

BX
8688.1
.T15b
1880

LIBRARY
Brigham Young University



BX

146828

8688.1

.T15b

1980

25

J. M. Jensen



Fugitive Poems.



ERRATA.

- Page 7, 3rd line—for “sang” read *rang*.
“ 12, 17th line—for “hours” read *hour*.
“ 15, 22d line—for “spared” read *shared*.
“ 19, 15th line should read “To her mind when
night o’er us her dark mantle flings.”
“ 35, 7th line—for “cold and weary,” read *wild*
and dreary.



EX
8688.1
.T15c

A BOOK OF



ugitive Poems,

BY 146828

Mary J. Tanner.

*"God sent his Singers upon the Earth
With songs of Gladness and of Mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again."*

—LONGFELLOW.

SALT LAKE CITY:

PRINTED BY J. C. GRAHAM & Co.

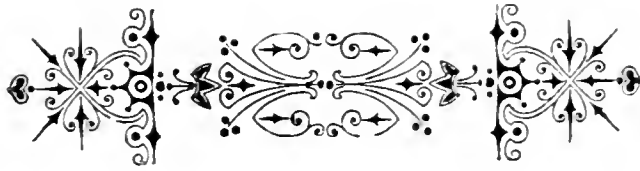
1880.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by
MARY J. TANNER,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



**HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH**



INTRODUCTORY.

“ Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !”

In presenting this little volume to the public I do so with the assurance that it will touch a responsive chord in many hearts. I know that I am liable to criticism, and to meet the approbation of all is past my most sanguine expectations. Public taste is so uncertain, and criticism sometimes so censorious, that it is with fear and trembling I place my feet on the literary platform.

Poetry is the clothing of our thoughts and fancies, not the revelation of our experience. That the wildest and most erratic ideas find vent through its channels has been proven by those who have, long ago, been acknowledged as possessing the highest genius. I lay no claim to erudition or elegance, but if my humble efforts should touch a pathetic feeling in the hearts of my readers, or gain an appreciation, I shall feel that my labors are well rewarded.

Very few of my pieces were written for publication, but my friends having persuaded me to present them in book form, I will only say:

'Tis the child of my brain, and by labors brought forth,
Should its pages contain either merit or worth,
Give the hearts of my friends either pleasure or gain,
I shall feel that my pen has not labored in vain.

'Tis a labor of love that my heart would bestow,
And the moments improve of my life as I go;
That when I am gone and my hands are at rest,
My memory will live in the hearts I love best.

THE AUTHOR.

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its elysian light stand thenceforward, in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that simple and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists.

SHELLY.

Poetry is a speaking picture, and picture a mute poetry. They both invent, feign and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two the pen is more noble than the pencil, for that speaks to the understanding, the other but to the sense.

JOHNSON.

INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Prologue	1	Withered Flowers	26
Address to the Muse	3	Ada	27
An Apology	4	Little Feet	28
Life as a Day	5	Longings	30
The Broken Heart	7	My Lyre is not Toned to Mirth or Glee	31
Ode to May	11	A Song of Zion	32
If I Shall Sing in Heaven ..	12	The Power of Music	33
Somebody's Darling	13	A Valentine	34
Lines Written to an Old Scrap Book	14	The Pioneers of '47	35
Retrospection	14	The Friends of Yore	38
Friendship	16	When I am Gone	39
I Have Seen	17	Have Courage to Live	41
I'll Tell Thee a Tale	18	Day Dreams	43
Kate	20	I Gave Thee All	44
Fare Thee Well	21	My Mother	45
I am Thinking Love of Thee	22	A Fragment	46
Contentment	23	My Father.—In Memoriam	46
To W. W. Phelps, Answer- ing an Advertisement for a Wife	24	A Prayer	48
The Angel of Death	25	Lines to an Elderly Lady ..	49
		A Christmas Greeting	51
		Do You Remember?	52

	PAGE		PAGE
I Have Left Thee 54	Do Not Call Me, Grandma..	84
I'll Have Thee Yet 55	When Abraham 86
An Epitaph 56	Drifting 87
A Philopena 56	Reflection 89
A Fragment 57	Coming Home 91
Time is Passing 58	Parting Words 92
Is it Wise or Well? 59	An Elegy 93
Such is Life 59	A Mother to her Son on his Wedding Day. 94
The Temple I Built 61	My Heart is Sad To-Night, Jean 96
With Autumn Leaves 63	Marah 97
Gertrude 65	To My Son 100
Was it only a Dream? 66	Is Genius Immortal? 102
When Life is Young 68	Mount Nebo 105
Flow on Bright Waters 69	A Tribute to the Memory of ..	108
Tell Her For Me 70	Lost in the Fog 110
The Prophets 72	A Fragment 117
Doubt 77	A Letter 118
We Come. — A Tribute to President D. H. Wells, on the occasion of his release after being confined in jail for "Contempt of Court." ..	78	Friendship's Offering. — To Mrs. Abigail Leonard 120
Consolation 79	America 122
The Ashes of Love 80	A Refrain 124
Three Little Flowers 82	A Soliloquy 125
Where Are They? 83	I Would Not Live my Life Again 127

A PROLOGUE.

If I could weave some wild romance,
Some wondrous tale of fate or chance,
 To chain the fancy's eye;
Could send my mind from things of worth,
To ramble idly o'er the earth,
 'Twould pay my pen to try.

But fancy's fingers are not deft,
To weave the web from right to left,
 Nor yet, from left to right:
And if at morn some wondrous scene
Should come my mind and work between,
 'Tis sure to flee 'ere night.

Then if my glowing thoughts should roam
Afar from scenes of friends and home,
 And seek some fairer light;
My slate and pencil come in play
To catch at once the wandering ray,
 'Ere it has vanished quite.

But if I think to "spin a yarn,"
There's sure to be some socks to darn,
 Or other gear to mend:
Or neighbors come, with, "how do you do,"
Or, "sister Mary, please won't you,"—
 Or baby is to 'tend.

Or Lewis comes with A. B. C.,
And says, "mamma, now tell them me,"
 I'm sure you have the time;
Then if I have a thought on hand,
Of saying something great or grand,
 My verses will not rhyme.

No wonder then, that men should boast
That women are "not quite the toast,"
 Nor that so many fail.
They would not have the pluck to try,
Among the many reasons why
 Their pens could not prevail.

Then if I write a ragged rhyme,
Or have my verses out of time,
 Don't criticise too rough;
But say, when all my griefs I tell,
My song is written very well,
 My rhyming, good enough.

Once in my life I heard it said,
If woman had a poet's head,
 Or tried to wield the pen,
That she would yield her reasons light,
Or die 'ere she was crazy quite,
 From softening of the brain.

I would not like to yield the mite
That God has given, of reasons light,
 For some poor, sorry jest;
And have them say, nor deem it wrong
In reading o'er my little song,
 'Tis poor, but 'twas her best.

I know I cannot write at length;
And yield to man's superior strength
 To carry off the palm.
His mighty genius, wondrous power,
To chain the mind from hour to hour,
 I cannot hope to claim.

If I should fancy genius mine,
Or think I had a right divine
 In sylvan paths to stray;
Some canting swain must fain portend,
That woman comes to a bad end
 Who "whistles" if she may.



ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.



Wake, my muse, so long thou'st slumbered
 All thy laurel wreaths will fade,
Days have passed away unnumbered,
 Since I last invoked thy aid.

I would have thee, while awaking,
 With bright laurels twine my brow,
For ambition's morn is breaking
 Brightly o'er my pathway now.

Brightest hopes and aspirations
 Oft my beating bosom swell,
Can I banish such reflections,
 Shall I bid such thoughts farewell.

No, but rather let me cherish
Hopes so bright, so pure and deep,
Every idle thought shall perish,
Every lighter care shall sleep.

Life's broad pathway lies before me,
Shall I travel without aim;
Let me labor still for glory,
Strive to gain a lasting name.

Hope's bright star shall onward guide me,
Through the deepest, darkest gloom,
Shed its radiance o'er my pathway,
Light my passage to the tomb.

AN APOLOGY.

Perhaps thy lips, with careless accents breathing,
Will find no beauty in the measured words;
And while my own their softest tones are wreathing,
Within thy heart no melody is stirred.

But yet some thought across thy hearts reflection,
May bring to mind the tide of other years;
And o'er thy soul will sweep the recollection
Of days that brought thy young life's hopes and
fears.

And then, perchance, my Muse's kind endeavor
May touch within thy heart a tender chord,
And waken thoughts, that in thy bosom ever,
Had slumbered 'ere it felt the magic word.

Then let my voice with thrilling accents murmur,
And strike the harp, with music's hallowed strain,
Bright as the days of life's short fitful summer
Whose passing hours may never come again.

And rouse thy mind to higher, better feeling,
Or waken thoughts, from noble impulse sprung,
Within thy heart some tender chord revealing,
The source from whence its brightest notes were
sung.

'Tis not to know that I have lived and suffered,
Nor that my heart has hoped or bled in vain.
'Tis not to tell of flowers too early gathered
Or passing joys that may not come again.

But if thy brow some passing cloud should gather,
Some weary care, or pain of hope deferred,
I still would cheer thee, or with kind endeavor,
Would soothe thy spirit with a magic word.

LIFE AS A DAY.

There's glory in the rising of the sun,
And in the morning of our life there's glory;
And when the opening pages are begun,
We hope to write in gladness all the story.

We tread the halls of grandeur and of beauty,
Our glowing thoughts with high ambitions filled,
Nor seek to shun the humbler paths of duty,
If thus our lives a sterner fate has willed.

We tune our hearts to notes of joy and gladness,
And strive right manfully for wealth or fame,
Unheeding still the minor key of sadness
That marks from whence some passing fancy
came.

No heart, perchance, but has its fleeting hours
Of happy thoughts, and high and brave resolves,
No mind, perchance, but spends its nobler powers
To mark the planet where its fate revolves.

The sun may rise, and mark with golden splendor
The joyful footsteps of the gladsome morn;
Her pathway fill with radiance soft and tender,
And mark the fields where melody is born.

But fiercely shines the heat of summer noonday,
And fierce the tide of passions wild and strong,
Some slumbering fire within the soul awaking,
To bear the heart's resistless power along.

As lengthening shadows o'er the pathway gather,
And show the night fast closing round our heads,
Soft breezes o'er the cooling landscape murmur,
And darkness soon her kindly mantle spreads.

Blest be the heart that writes no line of sadness
Along the pages of the book of time,
Blest be the voice whose notes of joy and gladness,
Can mingle with the evening's vesper chimes.

THE BROKEN HEART.

I saw her, she was young and fair,
A being far too bright for earth;
The sunbeams sparkled in her hair,
Her voice sang forth in tones of mirth.

No sorrow dimmed her sparkling eye,
No sadness filled her youthful heart,
But all was calm serenity
Where sorrow ne'er should claim a part.

And sixteen summers scarce had passed
Above her brow, or lightly flown,
Hers was a laughing, joyous heart
That knew of life no sadder tone.

And oft she turned a listening ear
To hear another's tale of woe,
And shed a sympathizing tear
O'er grief it was not hers to know.

He came,—I seem to see e'en now,
The flashing of his keen blue eye,
Above his pale and manly brow
His dark and wavy tresses lie.

His step is firm, his form erect,
His carriage full of lofty pride;
His haughty mien commands respect,
Though all but that should be denied.

He sees her, and he seeks the side
Of her so many sought in vain,
He fain would win her for his bride,
And strives her trusting heart to gain.

He tells her tales of bygone days,
And pictures life in fairy scenes,
His lips are taught to speak her praise,
Her charms, his love are all his themes.

He pours in her delighted ear
Fond tales of love-inspiring dreams;
While she, enraptured, bends to hear,
And thinks him all her fancy deems.

'Twere well if we might leave them now
In sweet communion, side by side,
Might let oblivion's curtain fall,
The strifes and woes of life to hide.

But no, 'tis mine to tell the tale,
To watch earth's fairest flowers decay,
I saw her blooming cheek grow pale,
As all her bright hopes fled away.

She saw the idol of her heart
Bereft of life's divinest charms,
As brightest dreams of night depart,
And darkness folds us in her arms.

They told her falsehood filled his heart,
That vileness and deceit were there,
That he would act the villian's part,
And fain would innocence ensnare.

And many were the tales they told,
Of all the wrongs that he had done;
They sought his past life to enfold,
And called him dark and guilty one.

They said that liquor's madd'ning fires
Were daily coursing through his veins,
His soul was filled with wild desires,
And darkness bound him in her chains.

It might have been, things oft may be
Which innocence would never guess:
For souls of deep hypocrisy,
Conceal their thoughts as suit them best.

Perhaps they wronged him,—He above
Who knows our secret thoughts can tell,
But oh! it was a cruel thing
To sever hearts that loved so well.

And bound by every sacred tie
That man respects, or angels love,
Their vows were registered on high,
And witnessed from the throne above.

And then, in wedlock's holy band
Those two united soon would be,
To travel onward hand in hand
Through time and through eternity.

But many hopes that are as bright
Are doomed to fade and pass away,
And many hearts that beat as light,
Are left, perchance, as sad as they.

She could not give a love divine,
To what was now no longer fair,
She could not bow unto the shrine
And see a broken image there.

'Twas all in vain, he said his love
Was ever her's, would ever be,
'Twas not alone in life to prove,
But throughout all eternity.

'Twas all in vain, he stooped to plead,
With aching heart and brain afire,
She would not be a drunkard's bride,
He could not hope to raise her higher.

And thus they parted, and the bloom
Of beauty left her fair young brow,
'Twas sad to see the deepening gloom
That bowed her gentle spirit now.

'Twas sad to see the cheerless smile
That wreathed at times her pallid lips,
'Twas sad to know that for awhile
She loved as one who ne'er forgets.

She mourned awhile her blighted hopes,
And o'er life's lost beauty sighed
As many a flower in wintry hour
Has bowed its gentle head and died.

But winter's snow and summer's sun,
Bring forth the perfect fruit and flower;
And many a joy their faith has won
May bud and bloom in beauty's bower.

ODE TO MAY.

We hail thee, May! the brightest month of Spring,
Thy flowers I'll twine in garlands for my brow,
For every flower some sweet remembrance brings,
And memories silent stores are sacred now.

Ah! how the spirit loves to wander back
O'er the bright scenes of childhood's happy hours,
When all unconscious of life's thorny track,
We loved thee for thy brightness and thy flowers.

We dreamed of bliss, nor thought of coming storms
To mar the prospects of the future life,
No lowering clouds, nor cannon's fierce alarms,
Foretold to us the spirit's coming strife.

We dreamed of brightness in the coming days,
And thought that happiness was all our store,
We listened to thy songster's sweetest lays,
Were happy then nor blindly asked for more.

Oh! could the heart forever thus repose,
Far from ambitions wild and stormy path,
Secure from hidden ills or fancied woes,
Where sorrow's hand should never blight or scath.

IF I SHALL SING IN HEAVEN.

There's music in my heart to-night,
 There's music in my soul:
There's many a sound of sweet delight,
 That scarce can brook control;
But oh! no tuneful melody
 Unto my voice is given,
I often wonder as I sigh,
 If I shall sing in Heaven.

I've joined in many a merry throng,
 And many a festive train,
I've listened to the mirth and song,
 Of many a joyful strain.
And as I've thought of changes wrought,
 And many a gift that's given;
Perchance for me some change might be,
 And I would sing in Heaven.

And often in the twilight hours
 When silence broods around,
I bow my heart unto the power
 Of music's hallowed sound:
Then joyful thoughts come o'er my mind,
 And hope so sweetly given,
My soul sweet melody will find,
 And I shall sing in Heaven.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

All tattered and weary he stood at the door,
With eyes weak and bleary, and face spattered o'er
With dirt from the street, and I heard some one say
There's somebody's darling just coming this way.

The words sent a thrill of response to my breast
And gave a strange chill, though but spoken in jest:
For the poor wretched form, in its tatters arrayed,
In a fond mothers arms, on her bosom has laid.

And somebody's darling he surely has been,—
Though cradled in poverty, nurtured in sin,
The soul from its maker comes gentle and pure,
And crime only follows the wrongs we endure.

Then speak not unkindly of those that may fall,
Misfortunes come blindly, and sorrow to all:
The child that to-day meets with tenderest care,
May soon have its griefs and its burdens to bear.

But let us remember, when Summer is past,
The snows of December come chill on the blast,
And hearts that are cheery and happy to-day,
To-morrow may weary on life's toiling way.

Oh ye that are cradled in comfort and pride,
Forget not the waifs on humanity's tide;
There is many a wreck on the ocean of time,
Washed by poverty's waves on the breakers of crime.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN OLD SCRAP BOOK.

Poor shattered book,—
Your age is full of years;
Your leaves are full of blots and blotches,—
And pages scribbled o'er with pencil or with pen,
Your silent pages many things reveal
That else in memory's cells had scarce been found,
For time has sped and years have passed away,
Since you and I were once familiar friends;
And all your ragged leaves were bright and gay;
I too was young and full of brightness then.
But as this ragged book is laid aside
For others brighter, and perchance more fair,
I too shall soon be passing on life's tide,
✓ My name, my place will scarce be thought of here.

RETROSPECTION.

A good wife sat in her kitchen door,
Her face was faded, and old and poor,
Her hands were weary and wanted rest,
As she folded them silently on her breast.

And her heart was sad as she sat and thought,
Of the weary days she had planned and wrought,
Of the socks she'd knit, and the clothes she'd made
For the little feet that around her played.

How early and late she had ever strove,
With heart and hands in the labor of love :
To train the minds and to guide the feet
In the ways of righteousness pure and sweet ;
And her feet were busy full many a day
For the little hands at their merry play.

But all alone she was sitting there,
And her heart was weary and full of care,
For the little feet at the garden stile
Had wandered many a weary mile.

The mother's hope and the father's pride
Were fondly set on the boy that died,—
With the laughing eye and the curly hair,
With the heart to do and the will to dare.

The little feet would never come
To brighten again their early home ;
The hopes and joys she had cherished then,
Would never lighten her heart again.
And the world seemed weary and full of care,
As she sat so still and lonely there.

But her eye lit up with a tender smile,
As she thought of him who had spared her toil ;
And the hopes and cares of her weary lot,
And her heart was glad and she murmured not.

For she thought of days when she was fair,
With a merry face and golden hair ;
And he stood so proudly by her side,
And pressed her to his heart,—a bride.

But years had come, and years had gone,
 And the blooming bride was aged and wan;
 For time and sickness and wearying care
 Had faded her cheek and blanched her hair.

But he that had loved her a youthful bride,
 Still held her tenderly by his side:
 And he said, to him she was far more fair
 Than the dainty daughters of fashion were.

She had walked by his side for many years,
 She had shared his joys, his hopes and fears,
 And he still would clasp her to his heart,
 And hold her there until death should part.

—•••—
 FRIENDSHIP.

There is a magic in the name,
 A deep enchanting spell:
 That binds our hearts, and brings again
 From memories silent cell,
 The tender thoughts of days long past,
 Of love that we have known;
 Of joys that could not always last,
 And pleasures that have flown.

There is a charm in friendship's smile,
 A light in friendship's eye:
 A tenderness that doth beguile
 Each hour that's passing by,
 Prints brighter hues on every flower,
 And makes the earth more fair.
 Casts o'er our hearts its magic power,
 And fondly centres there.

Then who would pass through life alone,
Mid darkness, care and gloom;
Unsought, uncared for and unknown,
Sink to the silent tomb.
Without a friend to shed a tear,
A sight to memory lend;
Oh who would live uncared for here,
Or die without a friend.



I HAVE SEEN.



I have seen a little floweret
Opening leaflets to the sun,
But a blast swept rudely by it,
And its gentle course was run.

I have seen the sun in gladness
Rising in the clear blue sky:
But the evening closed in sadness,
Robed in Nature's darkest dye.

I have seen bright fond hopes cherished
By the noble and the good:
But like Autumn leaves they perished,
Leaving earth a solitude.

I have seen a lovely maiden
Step in pride and beauty forth,
Life to her with joy was laden,
All her tones were those of mirth.

And again I turned me, hoping
Still to find her as before,
But I saw her pale and drooping,
All her hopes in life were o'er.

Envy's jealous eye had seen her,—
O'er her Scandal's breath had flown,
Life no longer gave her pleasure,—
Sorrow marked her for his own.

I have seen the guiltless perish
By the shafts of envy thrown,
While the base and worthless flourish
O'er the ruin they have strewn.

I'LL TELL THEE A TALE.

Warm Spring is now coming, so fragrant and green,
With beautiful flowers to deck our May queen.
Then come to the mountains and wander with me,
Where the wild flowers grow, I will cull them for thee;
The brightest and fairest of all shall be thine,
In beauty and fragrance a garland I'll twine,
Of flowers, wild flowers, so lovely and bright;
That shall circle thy brow with a halo of light,
Or, shouldst thou love not the chaplet I'll twine,
Affection, still brighter, around thee shall shine.

Come to the valley where the bright waters meet,
Where the rippling stream murmurs on at our feet.
Where the bright glassy waters glide on through
the vale,

Oh come there with me, and I'll tell thee a tale.
How a maiden once loved, though her love was
 unknown,
And she lived on in silence, sad, sad and alone,
No word passed her lips, though 'twas told by her eye,
And the blush on her cheek when the loved one
 was nigh.

And I'll tell thee how, often, at twilight's lone hour,
When the shadows of eve shed their magical power,
Fond thoughts of the future, untold, undefined,
Like visions of beauty arise to her mind.
"Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart"
Is the loved one, whose image can never depart,
Sweet thoughts of the future a quiet oft brings
To her mind when o'er us her dark mantle flings.

Then tell me,—Oh! tell me, 'ere bright hope is born,
Shall this maiden forever live lone and forlorn.
When thine is the power to comfort and cheer,
Must the heart that thus loves thee be lonely and
 drear?

Oh speak! dearest, speak, while the power is thine,
To say that this fond heart no longer shall pine.
And scorn not the heart that is offered to you,
Though wild and untutored, 'tis faithful and true;
Or, deem not the being unworthy a thought,
Whose love and devotion could never be bought.
Though fearless and wayward, untutored and wild,
Is the spirit that lives in the rude mountain child;
Yet pure as the bright crystal streamlet that flows,
And cold as the blast o'er the mountain that blows,
"Untouched by a passion, unscathed by a flame,
So light was this heart till loves witchery came."

KATE.

She was strong in youth and beauty,
Bright and lovely as the day:
Striving with her young life's duty
As a gentle maiden may.

Sweet and tender as the flowers,
That are opening to the sun;
Life can hold no brighter hours,
Than for her had but begun.

Early friends were kind and tender,
Loving hearts were strong and true,
From each danger to defend her;
Life was changeful,—ever new.

All too soon by sorrow shaded
Were the hearts that loved her well,
Drooped she like a flower that's faded
Ere the snows of winter fell.

Came Death, like impatient lover,
As he sought the fair one's side;
Placed his icy arms around her,
Wooded and won her for his bride.

Took her 'ere a tender mother
O'er her suffering couch could pray,
Ere a kind and loving father,
E'en one short farewell could say.

Early ties are rudely broken,
Brightest hopes so quickly fled,
Leave behind no tender token
From the cold and silent dead.

Cross the white hands meekly folded,
O'er the cold and silent breast,
Sadly kiss the pure white forehead,
As you lay her down to rest.

Aching hearts are sadly weeping,
O'er the young life passed away,
While her gentle spirit sleeping
Wakens to eternal day.



FARE-THEE-WELL.



Fare-thee-well, the dews are falling,
Far from me thy feet shall roam;
Hark, familiar voices calling,
Hasten brother, welcome home.

Fare-thee-well, but not forever,
Though we two shall meet again,
Months shall pass, and miles shall sever
Hearts that ne'er should think of pain.

Other lips will smile upon thee,
Other eyes will beam as bright,
Other hearts may beat as fondly,
Other forms will move as light.

But will other smiles attract thee,
While thou art wandering far from me?
Other eyes, though beaming brightly,
Ne'er shall take my heart from thee.

Fare-thee-well, what though we sever,
Should it give my bosom pain,
When I know 'tis not forever,
That we two shall meet again.



I AM THINKING LOVE OF THEE.



Winter winds around me howling,
Snow and sleet I now may see,
All around me fastly falling,
And I'm thinking, love, of thee.

Yes I'm thinking, fondly thinking,
Of the days when thou wert here:
And my heart is warmly beating,
For I fancy thou art near.

Far away my thoughts are roaming.
Far away o'er hill and dale:
And I fancy thou art coming,—
Coming to this mountain vale.

Oft in dreams I see thee coming,
Oft in dreams with thee I stray,
But the golden rays of morning,
Come to find thee still away.

CONTENTMENT.

The sunbeams bright from day to day
Shine in my cottage door.
Shedding their light and cheering rays
Across the humble floor.

And thus the sunbeams on my heart
Are shining day by day,
And peace and happiness impart
Their bright and cheering ray.

What more can kings or nobles ask?
What more can man receive?
Than quiet minds and happy hearts,
Where'er their lot to live.

Then give to me a humble cot,
Where peace and love may dwell:
I would not change my happy lot,
Life's prouder ranks to swell.

If sweet Contentment's smile is gone
What power is there on earth,
To bind the wandering spirit home,
Or waken tones of mirth.

TO W. W. PHELPS,

Answering an Advertisement for a Wife.

Having now a moment's time
To occupy in writing rhyme,
I sit me down with thoughts intent
On answering your advertisement.
You ask a mind with every grace,
And beauty both of form and face;
One whose every look would seem,
Lovely as a poet's dream.
In fine, some fair angelic creature,
With wisdom stamped on every feature.
Such a one we may believe
As has not been since mother Eve.
Let me ask where would you find
Such perfections of the mind?
Is the wisdom of the sage
Marked on youth's and beauty's page?
The rising and the setting sun,
Youth and age combined in one?
If 'tis thus, pray tell me where
Would you find such beauty rare.
Not on earth, methinks I hear
Gently whispered in my ear.
Then for once, I pray be wise;
Stop and think while I advise.
One imperfect would not do,
So I pray thee seek for two;
One for youthful beauty find,
One for beauty of the mind.
Think them both by Heaven sent.
Seek for such and be content.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

The angel of death is abroad on the air,
His presence is felt by us everywhere,
The eyelids of beauty he closes in sleep;
Our bright hopes are buried, and fond hearts must
weep.

Though bright ones may perish, and loved ones
may part,
And the hopes that we cherish be torn from our
heart,
The saint or the sage cannot conquer him now;
The youth or in age, to his fiat they bow.

O power supreme! hast thou mercy for none,
Could you spare not the loved, the beautiful one
Whose face was too fair for thy poisonous breath;
Whose eyes were too bright to be sleeping in death.

There are hearts that are weary, and lives that would
bless,
Thy voice if its calling would soothe them to rest.
There are souls that lingering wait for thy call
As grain for the reaper grows ripe in the fall.

Then why dost thou linger where fond ones are
nigh,
Where loved ones are cherished and bright hopes
are high.

Where beauty and gladness are bright in the morn,
Untouched by the sadness of life's passing storms.

O dark is thy shadow, thou pitiless one!
 As it spreads like a pall o'er cottage and throne.
 In desert or crowd, thou art conquerer still,
 And humble or proud they must bow to thy will.

Yet sorrowing hearts that are sad and alone;
 Thy loved ones are safe, God has gathered them home.
 His angels of mercy are ever abroad,
 Whatever he doeth is done for thy good.

◆◆◆

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Do we sigh o'er the flowers that blossom
 To wither and die in a day?
 They give us their beauty and fragrance
 'Ere touched with the hand of decay.

Should we sigh o'er the hopes that we cherish
 To brighten our hearts for awhile?
 Like the flowers of the field they may perish,
 And leave but a lingering smile.

But the flowers may leave in their passing,
 Some lingering fragrance behind;
 And the joys that we thought so entrancing,
 Some tender remembrance may find.

We may place in our heart's inner temple,
 An altar and image divine;
 And turn from our outward surrounding,
 To worship and bow at the shrine.

But our altar may chance to be broken,
Our idol may prove to be clay,
And we turn from our heart's shattered tokens
As broken and helpless as they.

Though the roses that bloom in the garden,
May wither and die in a day,
A fragrance still lingers around them
Untouched by the hand of decay.

And 'tis thus with the joys that we cherish
When touched by Time's withering blast,
Though their glory and beauty may perish
This memory ever shall last.

ADA.

They came and robed my darling in the robes of
whitest sheen,
Her face was very lovely, 'twas the fairest I have seen ;
And the angels sung around her all their songs of
sweetest love,
As they bore her from our presence to their sunny
home above.

They laid her down to slumber where the sun shone
warm and bright,
For me there was no beauty, for they hid her
from my sight ;
But the world is cold and dreary since my darling
went away,
And I often sigh so weary for I'm lonely all the day.

My friends, they gather round me and they tell me
not to grieve,
My darling is in Heaven, where the holy angels
live ;
That our Saviour called her to him when she knew
no thought of sin,
And her spirit pure and holy, now has gone to live
Him.

But they do not know how bitter are the tears I shed
at night,
When the world is calmly sleeping, and the stars are
shining bright ;
I listen for her footsteps, for I know that she is near
And I long to feel her presence and her gentle voice
to hear.

I will pray the Lord to guide me with his never
failing love,
To the land that is eternal, where she waits for me
above ;
For I know that she will meet me when my yearn-
ing soul shall soar,
And her angel voice will greet me as I near the
other shore,



LITTLE FEET.



Slowly passing little feet,
To the far off silent land ;
Tell us of the friends you meet.
On the dim and distant strand.

Softly closing little eyes,
To this world of pain and care;
See you aught beyond the skies,
Aught of sin and sorrow there?

Tender lips thy forehead press,
Gentle fingers twine thy hair;
Loving arms thy form caress,
Tell us dost thou meet them there?

Sweetly smiling little lips,
Couldst thou tell of hope or pain;
Wouldst thou tell of Heavenly bliss,
Wouldst thou join us here again?

Does a mother's fond embrace,
Fold thee in that far off land?
Does a sister's smiling face
Greet thee in the angel band?

Dost thou kneel at Jesus' feet,
Saying that he bade thee come?
Is thy happiness complete,
In thy bright and Heavenly home?

Softly passing little feet,
Passing to the other shore;
Say that we again shall meet
When our pilgrimage is o'er.

Father, mother, sister, brother,
Holy love and tender care,
All that cherish one another,
Tell us shall we meet them there?

LONGINGS.

All night, all dark,
So drear and sad,
No light, no little spark
To make me glad ;
No loving arms to twine around me now,
No tender kiss to soothe my aching brow.

Weary.—Weary,
Heaven is full of rest,
Earth seems so dreary—
Life so poor at best,
And yet we all must take an active part,
Nor sink beneath the burdens of the heart.

Hopeless and sad,
Our way may be,
Lord make us glad.
To worship Thee,
Oh, lead our footsteps in some brighter path,
Teach man; to him Thou givest all he hath.

Thy wisdom lends,
To every passing hour,
And beauty blends,
In every little flower,
Then let our lives be spent in seeking Thee,
And grace our steps attend where'er we be.

Hope sends her light,
Like some bright star,
And lends us sight,
To gaze afar ;
That we may see some wisdom in Thy ways,
Nor spend in vain repining all our days.

MY LYRE IS NOT TONED TO MIRTH
AND GLEE.

I would sing to you a happier song,
But my lyre is not toned to mirth and glee ;
The Goddess, in passing, just swept them along,
And left a few sorrowful notes for me,

I would sing of love, to the heart that is true,
And tune my lyre with a joyful strain ;
But love is passing and life is new,
And sorrow may fill the heart again.

I would sing of pleasure, to those that are gay,
Whose hearts are young, and whose hopes are
bright ;
But pleasure is fleeting, and passes away,
And after the morning there cometh the night.

I would sing of joys that are fresh and fair,
As flowers that blossom in early spring ;
But the summer of life is filled with care,
And the flowers fade when the frosts begin.

When the clouds are dark, and the winds are high,
And the tempest sweeps over valley and lea ;
There's a silver lining they say, in the sky
If we watch its beautiful folds to see.

Then let me sing to the heart that is sad,
To the soul that is bowed with grief and care,
I will tell of a land that is fair and glad,
And the loving friends that will greet us there.

But give to my lyre a happier tone,
And I'll touch the chords with a joyful air;
For he that is faithful shall wear a crown
In the days of eternity fresh and fair.



A SONG OF ZION. 71



I will sing of the beauties of Zion,
And tell of her daughters so fair;
Of her sons, whose strength we rely on
This latter day kingdom to bear.

They are brave, they are noble and gallant,
They stand for the truth and its cause;
In defense of their rights they are valiant,
They honor their country and laws.

Their pride is the good of the nation,
They honor the law of the Lord;
They work for the plan of salvation,
And strive to obey the glad word.

They go at the bidding of duty,
Their homes and their country defend;
They leave the allurements of beauty,
When truth or its cause needs a friend.

Her daughters are fairest and sweetest,
As wives, they are truest and best;
As mothers their lives are completest,
Of virtue and honor possessed.

Then give me the blessings of Zion,
Its home and its bounties I crave ;
Its honor and strength I rely on,
From sin and temptation to save.

I will sing of its glory and gladness,
My voice shall be joyous and free,
Unmingled with sorrow and sadness
The song of my country shall be.



THE POWER OF MUSIC.



Oh! what is the power that thrills me so,
And carries me back to the long ago ;
When the sun was bright, and the leaves were green,
And our lives were robed in a silver sheen.

When our hearts were young and our hopes were high
And we fondly thought of the by-and-by ;
As visions of beauty were floating past
And the fleeting hours no shadow cast.

Oh! where are the friends that we cherished so ?
That we dearly loved in the long ago ?
When we dreamed of life with never a sigh
As we fondly thought of the by and-by.

A mystical spell is over me cast,
And ghosts of dead years are flitting past ;
And memories bright, a joyful throng,
Are passing away with mirth and song.

The joys that I held, and the hopes that fled,
 With the hours of mirth so quickly sped ;
 The music of love with a magical strain
 Is swelling my heart with its chorus again.

The moments pass with flying feet,
 And the flowers we pluck are fair and sweet ;
 The flowers may fade and drop their leaves,
 Ere we garner in the golden sheaves.

But the hours of life will hold their glow,
 From the brightness shed in the long ago ;
 And our hearts beat on with never a sigh
 As we fondly think of the by-and-by.

A VALENTINE.

Hopeless I roam love, watching alone love,
 Waiting for thee ;
 Sighing I pine love, just to be thine love,
 Say shall it be.

Years will not linger, time with his finger
 Traces my brow ;
 Waiting is weary love, lone hearts are dreary love,
 Come for me now.

Sweet be thy dreams dear, love be their themes dear,
 Tender and true ;
 Life is but short at best, then do not let it pass,
 Waiting for you.

THE PIONEERS OF '47.

We had traveled through the valley's,
We had wandered o'er the plains ;
We had climbed the rugged mountains,
As we ne'er shall do again.

We were hungry, cold and weary,
As we wandered many a day,
Through the regions cold and weary,
That around our footsteps lay.

The fair moon waned and brightened,
Many times above our heads,
In the starry vault of Heaven,
As we sought our lowly beds.

And the wild cayote's howling,
Or the screech of evil bird
In the lonely midnight darkness,
Were the only sounds we heard.

But we put our trust in Heaven,
Praying God our steps to guard,
For the desert lay before us,
And behind us fire and sword.

'Twas a faithful band of brethren,
That climbed the hill one day,
Through a fearful rocky canon,
As we traveled on our way.

When upon the highest mountain,
Foot of man had ever trod,
Gazing far above the hilltops,
We had stopped to think of God.

And to thank Him for his goodness,
While our feet were led to roam ;
For afar off in the distance
We could see our valley home.

But before us yawned a canon
With a fearful rocky road,
And around us higher mountains
Foot of man had never strode.

Three more days we journeyed onward
Till the dreary road was past,
And with footsteps weak and weary
We had reached a goal at last.

God of Heaven ! had we wandered
All these long and weary miles,
But to perish in the desert
From privation, care and toil.

Not a human habitation,
Not a field of waving grain,
Not a mark of man's creation
On that vast and lonely plain.

Save it were a squalid wigwam,
Where the Indian bent his bow,
Who might in his wrathful fury
Be to us a deadly foe.

We had need of toil and patience,
We had need of faith and prayer,
Asking God for his protection,
In those hours of dark despair.

Winter came with all its fury,
And we braved the snow and rain,
With no shelter but the canvas
We had carried o'er the plain.

Summer's sunshine brought new terrors
To the famished, lonely few;
Famine with its fearful horror,
Stared us in the face anew.

But the God whose care had led us
All the long and weary way,
In his kind and tender mercy,
Guarded o'er us night and day.

And the noble sons of freedom
Who so bravely led the van,
Lived to see the desert blossom,
Peace and plenty crown the land.

THE FRIENDS OF YORE.

Strangers are filling the hall to-night,
To dance by the ball room's misty light.
With cheerful faces now they meet,
To chase the hours with flying feet.
The young may come, and the old may go,
And we vainly look for those we know,
We sadly think as we scan them o'er
Of the friends we loved in the days of yore.

Faces young, and faces fair,
Whose brows have known no lines of care,
Whose hearts are gay with glad delight
As they step to the music's sound to-night.
But a sadness steals around my heart,
As I sit, from the merry crowds apart,
And I think, perchance, I will see no more
The friends I loved in the days of yore.

Within my heart is a sad refrain,
For those I shall meet no more again,
For some have gone at duty's call,
And some are covered with shroud and pall.
We meet with forms as fair to view,
And love as fond mid faces new,
But our hearts are oftimes sad and sore
For the friends we loved in the days of yore.

WHEN I AM GONE.

I want no costly monument,
Telling how my poor life was spent
 While passing here.
A simple stone whereon to trace
A record of my resting place,
 “To memory dear.”

I want no pomp of nodding plume,
To shed around a funeral gloom
 Above my bier.
I want some true and loving heart,
To stand from weary crowds apart,
 And shed a tear.

I want to rest in sweet repose,
After the calm and peaceful close
 Of life's long day.
When all our struggles shall be o'er,
And weary hearts shall beat no more
 Along the way.

And when I spend my latest breath,
And parting sighs are hushed in death,
 Will some kind friend,
Whose love has cheered my latest hour,
Whose heart has felt its magic power,
 Above me bend?

And on my cold lips warmly press
One lingering kiss, one fond caress,
 A tribute given
To love that lights the funeral gloom,
And sheds its rays beyond the tomb
 To shine in Heaven.

And will they robe me pure and white,
And lay me gently from their sight
 In tender love?
For though it is but helpless clay,
From life and beauty passed away,
 We'll meet above.

And will they softly part my hair,
And smooth away the lines of care
 From off my brow?
For God has gracious promise given,
That we shall find sweet rest in Heaven,
 Though weary now.

And when the silent sod is pressed
So dark and cold above my breast,
 In death's long sleep;
Will those my life has held so dear,
Whose love has cheered my pathway here,
 Above me weep?

And will they tell when I am gone,
Of happiness and honors won,
 And speak my praise;
And o'er my cold form shed a tear,
As for a friend to memory dear,
 In earlier days?

And will the world be wiser, when
My feet from out the ranks of men
 Have passed away?
That I have lived and learned to know
The depth of human joy and woe,
 As well as they.

I may not climb the hills of fame,
Nor lasting honors hope to claim,
 Nor praise of men.
But some kind friend that knows me well,
My humble charities will tell,
 And love me then.

Then I shall not have lived in vain,
And death will never wholly gain
 This vaunted prize.
For I shall live in realms above,
Where all is peace and light and love,
 Beyond the skies.



HAVE COURAGE TO LIVE.



Have courage, dear sisters, have courage to live,
Do each duty and follow it well;
There is nothing in life can such happiness give,
As to know we've not faltered nor fell.

It is cowards who shrink from the duties they owe,
And pause on the highway of life :
And wish to lie down without credit or crown,
To cease from their labor and strife.

Have courage to toil, though your labor may show
But little of profit or gain.
There's a higher tribunal to judge us we know,
And give us reward for our pain.

Though life may be weary, and sorrows may come,
And hopes may be faded and crushed:
There's a light in the sky that will brighten the
gloom,
When the voice of our mourning is hushed.

Have courage, dear sisters, to fight the good fight,
That thy crown may be honestly won ;
Look not in the strife to the left or the right,
But gallantly press your way on.

There are laurels awaiting the good and the true,
And our motto forever should be,
Not to dally nor falter, but lay on the altar,
Our incense and offerings free.

If our lives were all bright, and our hearts always gay,
No credit nor honor were due ;
If our steps did not falter nor lag on the way,
But hopefully carried us through.

Have courage to live till thy labors are done,
And the toil of thy life shall be blessed :
With a life rightly spent, and a victory won,
We shall enter a haven of rest.

DAY DREAMS.

Wandering in dreamland one evening I lay,
And visions of beauty arose on the way.
Thoughts of the future came swift to my mind,
And Hope's glowing colors were brightly defined.

I stood amid bowers all fragrant and sweet,
And landscapes of beauty were spread at my feet,
The isles of enchantment shone dimly to view,
And the glory of life seemed to brighten anew.

The fables of fairy-land greeted me there,
And I lingered awhile in its bowers so fair.
Forgot for a season the tale of my woes,
And sipped at the nectar her bounty bestows.

Oh! ye that in sadness may stop to repine;
Forget not that gladness around you may shine,
That life-giving vigor comes sweet on the air,
Though the shadows of fate may be gloomy or fair

If to-day you are beaten in life's busy race,
Pray do not with gloom shade the light of your face,
But smile as though life with its visions so rare
Were bright as the fancies that circle us there.

If fate should prove stern, and your lives should
 seem hard,
Forget not the words that were spoke by the bard,
That Providence shapes us whatever we plan,
And life may not prove what our fancy began.

Then why should we linger in gloomy repose,
The sun does not stay where at morn he arose:
But steadily on through the azure he glides,
Till night settles down on the fathomless tides.

All brightly our lives through the darkness may
shine,
If we choose to reflect from His glory divine:
And Hope's starry finger guides on through the
night,
Till the shadow of death closes all from our sight.

I GAVE THEE ALL.

I gave thee all, it was not much,
Only the love of one true heart;
A pulse that quickened at thy touch,
A life to form of thine a part.

I gave a heart that knew no guile,
A loyal heart to thee, and true,
A lip to meet thee with a smile,
When e'er thy daily care was through.

I had no wealth of treasured lore,
I had no hopes of fame or power,
A maiden's heart was all the store
I brought thee for a bridal dower.

MY MOTHER.

I cannot sing her praises now,—
My heart is all too sore.
With tearful eyes and aching brow,
I scan her memories o'er.

Then gently fold the weary hands,
Her labors all are done.
With saints in glory now she stands,
Her crown is nobly won.

So softly part the silvery hair,
And fold its bands away;
Smooth from her brow the lines of care,
She'll weep no more to-day.

We'll robe her form in purest white,
And deck her sweet and fair:
She stands at Heaven's gate to-night,
She'll know no sorrow there.

I would not call her back again,
Though she was dearest, best,
Nor cause one sigh, or throb of pain,
To cross her peaceful breast.

Soft be her slumbers, fair and sweet,
And holy be her rest;
In realms of glory we shall meet,
Among the pure and blest.

A FRAGMENT.

Our last frail hold on life shall be
 Our pass to immortality.
 The flag of Christ shall be unfurled
 To guide us to the better world.
 Our lives, our hearts, our souls prepare
 To meet the friends that circle there
 Oh Christ! will thou our footsteps guide,
 And bear us through life's changing tide,
 Help us to bear each daily cross,
 Each hope deferred, each worldly loss,
 Sustain our souls through every woe
 That we are destined here to know,
 Uphold our hearts in humble prayer,
 And teach us how to meet Thee there.

MY FATHER.—IN MEMORIAM.

He breathed, with the dying year, his latest sigh,
 No friend, to memory dear, was standing nigh,
 No loving hand is bending o'er him now,
 To wipe the death-damp from his furrowed brow.

His life was full of years, and care and pain,
 And many a hope that he had held in vain;
 He lived the measure of allotted days,
 And walked in many of life's weary ways.

And, what is life ; that we should wish to cling
To the frail tenure of a worthless thing ?
What joys and sorrows come with length of years,
What constant striving with their hopes and fears ?

Contending passions stir the murmuring breeze,
And shake the fading leaflets from the trees.
And should I bow my head in grief, and mourn
That one lone bough has bent beneath the storm.

As constant wearing oft unbends the rock
That might withstand full many a ruder shock,
So has the proud form bent beneath the blast,
And found a refuge in the grave at last.

I should not grieve that he has passed away,
But busy memories stir my heart to-day,
And when I think of his long, silent sleep,
I bow my head upon my hands and weep.

Each quivering tendril of my heart is stirred
By the deep meaning of some little word ;
And thoughts come rushing to my busy brain,
Till every bounding pulse is stirred with pain.

Hopes I had cherished many a passing day,
From my bowed heart are rudely torn away,
For many a loving thought, and earnest prayer,
And tender memory had centered there.

I thought, perchance, my tenderness might give
His latest days some pleasure yet to live ;
His weary heart some aching pangs might save,
But stranger's hands have robed him for the grave.

And sorrowing friends, perhaps have shed a tear,
 Of deep regret above his lonely bier;
 Some gentle hand, with loving thought, may trace
 A tender line above his resting place.

And hold, within their hearts, a memory dear
 Of him whose life was spent among them here,
 And o'er his grave some passing tribute pay,
 Where my lone feet, perchance, will never stray.



A PRAYER.



Our Father in Heaven, in mercy we pray,
 Look down on the hearts that are mourning to-day,
 Thy spirit uphold us, Thy kindness sustain
 The hearts that are sinking with sorrow and pain.

Thy name we'll revere, to Thy altar we bow;
 Thy love is around us, oh! cherish us now,
 In the hour of affliction, the moment of pain,
 Oh! may we not plead for Thy mercy in vain.

Thy name is eternal;—Thy throne is above,
 Thy mercies are tender, and boundless thy love;
 Oh! lighten our anguish, 'tis heavy to bear,
 And let us not languish in sorrow and care.

Thou hast taken the loved and the cherished away,
 Thou hast shown me so truly my idol was clay,
 O Lord! if we worshipped the work of Thy hands,
 Forgive us the weakness, we know Thy commands,

All honor, and glory, and worship to Thee,
Thou wilt search out our idols wherever they be,
Then may we not falter in doing Thy will,
But bow to Thy altar, and worship Thee still.



LINES TO AN ELDERLY LADY.



Does thy mind in retrospection,
Oft' times wander o'er the past;
And recall to recollection,
Hours that could not always last?

Dost thou in some lonely hour,
To thy memory recall,
Scenes that, like a summer flower,
Bud and blossom but to fall?

Have the chilly winds of winter
Fiercely blown about thy head?
Sweeter seems the calm of summer
When the biting frosts have fled.

Hast thou bowed in bitter sorrow
O'er some hope too early flown;
Thinking that thy life to-morrow,
Could but echo back the moan?

But sweet hope, in gentle whispers,
Sheds a light above thy brow;
And like evening's call to vespers,
Gives thy life a calmness now.

Shed no tears of useless sorrow,
Spend no time in vain regret,
Strive in passing still to borrow
Hope to cheer thy pathway yet.

Now that life is calmly passing,
Nearing fast the other shore:
Seek to find a Savior's blessing
When thy pilgrimage is o'er.

Let thy hand be active ever,
In the duties of the day;
Then shall life retain its pleasure,
If we labor while we may.

Cheerful in the path of duty
Let thy latest days be spent;
Then thy face will beam with beauty,
Though thy form be aged and bent.

'Tis not for the face's fairness,
That we love the good and the true;
'Tis the soul that's pure and earnest
That is lovely to our view.

Strive we then His grace to borrow,
As we turn each living page;
Bright will seem each glad to-morrow,
Though our eyes be dimmed with age.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Hail dear friends, we joy to meet thee,
On this merry Christmas eve,
And with gleeful songs we greet thee,
Mirth and happiness to give.

Long our memories will cherish,
Scenes that greet us here to-night;
Though the scenes themselves may perish,
Fade and wither from our sight.

Hail dear friends, whose kindly faces,
Speak of hearts from sorrow free;
As with joy you take your places,
All around the Christmas tree.

Tis the oft repeated story
That was told us long ago;
How our Saviour came from glory,
To redeem the world from woe.

But the bright young faces beaming
As they hear the joyful strain,
Keep the story fresh in seeming,
As we hear it once again,

Sweetest strains of mirth and music
Borne upon the evening air:
Tell of joyous, happy spirits,
Tell of young lives fresh and fair.

Joyfully we give you greeting,
 As we meet you here to-night.
 And may every yearly meeting,
 Find our hearts as free and light.



DO YOU REMEMBER.



Do you remember, darling
 The little prayer I made,
 Above my precious infant,
 When on my bosom laid?
 It was our first born baby,
 The pledge of love and youth,
 I prayed the Lord to guide it
 In ways of peace and truth.

It was a lovely morning,
 A well remembered day,
 The sun arose in gladness,
 And shone along the way.
 We thanked God for His goodness,
 And for the danger passed,
 And for the lovely infant
 That filled our hearts at last.

We dreamed that fame and glory
 In life's hard battle won;
 And deeds that live in story
 Should deck our darling son.
 We thought that hope's fruition
 Would fill our glad young hearts,
 And give his young life's mission
 The joy that love imparts.

We thought to gather round us
Through out the passing years,
The ties of love that crowned us,
Their tender hopes and cares;
And when their paths should widen,
And turn from ours aside,
Our hopeful hearts should gladden
The stream of life's dull tide.

Its course should bear him onward
In strength of manly powers,
And love should guide his footsteps,
And strew his path with flowers.
When lengthened years should bear us
Adown the vale of time,
His strength would soothe and cheer us,
His love around us shine.

Sweet thoughts so fondly treasured,
Bright hopes so quickly fled.
Too soon the days were measured
Above his fair young head.
His voice with notes of gladness
Has joined the angel band,
Untouched with care or sadness,
In that bright happy land.

I HAVE LEFT THEE.

I have left thee, dear land of my childhood,
With all that to mem'ry was dear;
To make me a home in the wildwood,
Mid autumn leaves, fading and sere.

I have listened to wintry winds howling
O'er mountain tops rugged and gray,
I have heard the wild wolves when their growling
Was nearing my home for their prey.

I have seen the fire fiend, when its raging,
Seemed ready to close round my head;
And heard its fierce roar on the mountain,
Bringing death, without burial or bed.

I have stood in the trail of the serpent,
With the hiss of his breath on my ear,
With his eyes gleaming bright in the sunlight,
I have trembled to see him so near.

In the silence of night I have languished,
And wept in the chamber of death;
With a heart that was aching and anguished
I have watched the last fluttering breath.

I have bowed me in sadness and sorrow,
When bright hopes were faded and crushed
When clouds boded dark for the morrow
And the sound of rejoicing was hushed.

But the God of the righteous ruled o'er us,
And His hand was all powerful to save
From the dangers and darkness before us,
And lighten the shades of the grave.

I'LL HAVE THEE YET.

I'll have thee yet,—I'll have thee yet!
Those words kept ringing on his ear.
Those accents mild he'll ne'er forget,
They were breathed by one he held so dear.
They were the last fond words she spoke
Ere she was laid within the tomb;
It was her last,—her dying look,
That haunted ever his heart's deep gloom.

I'll have thee yet,—I'll have thee yet,
Those words were stamped upon his brain.
When o'er his mind night's darkness set,
Those words were still his fav'rite theme.
And thus life passed from day to day,
And mad'ning thoughts still racked his brain,
The loved and lost was ne'er away;
Twas thoughts of her that fanned the flame.

I'll have thee yet,—I'll have thee yet,
Those words spoke volumes to his soul;
They were spoken by that loved one's lips,
Who was his life, his heaven, his all.
They said those two should meet again
In happier worlds with God above;
Where, free from every care and pain
They'd dwell in harmony and love.

AN EPITAPH.

What lies beneath this lowly mound—
Was once of mortal mould.
God gave his spirit, that He called
To traverse world's unknown:
But what lies here was once
My beautiful, my own.



A PHILOPENA.

I fain a lasting gift would give,
That when long years have passed and gone,
And time has wrought full many a change,
You might have it to gaze upon.
And then your thoughts would wander back
To days that long have passed away:
When you, on life's long rugged track,
Were but an idler on the way.
But let this little offering prove
What many a heavier heart might say,
That all that's joyful, all that's good
With those we love must pass away.

Though friendship's self is but a name
Borne to cheer us while we stay.
Yet who would not its solace claim,
Though it soon should pass away.

Life itself is but a dream,
Yet on earth we fain would stay,
Gliding on its murmuring stream,
Soon like this we'll pass away.

Should friendship speak through such a thing
I would one small exception make:
If yours be lasting as the ring
Mine is not fleeting as the cake.



A FRAGMENT.



A little flower in silence grew,
It drooped and died upon its stem,
My darling babe had faded too,
I thought its emblem fit for him.
I placed it on his silent breast,
It drooped with him, there let it rest.

TIME IS PASSING.

Time, with us is swiftly passing,
Days and months and years go by:
And our feet are ever pressing
Onward to eternity.
Swiftly speeding, little heeding,
How we pass our time away,
Bold and daring, only caring,
For the pleasures of to-day.

God above, forever watchful,
Cares for every child of earth,
Spreads around His kind protection,
Smiles upon the sons of worth,
Then how careful, ever prayerful,
Ever watchful should we be,
Still progressing, as we're pressing,
Onward to eternity.

IS IT WISE OR WELL?

Is it wise or well, to recall the past,
With every chill and varying blast;
With every thorn in our pathway cast,
 Or the shadows that over us lie.
Far better the wand of forgetfulness wave,
And bury our ills in oblivion's grave,
 No more to awaken a sigh.

Ghosts of dead thoughts come trooping along,
With a mournful wail, and a sorrowful song,
In an ever varying, endless throng,
 That will haunt us forever and aye.
As they bring to our memory, one by one,
The wrongs we have suffered, or those we have
 done,
And the shadows that lie on our way.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Farewell, hopes of fame and fortune,
I must bid you all good bye;
While I go to boil potatoes,
And prepare the chicken pie.

Farewell dreams of future greatness,—
Farewell love and wild romance,—
Biscuits in the oven baking
Can't be left to fate or chance.

Truly songs' poetic fire
Holds a subtle power to charm,
But I cannot strike the lyre,—
Johnny wants his stockings darned.

Noble thoughts the soul adorning,
Fill the great Creator's plan,—
I've been searching all the morning
For the broom and dusting pan.

Grand and glowing thoughts inspiring,
Hold my heart with joy sublime!
Seeming all that's worth desiring,—
Bless me! it is dinner time.

I would fain in idle dreaming
Wander where my fancy led,—
Hark! I hear a dreadful screaming,
Tommy's fell and bumped his head.

Such is life, and such its beauties,
Wander where our fancy may,
Home must hold our highest duties
As we labor day by day.

THE TEMPLE I BUILT.

I reared me a temple, 'twas gorgeous and fair,
Its summit was burnished with silver and gold ;
I made me an altar, and bowed myself there,
And the beautiful structure was fair to behold.

The columns and arches were ivy'd all o'er,
With myrtle and holly the pillars were crowned ;
Of hope were the portals, and truth was the door,
And faith shed her hallowed light all around.

There were roses and lilies in garlands so bright,
And sweet honeysuckle with waxenlike flowers ;
A wealth of pure love, and a field of delight,
For all who would enter and rest in her bowers.

There was simple Content, with a smile on her face,
And Love, the blind god, with his quiver and bow ;
And charity's hand lent additional grace,
As she held her white mantle around us to throw.

In the innermost temple I built me a shrine,
All covered with jewels so rich and so rare.
I placed on the altar an image divine,
I gathered my idols and worshipped them there.

The first that I bowed to was sisterly love
For all that would claim of my friendship a share
But time and adversity strengthen or proves,
And the idol I worshipped lay shattered and bare.

The next one was faith, and I rested secure,
Though thunders should bellow and tempest
should rage

Her light would still beam on us tender and pure
Untouched by the changes of sorrow or age

But faith cannot linger when friendship has fled
And we list to the sound of her music no more
At the foot of the altar her image lies dead,
And I sprinkled her tomb with the incense she
bore.

I next plead with Hope, she would tarry awhile,
And unto her image I bended my knee:
She gazed on my face with a flattering smile,
And the light of her eye was a pleasure to see.

But Hope grew weary when Faith bowed her head,
And sorrow and grief cast their shadows around,
The light of her smile from my bosom has fled,
And her beautiful garments are trailed on the
ground.

Fame beckoned me on with her shadowy hand,
And I bowed for awhile at the foot of her shrine:
I foolishly thought that her altar would stand,
And the light of her glory around me would shine.

Our lips may delight at the fountain of joy,
To sip at the nectar her bounty bestows:
But pleasure is seldom unmixed with alloy,
And we meet with the briar while plucking the
rose.

The tempest swept down on her powerless head,
And darkness closed over her heart like a pall;
The light of her glory and beauty has fled,
And angels are bending to weep at the fall.

I gathered the fragments, and buried them deep,
In a grave where their brightness was hidden
from view,
I paused at the tomb but a moment to weep,
Then covered them over with cypress and rue.

Humility stood in a corner apart,
And beckoned her hand as I turned me away,
She lifted me tenderly close to her heart,
And folded around me her mantle of grey.

WITH AUTUMN LEAVES. ✧

With autumn leaves bedeck my brow,
And not with summer flowers:
For life is passing swiftly now,
And holds its brightest hours.

The spring of life is fresh and fair,
And sweet our young life's mission:
Its summer brings us grief and care,
And many a hope's fruition.

The garnered sheaves are gathered in;
The ripening fruit is bearing:
And willing hearts and busy hands
The harvest home's preparing.

The sunshine tints the mountain's brow
With gold and purple gleaming;
And many a hope we cherish now,
Is fair and bright in seeming.

Then bring to me at autumn time
The spoils of summer bowers;
The purple fruit, the ruby wine,
The gold and crimson flowers.

I'll weave them in a garland fair
With pleasures bright and smiling,
And softly twine them in my hair;
The joys of life beguiling.

For soon across the mountain's brow
Comes winter cold and dreary;
And many a heart that's joyful now
Will oft seem weak and weary.

There's many a soul that in the prime
Of life was bold and fearless,
That, bowing 'neath the hand of time,
Is left alone and cheerless.

Then bring me, 'ere the winter's snow
Has crowned my brow with whiteness,
The hopes I cherished long ago,
In all their glowing brightness,

For many a joy we've tasted here
Our hearts may fondly cherish.
And many a hope we hold so dear,
Is doomed to fade and perish.

GERTRUDE.

Gertrude, my darling, Oh! where hast thou wandered,
 dered,

Whither, I pray, have thy little feet strayed,
Here is the shady nook where thou hast lingered,
Here in the long summer day thou hast played.

Gertrude my dear one, I'm lonely without you,
Sorrowing years have passed over my head;
Daily and nightly my thoughts are about you,
I scarce can believe that my darling is dead.

Many a season the flowers have blossomed,
Springtime and summer have faded and passed;
Hopes have been scattered, and fond hearts have
 broken,
Since thou wert with me to comfort and bless.

Light of my life, thou wert tender and lovely,
Bright as the flowers that blossom in spring;
Many a fond hope was centered about thee;
Many a joy to our hearts thou did'st bring.

Many sweet buds on the hearth-trees have blossomed,
Many fond hopes still my loving thoughts fill;
Dear tender hearts claim a mother's devotion;
Dearest and fairest thou art to me still.

Oft-times my fancy with fondness arrays thee,
Moving among us here, smiling and fair;
Naught in thy heart but would honor and praise thee,
Free from all guile, from all sorrow and care.

Yet in this world there is many a pitfall,
 For innocent feet there is many a snare;
 Mothers have mourned o'er the fate of their darlings,
 Whose steps were as light and whose faces as fair.

Darling, I know that should sorrow betide thee,
 Surely my heart would be broken with care;
 Safe in my arms I would cherish and guide thee,
 Guarding thee still with a fond mother's prayer.

Saviour above us, Whose love is eternal,
 Say, didst thou see that our darling was fair;
 Cherish her still with thy power supernal,
 Glory and gladness are crowning her there.

Heaven is bright, and its gates are before us,
 Guard Thou our feet from temptation and snare;
 Yet to our bosoms our loved ones restore us,
 Bring us to meet with our cherished ones there.



WAS IT ONLY A DREAM.



Was it only a dream in those old fair days;—
 A dream that has passed with a shade of regret,
 When life was burnished with silver rays,
 And the memory sweet is haunting me yet?

But my soul looks back to that far off time,
 To the girlish face with the soft brown eyes;
 And memory's bells ring a tenderer chime,
 As over my mind the sweet vision flies.

Roll back the fleet years, that have passed over my
head,
Since the days were so bright in the long, long ago.
Roll back the salt tears I so bitterly shed
As I waked from my dream with a heart full of
woe;

With a heart full of love, and a soul full of bliss,
The earth was so fair, and the heavens so bright;
I could not have dreamed of a sorrow like this,
When my soul was so filled with joy and delight.

Sweet days, they have passed, but their memory still,
Will haunt me sometimes as the hours go by:
Of the cup of life's joy I have taken my fill,
And the poor broken fragments around me now lie.

I will gather them up, for their beauty was rare,
And fold them away in my sorrowing heart:
As the summer in passing our hopes may be fair,
And we'll cherish them still though they're fallen
apart.

As the blossoms of spring when the summer draws
nigh,
Unfold their bright leaves to its nourishing heat;
But the rage of the tempest sweeps vauntingly by,
And the poor withered flowers lie dead at our feet.

Our joys were so bright, and our hopes were so fair,
As we stood on the threshold of womanly prime;
But deep in the heart is awell of despair,
As we draw 'round our shoulders the mantle of
time.

With beauty that's faded, and hopes that are crushed
We shadow our hearts with a glittering veil;
Though our spirits may falter and bow in the dust,
Our lips shall not murmur nor sadness prevail.

Our God ever kind to the faithful and true,
Who cherish His name in their innermost hearts,
Will still send a blessing of rain and of dew,
As the silence of evening a calmness imparts.

WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG.

When life is young, and love is tender,
Passing joys are ever sweet;
Hearts that crave no worldly splendor
Surely sweet content shall meet.

Those whose hearts are ever happy,
Knowing not of life's deep care;
Know no name more deep than fervent,
For the earnest hour of prayer.

But in life there cometh sorrow,
Cometh darkness and despair;
And the heart o'er charged with burdens,
Often bows in anguished prayer.

Life is young, and love is tender,
May its brightness ever shine;
May no sadness mar its splendor,
May no anguished prayer be thine.

FLOW ON BRIGHT WATERS.

Flow on bright waters,
Pride of my dreams,
Zion's fair daughters
Lave in thy streams.

Hopes fairy treasures,
Glide neath thy shade,
Bright hopes and pleasures,
Bide in thy glades.

Sweet is the dreaming,
Fond hearts may know,
Brighter in seeming
Love can bestow.

Tender and holy
Feelings may press;
Love for thee only,
Lightens my breast.

Bright hopes may wither,
Fond hearts may break,
Love's shining quiver,
Bends for thy sake.

Hopes that may linger,
Darts that may speed,
Hearts that in waiting
Tremble and bleed.

TELL HER FOR ME.

Wilt tell the friend I loved in earlier days,
That life has not been all a summer dream;
That I have walked in many weary ways,
And things have oft been what they did not seem ?

But yet I know my lot has not been hard,
And poverty's rude hand has ne'er erased
The better impulse of my heart's accord,
Nor on my brow her rugged impress traced.

Around my hearth-stone many flowers have bloom-
ed,

But some have drooped, as winter's chilly breath
Cast o'er our hearts his cold and cheerless gloom,
And now they're sleeping in the arms of death.

My heart is not as merry, nor as glad
As when in pinafores to school we went,—
Or, making eyes at some fair favored lad,
Our minds on mischief quite as fully bent.

But yet I've known full many happy hours,
And met with many kind and cherished friends;
I've plucked with gladness oft the summer flowers,
That o'er our path their sweetest fragrance sends.

I have not known of wealth's luxurious ease,
Nor had I gold for needless wants to spend;
But oft possessed of kindly power to please,
I never yet have failed to find a friend.

And tell her that my heart can cherish still,
The friends who loved me in those olden days,
And often could I have my kindly will,
Across their pathway would my footsteps stray.

And we would talk of olden happy days,
And tell how years with each of us had sped;—
And hold sweet converse in full many ways,
Of whatsoe'er our passing fancy led.

And we would meet with many a kindly word,
And smile of joy to cheer the passing hours;
And linger yet, like many a hope deferred,
To sip the sweets of friendship's opening flowers.

Tell her, that oft I wish to know how time
With her throughout the passing years has sped;
And if her tresses show the silvery lines,
Of joy or sorrow as the time has fled.

How many children does she gather 'round
The family board, when goodly cheer is spread;
How many sleep beneath the mossy mounds
That hide the faces of the early dead.

And if she soon could spare a little time,
To spend for one whom years so far divide;
And write sometimes a kindly cheering line,
'Twould cause a pleasant hour for me to glide.

W. P. R. T. I. R. D. O. K.

THE PROPHETS.

“Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Friends they had none.”

Far from their friends and rights,
Through the long silent nights,
Through the deep gloom;
Led to a prison cell,
Hearts that beat warm and well
Went to their doom.

Slain for the faith they bore,
Crimson the robes they wore,
Dripping with prophets' gore
Foul hands were red.
Free born Americans,
True loyal citizens
Suffered and bled.

Sound the tale long and loud,
Tell to the merry crowd,
Tell to the rich and proud,
Tell to the poor;
Tell that a martyr's blood,
Lies at their door,

Here in America,
Glorious America,
Land of the free,
Slain in the prime of life,
Slain without war or strife
Brothers could be.

“Fatherly, motherly,
Sisterly, brotherly,”
Hearts ached and bled:
Over the friends they loved,
Slain by a cruel mob,
Silent and dead.

“Truth by false evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God’s providence
Seeming estranged.”
Oh! what a mockery
Sounds the philosophy,
Freemen have changed.

“Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,”
In grief and amazement
They gazed on the sight.

Let the world’s history
Record the mystery:
Darkened by crime,
The stain on its pages.
Will linger for ages,
Untarnished by time.

* * * *

Shame on the cravens
Who mock with their breath,
The widows, and orphans,
The silence of death:—
The hand that could wield
Such irreverent pen,
The murder would shield,
And darken the field,
With their life blood again.

The plains of Missouri
Are reeking and red,
With the blood of the martyrs
For liberty shed.
The cries of the orphans,
The widows' wild wail,
The moans of the famished
Are borne on the gale.

The martyrs of Carthage,
The wrongs of Nauvoo,
Bear a record to history
Faithful and true.
The lone graves that mark
Where the weary ones rest,
As toil worn they sought
For a home in the west:
While their prophet and leader
Trod firmly the van,
And strengthened their hearts
As a god-fearing man.

He led through the wilderness
 Hopeful and brave,
The band of true hearted,
From home and friends parted,
 Their honor to save.
And planted their banner
In triumph to stand,
 O'er the home of the free
In a lone desert land.

His foes gathered round him,
And sought to confound him
 With prison and chain!—
They fain would dissemble,
And make the world tremble,
And the fair cheek grow pale,
As they told the wild tale
 Of Missouri again.

The God that could strengthen
 Our hearts on the way,
Had power to lengthen
 And guard o'er his days.
In peaceful repose
 He has gone to his rest,
From the hands of his foes,
From the trials and woes,
 And the wrongs they disclose,
He has gone to his home
 In the land of the blest.

With words of derision,
 With mocking and scorn,
With falsehood's perversion
 The ignorant clamor
Their base blatant slander,
 As over the mountains
Their voices are borne.

But lo ! to their hearts
 Comes a voice on the gale—
And terror imparts,
 As it echoes the tale ;
Crying, shame to the nation !
 And shame to the cause ;
That would murder her freemen,
 Dishonor her laws.

From the plains of Missouri,
 All reeking and red,
From the blood of the martyrs
 In Carthage jail shed,
Comes a cry that descends
 On the annals of time,
And stains the fair flag
 Of our country with crime.

DOUBT.

Stranded far out on the ocean of life,
Was a poor little barque amid turmoil and strife,
The waves dashed around, and the winds howled
above,

And the frail boat was laden with hope, faith and love.
Hope whispered a tale of the sky and the sea,
How the waves would grow calm, and the winds
whistle free;
When the dark clouds were o'er and the tempest
was past.
All safely they'd come to a haven at last.

Love uttered a wail, 'twas of fear and of pain,
That they never would anchor in safety again,—
The tempest was high, and the night winds were
dark,
And shattered and frail was their poor little barque.

Faith sang them a song from her joyous young
heart,
And told them in life they were never to part;
Though weary and wayworn, with labor oppressed,
For God in His mercy had promised them rest.

WE COME.

A Tribute to President D. H. Wells, on the occasion of his release after being confined in jail for "Contempt of Court."

We come, Brother Wells, to embrace thee,
To honor thy name in the land;
While thy enemies seek to disgrace thee,
Thy honor in Zion shall stand.

We come in the strength of our glory,
In the pride of our freedom and might;
Our lips shall repeat the glad story,
And battle for truth and the right.

We come in our gladness to greet thee,
The champion of liberty's cause;
In honor and triumph we'll meet thee,
While true to thy God and His laws.

We come with our love and good wishes,
With songs and rejoicing we come;
With the rush and the roar of the engine,
The sound of the trumpet and drum.

We come with the banners of Zion,
To float their fair stripes on the breeze;
With a band of true hearts to rely on,
And what can be dearer than these.

And when in the days that are coming,
Thy name shall be honored and blessed;
Thy home filled with hearts, true and loving,
Who love thee and cherish thee best.

When time shall re-echo the story,
And history record the deed;
Posterity crown thee with glory,
And hearts swell with pride as they read.

Let the poet with laurels entwine thee,
And gather his bays for thy brow,
Their honors can never enshrine thee,
More dear to our bosoms than now.

CONSOLATION.

Hast thou lost a dear companion?
Dost thou sigh o'er pleasures fled?
Dost thou bow thy heart in sorrow
O'er a friend that's long since dead?

Hast thou in thy weary wandering,
Longed for sympathy and love?
Hast thou in thy lonely sorrow,
Sought for comfort from above?

'Tis the only joy that's lasting,
And the only hope we have;
Early friends are daily passing,
Sorrows still may fill thy path.

Yet our hearts must find some gladness,
As we linger day by day;
If our lives bore naught but sadness
We should faint along the way.

We must gather up the fragments,
Weave them in if sad or gay,
In the web of life we're weaving
Cast no broken threads away.

God has said that He would temper
To the shorn and tender lamb,
Winds of Heaven for its comfort;
Why not to the heart of man?

He will give no meed of sorrow
That we have not strength to bear,
If we seek from him to borrow—
Comfort is our grief and care.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.

Over the ashes of a dead love sighing,
I bow my head in the lone summer eve,
With the shrouded forms of my lost hopes lying
Across my heart, I sit me down to grieve.

And wonder if that pile, which lies so grayly,
Could once have held the fires that burned my soul
Or if the joys that I have sought so gayly,
Could thus be lying neath my heart's control.

I often wonder if the bounding pulses,
That thrilled my heart throbs in the days of yore,
As swelled the blue veins in their onward courses
Are stilled forever, and will beat no more.

As to his heart my pallid face he presses,
And rains warm kisses on my cheek and brow;
Say shall they beat beneath his fond caresses,
Or hold my heart as still and cold as now.

Shall I in some sweet hour of joy unfolding,
Forget the bitter agony that's past;
And know the hope of once again beholding
The light of life that should forever last.

Or shall no spark the dull gray pile illumine?
Have hope and joy forever fled my breast?
My heart's dull throbs were little less than human,
If they should find no pleasure or no rest.

Say lies there not beneath these cold gray embers,
Some smouldering fire that yet may light again?
Or holds my heart a thought that still remembers,
To bring one throb of pleasure or of pain?

Shall life flow on in one long ceaseless murmur,
As night winds moan across the calm blue sea,—
Scorched by the fierce and arid heats of summer,
And bring no change of cooling waves for me?

Across the dark and trackless paths of ocean
The mariner sails, hopefully and brave;
The tempest heaves, and lo! with wild emotion
He finds beneath their boundless depths a grave.

And yet above his burial fondly lingers
The summer sunshine o'er the darkening tide,
And time marks out with stern relentless fingers
The path o'er which our careless footsteps glide.

Then shall no loving hand with kind endeavor
Smooth back the tresses from my aching brow,
And o'er my lost hopes gently try to sever
The chains that bind me to their ashes now.

And shall no words in kindly accents given,
Bid me no more above their incense mourn,
And tell my erring heart of rest in heaven,
And Christ whose love our weariness has borne?

◆◆◆

THREE LITTLE FLOWERS.

Three little flowers grew on one stem,
Three lovely flowers,
That blossomed in the summer hours;
And we watched over them
From early morning till the close of day,
And in our every thought they were always.
But o'er the sky a little cloud was cast,
And through the air there came a scorching blast;
And drooping then the little flowrets died,
And ranged their fading faces side by side;
But yet their names in beauty linger near,
And shed perfume although the leaves are sere.
And love's bright golden flowers,
That crown the happy hours,
Are blossoming above;
Secure in heavenly love,
Where no fierce gale shall blow
To make them tremble so;
And round our hearts are spread
The brightness they have shed,
And we had rather that they bloomed above
Than never to have known their love.

WHERE ARE THEY.

Oh! where are now the friends we loved
In childhood's happy hours;
When hand in hand through life we roved,
Amid its birds and flowers?

Life seemed to us so bright and gay,
So beautiful and fair,
As thus we passed our time away,
Nor thought of grief and care.

But where are now those early friends
Who wandered side by side?
My heart an answering echo lends,
They're scattered far and wide.

Some o'er the bounding waves have passed,
In foreign lands to roam,
Neath scorching sun or chilling blast,
Afar from friends and home.

Some mingle in the swelling crowd,
Amid the bright and gay;
And from the friends who loved them well
They idly turn away.

And yet how oft we trust in vain,
The summer friends we meet,
For all our love our only gain
Is falsehood and deceit.

True friendship, so the poets say,
Nor do they speak in vain,
Has long since gone from earth away,
And left us but the name.

DO NOT CALL ME GRANDMA.

Oh! do not call me grandma!

You know 'tis not my name,
I do not wish the honor
I never hope to claim.

I know that youth has perished,
My hair is turning gray,—
The hopes that I have cherished,
Have long since passed away.

Had fortune been more tender,
Or fate less sternly cold;
I might have known the splendor
Of life in growing old.

I might have had the sere leaves
That bind my fading brow,
Bedecked with love's bright blossoms,
To cheer my pathway now.

I might have heard the murmur
Of love's light passing strain,
And seen the flowers of summer,
That bind our hearts again.

But now the flowers have faded
That once I fondly pressed,
And sorrow's hand has shaded
The hopes within my breast.

Then do not call me grandma,—
I cannot bear the word;
It wakens old time echoes,
Within my bosom stirred.

It brings to mind the promise
Of years long past and gone,
When life was young and joyful,
And sorrow had not come.

Before I lost the dear ones,
I loved and cherished so,
And turned my weary footsteps
My lonely way to go.

Perhaps in yonder heaven
That shines serenely blue,
The dear ones that are waiting,
Are sometimes peeping through.

I fancy in my dreaming
I hear some gentle voice,
And oft my thoughts in seeming,
With early friends rejoice.

Perhaps when life is over,
And free from earthly care,
To join the loved in heaven,
I may be "grandma" there.

WHEN ABRAHAM.

When Abraham laid on the altar
The sacrifice bidden by God;
Did his soul never weary or falter
As he bowed to pass under the rod?

When Isaac was silently lying,
His spirit bowed low in the dust,
When he felt the deep anguish of dying,
Was his heart ever true to its trust?

While Sarah the mother was weeping
O'er hopes that she cherished so dear,
Her Father in heaven was keeping
The trust she reposed in Him here.

For God in His goodness accorded
A sacrifice meet for the day;
And to His dear children awarded
A blessing their faith to repay.

How many bright hopes we have cherished
As fondly as Abraham did,—
And when on the altar they perished,
We bowed as our duty might bid.

And how many Isaacs are lying
With faces all silent and white,
No ram in the thicket espying,
No sign of deliverance in sight.

How many sad faces are bending
O'er idols that proved to be clay,
Their prayers, to the White Throne ascending
For power to lay them away.

Then pity the hearts that are turning,
For comfort and solace to God:
The smoke of their sacrifice burning,
They bow to pass under the rod.

DRIFTING.

Drifting away: ah, yes!
Drifting right out with the tide;
So far that you never would guess
The ocean of life was so wide.

Drifting away from the shore,
From home and the friends of their youth,
Never to rest any more
In a haven of honor and truth.

Drifting away from their God,
From His love and the promise He gave;
Loosing their hold of the rod
That guides them across the dark wave.

Carelessly passing them by,
Never to see them again;
Turning no glance of the eye,
To gaze on the hopes they have slain,

Softly the billows may roll,
And sparkle and dance as they go;
And give no alarm to the soul
Of the danger that darkles below.

Sunlight and starlight may be
Fairer than ever before,
As they enter the boat in their glee,
That carries them out from the shore.

But ocean has dangers below
That mock at our steps as they glide,
And many a good ship, we know
Has sunk in its fathomless tide.

Smoothly they pass for awhile,
Softly they float with the breeze,
Fortune and friendship may smile,
Luring to comfort and ease.

But oh! when the clouds fill the skies,
And fiercely the dark billows roll,
No glimmer of hope may arise
To comfort the fear-laden soul.

Many a barque has gone down,
Freighted with sorrow and care;
For life spent in folly and crime,
There cometh but death and despair.

REFLECTION.

They say that my young bride is fair,
I know she is fairest to me;
With a heart that is free from care,
As the heart of a bride should be.

I gaze on her bonny bright face,
And the light of her tender blue eyes
Seems a reflex of heaven's own grace,
In the sheen of the summer skies.

And she nestles close to my heart,
Which is tender and loving and true:
And life were lived only in part
If the light of her smile she withdrew.

O heart! art thou worthy to bear
The light of her tender young love;
Is the brightness and purity there
That lightens the soul from above.

Could memory's hand be withdrawn,
And her images haunt me no more,
To bring from the days that are gone
The shadows that crossed them before.

Could I bathe in the waters of Lethe,
Ere the sun of my manhood has set;
I would moisten my brow with her breath,
And learn the short sentence, forget.

Ah! once my young spirit could know
The sweetness of innocent trust,
Ere honor and truth, fallen low,
Had trailed their white robes in the dust.

But now in life's happiest hours
I would fain from my fetters be free ;
For over earth's loveliest flowers
The trail of the serpent I see.

There's a hand that would shield me I know,
Could I bow to it, faithful and true,
Would a balm to my spirit bestow,
And strength to my manhood renew :

But how shall I bow to His throne
With a heart stained with folly and sin ;
'Tis the innocent spirit alone,
That can hope His kind mercy to win.

Then, when by the waters I stand,
And earth seems but a bright shining star,
With the past like a page that is scanned,
And the future spread gloomy and far.

And oh! when I cross the dark tide
Where my footsteps must wander alone,
With no angel of mercy to guide
My poor erring feet to His throne.

When for mercy I earnestly plead,
And my prayers to His portals arise ;
Will no kindly voice intercede
For the weakness He may but despise.

If repentance could only atone,
And love guide my footsteps aright,
I might yet stand before the White Throne
All pure in His glorified sight.

COMING HOME.

Now the shades of night are closing,
O'er each wild and rugged scene;
O'er the cold and snowy mountains,
And the vales that lie between.

O'er the hills, that, bleak and hoary,
Raise their heads among the clouds;
And the cities in their glory,
Teeming with their busy crowds.

Like the passing panorama
Stretched before the travelers view;
Goes the river and the valley,—
Night is closing from our view.

In its grandeur and its power,
Moves the iron steed along,
Swiftly bearing every hour
All its hopeful living throng.

Every pulsing heart is beating
With a feeling all its own;
Happy some, and some repeating
Feelings of a sadder tone.

Holds my heart no thought of sorrow,
As the fleeting moments glide—
I shall linger 'ere the morrow
With my loved ones at my side.

I shall meet the happy faces
Of the ones I love at home;
Feel my children's fond embraces,
Saying softly "mother's come."

Home, thou art of all our language,
Sweetest word to listening ear;
If the hearts be glad or anguished,
Tender refuge find they here.

PARTING WORDS.

Parting words, though kindly spoken,
Pain the heart beyond control;
Then accept this little token,
As a tribute from the soul.

Parting words, though painful ever,
'Tis our duty oft to give.
Tender ties, though doomed to sever,
Bear remembrance while we live.

Early friends we love and cherish,
Early joys are pure and sweet,
But their memory shall not perish,
Though we never more should meet.

Part we now with kindly feeling,
Bid our friends a long adieu;
But remembrance o'er us stealing,
Tells us they are warm and true.

Hopes and fears may go before us;
Joy and sorrow fill each heart;
But a Providence is o'er us,
Though from friends we're called to part.

Farewell then, accept this token,
As a mark of kindness due,
Parting words, when kindly spoken,
Speak of friendship warm and true.

AN ELEGY.

Yes, she has gone
To that far land, whence no one e'er returns
To tell us where we go when life is spent:
No word comes from the cold and silent tomb,
No echo wakes that voiceless tenement.

Cross the white hands and close the silent lips,
The busy brain is still and pulseless too,
The heart is cold, that once so warmly beat,
Nor joy, nor grief, can ever move her now.

Short was her life, yet full of changeful scenes,
Her destiny was not of brightest hue;
And many a sorrow crossed her heart, I ween,
'Ere she had traveled near her short life through.

If she had faults, we'll pass them gently by,
She was but weak and frail, as all may be,
Then as we hope for mercy on high,
Let's judge our sister's weakness leniently.

For, who shall tell what sorrows may have pressed
 Upon her heart, when youth and life were her's?
 What sore temptations may have filled her path?
 What hopes were blighted in those early years?

No more among us here, those busy feet
 Shall thread the tenor of life's winding ways;
 She's gone from hence, her last reward to meet,
 Of good or ill, as God shall judge her days.

Then gaze the last upon the silent clay,
 Press reverent kisses on the marble brow,
 No more we'll meet her till the last long day,
 When we are called before His throne to bow.



WT D D I N G

A MOTHER,

TO HER SON ON HIS WEDDING DAY.



I would not mar the gladness
 Of this, thy wedding day,
 By telling thee that sadness
 May lie along the way.

I would not nip the budding
 Of young love's opening flowers;
 Nor cast a gloom around thee
 In these bright, happy hours.

I'll welcome to my bosom
The fair young bride you've won,
And pray that Heaven will prosper
The life that's just begun.

Thy voice is soft and tender,
Thy love is warm and true,
From every care defend her
While life is spared to you.

Go forth in life's stern battle
With loving hearts and brave,
And o'er thy every effort
God's gentle blessings crave.

Be true, and good, and loyal,
And count it not a loss
To have a kind companion
To share each daily cross.

Then may the passing hours
Thy love's young dream define,
And strew thy path with flowers,
E'en unto life's decline.

And fondly round you gather,
At life's last ebbing tide,
The pledges of your union,
More dear than all beside.

May Heaven reward your labors,
And plenty fill your store,
Till angel arms shall bear you
Unto the other shore.

MY HEART IS SAD TO-NIGHT, JEAN.

My heart is sad to-night, Jean
My thoughts are far away,
With the bonny boy and bright, Jean,
Whose steps have gone astray.

He's gone to foreign lands, Jean,
Across the deep blue sea;
And moons will full and wane, Jean,
'Ere he comes back to me.

I thought my bonny lad, Jean,
Would linger by my side,
To make my spirit glad, Jean,
Let whatso'er betide.

But now his feet have wandered,
So joyous, and so free;
My heart must still go with him,
Wherever he may be.

I'll pray the Lord to guide him,
In His appointed way,
And may no ill betide him,
Where'er his feet may stray.

And in the time to come, Jean,
My thoughts can oft forsee
The happiness of home, Jean,
When he comes back to me.

MARAHA.

The name I choose to give my heroine,
Denotes not what her name might be, but what
Her life implied. No sympathy was felt
'Mong all the friends she knew, that could be given
To one, of woman's lovely attributes
So near devoid. Her face was passing fair,
And smiles, and youthful happiness, and mirth
Adorned her brow. She loved, not wisely but
Too well.—The old—old tale was told, and lip
Met lip with many a silent vow, and
In a moment, when wild passion sat on
Reason's throne, she fell.

Oh! when was woman's fall
Unwept, unmourned. Stands there an angel by
To make a record of the misery
And woe: the deep repentant tears that such
A fall must bring. Why comes there not
In some dark hour a voice to chide
Her, 'ere pass the gates, and tell her what
A woman's fate may be, if she listens
To the syren's song that to destruction
Lures her? Some hand to hold her back 'ere she
Has passed the ways that virtue leads.
Truth, reason, honor lean to virtue's side,
And if the mind be filled with light and love
It's heavenly radiance will shine around
The heart, and woman's gentle mind will see
And understand the wiles the wicked use

To ensnare her tender feet.
But I digress and 'ere the tale is told
My lamp is burning low.
Yet how can woman's hand record the fate
That falls to woman's lot, whose life, by truth
And honor unadorned, essays to walk
The slippery paths of sin. The sorrow and
Repentance tell. The heartfelt pangs that rend
Her overburdened soul. The deep despair,—
The terrible remorse that wrings her heart,
While scanning o' the murdered hopes her feet
Have trampled in the dust. How can she tell
Of life to penury and want decreed;
By virtue shunned, by hope deserted, and
By love betrayed.

Where Marah might have gained
A friend, she chose to walk her way alone;
Nor sought she sympathy or aid from those
Who would have given a helping-hand in her
Adversity. She spurned the counsel of
The wise and good, and every effort of
A kindly nature spurned. She to folly
Gave, what else to love was due, and grieved the
Friends who might have loved her true.
There came a day when to her gaze was shown
A yawning gulf of unrepented sin;
And many a path of misery unrolled,
And many a way for careless feet to enter in.
She saw the pit upon whose brink she stood,
Whose murky sides were clothed with terror and
Despair; and at its bottom death with many
An added horror crouched; with subtle smile

Awaiting those whose feet by wickedness
And folly led, drew near the dread abyss.
She shuddering gazed and turned her head away,
And to her God for strength and mercy prayed;
That He would grant forgiveness for her mad
And wayward moods, and give her strength to turn
Her steps in brighter fairer paths.

She struggled on, and strove the firmer paths
To gain from whence her feet had turned; sad and
Alone, save for her Heavenly Father's care.
Whose tender love the better impulse of
Her heart could see; and who alone could give
Her strength to stand amid the torturing scoffs,
Of those whose hands would fain have hurled her still
Farther into the dread abyss from whence
Her feet had turned.
And thus, at last, she gained the victory,
And won for her lost life a haven of
Rest where peace and quiet crowned the labor
Of her hands; and lived to know the joy
That virtue's ways can only give.

TO MY SON.

My cherished son, in far off time
Which sure will come, if manhood's prime,
And bright intelligence shall be,
With length of years spared unto thee:
Thy mind, in retrospective view will wander back,
O'er the long vista of life's winding track.
And when thy thoughts to childish days shall roam,
Recalling scenes of early friends and home;
Thy mental vision, then perchance, will see
The little prattler by his mother's knee;—
And then, perchance, thy parent heart may know
The wealth of love our own did oft bestow:
And all the bright, warm visions we had planned,
Of what thou shouldst be when thou wert a man.
And how we longed to spend our utmost powers
To make thy life more perfect still than ours,
And thou wilt know, how, through the passing years,
That brought to thee their tide of hopes and fears,
Our hearts have striven to guide thy footsteps still
In righteous ways, to do the Father's will.
And how our thoughts have saddened or been gay
As we could lead thee in the chosen way.
How oft beside thy cradle bed we've knelt,
And shared each pain thy tender body felt.
And when the angel stood with folded wings,
Waiting the pangs that nature's severance brings.
Our hearts cried out, that yet a little while
Our love might still thy tender feet beguile.
Thus, day by day we strove to lead thee on,

By faith and prayers thy gentle spirit won,
Smiled as we saw the light of wisdom shine
Upon thy brow and fill thy heart divine,
With glowing beauty brought from nature's store,
And hoped to train thee in thy country's lore.
Then, when some folly thou didst oft betray,
We tried to guide thee in a better way;
Or if some wrong thy wayward spirit blent
With mandate stern thy wandering feet were bent.
Child as thou art, or man, as you may be,
A mother's love can never change to thee:
Around her heart thy image yet will twine,
While life-pulse flows, or reason's light may shine.
Time or misfortune other friends may prove,
But who shall judge the depth of mother-love,
In prison cell she seeks a wayward son,
When other steps his blighted presence shun;
Bewails, perchance, his sad unkindly fate,
But never feels for him disgust or hate.
However lost to every manly joy,
Her heart may bleed, but still protects her boy,
Or if, perchance, a daughter's tender feet,
Should stray from paths of virtue, pure and sweet,
Where shall her heart a refuge find, or rest,
So warm and true as on a mother's breast;
Yet if their steps with tenderness to guide,
Shall fill her heart with fond and hopeful pride;
She gathers strength throughout the passing years,
And calms her mind of all its idle fears;
Her heart with pride and fond ambition glows,
And feels the joy a mother's love bestows.
Live on, my son, and walk in wisdom's ways.
That peace may wait thee in the passing days;

That no dark fate may sternly mark thy brow,
Or make thy heart less pure and free than now.
Love's hallowed presence 'round thy pathway shine,
And wisdom guide thee with it's rays divine;
Heaven bless thee still, in basket and in store,
And peace and plenty crown thee evermore.



IS GENIUS IMMORTAL?



Had I a pen, whose influence could wield
A power for good throughout this glorious land,
My humble efforts should not quit the field
Till in each heart a gentle flame was fanned.

Had I voice, whose echoing tones might roll
Far down the vista of the vale of time;
Whose notes could waken each heroic soul,
I might then count some graceful tribute mine.

Had I a thought of such intrinsic worth,
That countless millions might be moved thereby,
I'd bless the hour my soul should give it birth,
And pray for strength to bear it's course on
high.

Had I imagination's airy flight,
That gifted Virgil, or that Homer, blessed;
I'd rear a passing phantom of delight,
A magic song to every heart expressed.

But 'tis not mine, to bear such mighty sway.
To know the power some other spirit hath;
'Tis mine to travel in a humbler way,
And find my labors in a narrower path.

Then let my way be e'er so warm and bright,
Or strewn with passions, ever vain and fleet;
I would not give one Heaven-appointed right,
Or yield one ray, to guide my wayward feet.

Earth holds a path for every foot to tread,
A ray of light to every heart expressed,—
What though our steps in humble ways are led,
Nor find the road that might have pleased them
best.

'Tis not for all to feel the poets flame,
Or know the passion, that his heart inspires;
To tell from whence his mighty genius came,
Or hold the torch to light its kindling fires.

'Tis not for all to feel the conscious glow,
That lights the heart in some ecstatic hour,
Nor yet for all, in daily life, to know
The subtle workings of its mystic power.

Life holds no aim, however pure and bright,
We may not strive by wisdom's path to reach,
Earth holds no joy or measure of delight,
But to our hearts some treasured lore may teach.

We may not boast of genius or of power,
Nor count ourselves a Fulton, or a Morse;
We may not enter music's fairy bower,
Nor follow Newton in his higher course.

Nor may we glitter as the noon-day sun,
Swift in his course, and brilliant in his might,
But as the stars when his bright course is run,
Come forth to show their pale and glimmering
light.

So may we borrow from some brighter orb,
A light to guide our humble steps below,
And of our own poor, puny strength afford,
A ray to mock the starlight's feeble glow.

And when our life's last fluttering pulse is o'er,
And nature's torch within the heart expires;
The soul immortal to its source will soar;
And light anew the spirits smouldering fires.

However bound our mortal lives may be,
Whatever cause our doubting lips may seal,
The power of genius struggles to be free,
And lights a glow no common soul can feel.

And when the soul shall quit the mortal frame,
Loosed from the bonds of ignorance and sin;
'Twill know from whence each higher impulse came
And hold the course its strength may choose to win.

Then if my spirit holds no power here,
Bound by the chains that fret our souls below;
I yet may labor in that higher sphere,
And reach the plane my toiling heart would know.

MOUNT NEBO.

On old Mount Nebo's hoary head
The clouds unfold their shadowy screen;
And at his base, in verdure spreads,
A waving field of living green.

The rounds of seasons come and go,
And centuries spread their pinions wide,
And through his mail of ice and snow
The piercing rays of summer glide.

The Indian roams the tented plains,
The fox and jaguar prowl at will,
And night and desolation reigns
Upon the "everlasting" hill.

Along his deep and dark ravines
The echoing thunder only peals,
Or bound in superstitious chains
The lowly savage softly steals.

And who shall mark the gathering tide
Of centuries as they pass away?
And scatter footprints, far and wide,
Where man's ambition holds its sway?

Who shall the backward pages turn,
To tell when youth and hope were thine?
Thy history holds no storied urn
To mark the passing steps of time.

All cold and dark we see thee now!
Impervious still to time or change,
Silent and grim thy furrowed brow,
As if to thee 'twere passing strange.

To mark the thrill of sentient life,
That whirls and eddies at thy feet;
The throbbing hearts, the worldly strife
That ne'er invade thy calm retreat.

Thy pulseless heart no sorrow feels,
Thy mind no useless thought bestows;
No line across thy bosom steals,
To mark the tide of human woes.

Across thy feet may feebly wave
The puny might of man to-day,
The birth, the cradle and the grave,
And generations pass away.

They bear along their changing tide
Full many a tale that's passing strange,
Full many a harvest scattered wide,
Yet bring to thee no thought of change.

And would man's sacrilegious hand
Fain search thy hidden mysteries o'er,
Or wave on high some magic wand,
To bring to view thy treasured lore.

What is to thee the strength of man
With all his boasted pomp and pride?
His days are measured by a span,
His step is but a pigmy stride.

'Tis true he lives, he moves and breathes,
He grows and flourishes and dies;
And scarce a passing mem'ry leaves,
As powerless at thy feet he lies.

His pride rears many a costly tower,
That stands when he has passed away;
Yet not a mark of human power,
But yields to darkness and decay.

Yet thou hast stood, and there will stand,
In all thy towering strength sublime,
A monument surpassing grand
Throughout the passing flight of time.

Roll back the years, the centuries roll,
Since thou hast stood, in might and power;
And mark, as on a living scroll,
The passing phantom of an hour.

Say who, a thousand years ago,
Climbed thy rough sides, or sought thy glades;
What tales of love were whispered low,
By ardent swains to willing maids.

What subtle power, or honest worth,
Showed man's ambition or his skill?
Or arts, that made the powers of earth
Subservient to his mighty will?

Did generations pass away?
A mighty horde, a transient race,
And where they held their haughty sway
Leave not an impress, or a trace?

Or have thy lonely solitudes
 Ne'er echoed to the foot of man?
 Did silence in thy shadows brood
 Through all the years that mark thy span.

How strange to thee must seem the glow
 Of camp-fires in thy silent glens,
 The constant passing to and fro,
 That fill the busy haunts of men.

And will thy vales continue still
 To echo to the laborer's song?
 Each tiny stream or sparkling rill
 Resound thy fruitful fields among?

Or shall the marks of man's decay
 Fill once again the silent gloom?
 And every footprint pass away,
 As he is hastened to the tomb?



A TRIBUTE,

TO THE MEMORY OF _____

Sleep on, dear heart, no sorrow now,
 No toil of life's dark hours;
 No pain or care shall mark thy brow,
 In Heaven's elysian bowers.

Sleep on, for peace and rest are thine,
 The sleep that knows no waking;
 Above thy brow in light divine,
 A glorious morn is breaking.

Sleep on, dear heart, we should not grieve
O'er one so fondly cherished;
Thy memory in our hearts shall live,
When other thoughts have perished.

No costly monument will mark
The place where thou art sleeping;
But angel hands and loving hearts,
Their silent watch are keeping.

Thy life is freed from many a care,
And many a meed of sorrow
And loving friends will greet thee there
In the long sweet to-morrow.

No need for bard to praise thy name,
Nor place a shrine above thee;
Thy memory is ever green
Within the hearts that love thee.

Thy willing hand was ever taught
To help in life's dull labor;
Thy tender sympathy was brought
To cheer each weary neighbor.

And if in sorrow thou wert brought
To bow before God's altar;
His righteousness was ever sought,
Nor did thy true heart falter.

Then farewell kind and loving friend,
A little while we'll grieve thee;
But when our life's short journey ends,
We'll meet, no more to leave thee.

LOST IN THE FOG.

'Twas early spring, the storms were spent,
And winter's icy bands were rent;
The pleasant sunshine's ruddy glow
Had melted off the ice and snow.
Young hearts were light, and free from care,
And nature smiled serenely fair.
All brightly rose the morning sun,
And daily cares had scarce begun,
When through the canon's rocky glen,
Three lads,—they scarcely yet were men,
Essayed to search the woods at will
For sticks to play at soldier's drill.
Their youthful hearts are all aglow,
For warlike arts they fain would know.
With laugh and shout they sped away,
Preparing for the mimic fray,—
Awhile they linger here and there,
With bouyant spirits, free from care;
Their careless thoughts unmindful still,
That clouds were settling on the hill;
Till one, more cautious than the rest,
With anxious tone, his fears expressed;
And said before the storm should come,
They'd better turn their steps for home.
They lightly scoff his idle fears,
To them no danger yet appears,
They only think it passing strange,
And wonder at the sudden change.
'Tis scarcely noon, the sun is high,

But mist and fog o'erspread the sky;
The road is hid, the tracks are lost,
And chill and cold the biting frost;
And oh! to dread a thought for speech,
No distant thing the eye can reach.
No landmark that can guide the way,
To keep their feet from going 'stray,
And comes the fog so darkly down,
They cannot see to find the town;
No bark of dog or lowing herd,
No sound of kind or cheering word,
No little object can they spy
To tell of pleasant home roof nigh.
But quickly on through bush and bog
Still settles down the cheerless fog;
With silent movements soft and fleet,
It makes for earth a winding sheet,
Through bush and break their steps are bent,
Their failing strength is nearly spent;
Their hearts with fear and anguish tossed,
Take up the cry, "we're lost! we're lost!"

Meanwhile upon the busy town,
The blinding fog came settling down,
And chill and cold the north wind blew,
As if to pierce them through and through.
The herdsman came from off the range,
And wondered at the sudden change.
The day began so warm and bright,
With not a warning cloud in sight;
He'd wandered forth to tend his flock,
And seek some forage for his stock.
And while the sky was bright and clear,

He lingered still without a fear;
But, heedfull of the gathering clouds,
That tree, and shrub, and hill enshroud;
His lowing herd forbids to roam,
And seeks the shelter of his home.

The farmer, having land to clear,
And thinking, surely, spring was near,
Went out the frosty ground to try,
And make his fence secure and high.
He sees afar the coming storm,
And claps his hands to keep them warm;
But as the fog is settling fast
He hies him to the house at last,
Fresh faggots on the hearth he lays,
And stirs the fire to make it blaze.
Securely sheltered from the cold,
He calmly views his little fold,
And says "God help the luckless wight
Who wanders in the storm to-night."

Anon the hapless mother tries
To pierce the gloom with loving eyes,
For forth upon the rugged hill,
Her cherished son had roamed at will.
Oh! would he see the coming storm,
And hasten to the home nest warm?
Her mind with doubt and fear oppressed,
Is ill at ease, and cannot rest,
She hastens forth her friends to seek,
And calm the fears she cannot speak.
She quickly turns an anxious eye,
To mark each form that's passing by.
Each shivering blast new terror sends,

To anxious hearts and loving friends.
The father starts, and says he'll try
Awhile the truant lads to spy;
For if they do not find them soon,
They'll surely perish in the gloom;
And others fearing danger nigh,
But loth to brave the wintry sky,
Begin at length to understand
That they must lend a helping hand,
Nor leave their neighbor's darling child,
To perish in the mountains wild.

The Indian boy, whose instinct gave
A warning thought, in time to save,
Came forward now, with kindly heart,
His cheerless tidings to impart,
He said the lads had staid from choice,
And would not heed his kindly voice;
But reckless of his warning, still
Had lingered, playing on the hill,

With anxious hearts the men arise,
Unheeding now the wintry skies;
With bosoms filled with vague alarm,
Prepare to leave their firesides warm,
They know their duty bids them go,
For who could live in such a snow?
The fog had settled too so dense
They scarce could see the door-yard fence,
So, buttoning up their coats and furs,
And putting on their boots and spurs;
In haste they seek each noble steed
Whose feet may bear them on with speed;
And quickly scour the country round,

But not a single trace is found.
They scatter out, both east and west,
Their anxious hearts with fear oppressed.
They send their pealing voices out,
And pierce the fog with noisy shout;
'Tis but the echo of the plain
That sends their voices back again.
The fog is clearing from the sky,
But bitter blows the wind and high,
And biting frost and drifting snow
Erase their footsteps as they go.
Sheds o'er the earth it's cheerless pall,
And night, and darkness covers all.
At home their anxious friends await
For tidings of their dreaded fate;
And fervent prayers are raised above
To crave a Savior's tender love;
And many a fire is burning warm
To welcome dear ones from the storm.

The mother lingers through the night
With fear and dread for morning light:
With anxious heart and tearful eye,
She notes the passing moments fly.
Her weary brain with terror fed,
Can see her dear one cold and dead:
Or through the dark and wintry sky,
Her heart can hear his piercing cry.
But hark! she hears a gentle sound
Above the wind that sweeps around,
And quickly rising from the floor
She opens wide the sheltering door.
She scarce can move, or speak for joy,

For 'tis,— oh yes, her darling boy;
And scarce too soon his steps had come,
His chilling frame was cold and numb.
With loving thought and tender care,
They haste a welcome to prepare.
And as with gentle skill they try,
They oft with kindly questions ply.
Why was it that he came alone?
Where had the other truant gone?
Had they not heard the huntsmen's cry,
Telling that help and friends were nigh?

No sound of voices had they heard,
No bark of dog, nor cheering word:
Alone they wandered 'round and 'round,
Nor friendly path nor guide post found.
Along the hill-side and the plain,
They wandered back and forth again.
The fog was low'ring overhead,
The drifting snow the roads o'erspread.
Their aching limbs with cold were numb,
While fear and anguish held them dumb.
Hours passed by and night closed down,
And yet they wandered from the town.
With patience climbed each little hill
Or wandered through the freezing rill:
Their tearful eyes in anguish swim
As they review each stiffening limb,
And, struggling 'gainst their failing breath,
They fear to yield the sleep of death.
The younger said, let's stop and pray,
Perhaps the Lord will show the way.
The other said, with failing breath,

He would not stop to freeze to death;
Let others stop who'd prayers to say,
But he should go and find the way.
The younger staid and knelt alone,
His prayers ascending to the throne,
That God would give His tender care,
Nor let him stay and perish there.
Straightway he 'rose and walked along,
Nor turned his steps a moment wrong.
He gazed around to left and right,
The other boy was not in sight;
They separated on the plain,
And never met in life again.
All weak and tired he wandered down,
Until, at last, he spied the town,
He reached at length his father's door,
Well pleased to find his sorrows o'er.

But whither had his comrade gone?
Whose steps had wandered forth alone;
Regardless of the power above,
Who guards us with his tender love.
In beauty broke the morning light,
As if to mock the fearful night;
And brightly o'er the landscape shed
It's hallowed rays above the dead.
As cold and lifeless on the ground,
At early morn the searchers found
The stiffened form, its labors past
The weary eyes were closed at last.
The frozen earth his dying bed,
The snow his winding sheet had spread.
And many a foot-print marked the snow,

Of eager searchers to and fro,
As back and forth they wandered near,
But had not caught his listening ear.
Perhaps in death his eyes had set,
Ere they had crossed his pathway yet;
For he had wandered far and wide
Before he laid him there and died.
With tearful eyes they sadly gazed
Upon his stiffened form, and raised
Him gently to the horses back,
And slowly took the homeward track.

A FRAGMENT.

Many a bright picture that gladdens the sky
Grows faint in the distance as time passes by.
There's many a picture in memory's halls,
And many a castle with crumbling walls.
There is many a tower with ivy grown o'er
That will echo to music and laughter no more.
There is many a joy that lies buried so deep,
That the footsteps of time cannot waken its sleep;
There is many a heart whose brightness has fled,
It's day dreams departed, it's happiness dead.
There is many a hope that was cherished in vain,
And visions of beauty that come not again.

A LETTER.

Dear brother Smith, I was quite tired
When I received your letter,
But, thanks for all your kindly words,
I now am feeling better.

It wakens many a vision bright,
Of time so quickly speeding,
And calls my fancy with delight,
To scenes we passed unheeding.

'Tis thirty years, or thereabout,
Since our first childish meeting,
And many of these scenes, no doubt,
Our minds are fast forgetting.

With fancies free and faces bright,
And hearts so fond and merry;
We found a measure of delight
In being glad and cheery.

We went a fishing now and then,
Down by the Jordan river,
And caught the horses on the range,
And rode them bareback over.

Then you and I and Sarah Ann
Went up on Ensign mountain;
To dig the little sego roots
That grew beyond the fountain.

We wandered on the mountain side
And lingered in the valley,
And gathered home at eventide
With all our buckets empty.

We shelled the little pop-corn ears
And popped them out so whitely,
And burned our faces by the fire
That always shone so brightly.

The finest melons, large and sweet,
Stuck to our busy fingers,
And furnished many a luscious treat
O'er which my fancy lingers.

In spelling school we bore a part
Among the lads and lasses;
As fancy free and light of heart
We stood up in our classes.

But years have flitted fast away,
And time has thinned our tresses,
I've long since quit such childish play
And lengthened out my dresses.

Four bonny boys I live to claim,
And two bright winsome daughters,
And three that in my arms have lain
Have crossed the silent waters.

The fairy form you used to praise
Is rather thin and scraggy,
The sprightly step of other days
Grown somewhat slow and laggy.

My husband with his pleasant face
 Is growing fat and jolly,
 He says I have not lost a grace,
 But that, I know, is folly.

Quite pleasantly we're passing down
 The stream of life together,
 Our latest days in love to crown
 In fair or windy weather.



FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

TO MRS. ABIGAIL LEONARD.

Dear aged friend, my muse would fain repay
 A gentle tribute to thy honored name;
 But busy mem'ries stir my heart to-day,
 And thoughts my feeble pen can scarcely frame.

I would invoke for thee some mystic spell,
 Some fine wrought words with which to tune
 the lyre,
 But simple words perhaps can better tell
 The tender feelings that my soul inspire.

In early days my mind reverts to thee,
 And gentle mem'ries with thy image blend;
 For thou hast ever proved thyself to be
 A tender mother and a loving friend.

Long years ago when thou wert bright and fair,
 And youthful blood was coursing in thy veins;
 Ere life was filled with weariness and care,
 And all the throng of earthly ills and pains.

Thou sawest the light which God did send to guide
His children's feet in these the latter days:
And turned thy mind from worldliness aside
To walk in wisdom's straight and narrow ways.

Though oft thy heart was sorely grieved and tried,
With weariness and sorrow oft oppressed,
Thy toiling feet have never turned aside,
Nor sought thou in forbidden paths to rest.

Sweet are the flowers that bloom in pleasure's ways,
And sweet the voice that lulls the weary mind;
But sweeter still our blessed Savior's praise,
The promised rest with Him in Heaven to find.

"Well done, my servant, good and faithful too,"
So shall He say when thy life's toil is done:
"Thou well hast earned the blessings that are due,
Receive my joy and sit upon my throne."

A friend thou wert to all, in word and deed,
Thy heart with kindly impulse ever glowed;
And oft to those in sorrow and in need
Thy bounteous hand some generous gift bestowed.

A husband's love for many happy years
Thy tender feet in wisdom sought to guide,
Relieved thy heart of all its idle fears,
And gave thee strength to stem life's passing tide.

When far beyond our life's allotted span,
His days were lengthened to a goodly age;
Thy love yet lingered where thy faith began
And brightened still his life's last closing page.

But, like the sturdy oak whose shaft is riven,
 And bent beneath the storms of wintry skies;
 He bowed his head when the stern call was given,
 And closed in peaceful rest his weary eyes.

'Tis but a little while, and yet he waits
 To guide thy footsteps to the other shore,
 Where Heaven will open for thee its pearly gates,
 And bind thy loving hearts forevermore.



AMERICA.



And when they had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:

And they cried with a loud voice saying: How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given to every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

Revelations, 6 Chapter, 9th, 10-1 verse.

America, fair land of peace and plenty,
 Honored by nations, over land and sea,
 No servile yoke thy haughty neck may carry,
 Thy highest boast, a nation of the free.

Art thou a land of greatness and progression,
Across whose paths the rays of freedom spread?
And dost thou hold the hand of hard
 oppression
Above the feeble and defenseless head?

Art thou in right and truth a mighty nation
To hold thy standard 'mid the powers of earth?
And dost thou trust the right of thy salvation
Where deeds of tyranny and crime have birth?

Dost float above thy head the starry banner,
With folds to truth and liberty unfurled?
A fit escutcheon for a nation's honor;
A sacred trust, to an admiring world.

Oh, glorious nation! how thy might has fallen,
Thy honor trailed and bleeding in the dust
When deeds of rapine welter in thy bosom,
Thy head is bowed to avarice and lust.

The world shall view the blot upon thy glory
Where freemen's blood is spilt upon thy shore;
And gaping crowds shall listen to the story
Of prophets slain, and weltering in their gore.

Their blood cries out, for unavenged it lieth
In Carthage jail, and on Missouri's strand;
The blood of freemen and of martyrs crieth,
"How long O Lord! stays Thy avenging hand?"

"Wait yet a little while," we hear Him saying,
"Let the sad craving of thy heart be stilled,
Till the world's wickedness is ripe for slaying
And all thy fellow martyrs' time fulfilled."

A REFRAIN.

NATURE

The morn is bright and fair,
And nature seems so gay;
My heart would softly sing,
A happy song to-day.

There's many a joyous air,
And many a sweet refrain;
That leaves it's impress there,
Or fades to bloom again.

There's oft a heart that's sad
When nature sweetly smiles,
Though oftimes they are glad
When pleasure's voice beguiles.

We should not carry on
Through all the coming years
The weariness that's gone,
The sorrow and the tears.

For who shall say that life,
With all its changing ways,
Should hold no weary strife,
No dark or toilsome days?

And who shall dare to say,
That happiness is given,
To lead our feet astray,
Or turn our hearts from Heaven?

I sometimes think that God
Is better pleased to see
His children bright and fair,
With spirits light and free.

Then let our hearts rejoice
While free from thoughts of care,
And listen to the voice
Of nature bright and fair.

A SOLILOQUY.

“To be or not to be?”—HAMLET.

To write or not to write?—that is the question;
Whether its better to let my pen mark down
The thoughts that are my mind's companions,
Even though they are not over brave or smart;
Or let the dull routine of daily cares
Wear out my restless life, and naught be saved
To mark that once I lived and breathed,
And wore my life away in the great restless
Moving tide of humanity; and sank—
As sink the waves of ocean, with no name,
Or trace, to tell, which of them I might have been.
Have I a living soul, that leans to immortality?
And shall I go, when life is o'er, to join
The bright spirits that have lived and loved,
And passed away?
Whose lives have left on earth a monument
That shall stand when ages have gone by,
While generations have lived and died;
Empires and States have raised and flourished,

And crumbled into dust,
While eternities' march marks the time
As it creeps slowly by; and centuries
Take up the round and their names are buried
In the dust and ashes of the long ago.
And will they ask what I have done to give
My name a record with the nobler sons
Of earth, or worth to join their presence
In that glorious sphere?
And shall I bow in modest bashfulness,
With meek hands folded on my breast and say,
I have done naught, deserving the honor
Of such August Presence?

 If God gave me talents

I know not. Some little scribbling have I done,
Some little work and worriment and care,
To find among the surface of the soil
Some gold or gems that might be scattered
Loosely around; waiting for careless hands
To gather up: but of the wealth that requires
Labor, and delving in earth's dark caves to find,
But little have I got. Of God's great truths
And oracles divine, which take deep study
And profound thoughts to frame and fathom,
And set forth to mankind to benefit
And raise them from their plodding course,
These have I none.

A mere mite, an atom in the busy throng
That surges to and fro in the tide of human life,
What was I? that should presume to carve
My name upon a rock, when I could only
Reach to mark my tablets in the sand?
And they will answer—Naught.

I WOULD NOT LIVE MY LIFE AGAIN.

I would not live my life again,
It's toilsome care and weary pain,
The tears that I have shed;
The joys that like the morning beam,
Across my pathway cast a gleam.
Are numbered with the dead.

I would not climb life's weary way,
Nor pluck the thorns that often lay,
Along the wanderer's path;
For sake of flowers that bloom awhile,
Or hopes that might my life beguile,
As many a pleasure hath.

'Tis true that had I early striven,
With heart and hand, and wisdom given,
Some lofty goal to view;
I might have reached a higher plane,
Or struggling, fell to earth again,
My labors to renew.

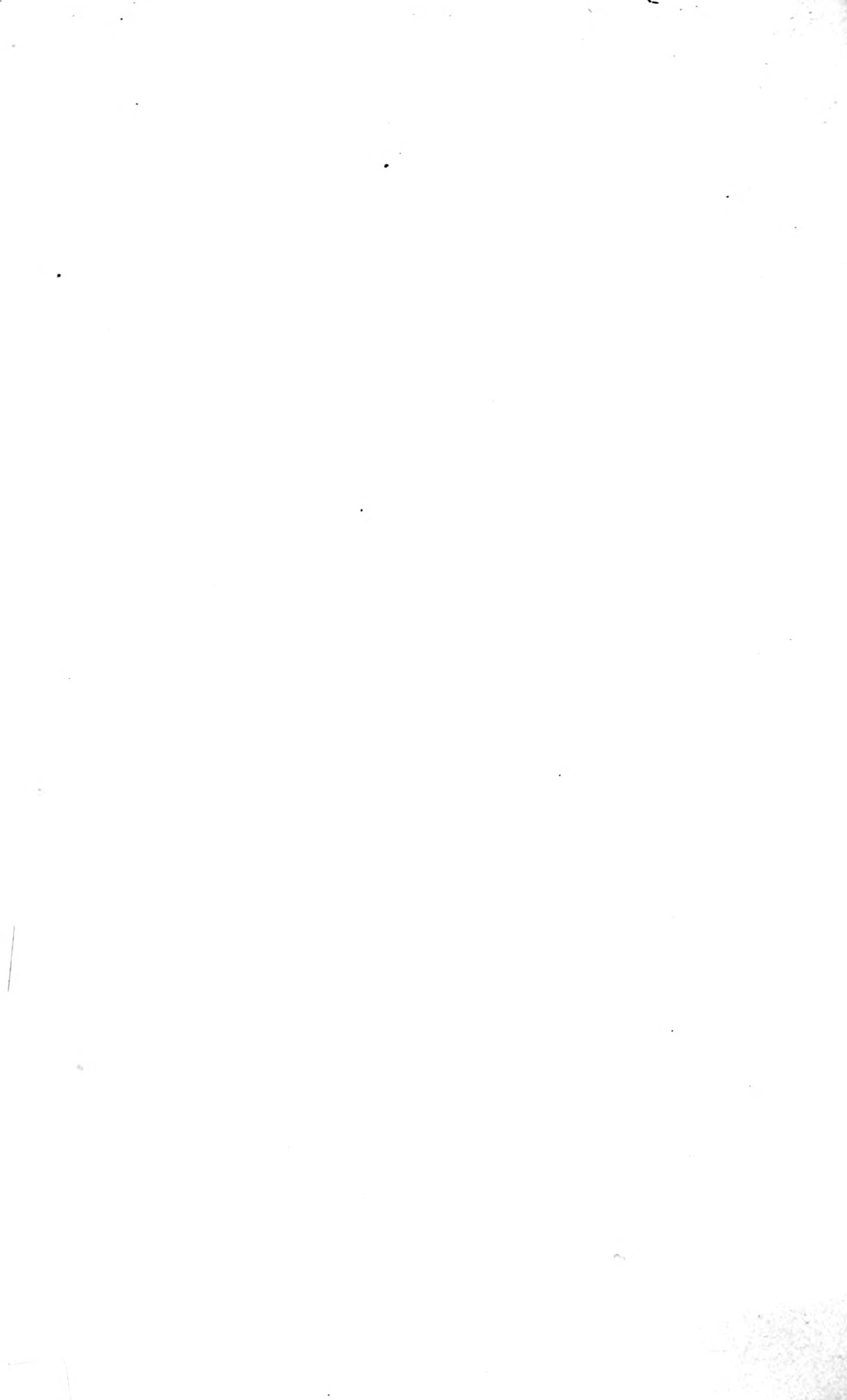
There's much of good in every life,
And much of pain and weary strife,
Ere it is carried through;
And while full many struggle on
For happiness or honors won,
The prize is reached by few.

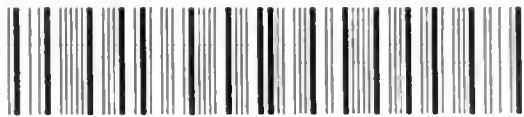
What other lives by labor gain,
My own, perchance, would scarce attain,
Ere its short hours were spent,
My feeble powers might bear me through,
Or, fluttering beat the flames anew,
Each light with shadows blent.

But could my strength have served as well,
To bear me up, where others fell,
Is what we may not know;
And few can boast the joys of earth,
As holding aught of sterling worth,
To bind us here below.

Then let us, while we labor here,
Strive still to mark life's short career,
With blessings from on high;
That God when all our days are past,
Will give our spirits peace at last,
And teach us how to die.







3 1197 00518 1141

DATE DUE

		FEB 02 2010	
JUL 23 1985			
MAR 06 1984			
APR 06 1989			
MAR 30 1984			
NOV 05 1997			
MAR 29 2000			
MAR 29 2000			
FEB 08 2001			
APR 08 2008			

