fore'er, with anxious, tear-stained
face,
Forgiving, kind, to welcome and embrace
His erring children—and white lilies rare
Sprout, in the gardens of their soul, in place
Of Sin's, red weeds, nurtured by faith and prayer.

FELLOWSHIP.

To be of service to our fellowmen,
To lighten other's burdens day by day,
To scatter kindness with love's, sunny ray
And, thus, disperse the gloom in the cold den
Of human hearts, that feel but anguish, when
Sweet Peace should sit therein, enthroned for
aye,
With Joy, in princely waiting, bright as May,
That gladdens the lone heart of vale and glen—
This should be our grand endeavor. This right
Consciousness of doing, when duty calls,
Some little good, that opens to eyes, sad,
Bright amaranthine vistas of delight,
Will doubly pay us, when life's shadow falls,
Full knowing that we lived to make hearts glad.

O HEART OF MINE.

O heart of mine !
I think of thee, as always young ;
I hear thee knocking at my breast—
But O dear heart, for thee, no rest,
Until life's, tender song is sung.
God holds the key and He knows best,
Poor heart of mine !

O heart of mine !
I fain would grant thee dreams of peace ;
Thy prison walls are dark, I know,
I hear thee walking to and fro,
Like some chained captive, ill at ease—
But then alas ! it must be so,
Poor heart of mine !

MUSING.

In vain, I court sweet sleep; my spirits thrill,
The morning mists creep, softly, round the
trees;

Alone, I, longing, gaze and sweet the breeze
Steals, perfume laden, o'er the tree-crowned hill.
Yet, sadly changed, yon hill does seem to-day,

Since when our voices sang their songs around;
The grassy bench lies crumbled on the ground,
Where oft we sat and played the time away.

And now my mind, on wingéd thought, doth roam
Far backward, o'er the dream of misty years,
I live again the past—its joys and tears—

And see the friends youth me, in kindness, gave.
Yet! Gone those hearts, now drifted far from
home!—

Some love on still; some rest within the grave.

AT MIDNIGHT.

The pale, white stars, lone, sentinel the night,

The moon is hid in heavy clouds of gray;

The city's heart, that throbbed with life all day,
Did cease to beat, when ev'ning took its flight.

And, now, the air is breathless, calm and still,

Whilst I here, care-oppressed, awake do lie

And long, in vain, for Sleep to close my eye.

Upon the world, whilst slow my pulses thrill.

Come, then, sweet Sleep! O Nurse of weary men!

And spread thy spell, O mystic Maid of night!

I beg thee, Charmer, run thy fingers light,

Across my thought-racked, throbbing mind, and,
then,

I prithee, Spirit! close mine weary eyes

And let me dream, 'till Morn's lips kiss the skies!

IN THE CLOISTER.

She spends her life, far from the noisy mart
Of commerce, and deep, sunny, azure skies
Paint all the brighter, to her human eyes,
The vales of Solitude, dear to her heart!
And, there, she toils unknown and bears her part
Of Life's Gethsemane. Yet, O, the prize!
Sweet, rose-crowned ways lead not to paradise—

She chose the thorny ways, that pain and smart.
A mystic Hand has tuned her fond heart-strings
To one long hymn of praise, with joy replete,
That fills, with music, paths angels have trod
And, from her soul, Love daily, gladly flings
Pearls of prayer—keys, that unlock, in dire need,
The audience chamber of the very God.

JUNE.

June and her breezes to greet us again,
Decked in her morning gleams—queen of the
plain!
Red are the roses, fresh, kissing her cheek—
O for her dreamy eyes, gentle and meek!

Soft, glow, the sunny smiles on her young face,
Green, lie, the meadow-lands in her embrace;
Quick, flow, the silver rills, busy and free,
Tuned by her fingers to sweet melody.

June! Thou art blushing, in the pale light,
Wrapped in thy gossamer—trainings of white;
Silken mists, gaily, thy fair form adorn—
June! Thou art blushing—a bride of the morn.

INVOCATION.

Show me the way, that Thou wouldst have me
go,
While wand'ring down Life's, darkened path of
years,
And give me strength to fight the bitter fears,
That strive to bring about my overthrow !
I ask not much, dear Lord. Full well I know,
That there is joy in life to dry my tears,
That lips are kind to whisper in my ears
And tune my heart strings to love's allegro.
Show me the way, kind Father ! Let me see
A little sunlight in my ev'ry day
And, for my wealth, give me not lucre gay
But peace of soul and mind ! Therein, for me,
Lies recompense, the sweetest, to defray
Man's sense of duty, love-defined and free.

EVENTIDE.

Far o'er the fields, rich in their em'rald gleam,
Where whisp'ring run the merry rills so free,
The meadow-lark sounds sweet her melody,
And sunbeams, fading, throw their smiles su-
preme.
The lily pale has laid her head to dream
Upon the brook's, green breast and, o'er the lea,
In notes of prayer, soft, pealing, glad and free,
The ang'lus, ringing, sings its ev'ning theme.
O little bell ! From out yon belfry gray,
Thy accents, stealing, linger soft and sweet ;
Hushed are the noises in the village street,
Whilst now you echo out the parting day—
The ploughman hears thy call and doth repeat
His thanks to God, while bending low to pray.

DREAM—FACES.

They pass by in smiles and in splendor
And float on the wings of the past,
Dream-faces, so beaming and tender,
With love, that is true to the last ;
They bring to my heart a sweet story,
A glimpse of the distant, glad days,
The tale of a life, full of glory—
The rosy and thorny-crowned ways.

Dream-faces, bright, fresh as the morning,
That steal from the dead, buried years,
In me, you awake, without warning,
The joys, that lie hidden by tears—
The joys of a childhood, sweet, cherished,
A thought of those moments of bliss,
The many, sad heart-aches, that perished,
When soothed by a smile and a kiss.

MATER DOLOROSA.

O Mother, Queen! great was the pang of pain,
That pierced thy heart, when, sad, thy tearful
eyes
Beheld the clouds of suff'ring, round thee, rise
To kiss the cross, that marks the Christ's, short
reign.

No lips of thine, to murmur, gave relief
They moved; yet 'twas in sorrow's, silent
prayer—
Upon the cross, thy son fast nailéd, there,
And, in thy soul, a Calvary of grief.

A THOUGHT.

I saw a rose, at daylight,
Open its dewy eye;
I saw a rose, at twilight,
Fold up its leaves and sigh.
In its coat of ruby-velvet,
It faded slow and died—
And, long, its perfume lingered,
Though its leaves lay parched and dried.

And thus, many lives have faded,
Like the dew-kissed, summer rose—
Faded, when the heart was lightest,
In the twilight of life's close.
And full many, sweet, are resting,
In the graves, that hold them deep,
With their actions, bright, still glowing,
Though they've lain years, in death's sleep.

A SUMMER MORNING.

The sprite of Dawn has spread its silver wings
And, lo, a smile steals o'er the Day's, lone face
And dries the tears of dew—the sorrow-trace—
With gleams of joy and sunny glistenings.
Glad, from her harp, the meadow-lark now flings
Her chords of serenade and white clouds grace
The blue sky with their sunbeam-tinted lace,
While, over field and fen, morn's medley rings.
Ah, voices, tuned in matin-minstrely,
I love your echoes' stealing, glad refrain!
The hunter scales the mountain height again
And, on the breath of roses, fresh and free,
His sweet song, tender, dies far down the plain
And one true heart throbs back Love's melody.

THE OLD YEAR IS NO MORE.

The old year is no more. Her dear, sweet face
Is wreathed in sadness; in her soft, gray hair,
The frost-jewels glitter, and, in silent prayer,
The willows, o'er the midnight burial-place,
Do fold their thin, wan hands, while moonbeams
trace

Their shadows on the cross of snow, so rare,
That lone earth rears above Time's angel,
fair—

The dead, dead Bride of winter's love-embrace.

And, while the paeans ring the New Year in—

A happy child, her piercing, anxious eyes

Hiding all future hopes, sorrows and tears—

Creator! Lord! forgive the awful sin,

That stains our past, and let our thoughts arise

To nobler actions through life's, coming years!

EASTER SONG.

Lift your hearts to heaven,

Hear the joyful, stirring sound!

Like nuns gentle, kneeling,

Spotless lilies, on the ground,

Waft their purest incense,

From their yellow censers, bright,

While the dawn discloses

Resurrection's, radiant light,

Open, soul, thy portals,

Let the paeans gladly ring!

Bid thy Guest to enter—

Calv'ry's, thorn-crowned, risen King!

Grace! I hear thee knocking

At yon pearly, angel-gate—

O white love, pray, enter,
Into my soul's estate!

Trembling soul! Awaken
From Gethsemanes of sin!
Break the chains of anguish,
Let the Easter echo in
Peace and love and gladness,
While the dear Christ points the way!
O my soul! this dawning
Ushers in thy perfect day!

NOCTURNE.

Night! O the heart of her, throbbing in glee,
Silent, the robin's stir in the birch-tree—
Soft, glows her angel-star, brilliant, serene.
Night—and the face of her, smiling—a queen.

Queen of the Slumber Sea, wondrous and fair!
I love thy minstrelsy, stealing and rare—
Breeze of the love-tone sweet, singing of spring,
Serenades glad, repeat, leaves whispering.

Queen! and the sight of her, dazzling and fair,
Rich, robed in gossamer; trailing, her hair
Kiss the pale, moonbeams' light, sinking to rest—
O for the jewel-bright stars on her breast!

Night! and the dreams of peace, lighting her
eyes,
Bring us sleep to release care's, weary sighs;
Mountain and meadow far smile, in their green.
Night—and the face of her, glowing—a queen.

TO A SPRING ROBIN!

Sweet is the music of the robin's song,
That floats o'er meadows glowing;
He sings his love-notes, far and wide,
O'er marshy mere and mountain-side
And folds his wings at eventide,
When breezes cold are blowing.

His song steals o'er the fields of Death
And Spring draws glad her first, fresh breath.

Clear voice of morning! sound thy tender trill
In sunny, springtime weather,
For Winter's heart is cold and dead
And sunbeams, gleaming overhead,
Warm back to bloom the roses red,
While dancing 'round together!

O charmer, sweet, into mine ear
Repeat thy dulcet-notes of cheer!

THE OLD LOVE.

'Tis, in vain, we appeal to the old love,
Asleep in the shroud of the snows;
She was good, she was true, she was hopeful—
Time's bridal, white, beautiful rose.
Then away with the pain and the anguish
Of parting, that ev'ry heart knows.

Let us then, for the sake of the old love,
Gaze long in those passion-warm eyes;
They are tearful and know not the rapture
Of anxious, bright, amethyst skies,
That sweet lie, in the lap of the morning,
To greet the sad world's, precious prize.

O poor heart! we are done with the old love
And, on the fresh wind's, mighty breath,
Comes a whisper of life, that is rosy,
And now a fond joy lingereth—
She has passed, through the portals of midnight,
From out the cold shadows of death.

Then rejoice! let us welcome the new love—
The virginal New Year, so fair—
The bright spirit of joy and contentment,
That thrills the glad world everywhere,
And, sweet, lures our thoughts, far down the fu-
ture,
On her lips, God's message and prayer!

A SONG OF THE END.

A ceaseless striving on the way,
A love-crowned longing day by day,
A burst of laughter, set in tears,
The mem'ry of a few short years;
A gleam of sunshine, in the morn,
To cheer the weary heart, forlorn,
A shade of sorrow, in between,
To cloud the brow of Hope, serene;
A birth, bright as the buds of May,
A grave, a dear one laid away—
The many heartaches in the strife,
A smile—a tear—and *this is life*.

But life is more. The love of God
Lights sweet, with hope, the path we trod
And, though dark shadows deep may frown,
Around life's cross—*they hide the crown*.

AMBITION.

A youth scales the heights of life's, steep, moun-
tain land,
The smile on his red cheeks is saddened by
fear;
He longs for the day, when alone he will stand
And view, from the mountain-top, his bright
career.
And onward, still higher, he speeds through the
days,
His progress is slow, yet his heart is a-flame
With burning hopes glowing, that brighten the
rays
Of mountain-lights, gleaming with Honor and
Fame.

An old man, low-bending, has scaled the dull
heights,
His soft, silv'ry locks hide the wrinkles of years
And Age has won him all Fame's, dazzling,
bright lights
But he cannot see them—he's blinded by tears.
An old man lies dead on the lone, mountain
height—
He died without wearing the fair crown of his
Fame
But, deep in the heart of the busy world, bright,
His works will be cherished and honored his
name.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The city's, tempting voice sounds far outside
These sacred walls; a breath of tender prayer
Lingers upon the incense-laden air.
Here, hopes have dawned and bitter tears been
dried;
Despairing sinners, here, have knelt and sighed
And sued their God for mercy; hearts, laid
bare
By sorrow keen, have found a shelter rare,
In these gray walls, where peace and love abide.
And, as I kneel, the moon-lit night doth steal
Softly around the cross-tipped, altar's height,
To crown the Christ's head with her gleams of
light
And, fresh, upon my sin-stained soul, I feel
The touch of God's, pure finger in the night
And lips give vent to joys, that thoughts conceal.

LIFE.

Man's life, alas, is but a game
Between his soul and sin;
The world is more than emptiness,
In which to grovel in.

In letters bright, of shining gold,
God writes good acts, I know—
The prayers, the deeds of mercy, love,
With manliness a-glow.

The bad, alas, an angel-hand
Marks darkly on his soul
And, gone fore'er, those treasures rare,
Sin slyly from him stole.

Each time, he does a goodly act
God's smile is full of cheer;
Each time, the pale hand writes the sin,
The angels shed a tear.

THE DAWN.

We know not when 'twill be but Death, one day,
Will come, like some black thief, in gloomy
night,
And close our eyes forever. 'gainst the light
Of sun and moon and stars, then steal away,
While swift our soul speeds, from her house of
clay,
To meet the Saviour's face, so tender, bright,
Waiting her sentence after life's, drear fight—
Hell's crown of thorns or Heaven's wreath of bay.

O what is life, that we should thus forget
The joyful Dawn, that waits beyond the gloom
To greet our souls, while in the cold, sad tomb
We turn to earth? Why should we doubt it yet?
There is a life, that crowns Sin's battle won—
A life of rest in far-off, glowing spheres,
Where angels sing Love-hymns, through end-
less years,
Where Christ's the Light—the soul's, eternal
sun.

HEIM—LIED.

Had I the light wings of yon, chirping bird,
I'd fly, for miles, through the thick ether-space,
To rest my lonely heart, in that bright place,
Where, first, mine ears life's melodies had heard,
And dream gray dreams of peace and hope de-
ferred
And see, again, my childhood's, pure, white
face,
Glowing with promise, clothed in angel-grace,
Reviewing glad the pictures, Time has blurred.
Sweet home, wherein the first days of my Spring
Were spent, to-night I long for banished
boons—
The morns, that blossomed forth rich after-
noons.
Ah! had I wings, I'd break the chains that cling
About dull care and fly, 'neath other moons,
Into thy arms, beloved—still thy king.

A MAY SONG.

When trees of spring are frosted o'er
With blossoms white as snow,
And robins sound their morning calls
In meadow-fields below,
O heart of mine! the fonder shines
The dawning light of day
And brighter glows the world, beneath
The virgin smile of May.

O May! I love thy breezes mild,
That sweep up from the seas;
I love thy fields of em'rald green,
Their pure anemones.
Thou bringest back the beaming smiles,
Joy's lustre to mine eyes—
O life! O love! Thou'rt sweeter far,
When kissed by sunny skies.

A FADED PICTURE.

Within its little frame, so old and rare,
Upon the wall, it's hung for many years—
Those ruby lips, sweet, folded in glad prayer,
And soft, blue eyes, that knew no bitter tears.

That tender face, lit up by God's, pure smiles,
Glow fresh, from out its canvas, faded, worn,
So spirit-like, to bless life's afterwhiles
And cheer my throbbing heart, oppressed, for-
lorn.

O picture of my childhood's, golden day!
The smart, white gown, decked in its yards of
lace,

The blushing cheeks, red as the twilight-May,
The past glows bright in thy dear, angel-face.

Ah, faded picture! I have loved thee well,
Through all the days of gloom and sunny skies
And prized thee much, though no famed Raphael
Painted the love-gleams, in thy baby-eyes.

IN A DREAM.

I watched the ships sail out into the deep
And, longing, gazed, while foam-waves danced
in glee;
And, soon, the noises lulled me fast to sleep
And, in a dream, I sailed a sunny sea.

Its shores were bright. Ah! I had known them
long
And, o'er the Past, in thought, I sailed alone;
The lisp'ng breezes sang a gentle song
And whispered love-words, in an undertone.

Ah! I was happy, as I sailed that day;
I met old faces. Time cannot destroy
Their fond, sweet smile, the dreams of one, fair
May—
And mem'ry was the ship, that brought me joy.

THE CRY OF MOTHERHOOD.

What have I done, that Thou shouldst pierce my
breast

With this new grief? O God of pity! Spare
This little babe—this angel! do not tear
Life's string—'tis breaking fast—but let him rest
In my strong arms, his little heart, close-pressed
To mine! O God of mercy! hear my prayer,
Floating upon the night-wings, black and bare!
Lord! let him live—he knows my voice, the best!
Then, someday, I will teach his lips, so red,
To sing Thy praises; should'st Thou take his
life,

'Twould break my heart. 'Tis all that I possess
This baby-love of his—all else is dead.
Ah! Thou wilt, spare him Lord? Then, life's,
fierce strife
Still, holds, for me, a sweetness, I confess.

THE SONGS OF LONG AGO.

O the songs of other days!
Sing them softly—sing their praise;
Sing them sweetly, while their numbers swell in
purest harmony;
Tune the harp of youthful years
I have kissed it with my tears!
And let the wings of Memory bear its melodies
to me!

O the songs—the rippling rhymes!
How they speak of happy times!
How their echo comes a-floating down the days
of long ago!

'Twas, when the robin's trill
Welcomed daylight on the hill,
That the sunbeams, softly shining, set my path
with love aglow.

In the songs of long ago,
Let your merry voices flow;
Let their melodies, so mirthful, fill the corridors
of Time!
Sing them softly! Sing their praise!
Cherished songs of other days—
They are fraught with deepest meaning—there's
a story in each rhyme.

A NOVEMBER THOUGHT.

How sad the peal, that rings high o'er the trees
And bids our thoughts be still! How sad the
toll
That from yon belfry steals! Some weary soul
Is gone to rest, and, soft, the morning breeze
Sighs deeply, 'neath the mournful sounds, that
steal
And fill our hearts with sorrow's note, so sad.
We muse and dream and happy thoughts, so
glad,
From us have flown and, deep, our hearts now
feel,
That some day, too, yon, tolling bell will ring
Alas! for us; e'en now its throbbing breath
Doth fill our weary souls—yet doth it bring
With it remorse—for, though we sleep in death,
Not it, the end of all. O soul! Be brave!
Thy trust in God! There's life, beyond the grave.

A PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

O, Thou, foreseeing One, mighty and great I
Give us strong men, in these dark, stormy days,
While Lust and Greed their voices, grim, up-
raise

To busy throngs, that in life's market wait I
Give us strong men, who snap their thumbs at
fate;

Men, whose pure hearts with virtue are ablaze
To do the good, that lies in open ways,
While Poverty stands beggar, at Earth's gate!
Give us strong men with lofty, noble minds;

Strong voices, that resound above the din
Of strife; white souls, in which to sunshine in;
Strong hearts, wherein glad Justice ever finds
Bright dawns of hope and cloistered aisles, so
gray,

Where tired spirits love to tread, for aye.

THEIR DEPARTED PRIEST.

They loved him for his saintly smile,
That dried the sinner's tear;

They loved him for the kindly word,
So full of hope and cheer.

They loved him for the soothing voice,
That bade all gloom depart

And for the thoughts of mercy, sweet,
Imprinted on his heart.

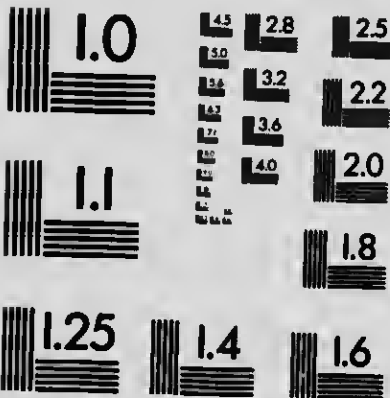
They loved him for the life he led,
The life of priest and saint;

'Twas pure as morning's lily, fair,
Yea, free from worldly taint.



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His voice was like a silver bell,
Amongst the city's din;
He called the reckless, straying ones,
From paths of woe and sin.

He led them to a brighter land
To dreams of bliss, afar;
He led them, through the dark'ning gloom,
Like ev'ning's, sombre star.
He was their priest; his life was pure,
With sanctity aglow,
He taught them virtue, mercy, hope—
Thus, why they loved him so.

A SONG OF THE HILLS.

Out on the green hills the cool winds are blowing,
The roses are blushing and drying their tears;
The morning's, gay harp is tuned to o'erflowing
And lo, through the shadows, the daylight ap-
pears.

Then away to the hills, where the bobolink, sing-
ing,
Cheers on the sweet voice of the murmuring
rills;
The hunter's, clear call, o'er the willows, is ring-
ing—
O heart! Let's away to the sunny, green hills!

Then, away to the hills, from the city's gloom,
sorrow,
Away to the hills, where the buttercups grow,
And, there, let's await the glad joys of a morrow,
With crimson and golden tints, softly a-glow!

A SONG.

O! sing me an air—some soft, soothing lay,
While sunbeams are kissing the roses of May,
While nature is smiling and joyous in song,
And music, so mirthful, comes floating along,
Comes stealing from yon, snowy, blossom-kissed
tree—
Comes singing its sweetness for you and for me!

O! Sing me the song, that you sang long ago,
When pleasure unceasing and joy, sweet, did
flow—
How youthful the singer and dear the song then!
O would that my thoughts could recall it again,
O would that, again, I could hear thy voice sing
That lullaby song, o'er a cradle in spring!

Since then, many springs, yea, have smiled upon
me,
Yet often the song's, ringing, glad melody
Comes floating to me, through the city's, hot
street
And lo! comes the patter of two, little feet—
And, waiting and dreaming, in peace, here,
alone,
I long for those days, that were and have flown.

SUNRISE.

- O! list to the sweet song, the May-birds are singing
Far 'cross the fresh meadow, the grassy, green
lea!
The gray, morning mist, 'round the mountain is
swinging—
The sunbeams are dancing, in fanciful glee.
- O! list to the splash and the dash of the fountain,
That bathes the old, crumbled, green ivy-
crowned wall!
- O! list to the hunter's, clear voice, on the mountain,
O! list to the bobolink's, cheery bright call!
- O! see the bright blossoms on the shaded bough
sleeping,
There, cradled in splendor, beneath the warm
skies!
- O! see, in the hedgeway, the violets are peeping,
Gay, up to the sunshine, in soft, bluish eyes!
- O! list to the pure song, the sweet chimes are
singing,
As softly it steals, through the high, forest
trees!
- O! list to its echo, that gladly comes ringing—
O! listen my heart—to the song of the breeze!

A TOAST.

Here's to the fair lad, so bright, young and cheery,
Whose sweet, dimpled hands leave not one task
undone;
Whose blue, sparkling eyes ne'er look sad or
weary,
Whose smile is as bright as the morn's, golden
sun!

Here's to the fair lad, so joyous and merry,
Whose voice softly sounds like a song-bird's
on high,
Whose lips are as red as the dew-sprinkled berry,
Whose heart-beat is calm as the rill winding
by!

Here's to the fair lad, so honest and truthful,
Who climbs life's, steep hill, both in sunshine
and rain,
Whose heart remains kind and loving and cheer-
ful,
Whose spirit is bright, both in joy and in pain!

Then up with you, lads! Toil on and don't tarry!
Start down at the bottom and mount Life's,
steep hill;
Take on the sweet burden—all you can carry,
And on to the goal, with an iron-bound will!

THE PASSING OF LEO.

Imperial Rome folds her gaunt, trembling hands,
In deep grief, at her great son's, lowly bier ;
The very earth stands stricken pale with fear,
While Rachel-cries ring out in many lands
And Sorrow, black-robed, sadly, mutely stands
Erect, wild-eyed, above his form so dear,
With heart, too sick, to summon forth a tear,
Weary of treading Calv'ry's, burning sands.
Life's dark, still night has brought thee perfect
day,

The rose-hued twilight saw thy work was done
And heard Christ call thee—well-belovéd son !
Great Leo—crowned with winter's, snow-white
spray !

Thy years reflect the glad, eternal Spring
Thy soul enjoys, now palaced with the King.

GOOD NIGHT!

Mother! good night I may songs of love
Befriend thee, when the shadows creep,
And lead thy thoughts to God above
And bless thy sleep!

Good night! may angels bring thee rest
While, bright, the white stars serenade
The lonely moon, that lights the breast
Of field and glade!

Good night! and may bright gleams of peace
Kiss soft thy burning cheek's, red rose,
And may they bring thee, swift release
From earthly woes!

Good night! and may God bring thee cheer,
Through the long and silent hours,
And may he bring no sorrow tear
To thorn its flow'rs!

Good night! and, when on wings of prayer
Love's accents sweet, so tender, mild,
Float from thy lips to kiss the air,
Think of thy child!

