



ASSURANCE ·
· AND · OTHER · POEMS ·



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ASSURANCE

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

GEORGIANA L. HEATH.



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PS 1919

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D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

The collection of these poems, with the care of issuing them, is an offering of love to the memory of my only sister.

S. Y. M.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE poetry contained in this volume is the offspring of a mind of unusual vigor, and which had passed through unusual experiences. The writer felt her own way, independently of human leading, into the Christian path, demanding a solid foundation for every step. Finding evidence of her regeneration only after she had attained adult age, her religion became the spring both of her thought and life. It was her habit of mind to question herself rigidly, and to be unsatisfied with any thing short of perfection in her experiences and in her work. This accounts for that peculiar characteristic of her poetry, — a perpetual reaching forward to the yet unattained, a yearning for the higher, a longing for the glory yet to be revealed. She labored over every poem, before it left her hand, till she was sure it was as nearly perfect as she could

make it. She was no copyist. Her peculiarity was an intense individualism.

These poems are not designed for criticism, but as memorials of one whom God honored with rare gifts, and who consecrated her gifts to His service. Shortly before her decease, urged by many voices, she had begun the work of arranging them for publication. The title is her own; and the order, which gives "Assurance" the first place, eminently a fruit of her own experience, and a mirror of her thoughts. The rest was left for others. May these words encourage the doubting, stimulate faith, comfort the afflicted, and help those who aspire to the highest and the best. Unselfish, and ever planning in behalf of others, both in her words and in her works, she "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

S. F. S.

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ASSURANCE.

ASSURANCE.

It may not come to us as we have thought,
The blessed consciousness of sins forgiven ;
We may not hear a voice that shall proclaim
Our title clear to the sweet rest of heaven ;

We may not see a light upon our path,
Above the brightness of the noonday sun,
Whose radiance shall reveal our names enrolled
As ransomed by the Lord's Anointed One.

Not thus may the sweet knowledge come to us,
That all is well with us forevermore ;
Not with a flash of glory on the soul
Do all pass into life through Christ, the door ;

But, like the winter merging into spring,
Or, gently, as the trees put forth their leaves,
May come to us the impulse of that life
Which God bestows on those sin truly grieves.

If we are conscious of a firm resolve
To follow Jesus as our constant guide ;
If in prosperity, or in distress,
Our hearts cling closely to the Crucified ;

If we are not ashamed to have it known
That in His service is our chief delight ;
Though we may never feel the ecstasy
Which those attain who reach the mountain height ;

Yet, if the hour of secret prayer be sweet,
When we hold converse with a friend Divine,
And dear the time when with His own we meet,—
For us the promise stands, "They shall be mine."

CONSECRATION.

THE glad surrender has been made,
We are the Lord's ;
And Heaven, that owns the ransom paid,
The vow records.

His own ! bought at a mighty cost
And sealed with blood,
No longer wandering blind and lost,
But sons of God.

His own, His own! O wondrous grace
That led to Him!

We see the Sun of Righteousness,
Earth lights grow dim.

We own His power whose love unknown
Has conquered hate, —
Our hearts, our lives, to Him alone
We consecrate.

Henceforth, rejoicing, Christ we own
As Lord and guide;
The loving, pure, and changeless One,
The Crucified.

Trusting the promise of His word,
We shall prevail;
The grace of our ascended Lord
Shall never fail.

VIA CRUCIS.

“Through great tribulation.”

EARTH'S discipline of suffering,
O strange and fearful mystery!
All down the years are echoing
Thy sad, sad tones, O Calvary.

PALM BRANCHES.

But this I know, most surely know,
Sorrow and I have never met
But, on the cloud that wreathed His brow,
A glowing cross of light was set.

Each joy that makes my life more bright
Tells of thy triumph, Calvary ;
Because of thy darkness, I have light ;
Because of thy conflict, victory.

And thus I learn that joy and woe,
Trials, and strength to conquer wrong,
Given to us while here below,
But swell the final triumph song.

And whosoe'er would win at last,
And share thy joy, Eternity,
Must take the way that Jesus passed,
Gethsemane and Calvary.

PALM BRANCHES.

SCATTER them now for the Saviour's feet,
Victory's symbols with joy replete ;
Offerings for the Redeemer meet,
Fair palm branches.

Scatter them wide with a loving heart,
Hasten and cover each dusty part
Of the road He travels, with thoughtful art ;
Bring palm branches.

Sing, as He passes, a triumph-song
Of truth over error, right o'er wrong ;
Oh, eager, surging, exultant throng,
Strew palm branches !

Sing hallelujah ! the Christ has come ;
Sweet hallelujah ! earth is His home ;
Loud hallelujah ! no voice be dumb ;
Strew palm branches.

Scatter afar for the Saviour's feet
Palm branches green with their odors sweet ;
Offerings of love for Him most meet,
Fair palm branches.

NAZARETH FLOWERS.

LATELY, as one of the passing hours
Held up a page and bade me read,
I saw there written, "Nazareth Flowers,"
And my thoughts flew backward with wondrous
speed, —

Backward, along the track of years,
To the far creation's earliest dawn ;
And saw, 'mid joy-light and sorrow's tears,
Fair flowers, springing as time rolled on.

And I marked this well, that never a place
Could I find so dreary, or dark, or lone,
But that some blossom showed its face
With a beauty and sweetness all its own.

They bloomed on the crimson fields of strife,
And hid with their beauty the steps of death ;
And through the wild defiles of life
Was wafted along their fragrant breath.

Unscorched by the flames that upward rolled,
When a martyr-soul was borne to heaven,
Unblighted, in beauty manifold,
They rose in the darkness, lightning-riven.

No wondering fancy is this that tells
Of starry blossoms and fragrant flowers,
For rich is the hymn of praise that swells
From countless hearts through countless hours.

O Nazareth Child ! whose love has given
These blossoms to mark the pilgrim's way ;

O Rose of Sharon! O gift from heaven,
Thyself a fairer flower than they.

Lo! all along this path of ours
Thy promises uplift their flowers,
Fragrant with hope of a heavenly home, —
Of a glorious fruitage sure to come.

Sure! for heaven's honor is at stake!
And every pledge of God to men,
Given unto them for "His name's sake,"
In Christ is yea, in Him amen.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

RING, ring, ye Christmas bells!
Ring out in joyful sweetness
All the wonderful completeness
Of the Christ-life unto men.
Ring out the starry glory,
Ring out the angel story
Of peace, good-will again.

Ring, ring, ye Christmas bells!
Ring out in hallowed chorus
To ages yet before us
Good news of Christmas-time;

Until in every dwelling
 The Redeemer's praise is swelling,
 And blending with your chime.

Ring, ring, ye Christmas bells!
 Ring out the joy of giving,
 Of pure, unselfish living,
 With every Christmas morn ;
 For heaven to earth seems dearer,
 And God to man is nearer,
 Since Christ the Lord was born.

Ring, ring, ye Christmas bells!
 Ring through each century,
 Ring, — till eternity,
 With royal diadem,
 Shall crown, beside life's river,
 As King of kings forever,
 The Babe of Bethlehem.

AT LAST.

AFTER the tossing on Time's changeful ocean,
 After the clouded skies, and tempest's rage,
 After the breasting of each wild commotion,
 Waiting for Christ's beloved, safe anchorage, —
 Port, — at last !

After the weary journey through the desert,
The scorching wind, the sun's unearthly glare,
The mirage that attracts but to deceive us,
To find, by waters still and pastures fair,
Rest, — at last !

After the days of suffering and of toiling,
When anxious cares so oft have vexed the breast,
To feel, so softly stealing o'er the spirit,
The long, sweet evening, bringing welcome rest,
At last, — at last !

After the dreary nights and patient vigils,
The eager watching for the morning's ray,
To catch a glimpse, amid the purple shadows,
Of the glad light that heralds coming day,
Dawn, — at last !

After the clash of arms in life's great battle,
After the foe is vanquished, closed the fight,
To take the meed for which we long have striven,
A crown of glory and a robe of light,
Victors, — at last !

After the strife, the glorious victory ;
After the day's hard toil, the tranquil even ;
After the dreary night, the flush of morning ;
After a life on earth, a life in heaven ;
At last, — at last !

CRUX TERRESTRIS CORONA CÆLESTIS.

“E'en though it be a cross.”

AN earthly cross in patient meekness bearing,
The while we wander in this pilgrim land ;
A heavenly crown of matchless glory wearing,
Placed on each head by God the Father's hand.

The heavy cross on earth, — the crown in heaven ;
The sorrow here, — beyond, the mighty joy ;
The rapture of a soul with all forgiven,
A blest eternity without alloy.

It may be that the cross we have to carry
May bow our very souls to earth with grief,
And darkly round our path wild clouds may gather,
While anxiously our spirits seek relief.

Yet when the gloom is deepest, and the heaviest
Seemeth to us the cross we have to bear,
Faith in our Father's love can rise triumphant,
And show the crown of joy that we shall wear.

It may be that the cross of suffering
Is one known only to ourselves and God,
When strongest love is powerless to aid us,
Or ease one atom of the crushing load.

Yet even then one thought may bring us comfort :
He knows our grief, for He has felt the same ;
His spirit has been bowed in deepest anguish,
Who claimed the "Man of sorrows" for His name.

Oh, blest those hearts who know the depth of sorrow,
For they shall know how great the Father's love ;
For consecrated grief shall draw them nearer,
And make them meeter for their home above.

Then let the gloom around our spirits gather,
Let every earthly joy and comfort flee ;
Blest be the cross, though heavy, that shall bring us
"Nearer to thee, my God, nearer to thee."

VICTORY.

I Corinthians, chapter xv.

VICTORY!

Over the strongest forces death could wield,
Over the strongest bars his power had sealed,
There stands recorded in that book sublime,
Unblurred by footsteps of the passing time,
Through storm and ruth
Keeping its youth,
This grand, eternal, and Christ-proven truth.

Victory!

One more soul-conqueror in life's final hour
 Over the King of Terrors' utmost power;
 One more to prove throughout eternity
 The blessed truth of Christ-won victory, —
 Conqueror through Him,
 Whom angel, seraphim,
 Shall praise until the light of heaven grows dim.

Victory!

O joy untold, to know that victory!
 O rapture infinite, His face to see,
 Whose glory makes eternity so bright
 That its remotest ages know no night;
 Sometimes a breath
 Severs the clouds beneath,
 The glory shines a moment through, — we call *this*
 death.

EASTER MORN.

BIRTHDAY of immortality,
 O radiant Easter-morn!
 Thy light, thy life, are risen
 From night and death's dark prison, —
 Their sepulchre forlorn.

Glad hope of all the ages past,
O joyful Easter-morn!
God's promises fulfilling,
The heart's wild tumult stilling
With peace Divinely born.

On thee sin's power was vanquished,
Triumphant Easter-morn!
For at thy dawning hour
Christ rose in glorious power,
And death was put to scorn.

Reflect His praise forever,
O glorious Easter-morn!
Thy resurrection glory
Be theme for joyful story,
For millions yet unborn.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

If all my way on earth were bright
And joyous as could be,
I might forget the home of light
That waits for me.

If earthly riches manifold
Were given unto me,

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

I might forget the crown of gold,
The crystal sea.

If never earthly ties were riven,
Perchance I might not think
That there is friendship known in heaven
With breakless link.

And so the all-wise Father sends
A shadow o'er life's dreams;
And heaven, because of sainted friends,
More lovely seems.

And, as we toil and struggle hard
While in this vale we live,
How soul-inspiring the reward
That Heaven shall give!

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

John x. 1, 11, 15; Heb. ii. 10.

“PERFECT through suffering.”
A crimson light
Rests on thy portals, O eternal life!
There Christ and Satan met in deadly strife;
The conflict done,
Life, life was won

For us, and perfect peace ;
Behold the sight,
O doubting soul, and bid forever cease
All thy vague questioning.

“ Perfect through suffering.”

O righteousness!
Was there no other way to enter in? —
No other way to break the bars of sin?
No way but these
Heart agonies,
Borne by the sinless One?
O holiness!
O love ineffable, that far outshone
Our faint imagining!

“ Perfect through suffering.”

O Calvary!
Thy cross is glorious with forgiving love ;
Thy voice of triumph thrills the hosts above ;
Eternity
Shall cease to be,
Ere dies the wondrous song
That tells of thee,
And with the lengthening ages grows more strong
In rapt rejoicing!

“ Perfect through suffering.”

To us is given

To know the sacred fellowship of pain ;
Soul purity at any cost to gain ;
 Oh, let the thought,
 He faltered not,
 Nerve us to battle on, —
 Till, earth-bonds riven,
In perfect liberty each wears the crown
 Of Heaven's bestowing.

DE PROFUNDIS.

O LAMB of God, whose earthly life
 Was one long vale of shade,
With darkening clouds of sorrow rife ;
 Whose path was made
One weary pilgrimage of grief, —
 Oh, give relief !

Thou who alone canst tell how deep
 The darkness of the way ;
What monsters through the shadows creep,
 What spectres stay,
And in their dreadful, clinging grasp
 The soul would clasp ;

O Lamb of God ! let Calvary
 And all its suffering,

Its depth of untold agony,
More closely bring
Thy suffering children to Thy side
Who for us died.

Oh, if a prayer can move Thy heart,
If Thou canst hear our cries,
In pity rend the clouds apart,
And let our eyes
Behold Thee, Sun of Righteousness, —
Else life will cease.

TENEO TENEOR.

“Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

I SEE, as ne'er before,
The all-sustaining power of grace Divine;
The arch of peace now spans this soul of mine,
The storm at length is o'er,

Bowed low in agony,
And sorely grieved, I sought the Saviour's feet;
There I found comfort, and a love replete
With tenderness for me.

No other help I need
To bear whatever cross His love may send;

FULFILLED.

Sustained and guided by this Heavenly Friend,
I shall be strong indeed.

Each cup of sorrow given,
Each bitter disappointment that I meet,
Shall make more dear, and beautiful, and sweet,
The heritage of heaven.

I trust in God alone,
And lay my hand in His. He knoweth best
The way to lead me to eternal rest, —
“His will, not mine, be done,”

FULFILLED.

DARK was the night.
Tossed into fury, waves were rolling high;
No light
Of moon or star within the midnight sky.
God spoke, the mariner to cheer,
“Lo! I am here,
And I will guide thee ever with mine eye.”

A scorching sun
Blazed overhead, the sand was hot beneath;
And one
Walked o'er the desert, breathed its fiery breath.

But hark ! the pilgrim soul to cheer,
 "Lo ! I am here,
And I will be thy shade," Jehovah saith.

 The battle raged
Around, before, behind, on every side ;
 Fierce waged
The conflict was, deep ran the crimson tide.
God spoke, the soldier's heart to cheer,
 "Lo ! I am here,
And I will be thy buckler true and tried."

 A crushing load
Was given a human heart to bear ;
 The road
Was rugged, and the very fields were bare.
God spoke, the troubled one to cheer,
 "Lo ! I am here,
This heavy burden I will help thee bear."

 Unpardoned sin
Kept in a wild turmoil an anxious breast.
 Within,
As yet, had entered not the Heavenly Guest.
God spoke, the weary one to cheer,
 "Lo ! I am here,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

THY WILL BE DONE.

'Tis easy for the soul, when hope's glad light
Beams on us from above,
When life is very beautiful and sweet,
To trust a Father's love.

'Tis easy when the pathway lies 'mid flowers
That open to the sun,
When birds sing sweetly to the passing hours,
To say, "Thy will be done."

'Tis easy when the heart is filled with joy
No word can ever tell,
With thankfulness to own His ruling hand
Who "doeth all things well."

But when the gathering clouds of trouble rise,
And our joy's sun grows dim,
Can we reach upward 'mid the deepening gloom,
And cling in faith to Him?

Our hearts are lonely now, and very dark
The way that lies before ;
Our souls spring forward to rejoin the loved
Upon that other shore.

We would not wish them back, O Father, no !
We ask not this, not this !

We would not that earth-mists again should cloud
Their light of perfect bliss.

We ask that Thou shouldst teach, who only canst,
Each deeply stricken heart
That 'tis a Father's ever tender love
Keeps but a while apart.

A little while, and then with them to share
The Christian's great reward ;
To enter on our faith's inheritance,
"Forever with the Lord."

HIS BENEFITS.

Psalm ciii. 2.

UNCOUNTED as the stars that thread the darkness
With interlacing rays, —
They brighten in our lives ; we feel their beauty,
And yet forget to praise.

Father in heaven, forgive, and for these blessings,
These benefits of Thine,
Give grateful hearts, that shall rejoice in sunshine, —
In shadow not repine.

Beneath the drooping cloud the grain is ripening
For garners in the sky ;

Forget not that He watches till the harvest,
With never-slumbering eye.

Never a soul has yet been found so lonely
But had some blessings left ;
Never a heart entirely forsaken,
And of all life bereft.

Then, O my soul, recount the benefits,
God-given to thy lot,
And never more, however sharp the trial,
Let them be quite forgot.

“FOREVER WITH THE LORD.”

We know that somewhere, far beyond our sight,
That earth-mists veil,
Standeth our Father's house, whose glorious light
No shadows pale.

We know that they whose pilgrimage was spent
In faith and prayer,
By matchless grace redeemed and sanctified,
Dwell ever there.

We know that fell disease and pangs of death
Are never known

Among the countless throng who, robed in white,
Surround the throne.

We know not, it is true, in what employ
The hours are passed;
We only know they bring a perfect joy
That aye shall last.

We know each weary longing of the Christian's heart
Is satisfied
When, once within these heavenly walls, he stands
At Jesus' side.

And we can feel that he whom Death's swift hand
Has taken now,
Sees Him enthroned in glory, whom his soul
Long loved below.

"LO, I AM WITH THEE!"

Matthew xxviii. 20.

FATHER, the way is dark;
My soul
Dreads to go forward, — take my hand,
And, in Thine own good way,
Lead me to heaven's unshadowed land,
Its perfect day.

But, hark!

'Mid thunders that above me roll
 I hear a voice
 That makes my burdened, lonely heart rejoice, —
 "I will be with thee till thy life shall end,
 Thy guide and helper, counsellor and friend."

Father, the way is lone ;
 My feet
 Are weary in the ceaseless round
 Of duties to be done.
 Thick briars overspread the ground, —
 The clouded sun,
 That shone
 So brightly once on life, with joy replete,
 Now veiled and dim,
 Leaves me in shaded paths to follow Him
 Who said, "I will be with thee to the end,
 Thy guide and helper, counsellor and friend."

Father, the way is long ;
 The hours
 Drag their slow length of lingering pain
 Along the way I take, —
 O Calvary! thy strength my soul must gain,
 Else life will break ;
 Thy song,
 Once learned, the way shall bloom with flowers,

And sweet and clear
 Shall come to me those helpful words of cheer :
 "Lo, I am with thee till thy life shall end,
 Thy guide and helper, counsellor and friend."

"LOVE THAT ENDURETH."

John xiii. 1.

To *believe* it is life,
 To *feel* it is heaven.

LOVE that endureth, O deepening rapture !
 Thrilling the soul-depths with rich melody,
 Bringing the joy of eternity nearer,
 Making the rest of eternity nearer,
 And heaven itself more real to me. .

Love that endureth, 'tis life to know it,
 Changeless and firm as eternity's throne.
 Fountain of gladness forevermore springing,
 Anthem of ecstasy evermore ringing,
 Oh, what delight to call Thee my own !

Love that endureth, no shadows can cover,
 High as the heavens it towers on high ;
 Doubts may not cloud it, nor deep sorrows drown it ;
 Tested through ages, the present doth crown it,
 Faithful and true as the Lord of the sky.

Love that endureth, which trials but strengthen ;
 Christ-love that brightens this sin-darkened earth ;
 Joy of the burdened whose sins are forgiven ;
 Theme of the ransomed forever in heaven ;
 Words cannot tell of thy wonderful worth.

Love that endureth, Oh ! sing of it ever,
 Pilgrim who treadest the heavenly way ;
 Think oft of Calvary's wonderful story :
 Think till thou feelest its love-illumed glory
 Outshine the radiance of earth's brightest day.

"WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

2 Cor. vi. 1.

AGES ago, in Judea's hallowed land,
 Heaven's mighty Lord came down to dwell on earth ;
 Angelic legions hovered o'er the spot,
 Hailing with joy the great Redeemer's birth.

For over thirty years He walked with men,
 Sharing alike their happiness and woe ;
 Save sinful anger, and guilt's keen remorse,
 All else He felt that human creatures know.

Then when His work was finished, ere the cloud
 Received in glory the ascending Lord,

He spoke : "Go, teach what ye have heard of Me ;
Lo ! I am with you," as His parting word.

Children of Zion, haste ! arise, and work !
High in the heavens already hangs the sun ;
The whitened harvest waits the reaper's hand,
Let not the evening find your work undone.

Haste ! There are souls now hungering for the truth,
Hearts yearning for the knowledge of the Lord ;
Go, tell them of the peace that you have found,
The rest of perfect trust in Jesus' word.

Haste ! There are spirits longing, even now,
To quench their thirst at Heaven's unfailing spring ;
Oh ! seek by kindly word, and earnest prayer,
To that blest fount their fainting souls to bring.

Oh ! sit not down with idly folded hands,
While there is any work for Christ to do ;
All your life's best devotion cannot pay
The debt you owe to Him who died for you.

The work is mighty and the laborers few ;
Awake ! awake ! and to that work go forth ;
Remember that a universe of worlds
Is nothing to one soul's God-given worth.

Be faithful unto death, thus saith the Lord.
And I will give to thee a glorious crown ;
A crown of righteousness adorned with stars, —
A star for every soul to Jesus won.

TO MISS EMMA L. UPHAM.

(On the eve of her sailing as a missionary to Burma,
September, 1880.)

I STOOD not long ago within a room
Whose very air was crowded with the sound
Of rattling shuttle and of shifting loom,
And tremulous with motion all around.

Row after row, frame overtopping frame,
Until my eyes were dizzy with the sight,
Stretched the long lines of colors as they came
Under the weaver's hands, to place them right.

High overhead, above the weaver's eyes,
The folded pattern slowly rose and fell,
And by its strange mysterious trceries
The work below was deftly done and well.

This thing I marked, that patiently
Each weaver in his own place wrought,
And sought, by ever-constant industry,
To make reality the master's thought.

No fretful look, no hard complaint, was there
Because he gave to this one brighter hues
And fairer pattern ; not one jealous care
Or feverish eagerness for himself to choose.

 Patiently,
 Constantly,
Untiringly, the hosts of weavers wrought,
 Until at length
 In beauty, strength,
The finished fabric showed the master's thought.

There is another place where weavers sit,
Another Master, whose love, boundless, free,
Giveth to each the place He sees most fit,
And says, " Sit here and weave for Me."

 Then let us take,
 For His dear sake,
The place, the pattern, that to us is given,
 And work for him
 Whom seraphim
Haste to obey through the glad years of heaven.

We have been working side by side for years
Because the Master kindly willed it so ;
Weaving for Him, with mingled joy and fears,
The pattern that His goodness did bestow.

We have been happy as we labored thus,
Seeking to weave the countless threads aright ;
We have been thankful that He gave to us
The privilege of toiling in His sight.

Now unto you the Master's voice has spoken,
Bidding you rise and take a higher place ;
Oh ! what a priceless honor is this token,
Proving the wondrous riches of His grace.

Hark ! Yet again, in tones so passing sweet,
The voice of thy high Master now replies,
"Take now the pattern, and in yonder seat
Weave it for me in glowing Indian dyes."

So now we bid you go, our messenger
To tell the heathen that a Saviour died ;
Go, show the Gaudama's proud worshipper
The glorious mystery of the Crucified.

Go where He bids you, weave as He commands,
Forever thankful for the honor given,
Of weaving into hearts, in eastern lands,
The message of good-will to men from Heaven

Weave prayerfully. The power of God alone
Can keep you day by day and hour by hour ;
Can melt to penitence the heart of stone,

Can be your refuge in the darkest hour.
Weave prayerfully.

Weave earnestly, nor dally at your post ;
Think not some better time will come to you ;
Half-hearted service is as good as lost ;
Do well whatever comes to you to do ;
Weave earnestly.

Weave joyfully. You're weaving for the King ;
Think of this often, heir of Christ and heaven ;
Think who has called you to the work, and sing
For joyful wonder that you are forgiven.
Weave joyfully.

Weave for eternity. The time will come —
We know not when, but it will surely be —
When the assembled universe shall view
The life-time weaving done by you and me.

Go, then, and sitting at the appointed loom,
Where tropic beauties shine 'neath Burman skies,
The prayers of countless Christian hearts at home
Weave, intermingling, with those Indian dyes.

Old ocean, with its wild, tempestuous winds,
Its pulsing tides, its hidden mighty powers,
Is but a grand connecting link that binds
Forever Burma's distant shores and ours.

That ocean, lapsing on that other shore,
Shall bear a kindly thought on every wave,
While the returning winds shall waft us o'er
Glad tidings of Christ's wondrous power to save

Go, labor then for Him, until complete
The work He gave into your hands shall be ;
Then lay it down before the Master's feet,
And reap the glad reward eternally.

SABBATH IN THE WOODS.

A DEEPER hush in the forest,
A sweeter song from the birds,
And an echo from the distance, —
A joy unvoiced in words.

O sacred depth of the woodland,
Moss-carpeted, dim aisles !
What joy to tread thy pathways
In the light of the Father's smiles !

It may be grand to worship
Where the frescoed chancels rise,
It may be sweet to listen
To the choral symphonies ;

It may thrill us with gladness
To meet where thousands throng,
Bowing before Jehovah,
Or worshipping in song ;

But a deeper knowledge cometh
Of the Lord of heaven's throne,
When, in the grand old forest,
The soul meets God alone.

When, to the farthest vision,
Come only the mighty hills,
With their crowns of glistening granite,
And the flash of thousand rills.

Where the trailing moss on the hemlocks,
That girdle the lone lake shore,
Bears a message to the spirit
It has never heard before.

Then the spirit bows in homage
To the Maker of wave and sod,
And the century-laden forest
Becomes eloquent for God.

LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET.

LIFE'S day lies all behind me,
The night of death before ;
The closing hour will find me
Before that twilight door
Whose hinges turn
Where softly burn
The starry lights forevermore.

Has all the day been cloudless,
Then soft the tints shall die,
And softly come thy morning,
O long eternity !
Whose days go on
Without a sun
To measure hours in passing by.

Ah me ! have skies been o'ercast
With mist and passing showers ;
And hearts, shadowed by forecast
Of dread for coming hours ?
Then it may be,
More radiantly
Shall bloom for us the heavenly bowers.

Beyond life's sunset portal,
Beyond earth's changeful sky,

Lieth thy realm immortal,
O glad eternity !
Once let thy light
Fall on our sight,
And heaven becomes reality.

Dawn of perfected splendor,
Unto thy light is given
A radiance soft and tender,
From this blest truth deriven,
That, partings o'er
Forevermore,
No lonely hearts are found in heaven.

WAITING.

IN the shelter of the harbor,
For the ceasing of the blast ;
In the rock-cleft of the mountain,
Till the storm be overpast ;

In the rush and roar of tempests,
For the calmness sure to come ;
In the dreariness of exile,
For the welcome of the home ;

In the midnight's starless quiet,
For the messenger of day ;

36 *THERE IS A GATE THAT LIGHTLY SWINGS.*

In the depth of soul despairing,
For the strength to hope and pray ;

In the midst of pain and sickness,
For the health that comes at length ;
In the shadow of temptation,
For the grace that gives us strength ;

In the gladness of the present,
For the greater joy to be ;
In the clay-imprisoning shackles,
For the perfect liberty —

Waiting, hoping, trusting, longing,
As the days on earth go by ;
What will be thy glad fulfilment,
Timeless time, eternity ?

THERE IS A GATE THAT LIGHTLY SWINGS.

THERE is a gate that lightly swings
Between the future life and this,
Hiding the flash of angels' wings,
And all heaven's wondrous mysteries.

Above its arch we mortals read,
With tearful eyes and trembling breath,

A name that makes our fond hearts bleed, —
The terror-striking name of death!

Above the arch on glory's side,
Unshadowed by the mists of strife,
The holy ones who there abide
Read the eternal name of life.

So while we gaze upon the gate
That now a passing soul receives,
And say, "He's dead," and sadly wait, —
The angel welcome says, "He lives!"

BEYOND THE GATES.

Memorial Poem, January, 1884.

WHEN eyes we love have looked their last on earth,
And nevermore our eager glances greet,—
When, in the rapture of the heavenly birth,
The saint redeemed and sinless seraph meet,
We long, beyond expression, that our eyes
Behold thy wondrous realm, O Paradise.

Jerusalem, our home, Jerusalem
The golden, — pure, eternal, ever blest, —
Thine are the robe, the palm, the diadem,
The perfect health, the ecstasy of rest,

When, in thy deep soul-calm, eternity,
The heart is satisfied with Christ and thee.

The years on earth roll by ; as each is gone,
Some who were linked to earth by tenderest bond
Have left us ; ties were broken ; one by one
They entered on the life that lies beyond, —
Their steadfast trust finding fulfilment blest,
Their weary feet, the pilgrim's perfect rest !

The first to prove the full reality
Of heavenly joys was one whose closing years
Were passed in shadow ; when she came to die,
She knew not of its terror and its fears ;
But, as a little child goes to its rest,
She slept on earth, and woke, forever blest.

'Mid drifting snows that fled before the wind,
Swift heralds of the advent of the spring,
He who so dearly loved the church did find
Place in the church triumphant, worshipping ;
" I love thy kingdom, Lord," on earth he sang ;
" I love thy kingdom, Lord," heaven's chorus rang.

He knoweth now, better than e'er on earth,
Of that blest union binding kindred minds ;
" Grace, everlasting grace," the priceless worth
Of free forgiveness, now his spirit finds.

Sing on, blest spirit, in thy joy begun, —
Sing till eternal ages all are done.

When March gales fiercely blew upon the land,
Ere yet the violets bloomed 'neath April skies,
Transplanted kindly by the Master's hand,
Our Easter lily bloomed in Paradise ;
Safe in the everlasting gardens there,
Death's hand can never touch our blossom fair.

Amid the countless voices that awoke
In field and wood, in budding tree and flower,
Again the angel summons silence broke,
And sealed another life with closing hour ;
A Christian wife, her record stands secure,
Among the blest who to the end endure.

June, radiant June ! when glowed thy opening days,
Brilliant with prophecy of joys to come,
Into the life of never-ending praise,
Into the promised many-mansioned home,
Where rolls life's river, shines the crystal sea,
Into God's presence, entered pilgrims three.

What ! not enough, O death ? Must thou again
Throw thy dark shadow o'er the summer hours ?
Must birds' sweet carols have a sound of pain,
And fairest blossoms seem but funeral flowers ?

And must one tie so suddenly be riven,
Morn spent on earth, and eventide in heaven?

The year's high noontide came, and, as it passed,
One went from us unto that land whose day
Knoweth no setting sun nor tempest blast,
Jehovah and the Lamb its light alway :
Another voice to praise the Crucified,
Another soul forever satisfied !

September, harvest time ! With sharp, quick blow
The reaper came and took the ripened wheat ;
Erect and strong at noon, at night laid low,
The grain was garnered, life-work was complete.
He knoweth now of those deep mysteries
That lie "beyond the gates" in Paradise.

Leaves fall and flowers wither ; and, like them,
Friends fade away. What time more sweet
Than when the forest's emerald diadem
Flames into golden and carnation glow ?
So one more soul, made pure by suffering,
Obeyed with joy the summons of her King.

If any thing can make the bright beyond
More bright, can add unto the bliss
That ever makes the reunited bond
Of earthly love and friendship, it is this, —

That the sharp anguish of a piercing pain
Can never in that life be known again.

And when our brother for the first time felt
The thrill and glow of heaven's eternal youth,
When low before the throne of God he knelt,
And worshipped Him in spirit and in truth,
What wonder then if, next to sins forgiven,
He praised Him for the perfect health of heaven.

But, hark ! whose little timid feet are these
That stand before the city's pearly gate ?
They never trod earth's thorny wilderness ;
The guardian angel does not bid them wait,
But opes at once : " The Master's word," saith he,
Is, " Suffer little ones to come to Me."

'Tis Christmas time ! We give each other gifts,
And wish each other blessings numberless ;
And the glad memory of Bethlehem lifts
The heart into a sacred happiness ;
Another goes from earth to heaven, to prove
The fuller knowledge of Christ's wondrous love.

Thus one by one they pass beyond the gates,—
The aged saint, the child without a fear ;
Only a little while the angel waits
Ere he begins thy record, O new year,

The future hides behind a veil of mist,
 And some one's name, — but whose? — shall head the
 list.

We may be what we will, — God gives the power ;
 And days to come will show for what we've striven ;
 The past is gone ; only the present hour
 Belongs to us to use for God and heaven.
 Then keep the past, — it's thine, O memory !
 The future ours and thine, eternity !

WHERE ?

THE night is dark around me,
 The starlight fled ;
 The gladness that once crowned me
 Is withered, dead !
 And 'mid the chilling shadows
 That fill the air,
 I cry, Where is the sunlight, —
 Where ?

The winter's icy fingers
 Have clasped the earth,
 And all around there lingers
 A frosty dearth ;

While trees outline 'gainst heaven
Their branches bare,
I cry, Where is the springtime, —
Where ?

Life, like a restless ocean,
Moves to and fro,
Now stirred to wild commotion,
Now sad and slow ;
O waves ! as I list to your sighing,
Voicing despair,
I cry, Where is the Father, —
Where ?

Somewhere shineth the sunlight
Without a cloud ;
Somewhere reigneth the springtime
With life endowed ;
Somewhere life's restless surges
Roll calm and fair ;
But where is this glorious heaven, —
Where ?

God's presence maketh sunlight
For any soul ;
His love, perpetual springtime ;
No storm can roll,

SABBATH MORNING.

O'er any sky so darkening,
 But that His voice
 Can calm the waves, and bid us
 Rejoice.

SABBATH MORNING.

HEART, my heart, what rapture blest
 Thrills to-day my tranquil breast?
 Eye, my eye, what holy light
 Beams most glorious on thy sight?

Is it heaven's o'erarching blue?
 Is it flowers of every hue?
 Is it birdling's song at dawn?
 Is it dewdrops of the morn'?

Beautiful this world of God,—
 Arching heaven and flowery sward;
 In the breath of morning sweet,
 Rose and pink in fragrance meet.

Deeper cause for joy have I
 Than the scenes that round me lie;
 'Tis the day my Lord hath blest,
 Happy he who shares its rest.

Sweeter than the birdling's lay
Chime the Sabbath bells to-day ;
Gentler than spring zephyrs mild
Floats God's peace around His child.

In my chamber's secrecy
Doth my Saviour meet with me ;
While in temples men shall raise
Unto heaven high songs of praise.

As the dew, with silent power,
Raiseth drooping herb and flower,
Let thy Spirit, Lord, I pray,
Feed each waiting soul to-day.

Day of God, I welcome thee,
Messenger of peace to me ;
Star of morn and spring of life,
Rest, amid earth's busy strife.

*MY FIRST DAY IN HEAVEN,—WHAT WILL
IT BE?*

I OFTEN wonder, thinking of the time
When for my spirit earth-ties shall be riven,
How it will seem, within a sinless clime,
To enter on the first glad day of heaven ;

How it will seem to feel no stinging pain,
No shadowing sorrow, darkening the life,
To know that I shall never meet again
My soul's dread foes upon the field of strife ;

How it will seem to know that I have won
The long desired and seeming distant goal,
To know the weary pilgrimage is done,
And feel heaven's rapture thrilling in my soul ;

How it will seem to read in glory's light,
Backward, the scroll of earth-life's mystery,
And find my wanderings for aye set right
In thy fulfilment, O eternity !

How it will seem really to see and know
Immanuel, Jesus, once the Crucified, —
The diadem of ages on His brow,
Thousands of seraphim His throne beside ;

How it will seem, — but all in vain my thought
Seeks but a single glance within the gate ;
Faint are the echoes that to me are brought,
Dim is the light, — I can but watch and wait :

But watch and wait, and wonder in my heart
How it will seem to see the gates unfold,
And pass between them, while they stand apart,
Safe into heaven, and walk its streets of gold.

ETERNITY.

EARTHLY life is but a song,
'Tis a fleeting mystery ;
But thy years are very long,
Eternity !

Here the mists come drifting down,
And the light is hid from me ;
But no shadows dim thy sun,
Eternity !

Oft the way is sad and lone,
And the wind sighs mournfully ;
But thy glories beckon on,
Eternity !

On the fevered pulse of time
Soon thy kindly touch shall be ;
There will come a rest sublime,
Eternity !

Tempting voices shall be dumb,
And all doubts shall cease to be,
In the infinite To-come,
Eternity !

WHAT DOEST THOU HERE, ELIJAH?

What doest thou,
In the cave of doubting and unbelief,
When the Eternal One
Waiteth to give thy soul relief?
The work is done ;
Go forth
And stand upon the mountain crest,
And, trusting, take the promised rest.

What doest thou,
In the cave of idleness, to-day,
When the harvests bend,
And laborers toil, and hope, and pray
Until the end?
Go forth
And stand upon the granite hill,
And there in patience learn His will.

What doest thou,
In the cave of selfishness, to-day,
On a kingly throne
Demanding that all things help and please
Thyself alone?
Go forth
And stand where thou canst see displayed
The deep distress that needs thy aid.

What doest thou,
In any cave where thy soul doth hide
In shame or in fear?
No longer in the shadows abide ;
Thy God is here !
Go forth
And listen to the still small voice ;
Attend what it commands, obey, rejoice !

"WHEN I AWAKE I AM STILL WITH THEE."

WHEN the radiant light of morning
Brightens in the eastern sky ;
When the myriad twinkling dewdrops
On each tree and flower lie ;
'Mid the glory of the dawning,
As it falls on land and sea ;
Heavenward rising, Lord, my spirit
At that hour would be with Thee, —
Still with Thee ;
At each dawning be with Thee.

As the daylight grows in brightness,
When meridian splendors glow
On the dreamy summer woodland,
Or the winter's ice and snow ;

When light clouds are floating o'er me ;
When the wind is murmuring free ;
Floating upward on its pinions,
Still my spirit soars to Thee, —
Still to Thee ;
God and Father, still to Thee.

As the daylight fades in silence,
And the bright stars, one by one,
Twinkle in the clear blue heaven,
Each upon a golden throne ;
When the birdling's song is floating
Lingeringly in bush and tree,
When its music thrills my spirit,
Saviour, I would be with Thee, —
Still with Thee ;
Ever would I be with Thee.

When the star-gems flash and glisten
Proudly on the brow of night ;
When the storm-cloud shrouds the heavens,
When the lightning flashes bright ;
Morn, or eve, at noon, or midnight,
On the land or on the sea,
In each joy, in every sorrow,
Would my spirit rest with Thee, —
Still with Thee ;
Calmly would I rest with Thee.

Still with Thee, O God and Father!
 Would I tread life's toilsome way,
Trusting in Thy love to keep me,
 Lest my feet should go astray;
With my hand in Thine, and striving
 To Thy will conformed to be;
Then, when earth-life shall be ended,
 I shall ever be with Thee, —
 Still with Thee;
Eternally be still with Thee.

THREE SCROLLS.

To each one entering on life
 A triple scroll is given,
Whereon to write our acts and words, —
 Our inmost longings even.

One scroll in our own hearts we keep,
 One in the world at large;
One at the court of Heaven supreme
 God's justice has in charge.

So let us live, that when at last
 The scrolls shall be unsealed,
And to the assembled universe
 Their contents be revealed,

IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME.

It shall be ours to hear pronounced
The welcome words, "Well done!"
Co-regents with the Eternal King,
Possess the promised throne.

IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME.

IN His own good time,
And own good way,
He will lead from darkness
Into day!

His sheltering arms,
And tender care,
Are round his children
Everywhere!

How can we despair,
When such a friend
Has promised to keep us
To the end?

'Tis sweet to believe,
Whatever may come,
The way that He guides us
Leadeth home.

And, better than all
That earth can give,
Is to know that He loves us,
And, trusting, live !

HEAVENLY DWELLING.

HEAVENLY dwelling, flowers unfading
Bloom beneath thy wondrous light ;
Trees of life the banks are shading
Where the ransomed walk in white.

Heavenly dwelling, Oh, to enter
On thine everlasting rest !
Oh, to reach that blissful centre,
Salem, city of the blest !

HERE AND THERE.

HERE, to love awhile and then to sever,
To find one's idols made of only clay ;
There, where joy and peace flow like a river,
To live and love, one glad, eternal day.

Here, to watch our loved ones slowly fading,
And know the hour of parting soon must be ;

There, where glory shines undimmed forever,
To know they live, from sickness ever free.

Oh, blest those hearts which know the depths of sorrow,
That they may know how great the Father's love,
For consecrated grief shall draw them nearer,
And make them meeter for their home above.

Oh, blest assurance for our comfort given,
We all shall meet upon that glorious shore, —
They who have anchored, we who now are sailing,
Life's restless tossings all forever o'er.

Guide us, O Father, o'er time's changeful ocean,
Safe to the haven of eternal peace ;
Then, when the word shall come, "Let go the an-
chor !"
Our hearts shall hail with joy the glad release.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

It may be the sorrows that grieve us
Are but shadows from the gate
That is opening to give us
A joy more true and great ;

It may be the long, dark hours,
That slowly drag along,
Are only just the prelude
Coming before the song.

And what if the gateway's shadow
Lieth across our way?
It will only show that somewhere
Shineth the light of day.

And what if the song of a lifetime
Is set to a minor key?
'Twill merge at last into gladness
And wonderful melody!

And He that stands at the gateway,
Opening and shutting at will,
In sunshine or in shadow
Cares for His children still.

'Tis a Master's hand controlleth
Life's hidden harmonies,
And death is but the changing
From minor to major keys.

AT LENGTH.

PATIENCE! the tempest cannot last forever ;
The storm will cease, the light will surely come ;
God's children cannot drift into "the never,"
That vast, vast ocean where all hopes are dumb.

Whene'er the soul shall pierce the storm's dark centre,
And find the fiercest winds and loudest gale,
Let this thought, with its wealth of comfort, enter, —
The end is near ; His word can never fail.

No swirl of sudden, terrible temptation
Can ever cut the links that bind to Him ;
No sense of seeming utter desolation
Can crush our faith, even though its light grow dim.

No tempest on our souls can beat with power
So terrible as that in which the life
Of the Incarnate found its closing hour,
Surrounded, darkened, in a dreadful strife.

And for that He has known the fiercest gale
That ever beat upon a human soul,
Trust in Him fully, — He will never fail,
But safely pilot to the destined goal.

KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

WHEN slumber leaveth on the care-marked forehead
His seal of peace impressed,
And for a little while the anxious spirit
Tasteth a longed-for rest, —
Whether the morrow's dawn shall find us pilgrims,
Or saints before the throne,
Upon whose gaze shall break heaven's radiant morning,
Is all unknown.

But this we know : the eye of Israel's keeper
Is never closed in sleep ;
The Lord of Hosts hath never need of resting,
'Tis He that guards His sheep.

Whether the pathway given for our treading
Be shadowy or bright ;
Whether the crosses given for our bearing
Be burdensome or light ;
Whether to us uncounted friends be given,
Or we be left alone,
Saving the Friend who ever lives in heaven,
Is all unknown.

But this we know : His grace is all-sufficient
To light the darkest day ;
His arm omnipotent will safely bear us,
Over the roughest way,

Safe to those mansions in the Father's dwelling
 Waiting each ransomed one,
Where the glad chorus is forever ringing,
 "Knowing as we are known."

Then let us leave, with loving trust, the future, —
 With all its hopes and fears,
Its golden opportunities for labor,
 Its smiles and tears, —
To Him whose eye beholds the lapse of ages
 As but a single day:
Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent,
 Changeless for aye.

LIFE'S AIM.

"What is the aim of life?
Why do we struggle here?"

OH, wherefore do we struggle here,
 With weary heart and hand?
Why ceaseless toil amid the scenes
 Of time's dim border land?
Oh, why! What is the end we seek,
 The prize we strive to gain?
Whose image nerves the soul to bear
 Earth's discipline of pain?

'Tis happiness for which we strive,
The goal to which we press,
Its light within the future gleams
In starry loveliness.
With eager hands we strive to reach
And grasp the glittering prize ;
Yet, as we move, still farther on
The radiant vision flies.

Still, wearied with the vain pursuit,
We pause amid the strife,
And ask our souls the question oft,
"What is the aim of life?"
And just as often the reply
Comes to each wondering one,
"To teach the heart to bow to Him
Who sits on heaven's throne."

For only as the soul shall learn
Obedience to His will,
Can we in patient faith and love
Life's noblest aim fulfil ;
And, learning this, the soul shall know
A deep, abiding joy ;
The "troubled" life shall feel a calm
Earth-cares cannot destroy.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

WHEN weary, and worn, and lonely,
We wish that morn were night ;
When the hopes we fondly cherished
For a while are hidden from sight,
There whispers soft to the spirit
A voice, and 'mid our pain
We feel a thrill of comfort :
“ Auf wiedersehn.”

When the thunder of the ocean
Dies on the lonely shore,
From the dim blue of the distance,
Coming forevermore,
Bringing reluctant memories
Into my heart again,
I hear in the lapse of the breakers,
“ Auf wiedersehn.”

When the last brown leaf of autumn
Has fluttered down to earth,
And the flowers all lie slumbering,
Waiting the springtime's birth ;
When the winter's sceptred silence
Lies on the hill and plain,
I read in the snowy crystals,
“ Auf wiedersehn.”

When the rose of life has faded,
And death has set his seal,
Till the resurrection morning
All secrets shall reveal, —
When we yearn with speechless longing
Life's mysteries to explain,
Oh, thy breath of soulful meaning,
“Auf wiederseh'n!”

When we stand with glad exultance
On the shore of the bright beyond,
And feel the new life throbbing,
And renewed each severed bond, —
Then hearts shall thrill with rapture
That now pulse with a living pain :
O eternity, eternity,
“Auf wiederseh'n!”

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while to watch the daylight streaming
In golden radiance from the ether blue ;
A little while to see the sun in setting
Encircled round with clouds of every hue.
A little while to watch the twilight deepen :
A little while to see the stars aglow ;

A little while to watch the pale moon gleaming ;
A little while to hear the night wind blow.

A little while to watch the brightening glories
That usher in the ever-welcome day ;
A little while to watch the rainbow splendors,
And then to see them swiftly pass away ;
A little while to watch the changing seasons,
As on they roll with varied beauties dight, —
Spring's opening buds and summer's radiant flowers,
Autumn's drooping leaves and winter's frosty blight.

A little while, with doubts and fears surrounding,
To tread our pathway through this vale of tears ;
It may seem long, and yet indeed, 'tis truly
A little while at most, though it be years.
A little while to dream of joys awaiting,
A little while to see them fade away ;
To feel that all upon this earth is fleeting,
And know the dearest object may not stay.

A little while to watch, and wait, and linger,
Where hopes so oft deceive the trusting soul ;
A little while, with spirit worn and weary,
To press on toward our life's far-distant goal ;
A little while to muse upon past hours,
To cherish memories of the days long flown,
While one by one our friends are taken from us,
And we are left to struggle on alone.

A little while to sail upon life's ocean,
Our barques oft tossed about by wind and tide ;
A little while to brave their wild commotion,
Then safe within our destined port to ride ;
A little while to utter words of kindness ;
A little while to do our deeds of love ;
A little while to cheer a brother's pathway,
And help him onward to his home above.

There is a morn whose fadeless glories brighten
As year by year eternally flows on ;
And in that country which its rays enlighten,
Christ's chosen ones each wear a starry crown ;
For they who trusted in His hand to guide them,
Who struggled on through trials, doubts, and fears,
And who a little while on earth did serve Him,
Shall sing His praise above through endless years.

IN MEMORIAM: A. N. S.

March 5, 1883.

WE know not how near us lieth
The kingdom of which we sing ;
No eye of mortal descrieth
Its palaces or its King ;
Yet the heart that loves it sigheth
To behold it, worshipping.

64 *MIGHTY LORD, ALL LORDS EXCELLING.*

We sing of its wondrous glory,
We tell of its rapturous song,
Whose theme is the 'old, old story,'
That never grows old, nor long.

We talk oft with one another,
Of home and the homeward way ;
We say that unto our brother
The summons has come to-day.

Now, from earth-cares removed,
Crowned prince of God, forever
He walks beside thy river,
O kingdom that he loved !

MIGHTY LORD, ALL LORDS EXCELLING.

MIGHTY Lord, all lords excelling,
Throned in never-paling light,
Hear us from thy heavenly dwelling,
God of everlasting might ;
Endless praises,
Great Jehovah, are Thy right.

Praise to Thee whose hand has wielded,
For Thy people's good, Thy power ;
Whose unbounded love has shielded
In each dark and trying hour.

We would praise Thee
For Thy mighty love and power.

Children of the King of heaven,
Heirs to Salem's bright abode,
By a grateful offering given,
Let us mark the year for God.
Let us praise Him
For the way our fathers trod.

Mighty God, preserve our nation,
Keep it ever true to Thee ;
Let Thy glorious salvation
Cover it, as waves the sea.
Hear and answer,
So forever let it be.

PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.

For thy mercies freely given,
Hourly, as we pass along ;
For the glory that awaits us,
We would wake the grateful song, —
Praise is waiting,
Lord, in Zion now for Thee.

For thy guardian care protecting,
Watching us by night and day ;

GOD'S PROMISE.

For thy arms of love enfolding,
 That we may not go astray, —
 Praise is waiting,
 Lord, in Zion now for Thee.

For the friends we fondly cherish,
 For the joys our spirits know,
 For the hours of sweet communion
 We have held with Thee below, —
 Praise is waiting,
 Lord, in Zion now for Thee.

For the greatness of salvation,
 For Thy word that tells Thy love,
 For the gift of Christ our Saviour,
 Praise shall fill the courts above, —
 Heaven shall echo
 Grateful, ceaseless praise to Thee.

GOD'S PROMISE.

EARTH'S firmest pillars may be riven,
 Her deep foundations shake,
 Yet He who made the earth and heaven,
 His word will never break.

Pledged by His own eternal name,
 There stands, forever sure,

The promise that His watchful care
Shall make His saints secure.

Rejoice in Him, heaven's lofty King,
Ye whom He makes His own ;
Let your glad hearts an offering bring
Of praise before His throne.

Guided and kept by power Divine,
Your song should ever be,
Thanks unto God for all His gifts, —
Praise Him eternally.

FATHER IN HEAVEN, BEND.

FATHER in heaven, bend
To us a listening ear,
And kindly condescend
Our feeble prayer to hear.
In Jesus' name,
Thy only Son,
We humbly come,
And blessings claim.

All powerful art Thou,
Weak and defenceless we ;
Strength for the hour of need
We come and ask of Thee.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Be Thou our stay
In danger's hour,
When dark clouds lower,
And hide the way.

All merciful art Thou :
O Father, hear our cry,
And send, to heal our hearts,
Thy Spirit from on high.
To Thee we come :
Oh, guide us through
Each joy and woe,
To Thee at home.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

HAIL, Jesus, sweetest name in song,
A Prince and Saviour Thou ;
With joy Thy people hither throng,
And in Thy presence bow.

All hail that kind, preserving power
By which the nations stand,
That safely, to this happy hour,
Has brought our native land.

Let all who have Thy name professed,
And owned Thee as their king,

In north and south, and east and west,
A grateful offering bring.

Lord Jesus, hear Thy people's prayer,
And speed the joyful day,
When loyal subjects everywhere
Shall own Messiah's sway.

ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

ONE thing is needful,
O sinner, for thee,
To guide thee in safety
O'er life's troubled sea,
To anchor thee safe when the journey is done, —
'Tis heart-faith in Jesus, the Crucified One.

CHORUS:

One thing is needful, —
'Tis faith in the name
And mighty atonement
Of Calvary's Lamb.

When death-shadows gather,
And earth-scenes grow dim,
Thy soul will be friendless
Without faith in Him ;
'Twill perish in night, with its sin unforgiven,
Forever debarred from the pleasures of heaven.

INVITATION.

Then haste and secure it ;
 Time passes away,
 And danger attends
 Every hour of delay ;
 'Tis free unto all who His grace will receive :
 But one thing is needful, 'tis "only believe."

INVITATION.

COME, weary sinner, with grief oppressed,
 Sin-burdened spirit longing for rest ;
 Voices from Calvary
 Evermore call for thee,
 Tenderly, lovingly, —
 Come, sinner, come.

Come to the Saviour, do not delay ;
 Leave there thy sorrow, bear joy away ;
 Come to the Crucified,
 Wash in the crimson tide,
 'Twas for thee Jesus died, —
 Come, sinner, come.

Linger no longer ; soon, daylight past,
 Shadows will deepen round thee at last ;

Come ere the night shall fall,
List to the Saviour's call,
Come yield to Him thine all, —
Come, sinner, come.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Air, "The morning light is breaking."

YE soldiers of Jehovah,
Attend His high command ;
He bids your conquering legions
Possess the promised land.
Then forward to the conflict,
The battlefield is broad,
And be your rallying watchword,
Humanity for God !

The helmet of salvation,
The Spirit's mighty sword,
The shield of faith unfailing,
The promise of the Lord ;
Take these and wage the conflict,
Remembering this word, —
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Humanity for God !

The foe is ranged before you
In dread and stern array ;

THE NAME OF JESUS.

But God shall battle for you,
And you shall win the day.
Then forward to the conflict,
Nor sheathe the Spirit's sword
Till you can sing in triumph,
Humanity for God !

Till from earth's thronging millions
One rapturous song shall rise,
In praise of free redemption
To Him who rules the skies ;
Till every hill and valley,
Throughout the world so broad,
Reflects the glorious tidings,
Humanity for God !

THE NAME OF JESUS.

O JESUS ! sweetest name
By saint or seraph sung,
The never-failing theme
Of heaven's enraptured throng.
O Jesus ! with praises
We would surround Thy name,
Who, through the changing ages,
Art evermore the same.

No mortal ear can take
 That wondrous sweetness in,
 Till grace Divine shall break
 The power of reigning sin ;
 Then, Jesus, with praises
 We will surround Thy name,
 Who, through the changing ages,
 Art evermore the same.

When Salem's pearly gates
 Receive our weary feet,
 And we behold, at last,
 Our rest and joy complete, —
 Then, Jesus, with praises
 We will surround Thy name,
 Who, through the changing ages,
 Art evermore the same.

 MEMORIAL POEM.

(Read by the author at the annual New Year's concert, Sunday evening, Jan. 10, 1886.)*

EACH year of life we pass a dozen gateways
 That in succession rise ;
 And one by one the gates are closed behind us,
 Till, in a dazed surprise,

* Miss Heath, the author of these poems, died after a brief illness, Jan. 19, 1886.

We stand upon the threshold of the last one,
 And realize how near
We are to entering on the joys and sorrows
 Of one more earthly year ;
Then, with twelve clanging strokes, the iron gate
Of history is barred, and we the future wait.

The journey we have made has known no resting,
 And sometimes it has been
That friends we fondly loved stopped at some gate-
 way,
 And we alone went in ;
And, as we heard the closing of the portal,
 We looked for them in vain,
And felt that only in the realm immortal
 Should we behold again
The loved companions of earth's pilgrim way,
Whose love made sunshine for us day by day.

O January ! as the gate swung to behind us
 That closed thy history,
Some hearts sat in the shadow, striving
 To pierce death's mystery.

And February, lo ! thine earthly portals, closing,
 Seemed but an opening door
Leading into that place wherein the people
 Know suffering nevermore.

March, April, — as God's sure recording angel
Wrote down, in words of light,
Death's seeming conquests, I could hear resounding
The victor's song of might.

May, as the flower-wreathed gateway slowly parted,
And earthly summer time
Bade spring good-by, and in its beauty taught us
God's love fills every clime ;
It told our hearts the grander, noble truth
That Heaven bestows a never-failing youth.

June, July, August, — soft as dew at twilight
Closed each successively,
And through the deep blue of the summer heaven
This message came to me, —
That God, the " Lord, is mindful of His own,"
And each shall find, at last, the promised throne.

September, September, with crimson bars and golden !
October shut the gate,
And gave the keys in charge to Heaven, awaiting
The sure award of fate.

October, — when the frost-touch made thy closing
Bright as star-points on high,
On leafless boughs the resurrection story
Is written for each eye.

And lest in thy bleak shadows, O November !
Our hearts should faint and fall,
The Lord has graven on thy portal's archway
His promise for us all.

Behold, the keystone of thine arch, December, —
A radiant Christmas morn,
And angel music ringing through the ages,
For Christ the Lord was born !

Dear be thy memory ever,
O year just gone !
Thy days of strong endeavor,
Thy conquests won ;
Dear, as sometimes we cherish, —
Lovingly, long,
Though tones themselves may perish, —
Echoes of song.

We give them to thy keeping,
O sacred past !
The countless recollections,
The treasures vast
Of love, and tender caring
That once we knew ;
Henceforth, our hearts be sharing
Thy peace, deep, true,

O heaven, home for the homeless!
 The thought of thee
Glow's star-like, and we follow,
 Thy joys to see.

Lo! as the pathway shortens
 That lies before,—
Beyond the strange, dark river
That earth from heaven doth sever,
 Faith sees thy shore.

Heavenly home, dear heavenly home,
 Paradise of God's elect,
From eternity designed,
 He Himself thine architect,
City of eternal peace,
 Brighter far thy towers gleam
Than night's constellated hosts,
 Or the noon's unclouded beam.

Thou wilt give to all the blest,
 Glittering robe and diadem:
City of eternal rest,
 Heavenly home, Jerusalem!

Somewhere, amid the life-years that are given,
 One gateway stands apart;
We know not where it is until we enter,
 And feel it chill the heart.

Against this portal beat the cries, unceasing,
 Of mothers for their own,
Who somehow slipped from loving grasp, and vanished
 Into the great unknown.

Around it throng the heart's deep, eager yearnings
 Once more to feel and know
The mother's love, the daughter's true affection,
 Home's sunshine here below.

Once more to trust and own a father's guidance,
 Once more to hear the voice
Of that loved sister, in whose cheerful presence
 The heart could so rejoice.

As I left one gate behind me,
 And felt it gently close,
In the tender hush that followed
 The voice of prayer arose,
Telling the Lord — and He listened —
 How dark the way had grown,
And how hard it was to travel
 Life's pathway all alone ;
Ye who rejoice to know the journey over, —
 Friends cherished, tried, and true, —
Can ye not feel the love that reaches ever
 Upward from us to you ?

When through the deepening gray of earth's long twilight,
Night scatters treasured gold,
Our thoughts seek for you, O dear ones departed!
As in the days of old.

Against thy portals, O eternity! they are ever beating,
Our yearnings deep and fond,
And evermore come back to us, repeating,
Beyond, beyond, beyond!

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

WHEN, 'mid the darkening gloom of grief-made shadows,
The heart sits down alone,
It sighs to think how far into the future
Those shadows have been thrown;
And howsoever long may be the pathway
Before we reach the end,
It seems to lie beneath a clouded heaven
That close above doth bend;
And, somehow, life's joys never seem to show
The same bright side to us we used to know.

Far down the lengthened stretch of changeful ages
A voice speaks tenderly,

Telling all hearts of death's great Vanquisher,
And immortality.
Listen! It speaks! "I am the Resurrection."
O joy! O ecstasy!

The Lord of life, Divinity incarnate,
Has conquered death for me!
For me, and all whose life is hid with Him,
The centre of adoring seraphim!

"I am the resurrection, Jah, — Jehovah,
I am the life divine!
No power, in earth or heaven, shall dare to sever
Those from me who are mine!
Mine, while eternity's unending ages
Roll onward evermore;

And mine, until God's own existence ceases,
And heaven is no more;
Mine, in the glorious fulness of that word,
"I am the resurrection," saith the Lord.

Hearts that are lonely, let this wondrous message
Come with a freshening power;
And let the hand of faith draw back the curtain,
For but a single hour,
That veils from human eyes the home celestial,
And let the faint heart gaze,

And, with the sight take courage to go forward,
And meet the coming days,
Until, beyond all sorrow, sin, and strife,
It knows "the Resurrection and the Life."

And now, in memory of those whose presence
We miss this evening hour, —
Those voices we have heard so oft, repeating
Heaven's words of mighty power, —
We deck with loving hands the Old Year's grave,
And face the New Year's duties strong and brave.

THRENODY.

OH, what am I to the world,
As it rolls on its tireless way?
And what would its teeming millions care
If I should die to-day?

The sun behind the hill
Sets with a golden glare :
Should my heart be still ere another night,
Oh, what would the world's heart care !

The winds would roar and rave,
The ocean ebb and flow ;
But, if I had passed to another shore,
The world would not care to know.

Let the world go on its way, —
 The sun, and the wind, and sea;
 There are those whose love is my sun and life,
 Who are all the world to me.

Let the millions come and go,
 Wherever their way may be;
 But the chosen few, that my heart enshrines,
 Are world enough for me.

"ICH MÖCHTE HEIM" (SIGHING FOR HOME)

From the German of Karl Gerok.

I SIGH for home, to reach the Father's dwelling,
 Where, in His presence blest,
 Away from earth's turmoil, my soul may enter
 On deep, eternal rest.
 A thousand wishes in my heart are thronging,
 Home turn I with an ever-ardent longing, —
 Oh, that the bud of hope might burst in bloom!
 I sigh for home.

I sigh for home, — am weary of thy changes,
 Thou false, deceitful world.
 I sigh for home, — am sated with the pleasures
 Unto thy votaries hurled!

While God decrees, I bear the cross He sendeth,
I wage a conflict that death only endeth ;
Oft, secretly, I sigh for Him to come
And take me home.

I sigh for home, — I saw in blissful vision
The better fatherland ;
My portion's there, — in mansions ever shining :
This is a foreign strand.
There spring abides ; the birds with joyous singing,
Homeward, o'er hill and dale their flight are winging ;
Nought frights them, as the broad free air they
roam, —
I sigh for home.

I sigh for home, — when, as a child, I wandered
Far off in thoughtless play,
The joyous moments all too quickly vanished
Of life's young gala day.
When in each eye joy's starry light was beaming,
From merry hearts of nought but pleasure dream-
ing,
Turning from purple fruit and golden honeycomb,
I long for home.

I sigh for home, — the ship now seeks its haven,
The brooklet seeks the sea ;

The infant in its mother's arms lies slumbering,
 Rest soon will come to me.
 Many a song I've sung in joy and sorrow,
 Like whispered words forgotten ere the morrow :
 One thought is present wheresoe'er I roam, —
 I sigh for home.

FRUITION.

FOR us, to watch the changing lights and shadows
 That fleck the pathway of our earthly life ;
 For them, to gaze, with spirit-eye enraptured,
 On that blest morn with fadeless glory rife ;

For us, to watch the shadows as they deepen,
 And shroud in gloomy folds the sunlight's ray ;
 For them, the "brightness of the Father's glory,"
 Who for His loved makes one eternal day ;

For us, to walk by faith the way before us,
 The while we inly shrink from the unknown ;
 For them, to join the chorus of the ransomed,
 Forever with the Lord, before the throne.

No more for them to mingle in the conflict,
 Theirs, the deep joy that comes with victory won ;
 Ours, yet to wait until we hear the summons :
 "Lay down the armor and receive the crown."

THINGS UNUTTERABLE.

THERE are thoughts that never find expression,
Feelings that sway the soul too deep for speech ;
Beauties that rise in infinite progression,
Towering beyond the seraph's utmost reach ; —

Nought but the Infinite has comprehension
Nought but Divinity can give them birth ;
Oh, what a wondrous gift of condescension !
Omnipotence has come to dwell on earth.

UNFORGOTTEN.

VIOLETS, blue violets !
Lying upon the swaying grass,
Speaking in fragrance to all who pass,
The tender greeting of May to June,
As twilight crowns the afternoon
With the sunset gold.

Violets, blue violets !
Sad are the memories that rise
While the deepening hue of the evening skies
Telleth of rest ; as the shadows fall,
Long-silent voices, I hear ye call,
As in days of old.

Violets, blue violets!
 Ye may fade as ye lie on this sacred spot;
 But ye breathe in your dying, "Forget them not,
 Who brought, untarnished through the war,
 Our nation's blue, with never a star
 Gone from its fold."

REQUIEM.

September 19, 1881.

TOLL, — toll, —
 Bells of Columbia!
 Throb out the mighty grief;
 Our noble chief,
 After the hours of agony,
 After the burning fever, sleeps at last
 Beside the sea.

Toll, — toll, —
 Bells of Columbia!
 Breathe forth upon the air
 A nation's prayer;
 A nation's loving sympathy
 For her who sits in sacred sorrow now, —
 Beside the sea.

Toll, — toll, —
Bells of Columbia !
Bear to that mother-heart,
That sits apart,
Message of comfort and of peace
From Him who walked in Galilean shades
Beside the sea.

Toll, — toll, —
Bells of Columbia !
While, to its long, long rest,
Those he loved best
Slowly, and reverently,
Shall bear the cherished form the spirit left,
Beside the sea.

Toll, — toll, —
Bells of Columbia !
But not for him, for him
Whose eyes are dim
To earthly scenes and pageantry ;
Ours is the sorrow, his the heavenly joy,
Beyond Time's sea.

MARCHING ON.

ANOTHER mighty army is gathering at the North !
Each loyal State is sending her many thousands forth !

They are rallying 'round the standard of our nation at
her call,
And a fervent love of country nerves their spirits, one
and all,
As they go marching on !

Their hearts have ne'er forgotten the voice that SUM-
TER spoke,
When its sounds, in awful thunders, on the startled na-
tion broke ;
Its echoes still are lingering 'round the homes of lib-
erty,
And wake an answering chorus in the spirits of the
free,
As they go marching on !

Down in Virginia's valleys, where Potomac's waters
glide,
Lies many a gallant soldier, who bravely fought and
died ;
A nation's love is circling, like a halo, where he lies,
While above are brightly arching the sunny, southern
skies,—
No more he marcheth on !

But, 'mid far distant mountains full many a circle
mourn
For fathers and for brothers, who will nevermore re-
turn ;

For other hands than loving ones their resting-places
made,
And stranger eyes are gazing on the spots where they
were laid,
When ceased their marching on !

Each soldier's heart is beating with a purpose firm and
high,
As he thinks of this rebellion, — to conquer it or die !
His cheeks are brightly glowing, and proudly flash his
eyes,
Whene'er he thinks of Donelson's or Macon's victo-
ries,
As he goes marching on !

And when the thought comes o'er them how the noble
LYON fell,
E'en to the last contesting for the cause he loved so
well,
They sternly grasp their rifles and rush onward to the
field,
Resolved, that while life lasteth, they will never, never
yield,
But still go marching on !

Each brow is flushed with anger, when they think how
ELLSWORTH died, —
So young and noble was he, our nation's pet and
pride !

Yet his spirit was the first to leave this treason-tainted
strand,
And put on heavenly armor in that bright, that better
land,
And there he marcheth on !

May God protect our brothers, in the camp or in the
field,
And be, as He has promised, the soldier's strength and
shield ;
Be with them through the contest, return them to their
friends,
And guide them to that city where pleasure never ends ,
There ever to march on !

G. A. R. (1865-1871.)

“ Should auld acquaintance be forgot ? ”

CAN we forget those long and weary marches,
Through tangled forest and o'er sandy plain ;
Those swelling rivers, and the craggy mountains,
Whose steep ascents we oft have toiled to gain ? —

The roar of cannon, and the smoke of battle,
The dread, shrill screaming of the bursting shell ;
“ Close up the ranks, ” — the hasty order given,
We might not linger then to see who fell ; —

The fierce assault, and the wild shock of onset,
The fearful "bayonet charge," the leaden showers;
Then the proud moment, when our starry banner
Floated in triumph, — and the day was ours.

The burial of our fallen friends and comrades,
The sentry's beat, the morning bugle call,
And all those scenes through which we toiled and
waited,
And then the glorious end that crowned it all.

Oh, the deep joy that thrilled each soldier's spirit,
When, like a lightning's flash, from corps to corps,
'Mid glad huzzas there passed the glorious tidings,
"Lee has surrendered, — and the war is o'er!"

Can we forget? Oh, never, comrades, never!
Sacredly cherished shall the memory be
Of all who battled for our country's honor,
But most of those who died for Liberty.

PRO PATRIA.

A CIRCLE of flags that flutters
In the shifting summer breeze,
Where the walls of the silent city
Rise 'neath the dark pine trees, —

Within that sacred circle
Only the tall grass waves,
And only buried memories
Lie in the clustered graves.

Yet, somewhere, there are lying
Forms that once wore the "blue," —
Noble, and brave, and daring,
Who died for me and for you.

In depths of the shadowing forest,
Or on sun-beaten plain,
Or beneath the rivers' flowing,
Are the nameless graves of our slain.

We may not deck with flowers
Those graves, afar, unknown ;
We may not rear above them
The gleaming marble stone.

But never, while thou livest,
O faithful memory !
Can we forget our brothers
Who died to keep us free.

And thus for our fallen heroes
Who rest in their nameless graves,
The "red, white, and blue" is floating
Above where the tall grass waves.

And every wavering shadow
Falleth upon some home
Where hearts call, in the silence,
For those who will never come.

If there be one spot more sacred
Than another to my heart,
'Tis where those flags are waving
On that circle, set apart.

A CENTURY'S WEAVING.

I STOOD within a land where time had ceased,
Where change, decay, and death ne'er met the eyes ;
And backward gazed on years where time increased
The space between the two eternities.

I saw, as in a mighty vision, then,
God's strange, mysterious dealings all made clear :
How, sometimes, gloomy clouds o'ershadow men,
That rainbowed love more radiant might appear.

I saw how, sometimes, in His wise decrees,
The saints of earth languished in dungeons lone ;
How truth, enchained, cried out in agonies,
And wrong, triumphant, gloried in a throne.

Yet, somehow, in the light that filled my soul,
I felt that all was good, and well, and right ;
And read, as in a God-illumined scroll,
His darkest plans in characters of light.

I saw how the world's destinies were woven,
As nations moved, like shuttles, to and fro,
Until, at length, the vast work was approven,
And Heaven's seal set on the work below.

I gazed upon the pattern, till my eye
Wonderingly sought for some one to explain
Why, of all time, that single century
Still held me bound, as by an iron chain.

.
A dark green background, as of forest pines,
Upon whose surface, all too plain, and clear,
War's dread design was drawn in crimson lines,
Whose awful meaning thrilled the soul with fear.

And while I gazed, in reverent silence, down
Where Heaven had written out its mystery,
Like bugle blasts adown the ages blown,
I heard a voice proclaiming " Liberty ! "

I saw a rare, sweet flower spring into life
Upon the battle-field of Lexington ;
I saw men urged on to a stern, hard strife,
And thousands moved as but a single one.

I saw, not far off, where that same sweet flower
 Appeared once more, on Bunker's glorious height ;
Where'er it bloomed it brought a saving power,
 And tyrant-sovereigns trembled with affright.

I watched it long, till, in its mighty strength,
 Tested and proved by battle scourge and flame,
Fulfilling God's good purposes, at length,
 The blossom past, the time of fruitage came.

And what a glorious harvest then was reaped
 By all the land, from north to southern shore !
It more than paid for all they had endured,
 Now scarcely thought of, since it all was o'er.

I saw those noble men as, one by one,
 They signed their names, and, with their names, their
 lives ;
And men looked on in wonder when 'twas done, —
 That daring act, whose glory still survives.

And long as stars flash forth God's mighty power,
 Long as the moon reflects His praise to earth,
So long His honor be known in that hour
 That told the world what liberty was worth.

I saw the years move slowly on their way,
 Their finished web rolled safely in the past ;

Ready to be inspected in that day —
The end of all things — that should come at last.

Across the centre of the pattern there
Flashed a faint crimson from the northern heaven,
That died away, as smoke-wreaths fade in air,
And to loved peace again the crown was given.

And here and there, upon the background woven,
Were noble deeds, and brave self-sacrifice,
By whose proud record to the world is proven,
He serves his God who for his country dies.

The web is almost done ; but see, Oh, see !
The fierce red hue that gleams about its close ;
The lands convulsed in awful agony,
And brothers are the stern, contending foes.

Oh, those were dreadful times ! Men's hearts
Grew sick with dread, and well-nigh ceased to beat,
As o'er the wires there swept, by fits and starts,
Victory's huzza, or groanings of defeat.

Again, — as at the first, — I heard a voice
Ring like a clarion over all the land,
Bidding all men in freedom to rejoice,
And striking off the chains from every hand.

And now the thread is severed, — it is done,
The century's weaving, whatso'er it be,
Beneath God's eye, finished, as 'twas begun,
Changeless throughout a whole eternity.

I stood alone. but now unto my side
An angel came, and said to me, "Behold,
It is thy native land, whose history
Thou hast beheld before thine eyes unrolled."

I stand now in a place where time still moves,
And God's high purposes move grandly on ;
Each, in its turn fulfilled, His power proves, —
Another century's weaving is begun.

Eternal God of nations, Mighty Power,
Whose thought can comprehend eternity,
Oh, hear the prayer we offer at this hour,
The opening of another century !

Let not the thunder-laden cloud of war
Come o'er the sky and drench the land with blood ;
But let the sun of peace shine down afar,
Where mountains tower, or rolls the river flood.

Long as Atlantic tides break into foam,
And calm Pacific meets the golden shore,
Let richest blessings crown our native home,
Our country, our whole country, evermore.

TEMPEST-TOSSED.

WHITE-PLUMED riders are on the sea,
Winds are whistling wild and free,
The cold gray clouds are closing down,
The black rocks face, with awful frown,
The angry sea.

With reeking decks and flapping sail,
Right in the teeth of the coming gale,
Sailleth a craft, and hark the cry,
"Ship ahoy!" but there's no reply,
O wild, wild sea!

I have heard thy moan before, O sea!
I have heard a message before from thee;
But never yet, as I trod thy shore,
Has such a vision been wafted o'er
As this, O sea!

Wave after wave, wave after wave,
One dies, and the next treads on his grave;
And thus, from the far-off, darkening hue,
White-plumed riders on steeds of blue
Come o'er the sea.

And the speck of a sail on ocean's rim
Sinketh into the distance dim;

What shall I see at the dawn of day, —
A ship at anchor in the bay?
Or, a wreck at sea?

LIFE.

I AM sitting alone and listening
To the winds that whistle by,
While the clouds are drifting onward
In the distant, distant sky.

And like clouds now o'er my spirit
Come thoughts still drifting on,
That memory's winds are blowing
From days forever flown.

And one is tinged with crimson, —
A reflection from the sun,
That once upon my pathway
In glorious radiance shone.

Oh, the life we live is wondrous,
A strange, mysterious thing!
With its happy hours,
Like myriad flowers
In their radiant blossoming.

With its shadows and sunshine, light and shade,
And its dew that falls upon the head.

Oh, the life we live is fleeting,
And short is the longest one !
 It comes and goes,
 It ebbs and flows,
 In its vague unrest,
 Like the ocean's breast,
When the moon o'er the wave has gone.

Oh, the life that we live is changing !
A wild and a wayward thing,
 With its hours of light,
 And shades of night
That the rolling years do bring ;
'Tis a fickle thing, this life of ours,
Yet ofttimes the way is bright with flowers.

Oh, the life that we live is secret,
Unseen by human eye !
 There are sorrows deep,
 That o'er us sweep
In a wild, tumultuous tide.
 And joys so sweet
 We sometimes meet,
That they seem all griefs to hide ;

And we live, as it were, a double life,
With peaceful spots and fields of strife.

Our life has been called a journey,
A river, that onward flows,
A tree, with leaves and flowers of hope,
An ocean, that ebbs and flows ;

 We walk the road,

 We sail the stream,

And we twine a garland bright

 Of the budding leaves

 And opening flowers

That unfold in our spirit's light.

Oh, wondrous and strange is the life we live,

And great the pleasure that life can give !

'Tis a strange, strange thing, this life we live,

 This feeling, and willing, and doing ;

This ever some end, for good or ill,

 With all our might pursuing !

Oh, the life that we live is noble,

A high and a lofty thing !

 With affection's fires,

 And pure desires,

And upward aspiring.

Oh, a noble thing is this life of ours,

And mighty indeed are its magic powers !

Oh, the life that we live should be holy,
And sacred to the Giver!
 Then, when mortal breath
 Shall cease in death,
 We may cast each crown
 Before the throne,
And worship Him that sitteth thereon,
Who liveth forever and ever.

WHEN?

WHEN shall the storm, now drifting
 Darkly over the sky,
Be changed to the blue dome, lifting
 Itself so pure and high?
 When?

When shall the darkness, lying
 Over the earth to-night,
Feel, in the flush of dawning,
 The coming of the light?
 When?

When shall the springtime waken
 The brook, and bird, and flower,

And earth's dull clod be shaken
With resurrection-power ?
When ?

When shall the hopes we cherish
Bloom with radiant life,
And, beyond revival, perish
Hatred and bitter strife ?
When ?

When shall we read the future,
Its treasures fully know ?
When shall the far off " sometime "
Change for us into now ?
When ?

VEILED.

AMID the thronging millions
Who tread the earth to-day,
Amid the burden-bearers
Who toil along life's way,
However close the contact,
Each one must walk apart,

With a veil forever hiding
The secrets of the heart.

The nearest and the dearest
To pierce this covering fail ;
The truest and sincerest
Before its secrets quail.
The closest ties that bind us,
The bonds of kindred blood,
Of one sad truth remind us, —
We are not understood.

Beneath the careless jesting
May lie a purpose strong,
And the saddest heart may utter
The strains of gayest song.
The quiet streams are deepest,
The proverb truly said ;
And sometimes people know us
Only when we are dead.

Oh, sad, sad truth revealing !
O bitter, bitter wail !
That love should wait in silence
For death to rend the veil.
But yet, perhaps, 'tis better,
For if our all were known,

E'en friendship might be staggered,
And we be left alone.

But this truth stands eternal :
There's One who knoweth all,
And merciful forgiveness
Is free to all who call, —
No heart so prone to wander,
No life so full of sin,
But Christ can strengthen, pardon,
And help it heaven to win.

We may not judge each other,
For we can never know
What sorrow pride concealeth,
What secrets lie below
The smiles and pleasant greeting
We meet upon our way ;
Who are the sad, who lonely,
Who joyous-hearted, gay.

But one thought may give comfort
In sad or cheerful mood,
In heaven, the home expected,
All will be understood ;
And when, beyond death's river,
We bow before God's throne,
Our song shall be forever,
“ Knowing as we are known.”

OVER THE DRIFTED SNOW.

OVER the drifted snow,
Out of the crimson west,
The burning sunset glow.

Out of the crimson west,
Over a weary life
The golden sunset of rest.

Over a weary life
The final sunset burns,
The end of toil and strife.

The final sunset burns,
Kindled with glory's light,
In sacred, golden urns.

REFINING.

I STOOD, once, where a furnace fire
Was burning fiercely white,
And the crushed ore was melting slow
Amid the blinding light.

Back and forth before my eyes
The steaming dross mist rolled,
While darkening, and then brightening,
There lay the precious gold.

I watched the hand that patiently
Tempered the raging heat,
Until a wondrous brightness showed
Refining work complete.

Then purified, the gold was given
Unto the Master's hand ;
Fitted at last for noblest use,
Ready for His command.

THE VOYAGE.

SAILING over the ocean
That lies to the west away,
Midway of its restless motion
There's gained, or lost, a day.
Which shall it be
For you and me,
To gain or lose a day,
As we sail on life's ocean away, away ?

Starting, each eye descrieth
The roll of the ocean swell,
But of the point that lieth
Midway we cannot tell ;
So, whether, friend,
We're nearer the end

Than the starting, we cannot tell,
On this changing ocean swell.

Sailing over the ocean,
All trackless, deceitful, wide,
Look we, from time's commotion,
To our unerring Guide.
 However blows
 The wind, He knows
The only way to the other side,
Where heaven's shore meets the ocean wide.

SEMPER IDEM.

GOLD that has safely passed
The fiercest fire
Need fear no scorching blast.

Trees that have stood like rocks
In storm and gale
Need fear no tempest shocks.

Souls that are purified
By fire and storm
In conscious strength abide.

SPRING SONG.

Sow, for the April voices
Call through the springtime air;
Earth at the sounds rejoices,
Gladness is everywhere!
Sow, then, the seed,
If for your need
Ye would reap a harvest fair.

Toil, for the summer burneth
High in the August dome,
Golden the harvest turneth,
Joy of the days to come.
Toil, ye must toil,
Sons of the soil,
If ye hope for a harvest home.

Reap, for the autumn glory
Flames in October's sky,
And like a finished story
The bending harvests lie.
Reapers, the call
Soundeth for all,
For the hours of daylight fly.

Rest, for the storm-wind bloweth
Wild through the winter night.

Over the earth, he throweth
Snow like a mantle white.
Then let him come ;
Safe in your home,
Ye defy his strongest might.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

ROCK-IMPRISONED lies the valley
In a hush of dreamless rest, —
Noiseless, save the timid wood-bird,
Drowsy, cooing in her nest.

Fern-lined clefts, within whose shadows
Nods the pale anemone,
Blushing faintly, when the sunbeams
Tell her she is fair to see.

In the beauty that is given
When the far blue summer heaven
Bends above it lovingly, —
From the mossy crags, there speaketh
Voice that never silence breaketh ;
Peace it speaketh unto me.

When October plants his standard,
Crimson-barred, with golden crown,

And the ferns, that waved in beauty,
Gently lay their banners down ;

Then, amid the fading glory,
'Mid the shadows deep, and long,
Throbs the resurrection story,
Speaks the victor's triumph song !

Springtime, summer, autumn, winter,
Bursting bud, and radiant bloom,
Frost and snow, successive crown it,
Beauty's fairy-haunted home.

UNDER THE PINES.

UNDER the pines this summer day,
Lying and dreaming the hours away,
Thoughts, light-winged as the thistle-down,
On to the coming days have flown.
Overhead arches the heaven blue,
Sunlight the pine boughs is glinting through,
Cloud-shadows creep from mountain crest
Down to the lakelet's quivering breast.

Beautiful breeze of the summer morn,
Fresh from the golden gates of dawn, —
Beautiful are the thoughts it brings,
As I list to the rustling of its wings.

Oh, how I love you, beautiful dreams,
Glimmer of dew-drops, and music of streams,
Whispering pines and changing light, —
Oh, how I love you, visions bright!

THE VOICES OF THE RAIN.

O the voices of the rain!
Speaking at my window-pane
 With a tone,
With a meaning, all their own;
O ye memories that come,
How ye strike my spirit dumb,
As I hearken to the voices of the rain!

O the voices of the rain!
How they come, and come again,
 When we sit,
Ere the evening lamps are lit;
How we seem to hear once more
Echoes from the "other shore,"
In the tearful, tender voices of the rain!

O the voices of the rain!
Telling us of hopes so vain
 Which the heart
Had in secret set apart;

But they whisper to us still,
"God's love may yet fulfil"
The glad, prophetic voices of the rain.

O the voices of the rain!
What a rapturous refrain, —
 What a song,
As the rain-drops glide along;
The summer-time shall come
In its beauty to our home,
And our souls shall bless the voices of the rain.

BRING THE PLOUGHSHARE OUT.

BRING the ploughshare out
With a merry shout,
 For the glad spring-time has come,
And then drive it down
In the earth so brown,
 Where the seed can have a home.
 Then plough, plough away
 Every sunny day,
 Making for the seed a home.

Lay the seed to sleep
In its bed so deep,

And cover it o'er with care.
From the furrows low
It shall spring and grow
Into waving harvests fair.
 Then sow, sow away
 Every sunny day,
For the coming harvests fair.

Bring the sickle forth,
Where, above the earth,
 There is waving, bearded grain
 For the reaper's blow ;
 It has ripened slow
'Neath the summer sun and rain.
 Then reap, reap away
 Every sunny day ;
Reap the waving, bearded grain.

To the mill then go,
Where the river's flow
 Turns the huge stones round and round ;
And the waving grain
From the summer plain
 To the snow-white flour is ground.
 Then grind, grind away
 Every sunny day,
Till the wheat to flour is ground.

P. P. P.

THE deepest aggravation
In a few words we condense,
Found in the mood potential,
And the past perfect tense.

Third person, neuter gender,
And singular number, too,
And you have the story told you,
In words succinct and few.

For, if one thing more'n another
Can annoy both you and me,
'Tis the perfect past potential
Of the little verb "to be."

MY LOVER.

OH, fresh and fair as the morning
Is the face of this love of mine,
That my heart has crowned in silence,
Within its secret shrine.
Often, as shadows lengthen,
And the glow dies from the west,
He whispers, "I'll tell you something:"
'Tis wordless, — you know the rest.

His eyes are of starry brightness,
His mouth so witchingly sweet;
But sweeter the words it utters
As he comes with eager feet,
And tells me the sweetest story,
As the twilight glories dim.
In his arms he would gladly hold me,
But he cannot, — so I hold him.

And, as in the blue above me
Stars peep in glad surprise,
I read of a heart that loves me
In wistfully tender eyes.
I love him so dearly, dearly,
He is worth his weight in gold, —
What's that? You're jealous? You needn't,
For he's only three years old.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

WEE little preacher, in sombre gown,
Your pulpit curtained with green and red,
What are the mysteries, that, deep down,
Are stored away in your tiny head?

Fairies are wandering among the trees,
Are swaying that curtain to and fro, —

Common folks call it the summer breeze,
But you and I and the fairies know.

Better the text that now you take
Than many a one from the lips of man ;
And deeper the thoughts that in us wake,
As you, and your wonderful church we scan.

What is the preacher? You ask of me, —
What is the theme on which he speaks?
What is the wonderful church I see?
What is the word that the silence breaks?

The preacher is only a simple flower ;
The church is the grand old forest dim ;
And at early morn, and evening hour,
Rises to Heaven a joyful hymn.

The critic heareth never a word ;
'Tis stranger than all I have told before, —
No church is seen, no text is heard,
Though he tread the pine paths o'er and o'er.

I've been there oft, in the summer time,
And when once more the June bells sweet
Strike on the air their echoing chime,
Shall you and I in the temple meet?

SUNBEAM, BRIGHT SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAM, bright sunbeam,
Whence do you come?
Down from the blue sky,
To gladden your home.

Rainbow, bright rainbow,
Answer me now,
Spanning with beauty,
The thunder-cloud's brow, —

Tell me, whence cometh
Thy wonderful gleam?
I am as nothing without,
Without the sunbeam;—

Only as sunlight
The raindrop shines through,
Can you behold me,
God's own promise bow.

Little ones, darlings,
Whence do you come?
Down from God's presence,
To gladden your home.

Little ones, darlings,
Long, long may you be

Heaven's own sunlight,
For mothers to see.

And when life's storm-clouds
Their dark shadows throw,
Be yours to paint there
Love's sweet promise-bow.

HELIOTROPE.

TENDERLY sweet as an angel's thought,
Into a storm-tossed spirit brought,
Thy fragrance meeteth the passing air,
Like trusting accents of loving prayer.

Wonderful depth of purple bloom,
Breathing thy life out in perfume ;
Dear are the memories that rise
With thy fragrance up to the summer skies.

BRIGHT BLUE EYES.

BRIGHT blue eyes that brim with laughter,
Beautiful eyes that often seem
Longing to see some sweet hereafter,
Blossoming out of a cherished dream.

Beautiful eyes alight with wonder,
Wonders for you have just begun ;
From the stars above, to the blue seas under,
Thousands are waiting, little one.

Thousands are waiting, — your tiny fingers
Eagerly seek them, little elf ;
Be for us daily, while childhood lingers,
Wonder of wonders, your own sweet self.

Beautiful eyes, flash out your gladness,
Making the sunlight of our home ;
Shining away the thought of sadness, —
What will you see in the years to come ?

Beautiful soul of childhood, gazing
Wistfully out of those wondrous eyes,
Happy in love and the loved one's praising,
Evermore planning some sweet surprise.

SUMMER'S COMING.

I HAVE heard it in the forest,
Where the branches gray and bare,
From the sea of pines upstarting,
Stand like phantoms in the air,
Ghosts of beauty once so fair !

I have heard the distant echoes,
Faint and far, but wondrous sweet,
Telling that the summer cometh,
Crowned with ecstasy complete,
And earth thrills beneath my feet.

I have seen the tidings written
In the far blue of the skies ;
I have heard the brooklet singing
Softly, 'neath the roof of ice,
Of the coming mysteries.

Summer's coming, coming, coming, —
Speed the news from tree to tree ;
Clouds of heaven, bear it onward,
River, tell it to the sea ;
Summer comes, and earth is free.

THE ROSE'S SECRET.

A PINK-TINGED rosebud, nestling
In its cradle of circling leaves,
A story of wondrous sweetness
In its witching fragrance weaves.

Leaf after leaf unfolding,
The petals stand apart ;

Till I gaze in silent rapture
On the secret of its heart.

O rosebud! fairest, sweetest,
What makes thee passing fair
Is not the bright-hued petals,
Nor the fragrance hiding there.

For out of thy blushing beauty,
Out of thy fragrant breath,
Speaketh unto the spirit
Love, that is strong as death.

SWEET WEATHER BIRD.

IN the midst of the forest primeval,
Where never a sound is heard
Of the world's busy life and commotion,
I'm hearing the song of a bird, —
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,"
And they call it the sweet weather bird.

See, just on the edge of the clearing,
Where the hemlock and birch, hand in hand,
Stand guard o'er the roof of my cabin,
And the green, moss-carpeted land, —
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,"
He sings where the tall spruces stand.

When the gray clouds hang low on the mountain,
And the slow-dripping rain from the leaves,
And the low, sobbing wind in the forest
Are telling that Nature now grieves, —
Then “sweet, sweet, sweet,”
Sings the bird 'mid the drip of the leaves.

And so, in the rain or the sunshine,
The same music ever is heard,
And I hear a reply from the distance
To thy challenge, O sweet weather bird!
“Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,”
O wilderness minstrel, sweet bird!

SUMMER WIND.

SUMMER wind, summer wind,
Light-hearted rover,
Floating so airily
Green meadows over, —

What is the message
That now thou art bringing,
Mixed with the music
Of countless birds, singing?

Summer wind, summer wind,
Where art thou roaming,

THE FAIRY'S MESSAGE.

All of the day, till
The stars light the gloaming?

Tell me the secret
Old ocean is hiding,
Tell me of mermaids,
In deep caves abiding.

Summer wind, summer wind,
Light-hearted rover,
Laden with fragrance
Of purple-topped clover,—

Enter the chamber
Where sickness reposes,
And leave there a message
From lilies and roses.

THE FAIRY'S MESSAGE.

Out in my garden early,
One sunny April day,
I saw a little fairy
All decked in finery gay.

Dancing, fluttering, bending,
With diamonds in her hair,

A message to me sending
From spring-land bright and fair.

O winsome little fairy,
In diamond-dotted sheen,
Sweet is the word you bring me
From lands where spring has been.

“She’s surely coming hither,”
You signal to me now,
“With emerald garments trailing,
And jewels on her brow ;

“And she will come, my Spring Queen !
I’ll tell each leaf and flower,
So, all be watching for her, —
She may come any hour ;

“And we must all be listening
For her footsteps when they pass, —
This is the word I bring you,”
Said the first green blade of grass.

NIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

NIGHT falls over the ocean,
Starlit, serene, and lone, —

Still, save the pulsing motion
Of the waves, with their muffled moan.

O night! amid thy shadows
That o'er the waters roll,
Did'st know there passed to heaven
A ransomed human soul?

As day in flaming splendor
Moved slowly down the west,
Alone, save One, — faithful, tender,
The Christian sank to rest.

Night falls over the sea, —
Day dawneth now for him ;
Alone? Nay ; see, for company
Are saint and seraphim.

Night falls over the deep ;
And, while the plashing wave
Gently rocketh itself to sleep,
They lower him to his grave.

For him no prayer is said,
No choir-chanted strain, —
No requiem over the sainted dead,
Save ocean's deep refrain.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

WHERE the soul has keenest vision,
Where its glance can pierce the sky,
And behold the fields elysian,
Home of God's eternity ;
Where thought beats its wings no longer
On the prison-bars of pain,
But is free as air, and stronger :
We have met, — meet we again ?

Where time flies on golden pinions,
Where the air with rapture teems ;
Where, like swift obedient minions,
Throng our heart's most cherished dreams ;
Where the spirit thrills with gladness
Mortals rarely can attain,
High, exultant, spurning sadness, —
We have met, — meet we again ?

Where the soul's ambition boweth
To Omnipotence alone,
And where genius, crowned, avoweth
Loyalty to Heaven's throne ;
Where soul speaks to soul forever,
Where the echoes wake "amen,"
Thought to thought responding ever,
We have met, — meet we again ?

MARCH OF THE STORM KING.

I HEARD the march of the Storm King
As he passed over sea and land,
And I saw the clouds roll onward,
Hurled swift from his mighty hand.

I heard the hoof-beat clatter,
As the hailstones flew abroad,
And I knew that the tempest's chariot
Bore a messenger of God.

I saw in the vivid lightning
The flash of his piercing eye,
And the noise of the hosts that followed
Was the thunder rolling by.

And the trumpet-blast waxed louder,
Till heaven seemed cleft in twain,
While down from the heights of cloud-land
Poured the rivers of the rain.

With shriek, and roar, and thunder,
With a host past numbering,
Over the world at midnight
Rode the regal Tempest King.

ANNIVERSARY GREETING.

TO REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D. 1834-1884.

I STAND amid the brightness
That floods life's radiant noon,
The morning's dazzling whiteness
Has flushed to gold so soon, —
As thoughtful, tender memories
Around my spirit throng,
I mind me of my leader
To the wondrous land of song.

What though between us stretches
A life's long afternoon,
And my lay faintly echoes
His grander, nobler tune?
Yet gladly now I bring him
The few bright laurel leaves
That I have won, and lay them
Among his golden sheaves.

There is a land where, living,
Time is not in days and hours,
Where perfect love is giving
The poet grander powers;
Where thoughts that burn within him,
Clay-shackled in the past,

AUTUMN.

Clothed in celestial language,
Expression find at last.

When the glad hour cometh
That speaks thy spirit free,
And heaven becomes forever
A blest reality ;
Then shall a sweet, new music
Ring from the crystal sea, —
“ Jerusalem, the golden,
My country, 'tis of thee ! ”

AUTUMN.

BARBERRY clusters, flushing scarlet,
Hang amid the thorny green
Of the bushes by the roadside,
Where September's hand has been.

Robes of crimson deck the forest,
Diamond flashes gem the vale,
Golden plumes are proudly waving
Where the summer glories pale.

Know ye not, a thousand beauties
Sleep amid the field and lake,

Till the spring-time kiss of greeting
Shall those magic slumbers break?

Wondrous scenes of transformation,
New life springing from the old,
Types of resurrection glory,
Circling years for aye unfold.

MOUNT WILLARD.

O YE flitting mountain-shadows !
So sadly, strangely sweet,
I would rest me in your presence
Where the cliff and forest meet.
O ye flashing mountain-torrents !
Let me share your life and glee :
Take the cares and troubles from me,
Bear them onward to the sea.

My spirit, filled with wonder,
Feels the grandeur of the hour,
And bows in silent homage
To the great creative Power.
O ye mountains, how ye thrill me !
Before you I am dumb :
Types of the great Eternal
Mystery's shadowy home.

OCTOBER.

ALL rainbow-robed thou comest, matchless time,
Earth's gladness pulses, voices, everywhere ;
The wondrous sunshine of the autumn air
Is burning, flashing in thy perfect prime,
Like some entrancing story told in rhyme ;
And beautiful far, far beyond compare.
The forest dim, the earth's unspoken prayer,
That gives us strength to loftier heights to climb.
O rare October ! I can bring thee here
No added splendor ; unto thee alone
Belongs the fealty of all the year !
The scarlet garniture, the crown, the throne,
Symbols of royalty, for thee appear ;
In thee the fleeting months their sovereign own !

HERALDS OF DAWN.

THE heralds of the dawn, — from cloud to cloud,
From mountain peak to mountain peak, they haste,
And plant the royal standard.
Then from the golden gateway of the morn
Day's glorious sovereign comes, and earth is glad ;
His emerald robe sparkles with jewels,
And he smiles a greeting to the day
In flowers, and speaks in song.

IN MEMORIAM: L. B.

April 15, 1884.

SPRING blossoms fade and die, and summer flowers
Droop, one by one, as days and weeks go by;
But when the year's glad resurrection powers
Thrill earth and air, again they greet the sky;
They hear the call, each answers, "Here am I."
And thus we never miss the last year's bloom,
For wind-sown beauty lives above its tomb.
But when the oak-tree falls, a place it leaves
That circling months and years behold there still;
And sadly then the whole wide forest grieves,
To miss that presence from the wind-swept hill,
And decades multiply, ere shall arise
Another monarch of the centuries.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I HAVE often wondered, as Christmas time
Broke in its beauty upon the earth,
And choral chant, and bells' sweet chime,
Spoke to the world of a Saviour's birth,
Which was the dearest and sweetest gift
That friend to friend had ever given;
What could the soul of the giver lift
To a height that was nearest God and heaven?

It could not be the glittering gem,—
The light that flashes is clear and cold ;
Far richer than royal diadem
Must be the treasure this gift shall hold.

It could not be the empty word,
The wish that so many idly say ;
Many a heart has ached as it heard
The joyous greeting of Christmas day.

But richer, dearer, and better far
Is the best of Christmas gifts to me ;
It has caught thy gleam, O wondrous star !
Of Bethlehem's sacred mystery.

And in the light that comes adown
The weary ages from heaven above,
I read that, of all earth's gifts, the crown
And glory is this, — the heart's best love.

A SONG OF SONGS.

WHEN the heart is gay, and life is sweet,
And we tread a flowery way,
When in cheerful tones our friends we greet,
And glad hours wing the day,—

We laugh and sing as the spirit wills,
And we care not what the song,
So that its power our being thrills,
As we mingle amid the throng.

The sweetest song that a mother sings
(And sweet is her every song),
Is the one she sings to a suffering child
When the hours of night seem long.

And the song one hears in the time of woe
Is the dearest one by far ;
For what do we care, when all heaven's aglow,
For the light of a single star ?

But when storm-racks drift above the soul
Wildly, and fierce, and loud,
How we hail with joy a single gleam
Of light through the rifted cloud !

FALLING LEAVES.

CHANGING, fading, falling, dying,
Lying on the dusty ways,
Heaped in corners, whirled in eddies,
Pride of all the summer days.

See yon mountain in its glory,
With its crown of evergreen,
And its flowing robe of crimson
Flecked with dewdrops' silvery sheen ;
See where Autumn rears his standard
On the hill and by the sea,
And his banners, gold and scarlet,
Float from meadow, bush, and tree.

Changing, fading, falling, flying,
Gently loosed, or torn by strife,
Tender buds and radiant flowers,
Ripened fruit of useful life,
On the way we see behind us ;
Thickly lie these withered leaves.
In the air a sigh is breathing,
Of the world's great heart that grieves.
See, grim Death has reared his standards,
Everywhere their shadows fall,
And his banners, pale and crimson,
Float in silence o'er us all.

WINTER MORNING.

CALM, and cool, and clear, and bright,
Over us broods the golden light
Of the winter's dawning,

Unbroken whiteness far and near ;
Diamond-crowned the trees appear,
Flushed with thy beauty, morning.

The glory deepens. One by one,
Before thy glance, O regal sun,
The trees their gems are shedding,
While heaven's arcade of wondrous blue,
Storm-purified, appears in view,
Fit for the day-king's treading.

DIE REISE.

DAS AUSGEHEN.

BEAUTIFUL heavens that meet the sea,
Stretching between my friends and me ;
Beautiful waves that bear me o'er
Swiftly, to Germany's longed-for shore.

Beautiful thoughts that come to me, —
Loved ones are waiting beyond the sea ;
Soon shall I reach their welcome sweet,
Heart-love to heart-love answering beat.

Beautiful moon and stars that shine
Brightly on me and the distant Rhine, —

Dearer by far your light shall be,
When we behold you beyond the sea.

Wearily, wearily, time goes by,
Daily I watch the twilight die ;
Soon shall I clasp to this heart of mine
Loved ones who wait by the castled Rhine.

DAS HEIMKOMMEN.

Homeward I come !
The circling heavens still bend to meet the sea
That stretches still between my friends and me.
I'm coming home.

Thoughts come to me
Of loved ones, who in sadness wait to know
More of that time of overwhelming woe,
Beyond the sea.

The stars still shine,
The moonlight glimmers on the passing wave,
The same light falls upon her distant grave,
Beside the Rhine.

The hours creep on,
I watch the dawn move slowly up the sky ;
Then noon, then see the twilight fade and die, —
One more day gone.

Yet there is given
The hope of meeting, where no dreary sea
Shall roll between the friends I love and me, —
'Tis there in heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Ruthie Grant.

WHEN day his burden of toil and care
Has laid at the golden gate of the west,
And a purpling hue fills all the air,
And the bird and the bee have gone to rest,
I wonder then, 'mid the tender light,
Who's taking care of baby to-night.

Somewhere, amid the far-away sky,
Is the home where my baby stays to-night ;
And, as I watch the stars on high,
I wonder which rays of golden light
Fall on that unknown dwelling where
Liveth my baby, — Golden-hair.

Whose is the voice that lovingly
Tells what her questioning soul would know ?
Whose is the hand that tenderly
Leads her where fadeless flowers grow ?
In that happy land, so fair, so bright,
Who's taking care of baby to-night ?

Oh, what would I give if I could know
What she has learned since she went away!
Wonders more wonderful heaven can show
Than have met the light of an earthly day, —
The new, new song, the wonderful name,
The harp, the crown, and the sea-like flame.

I wonder if, when the burst of song
From heavenly choirs met her ear,
And she saw the countless, white-robed throng,
She felt, for one instant, a start of fear;
Or if, in her fearless innocence,
She met the gaze of Omnipotence.

She went in the springtime away from me,
And now, in the radiant summer-time,
I long for the hour when I shall see
That happy land, that sinless clime.
When these tired arms shall fold once more
Round my golden-haired darling as of yore.

THE GOLDEN LYRE.

WHEN lingering beams of glory deck
The sombre brow of even,
And one by one the stars appear
Within the summer-heaven,

'Tis said that witching melody
Upon their radiance floats,
And streams along the sunset sky
In sweet, yet solemn, notes.

'Tis fabled that in ancient times,
High in the upper air,
A golden lyre, with chords of light,
Was hung suspended there,
And that the wandering breezes,
As o'er its strings they strayed
At twilight, or at midnight hour,
Entrancing music made.

No eye of mortal ever saw
This wondrous golden lyre ;
No hand of mortal ever swept
Its glowing chords of fire ;
Celestial fingers only woke
Its hidden harmony, —
They, only they, with spirits bright,
In spotless purity.

One night the clouds, with gathering gloom,
Obscured each glittering star,
And fearful lightnings' lurid flash
Gleamed through the heavens afar ;
The tempest wildly surged ; the lyre
Gave forth a mournful strain ;

It could not bear the furious storm ;
The strings were snapped in twain.

But one remained, as if to tell
To all the starry train
What anthem-chorus used to roll
Across the midnight plain.
If such its power of charming now,
One only of the ten, —
If now it wakes such music rare,
What must it have been then ?

ONLY.

ONLY a bud we call it ;
But its pale green leaflets fold
Over the summer's beauty,
And autumn's treasured gold.

Only a little brown acorn ;
But we shall find, at length,
It cradled the forest monarch,
With all his mighty strength.

Only a kind word spoken,
Only a kind look given ;
But they filled a life with beauty,
And a soul was raised to heaven !

JANUARY.

CRYSTAL-CROWNED, and robed in whiteness,
Wondrous robe of feathery lightness
 Fashioned by the winter wind,
Lo! thou comest, — brook and river,
When they hear thee, stiffen, shiver,
And the long pine needles quiver ;
 Yet thy heart is good and kind,
For thy cold, stern hand of duty
Weaves the summer's crown of beauty.

DRIFTING.

SEE where the light of life's bright morning
 Beams o'er the waste of time's wide sea ;
Two frail barques are idly floating,
 Borne here and there by wild winds free.

Joy's pennant gay from each mast-head streaming,
 Hope, fairy hope, on each fair prow ;
Music of elf-land from each deck is ringing,
 Heart-beats keep time to pleasure now.

Drifted together from distant harbors,
 Sail they together through coming years ;
Though storms should drown the elfin music,
 And hope be veiled by falling tears.

Sail they together? See now they're drifting,
Slowly, but surely, wider apart.
From one mast-head no pennant streameth.
Joy has faded from out one heart.

Dimmed is the light that shone at morning,
Hushed forever each fairy tone ;
Still I see them, while dark clouds gather,
Drifting apart, — floating alone.

SONNET.

In memory of Mrs. C. H. Hill.

WHEN to the sunshine of a summer day
We see unfold the myriad petalled flower,
We never think of each long, weary hour
It has been growing, hidden in earth away.
It matters little, to ourselves we say,
How long was kept subdued the mighty power ;
Conqueror o'er darkness that so long did lower,
At length it holds an undisputed sway !
And so, when in the fields of light on high
The spirit blooms in everlasting life,
Then, freed from scenes with fell temptation rife,
It greets the blest air of eternity,
And lives and grows in perfect ecstasy,
Victorious from the finished earthly strife !

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

June, 1869.

STAR of the morning, twinkle in gladness,
Thousands of hearts have long waited for thee ;
Thousands of voices shall join in the chorus,
“ It has come ; it has come ! the Peace Jubilee ! ”

Come from the pine state, glad sons and daughters !
Come from the forest, the river and sea ;
With the rustle of leaves and the murmur of waters,
Bring your tribute of joy to the “ Peace Jubilee.”

Sons of the keystone state, join in the chorus !
“ Jubilate in pace,” our motto shall be ;
North, south, east and west, as brothers uniting,
Bring your tribute of love to the “ Peace Jubilee.”

Come from the shores of the far-off Pacific,
From mountains that rise in their lone majesty ;
Come to us now o'er the nation's grand highway,
With love, joy and peace, to the grand “ Jubilee.”

Winds of the forest ! flowers of the prairie !
Ye mighty rivers that roll to the sea !
Earth, air and ocean, give us your tribute,
To welcome the dawn of the “ Peace Jubilee.”

SCRIBENDUM.

WRITING, writing, ever writing,
Not on paper-page alone ;
But on human hearts, inditing
Words and deeds that we must own ;

Words of love and deeds of kindness,
Glowing with a living light ;
In our weakness and our blindness,
Shining guides amid the night ;—

Words of cutting scorn and sneering,
Double-edged, with blade so keen
That we shrink in dread and fearing,
When their clear, cold flash is seen ;—

Words on fleshly tables written,
Burned into our very soul,
Into conscious being smitten
By a power beyond control.

Writing, writing, ever writing,
On the hearts by each one known ;
Every word of our inditing
Shall react upon our own.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the promise of the spring-time,
Leafy bud and tinted flower,
Prophecy of teeming harvests,
We would offer praise this hour ;
Heavenly Father,
Thine the gracious love and power.

For the beauty of the summer,
Forest grand and waving grain,
Glad fulfilment of Thy promise,
We would raise the grateful strain,
Till earth's voices
Send the echo back again.

For the harvest fields of autumn,
For the treasures of the hills, —
Hark ! the universal anthem
Which the whole creation thrills ;
God of nature,
Heaven and earth Thy glory fills.

For the resting time of winter,
When beneath earth's robe of white
Slumbering lie the coming harvests
Till the spring awakes in light ;
Praise and glory,
Thou eternal God of might.

God of all the changing seasons,
Ruler of each rolling sphere,
For Thy benefits uncounted,
That have crowned the passing year,
For thy goodness,
Grateful praise we offer here.

SUNSET ROCK.

HEAVEN is all ablaze with glory,
Every heart with pleasure thrills,
Gazing on that wondrous vision,
Summer sunset on the hills.

Gold and crimson lights are flashing
In the heavens to and fro ;
North and south the brightening splendors
O'er the sky their lustre throw.

Slowly 'mid this sea of splendor
Sinks the day-king to his rest,
Folds the cloud of brightest color,
Like a mantle, round his breast.

I could sit and gaze forever,
How the sight my spirit thrills !
Summer twilight on the mountains !
August sunset on the hills !

ODE.

For the dedication of the Wakefield High School Building, Oct.
10, 1872.

GLADLY our voices join,
Knowledge, in praise of thee ;
Sprung from a source Divine,
Child of eternity !
Theme of our song,
E'er shall belong
To thee a mighty power ;
Never to cease,
Still to increase
Forever, evermore.

Science, this temple fair
Give we to thee to-day ;
Here may thy votaries throng,
Joyfully, homage pay,
And evermore
Seek to explore
Thy truth's exhaustless mine ;
Minds that shall yearn,
Souls that shall burn
To grasp that wealth of thine.

May the great Source of truth
Ever be honored here ;

JUBILEE POEM.

May His protecting care
 Guard us, each passing year ;
 Until, at last, —
 Earth-life all past, —
 We meet before His throne ;
 Pure in His sight,
 Dwelling in light.
 “Knowing as we are known.”

JUBILEE POEM.

Written to celebrate the payment of the debt of the Baptist
 church, Wakefield, Mass., January, 1882.

“Thanksgiving and the voice of melody
 Are leading in from heaven a blest New Year.”

NOT all the visions that we see come to us while we
 slumber ;

But waking hours oft bring us rapturous dreams,
 And gladdening thoughts, beyond our power to number,
 Throng in our hearts, till, what is real, what seems,
 We scarce can tell ; but, in our wondrous gladness,
 Live a new life, and for a little while
 Rising above all care and fear and sadness,
 We live, O Paradise, beneath thy smile.

I had a vision, as the glory faded
 From the last day of eighteen eighty-one ;

When purple fringe the far horizon shaded,
And one faint star showed night had just begun.

Wondrous and strange the scene that passed before me !
It was the last, last hour of all the year ;
The midnight-moon shone in its beauty o'er me,
The stars gleamed fainter as she drew more near.

I stood before a church, whose spire was pointing
With tireless finger toward the great Unseen,
As if beseeching for Divine anointing,
That should atone for faults His eye had seen.

High overhead, within a latticed tower,
The great bell hung in silent loneliness ;
No hand was there to wake its hidden power,
And break the spell that held it motionless :

Below, the doors were shut ; and, interlacing,
A heavy chain the entrance closely barred ;
While to and fro before it, slowly pacing,
A steel-clad sentry kept his sleepless guard.

No light within the church, save straggling moon-beams,
No sound without, save the lone sentry's tread ;
The earth and heaven seemed hushed, as if expectant
Of what might be when the old year was dead.

The clock struck twelve !
An unseen hand swung wide
The solemn portals of eternity ;
And from its home
By the Great Father's side
The new year came to bless humanity, —

When lo ! a wondrous change ! the lofty tower
Flung wide its latticed doors, and loud and clear
The bell rang forth, struck by an unseen power,
A joyous greeting to the glad new year.

From its iron tongue,
As it rocked and swung
Back and forth in the belfry dim,
There floated down,
O'er the sleeping town,
A requiem, and a birthday hymn.

And an angel came
With a rod of flame,
And smote the armored sentinel ;
The heavy chain
Was snapped in twain,
When the hand of his power on it fell.

Then softly from the rainbowed oriel stealing,
From every window-pane, a wondrous light,

In beauty far excelling earth's revealing,
Heightened the glory of that winter night.

Within the sacred desk appeared a form ;
He spoke, — love, joy within his visage blent ;
I knew that I had seen that face before, —
I knew what all his heaven-sent message meant.

And others I saw gathering round him there ;
Voices I heard, which, in the days of old,
Had often trembled in an earnest prayer,
Or tenderly "the old, old story" told.

Then, suddenly, within the choir there stood
Forms I had not beheld before for years ;
Their robes washed white in the Redeemer's blood,
Their eyes undimmed by grief, or falling tears.

Oh could I tell you of the song they sang !
Words that we use are all too weak and poor ;
Long, long within my heart their echoes rang,
Victory ! victory ! triumph evermore !

And here and there, among the seats below,
I marked the reverent throng, while worshipping ;
Yes, they were there, — the friends I used to know,
Once more I saw them, once more heard them sing.

Then, every letter, arching o'er the choir,
And every word that spanned the gallery,
Glowed with a pure and strangely radiant fire,
Dazzling the eyes with its weird brilliancy.

A single stroke of sound then cleft the air,
Again, as at the first, I seemed to stand
Before that church, which, in the moonlight fair,
Pointed still upward with its tireless hand.

I knew the church, — I knew the chiming bell, —
But what the chain that barred the entrance door?
And who the tall and steel-clad sentinel?
And who the angel with the rod of power?

Dost seek for one these mysteries to explain?
A voice beside me to my thought replies, —
The sentinel is Mammon, debt the chain,
The angel is love's glad self-sacrifice!

Nor was this all a vision of the night;
When, but a week ago, we gathered here,
And tender memories veiled with tears the sight,
We felt the presence of those we held dear.

Nay, if ye doubt that heavenly guests were there,
Sharing our joy, glad of our victory, —

What hushed our spirits into reverent prayer?
What thrilled with holy joy our melody?

What made us feel that God himself was nigh,
And gratefully the song to heaven raise,
"Not unto us, — not unto us, O Lord, —
But unto Thy great name be all the praise"?

Free from all debts we owe? Oh, no! Oh, no!
We are not free, we never shall be more;
We never can discharge the debt we owe,
Until eternity itself be o'er.

We owe to all our neighbors, all our friends,
Our truest ones, our bitterest enemy,
Love and forgiveness, nought can make amends
For what we owe, but heaven-born charity.

We owe the world the news of Christ and heaven;
"Freely ye have received, then freely give"
Was our commission when we were forgiven,
And we began for Him to work and live.

"Render to all their due," — thus saith the Lord!
Soon may His high behests, by all obeyed,
Bring heaven to earth, with all its blest award,
Redemption's triumph, world-wide conquest made!

SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER, September,
O radiant harvest-time !
O wondrous scene of triumph !
O ecstasy sublime !
The trees repeat the story
That summer's fled away ;
The blush of conscious glory
Is on the earth to-day.

September, September,
Across the fields, all shorn,
Lieth the autumn sunshine,
As each new day is born ;
And when, the splendor dying,
The daylight leaves the west,
The hours, onward flying,
Unveil the stars of rest.

September, September,
Thy brow is crowned with flowers ;
The parting smile of summer
Brightens thy opening hours ;
But, wondrous transformation !
Before our waiting eyes
A glorious revelation !
The blossoms crystallize.

September, September,
Thy days will soon be gone ;
The beauty of the woodland
Be shrivelled, sere and brown ;
But we shall not forget thee,
As year succeedeth year ;
We'll welcome, we'll regret thee,
With song and falling tear.

BEAUTIFUL FANCIES.

BEAUTIFUL fancies, that come and go
Whenever west winds whisper low ;
Beautiful dreams that nightly come
Floating down from the starlit dome.

Beautiful hours that speed away,
Making many a beautiful day ;
Beautiful words that echo through
The moments that come to me and you.

Beautiful deeds that brighten life,
Gilding the waves of sin and strife ;
Beautiful souls that patient wait,
O paradise ! before thy gate.

Beautiful scenes that round us lie,
 Gladdening both the heart and eye !
Beautiful sounds that linger long,
 Blending at last in a glorious song.

Beautiful hopes that cheer us on ;
 Beautiful memories of days now gone ;
Fancies and dreams and hopes, for me,
 Sometime a beautiful truth shall be.





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