

# LIFELINES

By Ellis Reynolds Shipp M. D.



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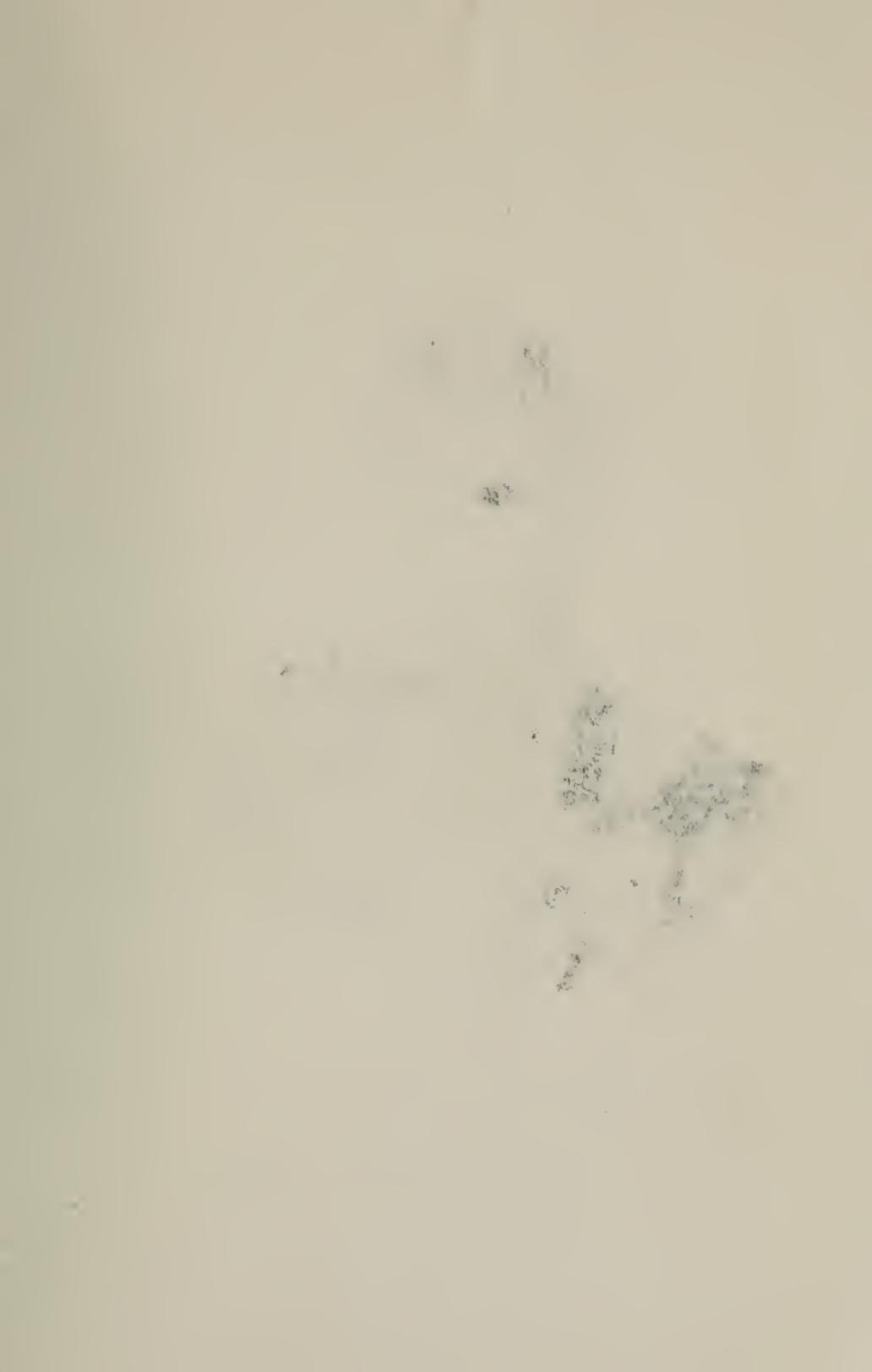


To Sister Boyle  
From Mrs Kounahy  
Christmas 1913











*Faithfully Yours*

*Ellis B. Shupp*

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# LIFE LINES

## POEMS

BY

Ellis Reynolds Shipp, M. D.



159725

*And this our life, exempt from public haunts,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.*

—Shakespeare

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## Dedication

To my beloved children who through all their lives have been the strongest incentive to my best thought and endeavor: my purest, tenderest, truest joy, my highest inspiration, my life-line linking with Eternity, these heart-throbs are lovingly dedicated by their mother.

THE AUTHOR

## Introduction

---

THE author has chosen for this book a peculiarly fitting title, that is depicted in vivid outline on the cover of the volume of poems, now to be launched forth into the world of letters.

The verses herein contained indicate life in varying lines: some heavily drawn, that vibrate with deep emotion, that will reverberate to the lightest touch in years to come when recalled by the flashlights of memory; other lines attuned to sweet music, that falls rythmically upon the sensitive ear, and touches the human heart with tenderest sympathy—and again themes that are light and winsome, as songs of birds in verdant groves in springtime, when nature's heart is beating in unison with sweetest living things.

The true, genuine love of nature and of humanity is apparent in some of the subjects portrayed in verse, and in a way to uplift and strengthen the mind in ideals, that are the most exalting to the intelligence of men and women.

The ills of life are touched with delicate skill, and a gentle hand, that seeks to ameliorate and lessen sorrow, and excess of grief; wonderful indeed is the magic influence of words into which one's soul has been brought with "the form of a ready writer."

In the heart of the author of the book, whose title is so significant of her life in its various phases, there lives and vibrates a depth of feeling, that is in touch with all things beautiful in nature, and humanity; full of hope and faith in God, the Giver of life and of all good gifts—the fountain of all knowledge and intelligence.

We commend "Life Lines" to the world, and especially to the people of these mountain valleys; to the Doctor's many, many friends, already familiar with her writings, commendation is quite unnecessary. We believe the book will be a blessing and inspiration to those into whose hands it may come, because of the spirit of love in which it is sent forth; and we would say, read and consider its value, and it will be more precious than rubies, for it will give you gems of thought for dally need and comfort.

EMELINE B. WELLS.

## Greeting

---

**W**ITH wellings of the heart beyond control,  
I come, dear friends, in confidential mood  
To ope the inner portals of the soul,  
Believing that I will be understood.

For poetry is not alone a "rhyming ware"  
Though poets e'en themselves have called it  
so;  
It tells us what no other language dare,  
The throbbings of the heart that mortals  
know:—

The burning pain of disappointed hope,  
The untold joy and love—the unshed tear,  
The frailties with which we have to cope,  
The tenderness and bliss of all that's dear:—

Of all things good, and pure, and just below,  
Of all that's beautiful and true above:  
An inspiration filled with radiant glow,  
Sweet message of a great and perfect Love.

## LIFE LINES

### POESY.

'Tis Inspiration's precious thought,  
Pure language of diviner sphere;  
The flowers tender love hath brought,  
Sweet harmonies the angels hear;  
The power prompting noble deeds,  
That make us pure, and good, and free;  
The Manna which the spirit feeds—  
God's priceless gift of Poesy.

---

### LOVE'S SYMPHONY.

It came in the mists of the morning  
With whispering, mystical voice,  
It tapped at my door in the dawning  
And bade me awake and rejoice.

'Twas music of exquisite sweetness  
Like cadences ringing above,  
Enwrapping my soul in completeness—  
This beautiful message of love.

It breathed of a time in the future  
When turmoil and warfare should cease,  
When through all the world there should usher  
A reign of most infinite peace.

When love with electrical swiftness  
Should thrill every struggling soul,  
Cast malice from out of it's fortress,  
And substitute Peace for it's goal.

True sympathy binding together  
The rights of each nation and land.

When man shall meet man as a brother,  
God's children will walk hand in hand.

When leaven of peace in it's grandeur,  
Shall bring all our souls to one shrine,  
To worship forever and ever,  
One Being—One Father divine.

---

### SCATTER SWEET FLOWERS.

Scatter your flowers in paths of the living!  
Now! while they may enjoy the perfume!  
Give while warm lips may respond to the giving,  
Wait not to strew them on bier and on tomb!

Recognize here the virtues of mortals,  
Approbate now their works and their worth,  
Wait not till dear ones have passed through  
death's portals,  
Love and be loved while yet of the earth.

Utter the words thy spirit is prompting,  
Breathe gentle tones of sympathy sweet,  
Soothe the sad heart that breaks with it's aching,  
Guide now in love the wandering feet.

Pour in the soul the balm of believing,  
Faith in mankind and the Maker above,  
Let not life's vanities, ever deceiving,  
Make thee forget the greatness of love.

Scatter the flowers of love for the living:  
Kind words and good deeds through life's flit-  
ting hours:  
Give for the grace and the goodness of giving—  
Scatter sweet flowers! Oh, scatter sweet flowers!

## PROGRESS.

From the whirl and swirl of nations, to the  
mother's cradle song,  
Through time's wonderful inventions and life's  
ways of righting wrong,  
In the hearts of men and women, in their modes  
of speech and thought,  
In all things divinely human do we find progres-  
sion wrought!

With a retrospective vision we may scan the  
changeeful past,  
Since man found on earth his mission—vivid  
horoscope be cast,  
Or peruse the revolution in the world's historic  
tomes  
Of the fitful evolution in our dress, and food, and  
homes.

We behold brave sires of freedom bending 'neath  
the stress of toil,  
Naught but brawn and strong volition to make  
fruitful untried soil.  
Eking out a scant subsistence for their children  
not a few,  
None were then denied existence all were welcome  
as the dew.

Schools uncommon, books rare treasures, teach-  
ers crude in discipline,  
With the rod or harsher measures sought obed-  
ience to win.  
Impotent were they to fathom possibilities of  
mind—

Influence of mind o'er matter, threads of gold to  
thus unwind.

Now we wonder how our mothers washed and  
sewed, and wove, and spun,  
Without steam to ease their labors, toiling on  
from sun to sun;  
There was no electric button to be touched to  
give them light—  
Tallow dip or lard and cotton all that cheered  
through darkest night.

Wearily they darned and mended, or perchance  
they knitted on,  
By the faintly glowing embers till the coming of  
the dawn.  
And through pains and ills maternal without  
tender care or skill—  
All they had was faith eternal and their own un-  
daunted will.

Hand in hand, their hearts united in serene sim-  
plicity,  
Men and women worked and waited, trusting  
God implicitly.  
Human odds seemed all against them, blindly  
struggling year by year,  
Till man's heaven-inspired inventions, brought  
the grand Millenium near.

Marvelous the transformation! can it be magi-  
cian's wand.  
Or the touch of fairy fingers taking us to realms  
beyond!

Brilliant lights in tinted shadings instaneously  
appear,  
Filling all the world with splendor like a bright  
enchanted sphere.

Cables stretched 'neath ocean billows, e'en the  
wireless message sent,  
Radium revealing powers without limit in extent.  
Mausoleums and great temples—pinnacles into  
the skies,  
Mighty progress plainly written—bidding men  
and women rise.

Ah, our minds can scarcely fathom all the changes  
time hath wrought,  
Great achievements of creation through inspired,  
progressive thought.  
Through the rise and fall of nations and the poten-  
tates of earth—  
Through the laying of foundations framed to give  
true freedom birth.

Step by step we find creation casting off heretic  
gloom,  
Men of every creed and station, crying:—give our  
children room,  
Give us scope for thought and action, give us  
power to do and dare,  
Free us from fanatic faction, help us climb pro-  
gression's stair.

Help us leave our old traditions, educate the  
mind and heart,  
Find on earth it's best conditions, bravely, nobly,  
bear our part.

Let us make this world a heaven, bring it to its  
fullest flower,  
Pour on souls the peaceful leaven, making homes  
like Eden's bower.

Haste the time when all creation bows before one  
holy shrine,  
In one grand, united nation bound by living faith  
divine.  
May we mount true freedom's ladder, leaving all  
of mortal strife  
Where our progress is eternal, there to gain eter-  
nal life.

---

### FAIR UTAH!

Lo! in the west a shining star  
Bursts through the lurid maze,  
Fair Utah! beaming from afar  
Enchains the ardent gaze,  
Inspiring heart, and soul, and brain,  
With fancies words cannot contain.

The grand, majestic mountains,  
Smooth, grassy, sloping hills,  
Fair nature's sparkling fountains,  
The rivers, brooks and rills  
All breathe a language most sublime,  
Entwining thought with tune and time.

The valleys fair, the fertile plain,  
Clear streams and grateful shade,  
Wide, waving fields of golden grain  
And flocks in every glade,

Express to us with fluent tongue  
As sweet a song as e'er was sung.

Glens, craggy peaks and canyons,  
Sweet flowers blooming there,  
And Utah's inland ocean,  
With gorgeous sunsets rare,  
In every soul inspires the thought—  
Oh, wondrous work that God hath wrought!

---

### SEA-GULLS.

There's a true and tender story  
Told of early frontier days  
When our sires as weary exiles  
Traversed distant western ways;  
Seeking surcease from their trials,  
In the far-off, untried West:  
Utah's vales their destination  
With unbounded faith possessed.

After miles of toilsome travel,  
Months of weariness and pain,  
Here at last they found a haven  
On the barren, desert plain.  
With true courage—will undaunted,  
Tilled the dry, unyielding land,  
Then the precious seed they planted  
Guided by inspired command.

Oh, the joy when soon upspringing,  
Little slender spikes of green  
Cause for true and great thanksgiving  
For 'twas bread, aye, life! there seen.

But alas! the joy was fleeting—  
Swarming locusts fill the air,  
On this dainty verdure feeding—  
Fruit of all their anxious care.

Then a mighty wail ascended,  
Prayers in humble faith arose  
To the Lord who had defended  
Them through many griefs and woes.  
Then as magic, from the distance  
White-winged messengers of life  
Came as a supreme deliverance!  
Waging short and deadly strife.—

Swallowing the greedy insects  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
Leaving all the fields uninjured—  
Through the power of Him on high:  
“ ’Twas a miracle!—a blessing!”  
Men in wonder yet will say,  
And the sea-gulls, ne’er transgressing,  
Still are sacred to this day.

---

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

What blessed days! log-cabin days!  
Near sixty years ago,—  
When by the firelight’s ruddy haze,  
Our cheeks were all aglow!  
And youthful hearts were bounding high  
With hope and guileless cheer,  
For down fell snowflakes from the sky,  
And holidays were near!

Fond memories so brightly come,  
Like beams of radiant light—  
Oh, there was some one coming  
To greet me Christmas night;  
Some one, who months and months ago,  
Had sailed across the sea,  
Returning with his mission done,  
Now coming home to me!

What pretty dreams of pleasant sport,  
Of coasting down the hill,  
Of sleigh-rides to the old town fort,  
And skating by the mill;  
Of spelling schools to show our might  
In education's lore,  
The dance at early candle light,  
And payments at the door.

A tallow dip it was, perchance,  
Or produce from the farm  
Secured the ticket for the dance,  
Thus adding to its charm.  
For very oft our lot had been  
To dance by sage-brush blaze,  
While feet kept time to violin,  
In dear, old, frontier days!

Thou good, old days! dear, youthful days!  
Of coarse and homely fare,  
Pure, simple life—more simple ways,  
In joy finds no compare!  
When father tilled and mother sewed  
And bravely met each fate,  
Together bore life's heavy load,  
Through early hours and late!

For those they loved, 'twas joy to toil,  
No struggle seemed too great,  
They gained their substance from the soil,  
And learned in faith to wait.  
'Twas God sustained them day by day—  
His light had led them here—  
He was their strength, and staff, and stay,  
Through every changing year!

Sweet, dear, old days! romantic days!  
Of beauty, love and truth,  
Now long since flitted from my gaze,  
O dear, old days of youth!  
When under fond and sheltering wing,  
We knew but love's caress,  
What sacred bliss these mem'ries bring—  
Parental tenderness!

Parental wisdom, too, was brought  
To guide each youthful mind,  
Then truth and honesty were taught,  
Life's choicest pearls to find;  
O guileless days! dear, good, old days!  
They'll ne'er forgotten be!  
They ever will attract the gaze,  
Of our fond memory!

---

### SOMETIMES.

Sometimes our thoughts will flow like limpid  
stream  
We cannot catch e'en half the pearly dew,  
It seems a blissful, bright, ecstatic dream—  
Angelic hands sweet flowers seem to strew.

Sometimes we find ourselves by those deceived,  
 We thought we knew were faithful, fond and true  
 With broken heart, and all our senses grieved—  
 We strive in vain our anguish to subdue.

Sometimes fond friendship's strongest, golden  
 chain,  
 That bound our hearts in purest, tender love,  
 In one short hour is broken—rent in twain  
 Those welded links we thought no pow'r could  
 move.

Sometimes there comes to us so dark a grief,  
 That all our mortal senses stand appalled.  
 We think not e'en of Heaven to ask relief—  
 It seems both mind and body are enthralled.

Sometimes our plans, to dearest friends un-  
 known—  
 Grand castles, built with pinnacles on high—  
 Are shattered; fallen low; our hope is flown—  
 In wild despair we almost wish to die.

\* \* \*

Sometimes we find a pearl upon the shore  
 Of perfect tint and form, of untold worth,  
 And there beside the ocean's ceaseless roar  
 We marvel such a gem could be for earth.

Sometimes there floats on ether's ozone wave  
 A fragrant breath, as from an unseen flower,  
 As if it were immortal hand that gave  
 Exotic incense from elysian bower.

Sometimes, we hear a sweet, entrancing strain,  
 Breathed forth in twilight's ever witching hour,

Which thrills the finest tendrils of the brain  
With keen, electric, and enchanting pow'r.

Sometimes there comes to us so fair a day,  
A sky so blue, so free from dark'ning cloud,  
It seems a brilliant meteor astray,  
While all our senses sing, and shout aloud.

Sometimes we find a perfect summerland  
Where balmy breezes bear the fragrant breath  
Of everblooming flowers! where nature's hand  
Doth ne'er o'erspread the earth with nature's  
death.

Sometimes we meet in life a noble friend  
Who true and faithful proves e'en unto death!  
Our inmost natures seem in one to blend  
As roses with the summer zephyr's breath.

Sometimes in life the human heart may know  
A love, devoted, faithful, pure and true,  
A passion, living with unceasing glow  
Through all life's fitful changes here below.

Sometimes, there comes to us so great a joy,  
A bliss so fraught with holy peace and light,  
A happiness, with none of earth's alloy,  
That soul from body seems to take its flight.

Sometimes we have emotions undefined,  
Which heights and depths and time and space  
transcend!

'Tis when we are at peace with all mankind,—  
'Tis when we are at One with God, our Friend!

## NEVER BORROW TROUBLE.

---

"Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you."

---

Oft we mortals fret and worry  
O'er the minor ills of life,  
Living in continued flurry—  
In a never ending strife.

Foes imagined, mock and greet us  
Every turn upon the road,  
Troubles more than half way meet us,  
Weighing down life's heavy load.

We are prone to think our burden  
Heavier than man e're bore;  
Oft we fail to see the blessing  
Coming through our open door.

Ah, how weak to borrow trouble,—  
Better wait 'till it is here;  
For to borrow, makes it double—  
Triples every falling tear.

Why, perchance the very sorrow  
We anticipate today  
Will be changed to joy tomorrow,  
Sunshine chasing clouds away.

Through the pall of pain and sadness,  
We may see unfailing light,  
Dawning day may bring us gladness—  
Faith illumines darkest night.

For the things which most distress us,  
Make our tear-stained pillows wet,  
Dreaded cares which sore oppress us  
Really hav'nt happened yet!

## MORNING HYMN.

As morning dawns, and nature gives  
Her fairest charms to all that lives,—  
Pure, balmy air and radiant light,  
Sweet flowerets fair to greet our sight.  
The singing birds and humming bees,  
The lowing herds and budding trees,  
The waving grass and murmuring rills,  
The towering cliffs and sloping hills,  
With all the boundless gifts of God  
Which fill the sea, and sky, and sod,—  
My grateful heart in rapture swells,  
For beauty that so plainly tells,  
An allwise Father's boundless love,  
He sends to earth from heaven above.

---

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Oft the years now gone before, seem one long un-  
broken dream,  
And I am a child once more in the meadows sweet  
and green,  
Tripping 'long the narrow path leading from my  
mother's door,  
Through the tall and slender grass to my grand-  
ma's on the moor.  
Songs of birds among the trees filled my soul with  
rare delight,  
Chasing butterflies and bees, laughing wildly at  
their flight—  
Picking yellow butter cups, little daisies, white  
and fair;  
And the sky-blue flaxen tops, twining wreathes  
for mother's hair.

Then a button-hole bouquet I would pin on  
 father's vest,  
 He would smile and often say: "Of all sweethearts  
 you're the best."  
 Baby brother too, I'd shower with the treasures  
 I had found,  
 He to me the sweetest flower on this earth, so  
 plump and round.

Then I'd hie me to the spring; what a wondrous  
 fount it seemed;  
 Clear and sparkling, bubbling, in the sunlight how  
 it gleamed!  
 Then upon its mossy brink kneel and lave my sun-  
 kissed face,  
 From my hands this nectar drink, on its surface  
 marvels trace.

But the holiest, sweetest thought coming in these  
 later years,  
 Are the lessons parents taught—parents whom  
 my soul reveres;  
 Kindness, tenderness and love filled their hearts  
 and home each day,  
 Ah, the memories of childhood, they will never  
 fade away!

---

### RELICS.

"Oh, what shall we do with all of this stuff?"  
 Said fair Estelle one day.  
 "Right here in this garret there is enough  
 To fill us all with dismay!

And in the new home there will be no room,  
For useless rubbish like this!"  
As I glanced around I knew my doom,  
So closed her lips with a kiss.

Then I smiled and gently sent her away,  
For what would she think of tears  
That I knew would come while I should survey  
The hoarded treasures of years!  
Yes, well may she ask what should be done  
With dresses grandmother wore,  
Her old rocking chair, and patchwork begun  
In days long gone before.

These piles of letters with histories rife,  
What burden of love they bear!  
The tales of the brightest seasons of life,  
And of days bow'd down with care!  
Relics of Missions and travels abroad;  
Books, charts, and specimens too,  
Speak now to my soul with voices aloud  
Of scenes long passed from my view.

This antimacassar of antique design,  
Netted and broidered with flowers,  
Was wrought by that sainted mother of mine  
In childhood's heaven blessed hours.  
And here the rolling pin dear father turned  
For me at his lathe in the mill,  
The dearest trophy I ever had earned—  
Such joys my memories fill!

This old-fashioned bureau of real, native wood  
Is all that is left of the set  
He gave with his love the day we were wed  
With kisses ne'er to forget!

Still locked in the drawers are ribbons and lace,  
    Bejeweled and gold tinsel fans  
Which oft waved at balls with exquisite grace  
    When held in fair dimpled hands.

These scrap bags, and bundles, and old broken  
    toys,  
    Withered wreaths and baskets of flowers,  
The cradle where slept my girls and my boys,  
    Beguiler of many sweet hours:  
This moccasin made for the fair first-born,  
    This shoe by another worn,  
This christening robe fine laces adorn—  
    Tiny bonnets, now soiled and torn.

This white satin waistcoat bought for my sake,  
    First worn on our bright wedding-day,  
His coat, and my gown, so quaint are their  
    make,  
    How long they've been lying away!  
These precious mementos of more precious days,  
    Must all to the flames be consigned—  
Just so earthly joys will melt from our gaze,  
    And mortals must needs be resigned.

Ah, weak, human hearts, how we cling to this  
    clay  
    And idolize earth's fading things;  
We follow the phantoms that flitteth away,  
    And pleasures that travel on wings!  
Life's crucible here consumes treasures dear,  
    But out of the ashes arise  
The incense of faith that dries every tear—  
    Illumines our path to the skies!

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

As down the vista of departed years,  
We see amid the mists of falling tears,  
The many opportunities now flown,  
In self reproach we sigh and sadly moan.

We think of tender words we might have said,  
Of loving, noble deeds we might have done,  
Of wayward lives to right we might have led,  
Of sins we might have checked when first begun.

We know foundations strong we might have  
laid  
For grander structures here we might have  
reared;  
How many steadfast friends we might have  
made,  
How often, too, sad hearts we might have  
cheered.

We might have planted, too, fair, rosy bowers,  
Wherein to rest in age the weary form;  
And scattered on the way sweet-scented flow'rs,  
And plucked from wounded hearts the piercing thorn.

We might have soothed the stricken, hopeless  
soul,  
Implanted seeds of sacred faith and trust;  
Though troubled waters surge and madly roll,  
We still could make them feel that God is  
just.

## THE SOURCE OF PEACE.

Amid the roaring winds and surging waves  
Of life's unending sacrifice,  
We hear a mighty voice that soothes and saves!  
We dash the spray from out our eyes  
And see, the murky darkness hath been cleft  
By power of a Sovereign will.  
A sacred calm into our souls hath crept—  
A voice hath said, "Peace, peace be still!"

## SOLACE.

I hunted all over the garden,  
My garden now yellow and sere,  
I wanted a flower for you, dear,  
A flower with message of cheer.

But dead leaves were rustling about me,  
The lilies had bent their fair heads,  
The pinks and sweet peas were in mourning,  
And the daisies asleep in their beds.

I turned with a sigh, while I wondered  
Why all things so lovely must fade;  
Why love's tender ties must be sundered,  
And hopes in their graves must be laid.

Why eyes must grow dim with their weeping,  
Why hearts must e'en break with their  
aching,

Why moments flit on while we're sleeping,  
And nectar is lost in partaking.

In vain I had sought for a treasure  
That breathed of new life and great peace

Disappointment I found without measure,  
But nothing heart-hunger to ease.

My soul was o'er-wrought with a sorrow,  
My head bent low on my breast,  
E'en hopes in the joy of a morrow  
Seemed buried, along with the rest.

Then just as my footsteps were turning,  
My heart gave a sudden, great bound!  
Ah! something I saw, small and purple—  
One fair, little flower I'd found!

It scarcely could peep from the grasses  
And leaves that enshrouded it there,  
Just kissed by the sun's glinting flashes,  
My dear little violet, fair.

I had sought for flowers more regal,  
More gorgeous in color and form,  
Forgetting that nothing could equal  
The sweet, modest violet's charm.

So fragrant and yet unassuming,  
How perfect the lesson you teach,  
So faithful for aye in your blooming,  
How potent your power of speech!

Inspiring a patient endurance—  
Though trodden beneath careless feet,  
With a comforting, patient assurance  
Our joys in the end are complete.

Sweet spirit of solace revealing,  
E'en found in the folds of a flower,  
Go, thou, with divine, tender healing,  
And comfort her heart from this hour.

## SONG OF THE SOUL.

Oh, I am blessed! my thoughts abound  
 With reverent love and gratitude,  
 That through my daily life I've found  
 So much that's beautiful and good!

Oh, I am blessed! my spirit sings  
 In sacred strains of love and praise,  
 For I have quaffed perennial springs,  
 I've known God's love through all my days!

Oh, I am blessed! My joys below  
 Are sanctified by holy light.  
 Yes, e'en in times of pain and woe,  
 God's power I feel through darkest night!

Oh, I am blessed! I long to live  
 A worthy child for all this care;  
 In nobler deeds, my praise to give,  
 Shall be my constant aim and prayer!

---

 THE SECRET.

Long, long have I guarded a secret  
 Within the deep vaults of my heart.  
 I thought no keen eye could observe it—  
 Not a word did I ever impart.

I love!—and she knows that I love her!  
 There's never a shadow of doubt!  
 My heart is enthroned now forever—  
 Yes, the long guarded secret is out!

It is known to all of the neighbors—  
 To the winking and whistling boy,  
 And e'en the woodland's fair warblers,  
 Are singing my story of joy!

The stars, the fair heavens adorning,  
 My love by their twinkles proclaim,  
 The rose-tints of earliest dawning  
 Are writing one beautiful name!

All nature is telling the story,  
 It floats on the ether above;  
 The flowers' sweet fragrance and glory  
 Are breathing my secret of love.

---

BE PATIENT. ✓

Oft times our little children will complain, 29  
 Will worry over minor ills of life,  
 Will magnify each little ache and pain,  
 Seem living in a never-ending strife.  
 We have so little patience now, for we  
 Have past the stage when little things annoy;  
 To more mature minds, it seems to be  
 So weak to cry about a broken toy.

O, fathers—mothers—has it been so long  
 Since you were children, too, with glowing  
 cheek?  
 Have you forgotten every fancied wrong  
 Of which young children dared not even  
 speak?  
 Who can forget the heart-aches of their youth!  
 The disappointments followed by a moan!

And is it not an ever patent truth,  
That men and women are but children grown?

Though sages delve in deep philosophy,  
And deem themselves so learned, wise and  
strong,

Do they bow always in humility  
To what to them seems deep and cruel wrong?  
Ah, no! they oft fret more than children do,  
And think their troubles more than they can  
bear!

When bitter trials come we murmur, too,  
And think the world is cruel and unfair!

Oh, could we be as merciful and just  
As God to us; long-suffering and kind;  
More patient with our children—sacred trust  
Received by us from God! ah, we would find  
Such loving parenthood would then be crowned  
With greater satisfaction here below!  
All kindred ties then be more firmly bound,  
As those who thus have tried most truly  
know.

---

### RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

A recipe you want, my dear young friend:  
The very surest thing I can commend  
Is first to love the Lord with all your soul!  
With this same love each thought and act con-  
trol!  
Give gentle, tender words and loving smile,  
By noble, helpful deeds your time beguile.  
Make other hearts rejoice, and then your own  
Will echo back again the same, sweet tone!

## FROM THE CLOUDS.

List! the patter of the rain—  
 Hark! the wind's most drear refrain—  
     Dropping, flowing,  
     Sighing, blowing,  
 Wailing, as some soul in pain;  
 While the heart, in sad attune,  
 With the rain and wind commune:  
     Groaning, aching,  
     Moaning, breaking,  
 Bitter dregs of life to drain.

---

## BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

See! the sun is bursting forth,  
 Shining light o'er all the earth:  
     Warming, streaming,  
     Beaming, gleaming,  
 Dewdrops sparkling in their mirth!  
 Wounded soul mounts through the pall,  
 Father's care is over all!  
     Loving, giving,  
     Moving, living,  
 Heeding every sparrow's call!

---

## WILD COLUMBINE.

This morn I turn my footsteps back  
 Along the roadway's winding track  
 To where I'd spied in nature's bower,  
 Fair Nature's queen, sweet woodland flower.

“Oh, yes!” I cry, “Here, here you are!  
For, you I’ve wandered long and far  
In shady nook, through tangled vine:  
At last I’ve found my columbine!”

Thou art the wild wood’s favorite gem,  
So graceful on thy slender stem,  
So delicate in hue and form,  
Thy fragrance all our senses charm.

O columbine, wild columbine,  
With thee sweet memories entwine;  
You speak in language all your own  
Of limped streams to ocean flown.

In June, each season, coming ’round,  
You are the same sweet flower found.  
Your charmed life, so unlike mine,  
Your home unchanged, dear columbine.

Oh! when your form and mine, sweet flower,  
Are quickened as a final dower,  
May we both find abiding place,  
In realm together, by His grace.



### R A Y S.

One single ray this Sabbath day  
Across my dreary pathway fell;  
It passed away in shadows grey  
Before it’s beauty I could tell.  
So many days unto my gaze,  
The sky but cloud and mist hath shown,  
Enwrapping earth in darkening haze—  
Why, even thought hath sombre grown.

'Tis hard to bear so small a share  
Of life's great joys and sunny things,  
To be oppressed with doubt and care,  
While pleasure seems to flit on wings;  
To yearn for power to learn each hour  
The useful lessons of this life,  
While fame and wealth on others shower  
Without so much of weary strife.

'Tis sad to rove from those I love,  
Through what seems fate's unkind decree;  
To hear no more, as oft before,  
Beloved voices calling me:  
To feel the bliss of loving kiss  
Upon my aching, throbbing brow;  
To clasp their hands—Ah, how I miss  
Their gentle presence with me now.

And while I pray for them this day—  
Just as that glinting sunbeam fell,  
A brilliant ray lights up my way,  
The glory of our God to tell.  
A cheering thought, by angels brought,  
Makes clear the turbid, troubled stream;  
A blessed truth divinely taught—  
I know it is no fleeting dream.

For just so sure as I endure,  
In patience cease to cry aloud,  
The Lord's bright promises, most sure,  
Dispel the fog, remove each cloud,  
True joys reveal, and make me feel  
That all I bear is right and just.  
Faith's cheering ray, He will reveal—  
Oh blessed balm of hope and trust!

## THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

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[Last evening's "News" contained a letter from R. F. Neslen, general agent of the Burlington, to W. C. Spence of the President's office, calling attention to the discovery on the North Platte of a grave above which was an old wagon tire bearing the name "Rebecca Winters."

It was thought that Mrs. Winters might be a Mormon pioneer; and it transpires that she was. She died and was buried on this spot in 1852. She was the grandmother of Mrs. H. J. Grant and Mrs. A. O. Woodruff.—DESERET NEWS.]

---

On a lone and dreary prairie,  
 Near the banks of North Platte River,  
 Pioneers in grief were camping,  
 Camping on the lonely prairie,  
 For a noble, faithful mother  
 Had succumbed from dire privation,  
 Had exhausted all her powers  
 And had passed from all her sorrows.

Then her little daughter Helen  
 Wept with childish grief unbroken,  
 Sobbed upon her father's bosom  
 While he held her closely folded  
 To his heart with grief o'er-laden.  
 Wistfully I gazed upon her;  
 Sympathetic tears in showers  
 Flowed with those of little Helen.

For upon tomorrow's morning  
 We must hasten on our journey,  
 Go without our playmate's mother;  
 Leave her buried on the prairie,  
 Where no tender hand could scatter  
 Flowers of loving recollection;—  
 Where fond tears could never water  
 Tender buds which here might blossom.

But my grandsire, rich in wisdom,  
He the counsellor and leader—  
He the noble, honored captain—  
Could not deem it just to leave her  
Thus without a slab or grave-stone.  
Then he called my worthy father,  
Who, with will and genius ready,  
Brought a cast-off wagon tire.

And upon it chiseled plainly,  
Just the name "Rebecca Winters,"  
Then this tire round, unbroken,  
Like the love of those who left her,  
As her monument—our token,  
Was secured by dext'rous working  
Round about with stone and boulder,  
And the greensward smoothly moulded.

Then we passed upon our journey—  
Far away o'er hill and prairie,  
Over bare and sandy desert,  
Over steep and shelving mountain,  
Leaving her in death to slumber  
In her grave, so still and lonely,  
In the solitude of nature—  
In the presence of her Maker.

On we passed with prayers to Heaven  
That this grave should be protected,  
That the sod should stay unbroken,  
That this circling band of iron  
Should remain where hands so willing  
Here had placed it mid their sighing.  
That the spot of her interment,  
Might be found by those who followed.

Now, though years are flown—full forty,  
Since we left her on the prairie—  
Comes a distant, far-off message:  
Close beside the North Platte River,  
Has been found a grave still guarded  
By a tire of rusted iron,  
And upon it, plainly graven,  
Honored name, “Rebecca Winters”!

Still legible the chiseled letters,  
Symbols formed by hands now folded  
In the last, long sleep of mortals.  
With this message comes the query:  
“Who was she,—Rebecca Winters?  
Pioneer?” Ah! truly was she!  
Placed her all upon the alter,  
Gave her life for Cause most worthy!

Then should we, the sons and daughters  
Of such mothers—Of such fathers  
Give to them deserving honors  
For the hardships and privation,  
For the trials they encountered,  
For self sacrifice and patience  
On that long, eventful journey  
To redeem the western desert!

---

Before these flowers can reach thy side,  
Their petals fair may droop and die—  
But friendship’s charm will e’er abide,  
Most sacred gift of Him on high.

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Fair bud with its frail stem broken,  
Sweet song that was left unsung,  
Fond words that were never spoken,  
Left the harp of life unstrung.

Folded bud that never opened,  
Sweet flower that might have bloomed—  
What an emblematic token  
Of the hope that lies entombed!

Ah, the harp sent forth no message,  
Alas, it was left unstrung;  
Dear voices were hushed and silent.  
With the beautiful song unsung.

The words that were never spoken,  
Left a dreary, aching void;  
A heart and a spirit broken—  
The hopes of a life destroyed.

And the words are still unspoken;  
Sweetest songs are yet unsung;  
Buds, blighted, and bruised, and broken;  
Life's harp yet remains unstrung!

Then where! oh, where is fruition!  
The guerdon for mortal woes?  
We look to the Great Physician  
Who all of our sorrow knows.

He healeth the wounded spirit,  
He bindeth the broken reed,  
He voices the unvoiced music,  
Supplieth the unfilled need!

## DAYS THE DEAREST.

O Mothers, remember when children are young,  
While listening to prattle of innocent tongue,  
While you patiently answer the unending call—  
That now is the happiest season of all.

Oh, hear the dear voices so tender and sweet,  
Oh, heed the soft patter of tottering feet,  
Soothe gently the bruises that come from a  
fall—  
Remember these days are the dearest of all.

When you hush them to sleep with lullaby  
song,  
These moments of bliss, O you mothers,  
prolong;  
For time with its changes may come as a pall.  
When they've slipped from your arms beyond  
your recall.

Then hold them secure in loving embrace,  
In the folds of your love to ever have place,  
Through sorrow, e'en sin—whatever befall,  
Encompassed by mother-love, constant  
through all.

For, indeed, there may come, as moments  
flit on,  
A time when the bliss of these days will be  
gone;  
Sweet memory only, all you can recall,  
Of hours that e'er will be sweetest of all.

Then breathe a soft prayer as you lull them  
 to sleep,  
 That Father His watch-care forever may  
 keep;  
 He hears e'en the ravens, He heeds every call,  
 His love the sublimest, divinest of all!

---

### MOUNT HOOD.

Near where the picturesque Columbia flows,  
 Enclotted for aye in everlasting snows,  
 Stands rugged, old Mount Hood with towering  
 peak  
 Where morning sunbeams oft play "hide and  
 seek"!  
 Bright rays reflecting myriad colored light,  
 Transcending diamond glint of stars by night;  
 O'er craggy cliff, or fathomless ravine.  
 Not man, but thou. O Sun, with light serene  
 Can penetrate and delve and then return  
 again—  
 Yet tellest not what thou hath seen to men!  
 Thou icy Hood! what freak hath placed you  
 here,  
 So high and rough, so bleak, and cold, and drear,  
 With gulch and crags and rocky steeps on high.  
 With dizzy heights beyond the human eye:  
 With shelving rock and dangerous abyss,  
 With instant death if feet should go amiss!  
 Was it to tempt the vain, adventurous mind  
 To scale thy summit, laurels bright to find?  
 To make for poets' pens unending theme—  
 Or better still, show power of One 'suprême'?

Ah, thou art king of glaciers round about,  
 Though other mounts have snow-white banners  
     out,  
 And "Lost Lake," too, so quiet and alone,  
 Hath hid herself beyond thy tow'ring throne!  
 In majesty thou reignest monarch here—  
 Above the clouds in ether light and clear  
 Thy tow'rs and spires, and pinnacles retreat—  
 Thou seem'st to bring the moon low at thy  
     feet—  
 Art thou, like me, e'en striving too, to gain  
 A dwelling place in heaven's bright domain?

---

### F E D O R A.

My senses cope with dallying time,  
 When far from thee, Fedora, mine!  
 Was it the morn of this long day  
 I saw thee carried far away,  
 Borne by the waves to yonder shore,  
 Where lofty pines sigh evermore?  
 The days, the hours are long and drear,  
 When not with thee, Fedora dear!

Thy kerchief fluttered light and free,  
 Thy voice came floating back to me;  
 It brought on ether's moistened breeze,  
 Thy sweet good-byes, while 'neath the trees  
 I watched thy craft pass from my view,  
 Far down the river, deep and blue;  
 I lingered still, wi'h love's lone tear,  
 To pray for thee, Fedora dear!

Again at eve, I sit beside  
Clounbia's Waters. deep and wide,  
I hear the waves with swish and splash,  
Upon the grey sands, surge and dash.  
I watch and wait; in twilight mist  
I strain my ears; with hope I list  
For dip of oar, to bring to shore  
Fedora mine, my joy restore.

The evening shades have gathered fast,  
Night's purple curtain hath o'er-cast  
The world "and pinned it with a star!"  
Ah, stars and love! alas, how far!  
Come back to me, beloved one,  
Where rolls the restless Oregon!  
All joys of earth and Heaven I'd share  
With thee, my own Fedora fair.

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© LOVE DIVINE.

O Father, if I've been unkind,  
Unjust in word or thought,  
If any heart my acts offend,  
Or grief to others brought,  
Forgiveness now of Thee I seek,  
On bended knees I bow:  
Oh, make me strong wherein I'm weak—  
Help to forgive as Thou.

Bless me with charity and love  
And faith in human-kind;  
To see the good in other souls,  
To all their faults be blind.

A helping hand in love extend  
To any down the hill,  
That I may prove a loyal friend  
To suffering, sad or ill.

And if a heart is sore with sting  
From slight or words unkind,  
May I the balm of solace bring  
Their wounds to soothe and bind.  
Oh, help me love humanity,  
And all its virtues see,  
For those who love most tenderly  
Are surely most like Thee.

---

#### VERDANT TREES.

O verdant trees, green waving trees,  
Now fanned by springtime's balmy breeze,  
What memories my fancy weaves,  
Amid thy young and shimmering leaves.

I see my father's form so dear,  
I hear my mother's voice so clear,  
While brothers, sisters, too, come near  
With gleeful sports and words of cheer.

We hie away to groves, I ween,  
Neath skies of blue, in peace serene,  
We plan our joys, we choose our queen,  
With flowers crown her on the green.

The birdlings sing, their notes I greet,  
I hear the little lambkins bleat,  
I seem to see wild roses sweet,  
Their petals dropping at my feet.

O blessed memories, now rife,  
They bring back joys of childhood life  
So free from worldly care and strife,—  
The dearest, sweetest part of life.

---

### IN THE WILDERNESS OF MEXICO.

Camping on the lonely prairie, 'neath a brilliant starlit sky,  
From the distance—weird and weary, comes  
the wild coyote's cry;  
He is fierce, and gaunt, and hungry, watching  
at this midnight hour,  
Barking, howling in a frenzy, seeking what  
he may devour.

In this wilderness so quiet, nature's children  
roam at will,  
Savage tribes now run at riot, over plain, and  
dale, and hill,  
Through the grass so tall and slender, reptiles  
drag their length along;  
In their nests the birdlings, tender, long have  
hushed their vesper song.

Craggy steeps, the precious metals like unwilling prisoners, hold,  
Flowers, too, have closed their petals, holding  
dew-drops in their fold;  
And like sentinels the cacti rear their towering forms on high,  
As afflicted saints, in anguish, turn their faces  
to the sky.

Mescal, so heavy in its juices, dot the hillside  
thickly here,  
Born to pamper man's abuses, oft to cause the  
bitter tear,  
Like so many of God's mercies—destined for  
a higher plain—  
But by evil thought perverted, bringing end-  
less grief and pain.

Even through the winter months the ooze is  
green, while graceful vines,  
Make luxuriant, fairy bowers in the treetops  
where they twine;  
Mistletoe, like faithful brothers, clinging in  
the limbs above —  
Just as true, devoted mothers, never loose  
their bonds of love.

While the starlight, soft and mellow, forms my  
covering overhead,  
Mother-earth my welcome pillow—angels  
watching o'er my bed—  
Wondering brain, in wakeful vision, wanders  
far to former days;  
Ancient peoples and their mission—what their  
habits, hopes and ways.

Now from out the yawning caverns, o'er the  
cliffs so high and steep,  
Where they dwelt in fear and trembling, dusky  
faces seem to peep;  
Forms seem flitting from each crevice, voices  
whisper soft and low,  
Echoing o'er hill and terrace, thrilling tales  
of long ago.

When the ancient tribes of Lehi sought to  
find the promised land,  
Thither led by righteous Nephi, through the  
Lord's inspired command;  
He who took the high position e'er to walk in  
holy light,  
By example and monition, sought to teach his  
brothers right.

Yet though brothers, of one mother. anger.  
jealousy and strife,  
Oft arose with one another, through their wild  
and rambling life.  
Through repeated generations peaceful days  
were far between,  
Though they laid such great foundations—rel-  
ics are so often seen.

Mounds and terrace in profusion, strongholds  
in the mountain peak,  
When they fled in wild confusion, peace and  
safety there to seek.  
Records, too, were often hidden 'neath the  
strong, cemented wall,  
Where the pine trees now unbidden rear their  
branches thick and tall.

Smooth, metallic, broken oyer, hieroglyphics on  
the stones,  
And uncovered there before you, bleaching,  
mouldering, human bones.  
And it seems opposing forces met in battle's  
fierce array,  
For we find their battle-axes even at this dis-  
tant day.

Ancient structures, long since buried, modern  
science has revealed,  
Wealth and want to one grave hurried, raging  
elements concealed.  
Was it when the blessed Savior gave His life  
for mortal sin.  
That in penitent behavior earth and sea then  
shrank within?

Fruitful plains, and peaceful waters, in con-  
vulsive nature's throes—  
Wildly threw themselves together, burying  
cities far below.  
Closing o'er their wretched victims—silenced  
all their songs of war—  
Stilled the voice of hopeful peace-time, final  
setting of life's star.

Rising not till generations long have slept and  
passed away,  
While their old, corrupt traditions, with their  
bodies find decay.  
But the Gospel ne'er was vanquished; writ on  
leaves of gold, concealed,  
Though long buried, while truth languished, is  
again to earth revealed:—

Telling of those ancient races, how they strug-  
gled for the right,  
Till on their beclouded faces beamed the Ever-  
lasting Light.  
Darkened natures then illumined by God's  
sacrifice for sin.  
For His Son, with passions human, came re-  
demption to begin.

How He taught the Jewish nation principles  
of righteousness,  
Speaking words of sure salvation, all mankind  
to save and bless.

But rejected was the message, by the masses  
on the earth,—

Little realized the blessings, failed to grasp  
the prize of worth.

Then the world for many ages, long in stagnant  
darkness slept,

As we find from history's pages, troubled men  
and women wept:—

Heresies and false traditions, blinding doubt,  
and base desire.

Only lowered man's condition, smouldering the  
hidden fire.

Till a youth of humble station—promised at  
that distant day—

Was vouchsafed a heavenly message, telling  
where the records lay.

Now restored again the Gospel, in its full and  
prestine worth,

To all nations, tongues, and people that may  
dwell upon the earth.

---

### OMNIPRESENCE.

In tree, and leaf, and flower, in sunshine and  
in shower,

In valley, plain and glen, in craggy mountain  
tower,

In nature's sweetest songs of wondrous, fit-  
ting birds,

In busy, humming bees, in fields and lowing  
herds,  
In calm and hurricane, in sunshine and in rain,  
In peaceful, placid seas, in dashing, roaring  
main,  
In waters bubbling free, in fleecy, silv'ry cloud.  
In every floating breeze,—Thy voice doth  
speak aloud;

In hoary age and youth, in joys and falling  
tears,  
In friendship, love and truth, in faith that  
knows no fears,  
When stern rebuke shall come—or mild and  
loving words,  
We feel, Thy will be done—Thy love the spirit  
girds.  
In pain and sorrow, too, we recognize Thy  
hand;  
We feel it just, though oft we fail to under-  
stand.  
For through life's fitful scene, in darkness most  
profound—  
'Twas no alluring dream—Thy precious love  
we found.

---

#### ADVERSITY.

Though adversity may sweep our earthly all  
away,  
We must not doubt nor weep, but meekly bow  
and say,  
Thy will be done, O Lord, we know thou'rt  
ever near,

Can give the just reward, can dry the falling  
tear.

Prosperity may bless each effort mortals make,  
But we in gratefulness must use it for Thy  
sake;

E'en when affliction's yoke hath sorely  
weighed us down,

We must humbly bear the cross, for we want  
to wear the crown.

---

### MY MAY-FLOWER.

This Sabbath morn, while all is peace,  
In nature's quietude supreme,  
My burdened spirit finds release,  
With folded hands I pause to dream.  
It is a balmy day in May—  
The twenty-fifth—when roses bloom,  
When earth is clothed in raiment gay,  
And air is filled with sweet perfume.

Now backward flit the golden hours,  
The days and weeks and months and years,  
Since to my arms with magic powers,  
My darling came to dry my tears.  
Beloved one, God's gift of love—  
Divinely sent to soothe my heart,  
To help me bravely look above,  
When far from dearest ones apart.

How sweet and tenderly she's filled  
Her special mission on the earth.  
Her gentle presence hath instilled  
A love supreme, e'er since her birth.  
Sweet, gentle peace and hope and trust

From out her being seems to shine;  
 In human judgment ever just,  
 In sweetest sympathy, divine.

In tenderness I crave for her  
 A life of peace and constant joy,  
 With power to find the Comforter  
 That holy peace each hour employ.  
 In fervent prayer, on bended knee,  
 I seek His constant, tender love,  
 To help her all His mercies see,  
 And all His wondrous wisdom prove.

---

TO L. T. F.

Through ice and snow  
 The violets grow.  
 Through life's drear storms  
 My heart still warms  
 With love for you—  
 'Tis ever true.  
 May birthday joy  
 Have no alloy,  
 True friendships bless.  
 Yours,—E. R. S.

---

A MOTHER.

The very sweetest thing of all  
 The world that we can ever know—  
 Sublimest thought that e'er could fall  
 From lips of mortals here below;  
 "She was a mother true and good,  
 She reared her children in God's ways.  
 Her faithful, patient Motherhood!  
 Can never gain full meed of praise."

## A SON IS BORN.

Little infant, spark immortal,  
Beaming on this mortal world,  
You have come from realms eternal—  
Here where shafts of pain are hurled;  
Leaving scenes of joy and gladness,  
Where angelic hosts now sing,  
Changing all for pain and sadness  
That this mortal life may bring.

What hath brought thee here, fair jewel,  
Far from Heaven's radiant beam?  
Brought thee to this world oft cruel,  
Here to drink life's bitter stream?  
Dost thou come from mansions holy,  
Just to bear a mortal name,  
To partake of passions lowly,  
Then to perish like a flame?

Who hath said it! who can think it!  
That this brief, uncertain span,  
Is the sum of all existence,  
Is the all of wondrous man!  
Rather in that sphere supernal,  
Ere the Son of God was born,  
You were of the host celestial.  
On that great Creation Morn!

Myriad spirits since have waited  
Anxiously to visit earth,  
And accept the boon, elated  
To receive a mortal birth;

With pure joy accept the mission,  
Of a life on earth awhile,  
Therein gaining greater wisdom  
By enduring earthly trial.

In partaking of life's sorrow  
Greater blessings are obtained,  
Adding to our great Tomorrow,  
By the knowledge we have gained;  
So at last the life unending  
In that home beyond the veil,  
Is our portion for contending  
For the Right, which will prevail!

---

#### WHERE IS MY BOY.

O ye mothers, watching, weeping  
For the one who does not come,  
Hoping, praying, never sleeping—  
Till the heart grows cold and numb,  
Ah, with all your senses reeling,  
Wildly asking where he roams,—  
Whys and wherefores vainly seeking—  
Listening, but he never comes.

Only One can know thy anguish  
Through the darkness of the night,  
Dread suspense, acute perception  
Through each moment's tardy flight.  
Only One can hear thy prayers,  
Make thee feel they're not in vain,  
Shield him from the direst evil,  
Bring thy darling home again.

## RUTH'S VALENTINE.

May kisses fond, thine eyelids press,  
When eventide is near,  
Through all thy life may fond caress,  
Cause eyes to ope without a tear.  
Dear Ruth! oh, may the angels bring  
Thee choicest blessings every day;  
Love's tender, gentle ministering  
Bestrew rich blessings on thy way;  
Through all thy life find joys divine.  
My darling, little Valentine.

---

## THE FAITH THAT CHEERS.

Oh, so oft in silent wonder, grateful praises  
fill my soul,  
For earth's clouds seem burst asunder, scenes  
most glorious unroll.  
Through the mists of bye-gone ages, through  
the heresies of time  
I am borne on fleeting pinions, into regions  
most sublime.  
There behold the mystic wonders of that life  
beyond the grave,  
Ah, I marvel at its splendor, and the power  
of Him who gave.  
Oh, indeed, my soul rejoices that the veil is  
rent in twain,  
That my being is transported to my spirit-  
home again.  
And I fain would linger ever in my Father's  
mansion there,

For our earthly joy can never with immortal  
bliss compare.

But there comes a gentle whisper softly breath-  
ing in mine ear,

Mortal child, you are not ready for this grand,  
exalted sphere.

You were chosen in the Heavens for a purpose  
to come forth,

To fulfill a sacred mission to the children of  
the earth.

You must bravely work and struggle selfish  
feelings to subdue.

Prove to God's revealed commandment ever  
valiant, staunch and true.

Though the days seem long and dreary and  
the guerdon far away.

Plod, thou, on, though sad and weary, there  
will come the promised day—

When your life-work is completed, and your  
burdens all laid down.

Worthy of celestial glory, with the ransomed,  
wear the crown!

---

### ASHES OF ROSES.

Oh, once again I sit upon the hearth,

Where we together sat long years ago.

And plighted words of trust and sacred faith.

In life's bright spring, in love's awakening  
dawn.

How sweet and tender were the words he  
spoke;

My heart attuned to love's entrancing tone.

I trembled lest I dreamed and might awake,—  
A world of perfect bliss seemed all mine  
own.

Sweet memories arise as I behold  
The corner where we sat beside the fire,  
Each breathing sacred vows—so often told—  
Of which a woman's heart can never tire.  
The fires which glowed upon that homely  
hearth,  
Have long since smouldered into ashes.  
grey—  
Now blackened coals, so silent in their death—  
But memory will live—aye, live always.

---

### A VISION.

Low at the mountain's foot, I dreamed I stood  
alone;  
With shelving rock, and boulders hanging  
from above,  
While through the canyon gorge the sobbing  
wind made moan  
As echoes from a heart that had not home nor  
love.  
And all those rugged heights I needs must  
mount alone—  
Must climb with blistered feet, and hands all  
scratched and torn;  
With burdens hard to bear—bent back and  
throbbing head.  
A soul bowed down with care, while heart-  
strings ached and bled.

The sky was dark with clouds, the sun had  
hid his face—

The night was coming on, the summit still  
ungained;

While through the thick'ning gloom I tried a  
path to trace

With eyes e'er turned above and murmuring  
thought restrained.

When lo! through chilling mists, came beam-  
ing from afar

A faint and flickering light, as from a distant  
star—

A sweet and soothing voice now whispered in  
mine ear:

“Arise, look up. rejoice! no longer need you  
fear!

A firm but gentle hand enclasped my weary  
arm,

My heavy load he seemed to bear with lambent  
powers;

The clouds and mists had flown; I felt so safe  
from harm,

We seemed translated to a land of birds and  
flowers.

And there I listened to that tale of long ago  
When heart beat high with hope, and spirits  
all aglow—

No longer need I climb those thorny paths  
alone,

For oh, his heart and love were mine! Oh,  
yes, my very own!

And both our hearts were God's—for He had  
brought us back  
Through all the winding paths and stormy  
scenes of life,  
Back once again, ah, yes, into the beaten track  
Where greatest joys are found, for all the  
strife.  
But visions fade—Now, need I, must I deem  
This bright and happy ending but a fleeting  
dream?  
Must I resume the task, take up my heavy load,  
With patience, hope and faith, still climb the  
hilly road?

---

## MATUTINAL MUSINGS.

Before the early rays of morn  
Dispel the gloom and bring us dawn,  
My heart ascends to Father's throne,  
And all His love and mercies own.  
I thank Him for this night of rest—  
That through my life He's loved and blessed  
And watched o'er me with tender care.  
And heard my earnest, fervent prayer.

Through every day, my pulses warm  
To all of nature's soothing charm:  
Each leaf and tree and floweret sweet,  
Green shady glens, and lone retreat,  
The clear, blue sky, the fleecy cloud,  
The rising sun which speaks aloud  
Of Father's wond'rous love and power,  
Shed o'er His children every hour.

The babbling brook with mossy side,  
 The forest cool and deep and wide,  
 And all I see below, above,  
 Express, a Father's constant love.  
 Proclaim His power and might the while  
 Make earth, and sea, and heaven smile.  
 For His transcendant, watchful care  
 My soul pours forth its wealth of prayer.

With solemn thought, in reverent mood,  
 My heart rebounds in gratitude.  
 And ere I start again life's quest  
 I seek renewal of my zest.  
 Each purpose of my life to fill;  
 In meekness lean upon His will,  
 In strength and faith and perfect trust.  
 Forever feel that God is just.

---

### BARD.

With these fair flowers we send our love,  
 To greet you on your natal day,  
 With choicest blessings from above,  
 To guide through all life's winding way.

For oh, we love you fond and true,  
 Because we understand you best;  
 No one can half so well love you,  
 'Till years of time hath made the test.

Until they know your tender heart,  
 The noble motive of your soul,  
 The sympathy you can impart.  
 The honor that your thoughts control.

And this can best be known by those  
Who live with you from year to year;  
Each thought, and word, and action shows  
Your power to chase away the tear.

Your skill to soothe and comfort all,  
Relieve the pain of sick and sad.  
To answer e'en the midnight call—  
To make the suffering mother glad.

And in our hearts, and in our home,  
Our love for you will ever live  
Oh, in the future may there come  
Reward for all the good you give.

God bless you, dear, beloved one.  
On this another natal day.  
May all of worldly cares be flown,  
And joys abound, we humbly pray.

Ere these fair flowers can reach thy side  
Their petals bright may droop and die,  
But our affections will abide—  
Time, death, and change love will defy.

---

### I MISS THEE.

I miss thee, darling, every hour,  
I miss thy sweet, magnetic power  
To soothe, and cheer, and ease my heart,  
And make my waning pulses start.  
I miss thy loving, cheering smile  
Which thrills me still—though mile on mile  
Between us lie. Though weary days  
Must pass before on thee I gaze.  
Thine image in my soul will live

The brightness of its joy to give,  
 An inspiration sweet and pure—  
 'Twill ever and a day endure!

Now you must feel, my child, so dear,  
 Your mother's yearning presence near  
 Through every weary day of care,  
 In all the trials you may bear,  
 To help as loving mothers can,  
 The spark of fortitude to fan.  
 Such love as ours—as yours and mine—  
 Can span the hills, survive all time,  
 Transcend the bounds of time and space;  
 Ah, wondrous token of God's grace!  
 This love we bear each other here  
 Makes even earth a heavenly sphere.

---

### TO NELLIE.

She gave to me a white, white rose,  
 My little maid, with soul as white,  
 With opening petals that disclose  
 An overflow of pure delight.  
 This beauteous flow'r is withered now,  
 Its pliant stem is dead and dry;  
 And yet no gem above my brow  
 Could bring such light into my eye—  
 Could bring such peace into my heart,  
 Such thrilling sense of buoyant bliss,—  
 Could make my throbbing pulses start  
 Like maiden with her lover's kiss.  
 Now when, by chance, I found this flower  
 It seemed like incense from above;  
 It gladdens e'en this lonely hour,  
 It tells me of my darling's love.

## COULD I ASK FOR MORE!

Though youth and beauty long hath flown,  
And oft in sad regret I moan—  
For oft the way is drear—  
Though far in alien lands I roam  
Away from friends, and love, and home,  
I have no mortal fear.

Though days with busy care be fraught,  
And life's ambitions bring me naught  
But disappointments, sore,  
My soul's bright hopes unflinching rise  
Above this world's sad tears and sighs  
To spheres I've roamed before.

Though gold and splendor be not mine,  
I boast a wealth that is divine—  
A priceless, sacred lore!  
The perfect faith that Father lives,  
That all I have He freely gives—  
Ah! could I ask for more?

---

JOHN.

Of noble birth, of noble name,  
More noble still thy generous heart;  
Although perchance unknown to fame,  
You are of all that's good, a part.  
The power you have for doing good,  
Will live within the souls of men,  
Will wake sweet notes of gratitude,  
To make your soul rejoice again;—

Will touch the spring of great desire  
 To tread the paths of righteousness,  
 Renew the spark of dormant fire,  
 That will remotest ages bless.

May all thy days and hours to come,  
 Be fraught with joys most sweet and true,  
 Surrounded in thy happy home,  
 With dear ones e'er to love you,  
 And all you put your hands to do,  
 Redownd in richest, rarest wealth,  
 Your path with pearls of wisdom strew,  
 With blessings, too, of perfect health.  
 May all the powers of brain and brawn,  
 And tender feelings of the soul,  
 Grow brighter as the years roll on,  
 To guide you back to Heaven's goal.

---

### MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Along the winding river by the road  
 I turn my steps at midnight's silent hour.  
 I lift my heart in thankfulness to God,  
 There own His ever great, omniscient pow'r.

I feel His love in moonbeam's soft'ning glow,  
 And twinkling stars that gild the azure dome;  
 I hear it in the river's ceaseless flow,  
 I see it in the dashing water's foam.

Again, I hear it in the quiv'ring trees,  
 Perceive it in the fragrant flow'rets breath,  
 I sense it in the sighing, passing breeze,  
 In blessed life—and even solemn death.

## UNTOLD LOVE.

A kindred feeling, friend, so dear,  
I felt for thee when first we met;  
And it hath strengthened, year by year,  
Without one feeling of regret—  
Because each day such traits revealed  
That bound my heart with firmer hold;  
And still, it seems it was concealed—  
This tender passion left untold.

And yet a fond devotion, true,  
Lies deeply hidden in my heart.  
It lives! It budded, bloomed for you,—  
No language can its power impart.  
Though others may with tender words  
Express affection, fond and true,  
Though thoughts more eloquent you've heard,  
Though sweeter smiles have beamed for you.

No one more truly, deeply feels,  
Not one whose love will longer live,  
Though outward semblance oft conceals  
The fond devotion I would give.  
Now one poor boon I fain would crave:  
Think kindly, though I may seem cold,  
Ah, deep below the ocean's wave  
Lie treasures more than can be told!

---

O Thou great Ruler of the universe,  
Thy glory and Thy wisdom thrills my soul  
With solemn, overpowering thought!  
The sky, the earth, the sea, and all therein  
By skill most infinite were wrought!

## THE DEARS I LOVE.

My soul adores the birds and butterflies,  
The graceful, waving trees and fragrant flowers,  
Grand mountain peaks and clouds of sunset  
skies,  
Soft, hazy mists of twilight's dreamy hours;  
And all that Mother Nature gives to life  
Of harmony in music's tone or tint  
Or shade of gorgeous hue: the world so rife  
With beauty's glow, and sunshine without  
stint.

These are my dears; and in them all I see  
The glory of that loving One, who wrought  
These wondrous things. His power and maj-  
esty  
Unto this mortal world all good hath brought.  
But dears the dearest of all else to me  
Are angel spirits sent from Heavenly spheres,  
Most precious gems of immortality!  
My children sweet,—dearer than all dears.

The tender love of noble sons e'er tell  
The greatness of my Father's constant care;  
For they have done for me their duty well,  
They've brought me bliss supreme, beyond  
compare.

The rose-tint in my daughters' dimpled cheeks  
More raptures bring than nature's sweetest  
flowers;  
Light from their sparkling eyes devotion  
speaks—  
Their tender ministry makes pleasant hours.

Indeed, the sweetness of their spirits, pure,  
The world inanimate cannot express;  
The beauty of their souls will e'er endure,  
With power to cheer mankind, to love, and  
    bless.

Of all creations of our Father here,  
Which glorifies the earth, which poets boast,  
God's gifts to me, the sweetest best and dear,  
The dears I love, and thank Him for the most.

---

### FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

Dear Friend, 'tis long since last we met,  
E'en years have passed and gone;  
Ah, many tears our eyes have wet,  
And joys our hearts have known—  
While varied seasons come and go  
With time's unceasing ebb and flow.

The hoary frost and winter's wind  
And springtime's fragrant breath, ,  
All leave their constant trace behind—  
Their change from life to death.  
When such transitions we behold,  
Can we forget, we're growing old!

How many seasons since we met,  
How many flowers have bloomed;  
How many suns have rose and set,  
How many hopes entombed!—  
Since we last clasped each other's hand  
In Utah's far beloved land.

Since then our barks have oft been tossed  
By wind and wave and storm—  
Yet, through them all we've never lost  
True friendship's binding charm.  
The precious bonds of sympathy  
Are just as strong twix't you and me.

E'en earth and sea and all they hold  
May change and pass away,  
There still remains one prize untold,  
It lives without decay!—  
God's love, and immortality  
Endure throughout eternity!

Dear friend, how oft my heart doth yearn  
To hear your loving words,  
Ah, could the past, with you, return  
With youth, and songs of birds,  
When we rejoiced in mutual love,  
With angels smiling from above,

May this heart message wafted be  
By holy whisperings;  
Oh, may a heav'nly ecstasy  
Be brought on seraphs' wings  
To chase the darkest clouds away,  
And rainbow glintings gild the day.

And when life's battles all are o'er,  
With noble vict'ries won,  
When we have reached the other shore,  
With sacred duties done,  
In sweet congenial converse then,  
May we together dwell again!

## FIRST AND LAST.

Oh, the first rose of summer we pluck for you,  
    dear,  
    The very first one on the bush to appear,  
We send it with love and with blessings from  
    home,  
    An earnest of others preparing to come.

May it be as a promise of buddings of bliss,  
    That will open for you with sweet loving  
    kiss—  
The realization of hope's fondest dream,  
    Rebounding in blessings and joys most su-  
    preme.

\* \* \*

Oh, these beautiful roses so fragrant and fair,  
    They speak of God's goodness, they tell of  
    His care,  
They breathe our fond love for the dear ones  
    away,  
    They bring our hearts near thee this bright  
    summer's day.

Yes, they bloom and they fade and their soft  
    petals fall  
    They silently answer the last solemn call.  
But one now is left and I'll send it along,  
    I am sure it will sing to my dear ones Loves  
    song.

\* \* \*

Ah, the last rose of summer I pluck with much  
    pain,  
    So long it must be e'er they blossom again;

The winter with storms will sweep cold o'er  
the earth,  
And perhaps in our souls new sorrows have  
birth.

Yet through all wint'ry winds and tempest,  
and storm,  
We are sure there remains the sap that will  
warm,  
Safe hidden away in the mould of the earth,  
Just awaiting God's touch to awaken new  
birth.

So with all of life's sorrows, distresses and  
pain,  
We know they come not to weak mortals in  
vain;  
In our hearts peace and faith, true blessings  
disclose,  
As sweet as the first, or the last summer's  
rose.

---

Oh, may life's founts forever flow,  
With streams of holiness and truth,  
Thy star of hope to ever glow,  
And all the fairest flowers of earth,  
Forever in thy pathway bloom  
To greet thee with a sweet perfume—  
To make thy days like sunny June,  
With nature's songs for aye in tune.

## MESSENGERS OF PEACE.

Sweet flowers, go and tell my love how much  
of love

My yearning heart for her doth hold within!  
Go, let thy subtle fragrance my devotion prove,  
Thy dainty presence her affection win.

Sweet flowers, take for me a message fond and  
true

Of bygone days; wake tender memories,  
When hearts were young and blithe, and  
springtime's skies were blue;  
Into her soul breathe sweetest melodies.

Sweet flowers, take with thee a soothing, heal-  
ing balm,

Go, gently ease the spirit now forlorn,  
That tears no more may flow, life's seas be  
ever calm,

Unto the tempest-tossed God's light be borne.

Go, beauteous flowers, thou messengers of  
peace!

And in pure language of the higher spheres  
Breathe thou, sweet, tender tones, imprisoned  
thought release,

With soothing strokes to brush away all tears.

Go, by thy sacred presence, and awaken faith  
In Him who sent thee here to gladden earth,  
Go, bloom along each weary, winding path  
And testify of everlasting birth!

## MEMORIAL DAY.

O blessed day in flow'ry May,  
With sacred mem'ries fraught,  
We honor those now passed away,  
With tender, loving thought.

From scented bow'rs we gather flow'rs,  
We cull the hillside bloom,  
With sorrow's tears, heart's fount of show'rs,  
To strew upon the tomb.

The loved ones sleep, we sigh and weep,  
Fond hopes are buried here;  
While on this day our tryst we keep,  
Their spirits linger near.

Our treasures rare, the pure and fair,  
The noble, good and brave  
Alike, the pangs of death must share,  
And slumber in the grave.

But cheering thought, to mortals brought,  
They wake to sleep no more;  
This miracle our Savior wrought  
On Galilee's far shore.

---

**THE WAY TO HIS HEART.**

To maiden fair about to wed,  
These are the words her Grandma said:  
Take heed of every household care,  
And on the dot each meal prepare.

Have table spread with linen white,  
With glass and china shining bright,  
Your centerpiece of dainty flowers  
Culled fresh in early morning hours.

'Twill help to make life's joys complete  
If "staff of life" is light and sweet,  
And baked an even golden brown—  
'Twill turn to smiles the darkest frown.

And in preparing spring lamb roast.  
Be sure it's not like "zwieback" toast;  
And juicy steaks fried down to leather,  
Turn sunny days to frosty weather.

Full oft you'll hear a deep-drawn sigh,  
For thought will surely backward fly  
On these occasions, if no other,  
To cooking of his own, dear mother.

But now, my dear, be never cross,  
For smiles are just the best of sauce;  
Your home in order is, I ween,  
The glory of the household queen!

---

Of all God's handiwork we see,  
As oft Life's viviscope we scan,  
We find His masterpiece to be  
A noble, true and honest man!

## THE BIRD'S GREETING.

Oh, well I remember a song of the spring,  
Sweet notes of a bird as it passed on the wing;  
And to my fond heart it was sweeter by far  
Than music of harp or lute or guitar.

It said: Little girl, up, awake, and arise,  
For sunbeams are tinting the far eastern skies,  
The flowers are blooming, the grass is so green,  
But you, dearest one, are of flowers, the queen.

Come out in the sunshine, the fresh, balmy air,  
Oh, let the soft breezes blow gently your hair,  
Pink roses will bloom on your beautiful cheek,  
And you'll feel greater joy than language can  
speak.

In the pure bracing air, 'mid sunshine and  
flowers,  
The music of birds, the rose-scented bowers,  
Among the bright things our Father has given  
You'll feel His dear presence, and look up to  
Heaven.

---

  
INFINITE LOVE.

For all that we have, we thank Thee,  
Our Father in Heaven above,  
For life, and all that it brings us,  
But most for Thine infinite love.

For every manifold blessing,  
For power to think, and to move,  
For Truth forever progressing,  
But most for Thine infinite love.

Again for blest inspiration  
Thy marvelous wisdom to prove,  
For Faith in each dispensation  
Revealing Thine infinite love.

For peace which comes after turmoil  
Sweet spirit as calm as a dove,  
To soothe the dark troubled waters  
With gracious and infinite love.

We praise Thee, dear Father in Heaven,  
We pray that our actions may prove  
We're grateful for all Thou hast given,  
But most for Thine infinite love.

---

## TWO SUNBEAMS.

Just out in the summer kitchen,  
Getting the morning meal,  
Where through the cracks in the chinking  
The golden sunbeams steal.

I do not heed earth's glories,  
Nor browsing, lowing herd,  
Nor yet the beauteous flowers  
Nor chirping song of bird.

Ah, my soul is full of discord  
With life and nature's song,  
I chafe beneath my burdens  
Of drudgery all day long.

Each day the comport of the last,  
A dreary monotone,  
'Till youthful strength and hope are past,  
And early vigor flown.

I wonder why my heart's desires,  
And aspirations, fond,  
Should smothered, be, like pent up fires,  
My joys so far beyond.

My ardent hopes for learning's lore,  
Seem but a flick'ring gleam;  
My hopes for usefulness in store  
All vanish like a dream.

Then turning from some homely task,  
A vision caught my sight,  
With smiling lips, and eyes that bask  
In soft and radiant light.

Angelic presence! clothed in white,  
With soul to young for guile,  
Expressing innocent delight  
To see the sunbeams smile!

Her tiny hand in matchless grace  
Outstretched with eager grasp,  
While hope and faith shone in her face,—  
A sunbeam, bright, to clasp.

O childish faith, with power to see  
The purest, best in life,  
Thine own fair soul reflected free  
From mortal taint and strife.

I stood entranced! enraptured, gazed  
Upon that vision fair!  
The glory of that upturned face  
Had lighted all my care:—

Had chased the darkness from my soul;  
The room—the world were bright;  
Through life's dark gloom I saw the goal  
Of everlasting light.

Ah! who could think this life a maze  
With sunbeams bright as these?  
To lift the heart in solemn praise,  
To fill the soul with peace,

A little child had loosed the cord  
That bound my fettered thought,  
And from the chaos of my soul  
Sweet hope and faith were brought.

---

### THREE SCORE AND TEN.

To E. B. W.

In the dawn of life's morning, with angels of  
light,  
From thy Father's fair mansion thy spirit took  
flight,  
Descending to earth to dwell among men,  
And fill up the measure of three score and ten.

In thy New England home where our forefath-  
ers roved,  
We see thee an infant so cherished and loved;  
Fond parents could trace in thy face even then,  
Achievements and triumphs of three score and  
ten.

In thine innocent childhood 'mid sunshine and  
flowers,  
'Neath bright smiling skies and nature's green  
bowers,  
Thy soul grew a poet in woodland and glen,  
The buddings of promise of three score and  
ten.

Soon to maidenhood grown in womanly grace,  
With Heaven-born thought in thy spirituelle  
face,  
All beauties of nature thy heart adored then  
As now it loves virtue at three score and ten.

With lovers a score, and true friendship's e'en  
more  
Heart and mind grew apace on Colonial  
shore,  
When the light of the Gospel—this boon to all  
men,  
Reached thy soul, and still fills it at three  
score and ten.

When enwrap't in the duties of mother and  
wife,  
All thy heart's tender beauties awakened to  
life,  
Devoted to husband to children and friend,  
Who all call thee blessed. at three score and  
ten.

Now the years flitting by on pinions of peace,  
Thy works for the Right and the Truth e'er in-  
crease;

Ever valiant and true to each trust as of yore,  
Through all of the years,—even ten and three  
score.

Through time's fitful changes, its pleasures  
and pain,  
The sweet and the bitter, the sunshine and rain  
Unflinchingly faithful and true, thou hast been  
To God and His cause, up to three score and  
ten.

All those who with thee hath ever communed,  
Have felt their souls thrilled and their senses  
attuned  
To holier themes; revealing again  
The wealth of thy wisdom at three score and  
ten.

With knowledge and judgment thy mind is  
well fraught,  
By great men and lowly, thy counsels are  
sought;  
Thine aid has been given again and again,—  
Thy duties are many at three score and ten.

But as seeds when they sink in the bosom of  
earth

Awaken to life, and rejoice in new birth,  
Bear fruitage at last, and benefit men,  
And increase even more than at three score  
and ten,—

Just so we proclaim thy harvest will be  
A sanctified feast to thy children and thee.  
Now thousands of friends will echo, Amen!—  
Wishing "happy returns" at three score and  
ten.

## RELIEF IN PRAYER.

Sometimes my heart grows sick and sad  
With all this weight of mortal care ;  
In vain I say, I will be glad,  
I'll contemplate the good and fair!  
There seems a crushing sense of pain  
Pervading everything on earth,  
I cannot from such thoughts refrain,  
Nor join my friends' light joy and mirth.  
Until, with strong self-will, I bring  
Determined faith and trust to bear,  
Arouse myself, my sorrows fling,  
And find relief in blessed prayer.

---

## SNOWFLAKES.

Oh, the feathery flakes are coming down,  
Over the mountain, valley and town,  
O'er the cottage roof and the palace proud,  
Enwrapping the earth in glistening shroud.  
In semblance of death the world is asleep,  
While the skies their frozen teardrops weep.

But we used to say in the olden day,  
That Grandmother Goose had come that way,  
And was emptying out her feather beds,  
To cover the drooping lily heads,  
To keep our dear buttercups nice and warm,  
Our daisies safe from the blighting storm.

When out in the yard with upturned face,  
Watching them flutter in waving grace,

Letting them fall on our cheeks, in our eyes—  
We smile with half expected surprise,  
Till a tender voice with a note of fear,  
Now bids us within for warming cheer.

Then pressing our faces against the pane,  
Gazing above to that vast domain  
Where myriad specks could be seen on high—  
Such a fairy scene to a childish eye—  
So softly, silently falling below,  
We longed of this marvel more to know.

Most wonderful then it seemed to be  
A deep and unfathomed mystery.  
The old folks tales could not wholly deceive;—  
Our childish faith made us rather believe  
That Father in heaven, who lived above,  
Had sent these messages with his love.

---

### DIVINE AID.

How futile would be all our efforts,  
Even weak the power of speech,  
In vain our bravest endeavor  
Our fondest ambitions to reach—  
Without our Father's assistance  
In climbing life's wearisome hill,  
To cheer, to comfort, to strengthen  
Our changing, oft flagging will.

How poignant would be the heart's anguish  
Which mortals all meet with in life.  
Pain, sickness, sorrow and parting,  
The worry and turmoil and strife—

Without the light of God's glory  
Directing us onward aright,  
That tells of a power unbounded  
Controlling each life with His might.

---

### SISTER MARY.

Dear Mary, how I miss thee,  
Thy kind and loving smile,  
Thy noble heart so pure, so free  
From every earthly guile.

Forever kind and good to me,  
My many needs supplying—  
There is no selfishness in thee—  
Most tender, self-denying.

Thine ear the first to catch my sigh,  
Thine eye the first to trace,—  
Thy tongue to first ask reason why  
The sorrow in my face.

Sweet comforter, so far from here,  
I miss thee sadly now,—  
I cannot check the rising tear,  
In loneliness I bow.

For thee my heart will e'er abound  
With love and gratitude!  
No nobler spirit could be found  
More faithful, true and good!

## THE GOSPEL MESSENGER.

The days are passing surely on,  
These very precious, flitting hours;  
Bright moments softly one by one,  
Around us fall like golden showers.

Ah, all too soon will come the time  
When we shall have to say "farewell"!  
In hope—by faith the most sublime—  
We'll say, "God speed," though hearts may  
swell.

"God speed" to him our noble boy,  
Who, in a distant, foreign land,  
Will learn how great and true a joy  
Is found in lending helping hand.

The joy in doing Heaven's will,  
By spreading principles of truth;  
In troubled, doubting souls His Word instill,  
Both blessing those of age and youth.

Go, bear this message to the world,  
That God, our Father, speaks again!  
The Gospel banner is unfurled,  
Redeeming man from sin and pain.

Be thou, dear son, in word and deed,  
Example of the truths you bear.  
Be faithful to yourself, your creed,—  
Gain strength and wisdom, too, by prayer.

Remember, in each trying hour,  
Our heart's petitions will ascend,  
That you may have abundant power,  
Truth's sacred precepts to defend.

May you, with all your duties done,  
Come home again in health and peace.  
To love and friends and mountain home—  
In righteous works to still increase.

---

### LIFE'S SEASONS.

In the dawning of life's morning,  
While the sunbeams sparkle bright,  
Genial rays on us descending,  
Bring us constant, pure delight—  
We are fraught with vital powers  
Free and happy as the flowers.

Now with choicest blessings coming,  
From our Father, wise and kind,  
Let us show appreciation,  
By enriching heart and mind  
With the gems of sacred truth;  
Let us plant them in our youth.

And while sacred links of kinship  
Twine with fond affection's tie,  
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,  
Watching us with loving eye—  
Let us heed their earnest teaching,  
For their honor ever reaching.

And remember that the morning  
E'er is followed by the night,  
And that after every springtime  
Comes the winter clothed in white.  
After youth, and all its beauty,  
Cometh care, and work, and duty.

And to reap a bounteous harvest,  
We must plant the golden grain,  
So the warming, genial sunshine  
And the summer's gentle rain,  
May with warmth and moisture nourish,  
Causing seeds to grow and flourish.

Thus should we in life's bright morning,  
Then implant the germs of truth;  
Ever heed kind wisdom's warning,  
In our undeveloped youth.  
Cultivate good seeds we've sown,  
That by weeds they're not o'ergrown.

When shall come the time of reaping,  
May we gain a rich reward,  
Hear the welcome words of greeting,  
Choicest blessings from the Lord—  
Crowns of glory—recognition;  
For life's planting, full fruition!

---

### CLOUD-RIFTS.

Out beneath a cloudy sky,  
Not one blue spot greets the eye;  
Heart and soul in consonance  
With the heaven's drear expanse.

Suddenly my pulses start,  
 Lo! the dark clouds burst apart—  
 Beaming o'er the hilly slope,  
 Brilliant promises of hope.

Oft when human joys have flown,  
 Hearts in silent anguish moan,  
 By the world their souls allured—  
 Faith in everything obscured,—

Lo! Our Father's potent hand,  
 With His word of high command,  
 Opens wide this long closed gate  
 To His children desolate.

---

### RICHARD.

My noble son, would I had power to tell  
 How fondly in my heart thy virtues dwell,  
 And all the wealth of joy thou dost impart,—  
 The thankful pride that overflows my heart.  
 How drear the day when thou art far away;  
 I fain would near thy side forever stay.  
 Thou art of every living thought a part,  
 That wells within your mother's loving heart.

---

### KINDRED SPIRITS.

There ne'er was a pleasure however so sweet,  
 But by your dear presence became more  
 complete.  
 There ne'er was a grief o'er-burd'ning my  
 heart,

But your words, so inspired, could comfort  
impart.

Ah, there is a power which binds us as one,—  
Forever will bind, until life is done!  
Eternally lives, through eternality's years,  
Though boundless the days on the scroll now  
appears!

---

### SUPREMEST GIFT.

Since dawn of existence how blessed we have  
been,  
With life's sweetest flowers our pathway  
o'erstrewn,  
God's sunshine hath burnished the oft  
changing scene,  
And with His kind watch-care hath kept us  
in tune.

All beautiful nature is teeming with life,  
Uplifting our souls to the glories above,  
The proofs of His mercy and goodness are rife,  
We read everywhere His wonderful love.

When dark wings of sorrow o'ershadow our  
way,  
A Presence Divine e'er illumines the night;  
The light of this love changes darkness to day,  
The touch of a hand, though unseen in its  
might.

## CONDOLENCE.

Ah, thou beloved, bereaved and weary one,  
 Is there by mortals ought that can be done  
 To soothe the troubled waters of thy soul—  
 To cause a calm of peace to theeward roll?

We cannot say, "Weep not!" for ah, we know  
 The anguished soul must let the tear-drops  
     flow!

The broken spirit now must find relief  
 To keep the heart from bursting with its grief.

And yet, without a hope you must not grieve,  
 For there is One all sorrows can retrieve;  
 Yes, every grief and pain His prescience  
     knows;  
 He sends the healing balm for all our woes.

He knows the whys and wherefores, and in  
     time  
 We'll see His wondrous purposes sublime;  
 Ah, e'en the things which bring us deepest pain.  
 Sometime we'll know we suffered not in vain.

---

 LIFE'S VINTAGE.

I'm working this morn in the garden,  
 My garden now blooming with cheer,  
 I'm waiting in vain for a greeting  
 From Helen, whose home is so near.

The cherry blooms fall without number,  
 The lilies are lifting their heads,

The daisies awake from their slumber,  
The tulips all bright in their beds.

The greensward upspringing in verdure,  
New life in each leaflet and flow'r,  
While delicate tints of the myrtle  
Bespeak an infinite power.

My being is flooded with glory,  
Fruition of blessed reward,  
Creation is telling the story  
Of blessing that comes from the Lord.

I pensively pause in my labor  
To listen and look o'er the way  
For Helen, my friend and my neighbor,  
Her voice, ah! 'tis silent today!

A flower hath passed from my vision,  
Too early to droop from its stem,  
Transplanted in gardens elysian,  
The angels have garnered the gem.

And there through the rose-tinted seasons,  
To live in the fruitage of bloom,  
Divining God's wonderful reasons,  
A victor o'er death and the tomb.

While Earth, in the depths of her bosom,  
Enfolds all her mysteries rife,  
In Heaven her strongholds will loosen,  
Revealing the vintage of life.

## BY THE SEA.

When daylight wanes and tasks are o'er,  
I linger on the ocean shore.

I listen to its ceaseless roar,  
I sit and watch the sea-gulls soar,  
And then with lonely, yearning heart,  
I wonder why we had to part.

I hear the billows surging moan,  
I see the crested white-caps foam,  
I watch the ships sail far from home,  
And wonder when again they'll come.  
Ah, treacherous wave, upon thy breast  
You carry treasures I love best!

I watch the never-failing tide,  
Pass to and fro, from side to side,  
Throughout the ocean, deep and wide,  
Then pray our Father's hand to guide—  
To keep my darlings from all harm,  
To shield them by His powerful arm.

The bounteous sky of gorgeous hue,  
Now seems to meet the waters blue,  
While gallant ship and sail-boat, too,  
Are passing far beyond my view;  
But sweetest thoughts of all the rest,  
We'll meet again out in the west.

Afar from ocean's roar and brine,  
There is a distant, western clime  
Round which my heart-strings fondly twine—  
That is the home for me and mine!  
Oh, may we there all safely meet,  
And know the joys of home so sweet!

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

1903.

'Tis music of exquisite sweetness,  
This melodious ringing of bells,  
It reaches the world in completeness,  
Oh, the beautiful story it tells:  
Sweet story of loving and giving,  
Of a sacrifice pure and divine,  
That love which unites all the living,  
And brings all our souls to one shrine.  
May it bring unto thee sweet assurance  
Of Father's continuous care;  
Trusting hope and patient endurance,  
And blessings beyond all compare.  
May joys of the day be unbounded  
With pleasures of true, lasting worth,  
With love, and beloved one's surrounded,  
Thy home made an Eden on earth.

\* \* \*

Sweet accents on the ambient ether swells,  
'Tis music of the merry Christmas bells!  
They're ringing for the weary, rest and  
peace,  
For long imprisoned souls a sweet release.  
They loose life's fetters, set the spirit free!  
Revealing visions of Eternity!

## CHILD—WOMAN.

Oh! how the fitful years have flown,  
My babe to womanhood hath grown!  
I look into her soulful eyes,  
Read wondrous thoughts, so good and wise—

So full of pure, inspiring love,—  
 God's heritage from courts above;  
 Bright, precious spirit, born to bless,  
 To cheer in hours of sore distress!

I watch her mind and heart expand,  
 I feel the pressure of her hand  
 And hear her voice, so soft and sweet,  
 As we each other, loving greet.  
 In infancy, in tender youth,  
 In womanhood, her life is truth.  
 God sent her here my life to cheer,  
 A woman now! my baby dear!

---

IN MEMORY OF A. T. H.

How short the span, how brief the day  
 That binds to earth a living soul!  
 This earthly part, a crumbling clay  
 That mortal strength cannot control!  
 These lives, encircling arms enfold,  
 E'en love and hope and faith are vain—  
 Enfeebling strength must loose its hold—  
 Must loose its grasp! Must humbly bow  
 In meek submission to God's will  
 Too weak to see the wherefore now—  
 Yet trusting faith is living still!

Above, beyond, o'ermastering all  
 The Universe of life and light,  
 Our Father's love shines through the pall  
 Of death and gloom and sorrow's night.  
 How infinite, how exhaustless! limitless—

Immutable and without end,  
The power of God to bless—  
How far His mercy can extend!  
Through every changing, varying phase  
Of mortal life upon the earth—  
In tender, loving, nameless ways  
Proclaims for us a second birth!

---

### THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Oh, the first rose of summer, I plucked for  
you, dear,  
May it whisper sweet words of comfort and  
cheer;  
May it tell the devotion, e'er faithful and true,  
Love's sweet, dulcet notes to my dear one  
impart.  
While it tells of the wonders that come from  
the sod,  
And breathes of the wisdom and glory of God.

It bloomed for you, darling, the very first one,  
As they did years ago, that fair, rosy June  
When you went from our home a beautiful  
bride,  
With your heart-mate so noble and true at  
your side;  
When you flitted away from girlhood's bright  
bower  
'Mid wishes of love and roses' sweet shower.

May it bring to your heart, in lands far away,  
Pure faith in God's wisdom, to cheer you each  
day.

May it tell the devotion, e'er faithful and true,  
Of dear ones at home, ever thinking of you.  
E'er longing and yearning and praying each  
hour

For you, our beloved, our most precious flower.

---

### THE ONE GRAND THEME.

May peace and all that's good and true  
Shed love and light and joy for you;  
May all thy days with hope be rife,  
Thy faith increase through all thy life.

May Father's spirit fill thy heart,  
All pain and suffering depart!  
Oh, may He hear thy soul's appeal  
And place upon thy life His seal.

May holy angels guard thy way  
Through every night, through every day,  
Direct thy feet through life's dark maze,  
Inspire thy heart to sing His praise.

May all the hopes the heart can know,  
Like gushing fountains freely flow  
And culminate in one grand theme  
That tells for aye of Life supreme!

## A PETITION.

Oh, help me, gracious Lord, to trust Thee every  
hour,  
To own Thy providence, to recognize Thy  
pow'r,  
To know Thou art my friend, though dismal  
clouds arise,  
That all my heartaches are but blessings in  
disguise.

Let hope and perfect faith e'er animate my  
soul,  
That I may every murmuring thought con-  
trol—  
And oh! from the mirage of dismal, dark  
despond,  
Pray lift my burdened thoughts to joyous  
heights beyond!

---

## D A W N.

Fair, beauteous morn, rose-tinted dawn,  
I watch thy coming o'er the hill,  
With night's mysterious shadows gone,  
Glad nature's pulses seem to thrill.

Now all the world is rose and gold,  
Bewildering tints of light and shade,  
The azure blue o'erglinted hue,  
Such picture man hath never made.

God-given morn. Ah, thou wast born  
 To bring renewal of our hope;  
 To cheer the wounded soul forlorn,  
 Give strength with daily care to cope.

---

### AUNT ZINA'S JEWELS.

Sisters, we have lost a Mother,  
 Honored president and friend;  
 She who bade us love each other,  
 And the cause of Truth defend.  
 She who ne'er was known to falter  
 In the days of sore distress,  
 Placing all upon the altar,  
 In the cause of righteousness.

Let us follow her example,  
 Place her jewels in each heart,  
**Charity** and **Patience** ample,  
**Courage** to perform our part;  
**Valor, Faith** and **Trust** in Father,  
**Purity**, the white-winged dove,  
**Hope, Humility**, together  
 With the greatest jewel, **LOVE**.

---

### MY PRAYER.

O great Eternal Father, my heart I ope to Thee,  
 For Thine all-searching eye to look within and  
 see  
 The struggle it has made, through all these  
 many years,

Its hopes, its many joys, its sorrows and its  
tears.

Because as Savior, Friend, all cometh from Thy  
hand,

Thou, the Eternal One, alone can understand:  
Can guide my mortal life to happiness complete

And make my trials prove that right has no  
defeat.

---

### THE UNSEEN POWER.

Give not to me the meed of praise  
For aught I do of any worth;  
'Tis Father leads through every maze,  
He has a watch-care o'er the earth;  
He lends His aid in all we do,  
Inspires each thought,—if we but ask.  
His love exhales as morning dew,  
He lightens every toilsome task.

He soothes our pain, subdues our care;  
He lifts the souls of men on high;  
He even answers unvoiced pray'r;  
He dries each tear; He checks each sigh.  
How impotent without this pow'r  
Would all our hopes and efforts prove!  
Through every year, and day and hour,  
We need His constant care and love!

## MY CONGENIAL FRIENDS OF THE U. W. P. C.

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"As steel sharpeneth steel so does the companionship of a friend  
brighten the intellect."

---

The spirit in congenial air  
 Ascends to greater heights,  
 The mind grows broad, and bright, and fair,  
 While thought takes lofty flights;  
 The soul expands, and conquers wrong,  
 Fond hearts more softly beat,  
 True friendship breathes an endless song  
 To make our joy complete.

---

 MY SONG BIRD.

Oh, come to my window, my beautiful one,  
 As daylight is flitting and duties are done,  
 Come soothe me to rest in musical tones—  
 Come make me forget life's sorrows and moans.

Oh, why dost thou tarry, and linger so long,  
 While here I am yearning to hear thy sweet  
 song?  
 Ah, life seems so weary, its music is flown,  
 Without you its sunshine and beauty are gone!

Dark clouds fall around me, so sombre and  
 drear,  
 Even nature with me sheds sympathy's tear—  
 I feel so forsaken, so lonely and worn,  
 Life's cares crowd upon me, my heart is forlorn.

Ah, how it would rest my turbulent brain,  
 To hear thy sweet voice in gentle refrain;

With angelic cadences soothing and low  
E'en the thought of it now makes joyful tears  
    flow.

Oh, thou art my blessing, sweet bird from  
    above,  
The proof of the Father's unchanging love;  
May the bond which unites us bring mutual  
    bliss  
Through this life, and the one which comes after  
    this.

---

### MY SOLDIER BOY.

Where, oh, where is my son? My dear, darling  
    boy,  
Oh, where does he wander this sad summer long?  
The songsters of nature are warbling in joy,  
And mother is crooning her sorrowful song.

The mountain peaks in their majesty rise,  
The far-stretching vales are verdant and cool,  
Not a cloudlet bedims these fair, western skies,  
While peace in our hearts and our home is the rule.

But thou art afar, from thy own, native soil,  
Far off in the Phillipine Isles,  
And mother so helpless to lighten thy toil—  
Yet love can encompass the wearisome miles.

And prayer can ascend through ether's vast wave,  
To Father, who knows the heart's fondest desire,  
To Him who restores, and can save from the grave.  
To Him who can save from the enemy's fire

Oh, what hath thy nature, so gentle and kind,  
 To do with this turmoil, and warfare's dread pain,  
 Thy mission the wounded and stricken to bind—  
 'Tis not to take life—but restore it again.

Oh, bring him, kind Father, in safety once more  
 To the shelter of home and fond, loving arms,  
 In full vigor and health—our loved one restore,  
 Safe, safe from the tumults of war's dread alarms.

---

### ERMINE TREES.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,  
 Festooned with winter's fairy wreaths,  
 Enchanting vision of delight—  
 Enclothed in robes of snowy white.

Such wondrous spell o'er you enwrought,  
 White ferns and flowers from heaven brought,  
 Festooning vine and lilies fair,  
 Chaste tokens of our Father's care.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,  
 Indeed, we might with greatest ease  
 Believe ourselves in fairy land—  
 To view thy transformations grand.

Thou, too, like mortals, frail, can claim  
 A soul made white in Jesus' name,  
 Most perfect recompense you've won  
 For usefulness, for duties done.

O ermine trees, fair, ermine trees,  
 Now shimmering in the winter's breeze,  
 Methinks I hear thee shout aloud,  
 "We live! though wrapped in spotless  
 shroud!"

## THE BABY ROSE.

Thou white, white rose! fair as the snows!  
What tender thought to me is brought  
By fragrance which thy leaves disclose.

Thou dainty flower! when in her bower  
Sad thoughts beguiled—on thee she smiled;  
Sweet, sacred love, employed each hour.

O precious gem, with broken stem  
And petals dry, you hush my sigh;  
And every saddening thought condemn.

Reminding me there could not be  
Upon this earth, so much of worth  
As her sweet love, which comes with thee.

Thou infant! born without a thorn  
To pierce the heart! but joys impart—  
In her thy loveliness is shorn.

No fairer flower from Heaven's bower  
E'er had its birth to gladden earth,  
Her wealth of love a fragrant shower!

---

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Let us make each effort bravely,  
Never deeming it too late,  
But with firm and staunch endeavor  
Seek the blessings that await.  
Blessings which await the faithful,  
Those who labor day by day,  
Those who bear the cross unflinching,  
Walking in God's chosen way.

Living every hour in patience,  
 With a firm, and steadfast will,  
 For in faith we have assurance,  
 God will every wish fulfill.  
 Give reward for firm endurance,  
 Earnest toil and suffering,  
 That will crown life's frail existence,  
 And eternal blessings bring.

---

### WELCOME.

After many months of absence  
 After waiting many days,  
 With our hearts o'er full of gladness,  
 Once again on you we gaze.

How we've longed to feel your presence,  
 See the beaming of your eyes,  
 Coming as a ray of sunshine  
 From the azure of the skies.

Welcome home, dear one, thrice welcome  
 To our hearts and mountain home!  
 Through the long, sad months of absence  
 How we've prayed this hour to come.

Ah, most truly we have missed you  
 Through the busy hours of day,  
 And through all the night's drear stillness  
 How we'd weep, and watch, and pray,—

That our Father, in His mercy,  
 Would preserve our darling boy,

Keep his feet in paths of duty,  
Keep his heart from sin's alloy.

Give him health and strength and wisdom,  
Peace and comfort, hope and joy,  
Faith in boundless strength of heaven,  
That no power could destroy.

Now, dear one, receive our welcome  
From each loving, faithful heart,  
For this parting ask the favor  
That we ne'er again may part.

---

### ELNORA.

In the hazy mists of morning,  
Ere the sky had found its blue,  
I am gazing o'er the mountain  
Thinking, sister, dear, of you.  
Memory reviews in wonder,  
All the changes time hath wrought,  
All the joys, and lights, and shadows,  
Life to both of us hath brought.

We have seen strange sights and faces,  
Traversed many distant lands,  
Viewed with awe great scenes and places,  
Since we clasped each other's hands.  
But our hearts are ever loving,  
Faithful e'en to death we'll prove,  
We inherit through our Savior  
Power of eternal love.

Tender, gentle, fair Elnora,  
 Light and blessing of thy home,  
 What a wealth of sacred gladness  
 To thy daily life should come,  
 We all love you darling sister  
 And in tender gratitude  
 Praise and thank our Heavenly Father  
 For Elnora, kind and good!

Now as time's unending cycle,  
 Bring thy birthdays year by year,  
 May thy joys and hopes grow brighter,  
 Banishing all mortal fear.  
 May thy path be strewn with roses,  
 Flowers immortal ever bloom  
 Pouring in thy soul the incense,  
 Of their beauty and perfume.

---

### IMPROMPTU PRAYER-SONG.

(Tune "Fair Juniata.")

O Father grant to me, I pray,  
 Thy choicest, rarest blessing,  
 That I may be, through every day,  
 In Wisdom's ways progressing;  
 That I may seek Thy light, divine  
 To guide through all life's mazes,  
 Let Truth with Thy blessed name entwine  
 In never-ending praises.

Kind Father, grant me now, I pray,  
 A vict'ry o'er each failing,

That in that bright, Eternal Day  
I'll not be found bewailing,  
Nor grieving o'er what might have been  
Had I but been more noble,  
And placed my thoughts on Heaven's joy  
And not on worldly trouble.

Oh, help me by thy potent aid  
Oh, hear my prayer, most fervent,  
That in the end it may be said,  
"Well done! thou, faithful servant!"  
For well I know this mortal sphere  
Is but a brief probation;  
Oh, may I then be faithful here  
And gain an exaltation.

---

### GOLDEN STRANDS.

Once more in quiet, pensive thought  
I sit beside the-hearth,  
To muse on changes time hath wrought  
In those beloved of earth.  
Ah! some have wandered far away  
To dwell in other lands,  
And some have gained the brighter day  
Beyond the clasp of hands,  
And yet, the golden strands of love  
In strongest tendrils bind  
Devoted hearts, through pow'r above  
With chords that ne'er unwind.

## THE BALM FOR WOE.

May joys which come from duties done  
 Be ever thine, my noble son.  
 May holy peace, and faith, divine,  
 Like flowers round thy heart entwine,  
 To make thee feel, whate'er betide,  
 There's One above who'll be thy guide,  
 Who knows the promptings of thy heart,  
 He will most perfect peace impart.  
 He hears the ravens when they cry,  
 Will comfort you when called to sigh,  
 Will bind the wounded heart with balm  
 And fill thy soul with heavenly calm.

## STEP BY STEP.

TO E.

Oh, where is my baby, so dimpled and fair,  
 With whom I thought none on this earth could  
     compare,  
 Those sweet, smiling lips and those wonderful  
     eyes,  
 Which seemed even then full of thoughts deep and  
     wise.

Where, oh, where, is my child, the fair five-year-  
     old,  
 With her round, rosy cheeks and ringlets of gold,  
 Her wise, winsome prattle, sweet, chirruping  
     voice,—  
 Its music contagious, made all hearts rejoice.

Where, where is my darling, the sunbeam of eight,  
 Who oft, for my presence would patiently wait,

Who loved to be near me through all the day long,  
"Close, close to my mother," the words of her  
song.

Ah seventeen years, with their changes, have  
flown,

My beautiful babe, now to womanhood grown,  
With immortal gems all her being instilled,  
Bright promise of childhood far more than fulfilled.

As the soft, folded buds expand to the view,  
So all of her graces our beings imbue;  
The joy of our home, to our hearts bringing cheer,  
As wiser and fairer she grows every year.

---

#### FOR LOVE.

I twined a wreath while others slept,  
An ivy wreath—I worked and wept.  
It was not for the bonny bride,  
This verdant wreath at Christmas-tide—  
It was not for the sombre bier,  
This ivy wreath and briny tear!  
It was for love, devotion true—  
Beloved ones I twined for you!

---

If thou art blessed this Yuletide morn  
With life's ambitions well attained,  
If holy light into thy soul is born  
What greater blessing could be gained?

Hail, thou! All hail, thou bright and glad New  
Year,

Thou innocent from Time's unknown abyss—  
Relentless bearer of life's pain and tear,  
Thou avenue of life's supremest bliss.

## SLANDER.

When fires of malice mortals fan,  
A reputation soon is shorn.  
"Man's inhumanity to man,  
Indeed, makes countless thousands mourn."

For slander is so vile a thing,  
It wounds like poisoned lance of steel,  
'Tis sharper than the serpent's sting,  
Its venom purest joys congeal.

Its fangs e'en pierce the sacred soil  
Of friendship, love, and truth, and home,  
Embitt'ring e'en rewards of toil,  
And needed rest that might have come.

Oh, busy tongues! how can'st thou dare  
To trifle with another's name?  
In time thou, too, such pain may share,  
In deep humility and shame.

The very ones to whom you bear  
The idle tales you glibly tell,  
Will soon be caught within your snare,  
That gossip brain of yours to fill.

While they, in turn, will follow on,  
When to the next, kind friend, will you  
Then be the target of the tongue—  
On busy street, or private pew.

## PASTIMES ON THE PORTNEUF.

Afar from city's busy marts,  
We hie away in jolting carts,  
A joyful crowd of girls and boys,  
All bent on camp and outing joys.  
Along the grassy, tufted road,  
The willing horses bear their load  
Through winding valley, grove and dell,  
Where warbling birds their voices swell.  
The nymbus, floating high o'er us,  
Amid the sero cumulous;  
White, fleècy specks in bluest sky,  
So beauteous, restful to the eye.  
Through shimmering fields of ripened grain,  
Through lucern patch and poppy lane,  
What varying shades of crimson hue  
Of gold and purple, green and blue!

The longed-for camping place at noon,  
Came not to hungry boys too soon.  
Where leaves were quivering o'erhead,  
Upon the ground the cloth was spread.  
And soon we heard a joyful shout,  
Our queen of hearts had caught a trout!  
The dainty bit that all must share,—  
The trophy of that hand so fair.

At night around the fire of brush,  
A peal of laughter breaks the hush  
Among the girls—in great alarm,  
Because of Joe's "luxated" arm,  
In youthful sport they joke and tease,  
To find it resting 'round Louise,

He thought to lover 'twould be allowed,  
With pale moon hid behind a cloud.

We laugh and chat! recite and sing!  
Oh! how the canyon echoes ring!  
All cracking nuts and jokes as well,  
Then all join in and stories tell.  
Soon over all the happy scene  
There falls sweet sleep and peace serene.  
Rest! care-free spirits—pure and true!  
In watchful love God cares for you.

---

### ASPIRATIONS.

Oh, what can cause this wild unrest!  
These yearning, great desires  
Forever burning in the breast  
Like hidden, unquenched fires!

There's some great aim that's ne'er attained  
Fond hopes but born to fade,  
Some lofty object never gained,  
With all the effort made.

Oh, why does every high ideal  
Forever fail our quest?  
So far exceed that which is real—  
In life be ne'er expressed!

It surely is the living spark  
Of life's immortal fire,  
Which never yet was satisfied  
Unless found mounting higher!

## BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE.

No, the day was not forgotten  
Nor my dear and old-time friend,  
Though no word nor loving token—  
Not one flower did I send.

'Twas remembered in the turmoil  
Of a very busy day,  
Though my only tribute, prayer,  
Wafted heavenward away.

Our affection budding early  
Hath become a clinging vine,  
Nutured by life's cares and trials,  
Bearing blossoms most divine.

For true friendship is immortal,  
Unlike earthly flowers here,  
It had birth at heaven's portal,  
E'er it came man-kind to cheer.

Please accept, though late the sending,  
This small tribute to thy worth;  
With true love and honor blending,  
Wishing best of heav'n and earth.

---

MY SISTER-SPIRIT.

Lizzie.

Oh, methinks in worlds afar, sweet sister-spirit,  
mine,  
We knew and loved each other with tenderness  
divine;

That hand in hand together we roamed elysian  
grove,  
Heart beating close to heart, with pure, supernal  
love.

No bitterness nor doubt e'er came to mar our joy,  
For making others glad was bliss without alloy,  
Rejoicing in each other's good, we envied not  
success,  
Unselfishness we found the greatest happiness.

As daughters of one Father, that great Eternal  
One!  
We waited there His pleasure, we lingered near  
His Throne;  
Until at length He sent us, angel spirits to this  
earth,  
To obtain a mortal body—to receive a mortal  
birth.

How infinite His wisdom—How great His good-  
ness, too,  
That still we can together His wondrous works  
persue;  
That we, congenial spirits, can labor in His cause,  
And gain eternal blessings, by living sacred laws.

And when life's work is finished and self we've  
overcome,  
With affection undiminished, may we meet again  
at home.  
May our crowns of endless glory with unceasing  
lustre shine,  
As reward for this probation—Oh, sweet sister-  
spirit, mine.

## STAY THY RAPID WING.

Fly not so fast, O flitting Time,  
Stay, stay, for me thy rapid wing,  
These summer hours are sublime,  
With every moment pleasures bring.

Oh, let them linger for my sake!  
To chase all gloomy thoughts away;  
From this fair vision ne'er to wake,  
That joy may on our heartstrings play.

That I may feel her presence near,  
May see her dimpling, winsome smile,  
Hear her sweet voice so full of cheer,  
Her words that all our cares beguile.

Ah, why do joys so soon depart  
To leave within this aching void  
A blighting sorrow in the heart,  
Where bliss each moment had employed!

Oh, would we never more need part,  
Then life would be a joy supreme!  
I'd fold her closer to my heart,  
I'd know it was no fleeting dream.

Oh, why should parting come again  
With aching hearts, and sighs, and tears,—  
The saddening days of silent pain  
The nights of prayers and anxious fears!

Perhaps to show mortality  
The fleeting evanescent tide,

Of all things living on life's sea,  
While down the stream of life we glide.

To lead the human, yearning soul,  
To place all hopes on heavenly things,  
Beyond the reefs, and rocks or shoal  
Of earthly joys, that flee on wings.

Where loving spirits will commune  
In bliss supreme, immortalized!  
When all our senses will attune  
In praise, for blessings truly prized!

---

### FLOWERS OF LOVE.

Do you know my spirit lingers  
Round you, darling, ev'ry hour  
That I'm pleading with our Father  
Flowers of love on you to shower!  
By His constant, tender care,  
In His mercy to reward you  
For the trials you now bear!  
Give you strength to shun temptation,  
E'er to walk in wisdom's light,  
Fill your life with noble action,  
Bravely walk the paths of right;  
Help endure, in patient meekness—  
Even feel life's sorrows sweet,  
Overcoming every weakness,  
Through God's mercy most complete.  
Filled with joys of duties ended,  
Labors nobly, truly done,  
Earth and heaven truly blended,  
Righteous crown of victory won.

## REMEMBERED,

Oh, the first, sweet message from home!  
How it thrills my heart with delight,  
As a beam from heavenward flown—  
To illumine my soul with its light.

Yes, it breathes the sweetest of thought  
Any language ever could tell;  
This dear, welcome missive has brought  
The news that my loved ones are well.

Another sweet consciousness, too,  
Is expressed in silent, sweet tone,—  
That I am remembered by you  
Away in our dear, Mountain Home.

And when you in reverent mood,  
Approaching kind Heaven above,  
Seek blessings for absent or good—  
Then I am remembered in love.

Like ether distilling its dew—  
Like stars to the darkness of night  
As flowers sweet fragrance and hue,  
This message dispeleth the night.

---

**THE EMPTY NEST.**

Poor, little mama-bird, where is your baby-bird?  
Where has it gone this chill, dreary night?  
“Dead! little baby-bird,” mournful the strains I  
heard,  
As the sad mother-bird took her lone flight.

Wings the frail leaflets stir—Who'll be her com-  
forter?  
Who'll help her find the sunlight of rest?  
He, who gave life and light knows she's bereaved  
tonight;  
He, who will succour the sore and oppressed.

---

### TO A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

When your heart is sad and lonely  
Turn to Father up above;  
He remembers you in mercy—  
Watches you in tender love.  
When stern cares and sore temptations  
Crowd on you from every side,  
Then in prayerful contemplation  
Let your faith in Him abide.

When you stand in holy places  
Pleading for the souls of men,  
May divine, exalted graces  
Coming through you beam on them  
To uplift their minds from error—  
To dispel tradition's haze—  
Out of darkness, into sunshine  
Lead, thou, them to better ways.

And remember, while you wander,  
Friends are praying here at home  
That in health and life and honor  
You will soon to us return,  
Bearing sheaves into the garner—  
Recompense for earnest toil,

Seeds producing Life Eternal,  
Fertilized on holy soil!

Now for every care and sorrow,  
E'en for every ill o'er-come,  
Light will come today, tomorrow,  
God will pour the soothing balm.  
Great reward will surely follow—  
Your own soul rejoice again,  
For the everlasting glory  
You've made possible for Men!

---

### A R I D E A T D A W N.

Wond'rous handiwork of God!  
Seen in sky, and stream, and sod;  
Azure dome with light increased,  
When the Day King in the east,  
Peeping through at break of morn,  
Speaks in glowing accents warm  
Of the mighty powers that form  
The glories of the firmament.

\* \* \*

Sweet-toned songsters of the air,  
Wings in tint beyond compare;  
Let your throats grand anthems raise,  
To your Maker singing praise  
For his glorious works and ways;  
Beauteous scenes that meet our gaze!

\* \* \*

Through the verdant valleys wide,  
Flowers bloom on every side:  
Brilliant honeysuckles wild,—  
How we loved them when a child!—

Primrose sweet of golden hue,  
     Letting rays of sunlight through;  
 On the babbling brooklet's face,  
     Lillies bloom in spotless grace;  
 In the grassy meadow-land  
     Yellow buttercups expand.  
 Overhanging branch and vine,  
     Sweet, wild rose and columbine,  
 All reflect their beauties rare,  
     In this streamlet bright and fair.  
 Now there peeps from wealth of green,  
     Blossoms worthy of a queen,  
 For the bridal or the tomb,  
     Sweetest flowers ever bloom.  
 Fairest tokens ever given,  
     Symbols of God's love—of heaven!

---

 L I N E S.

The darkest days, yet have some light  
 To guide us through the darkest night;  
 The coldest heart has some warm spot,  
 Round which love's magic spell is wrought.

Harsh words are like the blighting frost  
 Which chase from life its truest beauty;  
 Through them our dearest hopes are lost,  
 They make still harder, life's stern duty.

---

 C O L U M B I A   R I V E R .

Columbia! with thy waters deep and blue,  
 Thou namesake of the faithful, brave and true.  
 Where white-caps rise and foam, and waves ex-  
     pand

Near moss-grown cliffs and shifting mounds of  
sand.

As on we speed beside the outstretched pier,  
The fishermen's trim cottages appear.  
Large, rugged, fallen trees with surf o'er run  
Are caught on sand-bars glist'ning in the sun.  
And all along thine old, historic shore  
Are themes for poets, pens—a wealth in store.  
Thou wondrous stream! Where glinting sun-  
beams gleam,  
Thou givest us a grand, unending theme—  
E'er flowing on and on, into the sea,  
Like human life into Eternity.

---

### ALIENATION.

The fires which burned so brightly long ago,  
Oh, have they smouldered but to ashes grey,  
Hath all the warmth in vapor passed away?  
Why have the glistening coals now ceased to  
glow?

Ah, is there aught that can reanimate  
The lifeless embers of a long dead love,  
Can mortals by a flint-like power move  
To brilliant life?—Oh, how long must we wait?

Can human lips essay to fan the fire,  
To all its primal warmth, and light and glow?  
Ah no; 'tis quenched for aye by tears that flow,  
It can no more awake to fond desire.

This flame can never more in life illumine  
The atmosphere of home and yearning hearts,  
'Tis only power divine can ease these smarts,  
'Tis only living fire can pierce such gloom.

---

### AN APPEAL.

Kind Father, cheer our souls tonight,  
Lift our burdens, make them light;  
Let thine all-pervading love  
Shine upon us from above.

Calm, Thou, the surges of the soul,  
Bid the dark waves backward roll,  
Let us all thy mercies feel  
Through the power thou dost reveal.

Bless our loved ones far away,  
Grant them health and peace we pray,  
In their hearts let holy light  
Beam to guide their steps aright.

Let implicit faith and trust  
Make our trials here seem just.  
May Thine ever tender love  
Lead our hearts to Thee above.

---

### IT LIVES.

Are the meetings of an hour,  
'Tween kindred spirits, true,  
To fleet like summer shower?—  
Is this the soul's just due?

Our love and true affection,  
Had birth in holy spheres,  
Eternal as creation—  
Survives the flight of years.

'Twill rise with waking spirits,  
A gleam of holiness,  
Sweet, tender note of Heaven—  
Angelic fond caress.

Yes, yes my heart's soft whisper,  
Breaths in prophetic tone,  
That in the mystic future,  
We'll meet, when years have flown.

---

### UNFETTERED.

In tender retrospect of days now past,  
We find some joys were too divine to last,  
True love was ours, how could we ask for more!  
Alas, we woke too soon—the dream was o'er.

Yet we must not forget to look unto our God,  
Who loves us though we feel the chast'ning rod.  
Although we are bereft, He knows the best;  
We feel 'tis just, yet tremble with the test.

Our chastened senses reel, our inmost spirits moan,  
But Father's greater wisdom we must own.  
He will in time His purposes unfold,  
Resplendent, living pictures, set in gold.

We know some spirits sent to earth from higher  
sphere,  
Came but to pass a brief probation here;  
Their spirits were for mortal life too pure,  
It's blighting cares and crosses to endure.

And we will wake some morn to find the earth  
Enwrap in consecrated light!—New birth  
To all therein. Unfettered souls expand  
Celestialized,—will all things understand.

From out earth's thraldom, mortals then set free,  
Unite in sacred songs of ecstasy—  
Mankind proclaim the great Omnipotent,  
Throughout the world's awak'ning tenement!

---

### AUGUSTA.

A little bird flew to my nest,  
And softly hovered close—so near  
I clasped her fondly to my breast,  
And found each day she grew more dear.

She was a wounded, gentle dove,  
This precious, fair immortal thing,  
Without a home or parent love,  
Nor shelter of a kindred wing.

And yet her spirit, brave and strong,  
To pure and noble deeds aspired;  
She could not brook dependence long,—  
A useful life she most desired.

Now every day on wings of love,  
She proves her noble, valiant soul,  
This frail, yet grandly soaring dove,  
Our tender, warmest thoughts control.

She'd turn away life's darkest frown,  
For us she'd choicest comforts win,  
She'd line our nest with eider-down,  
And golden eggs would place therein.'

A frail and lonely, homeless dove,  
And yet with power to touch the spring  
That can unlock the vaults of love,  
Now nestles 'neath my sheltering wing.

---

TO L. T. F.

I know your natal day is near,  
Because the violets, sweet, are here,  
Because the birdlings chirp and sing,  
Because, my dear, 'tis bonny spring.

Now twig, and bud, and opening flower,  
Express our Father's love and power,  
Ecstatic, sweet, responsive thrill  
With love for you my soul to fill.

Yes, once again at Eastertide,  
I send sweet flowers—my love beside—  
Entwining wishes for your peace  
And happiness to e'er increase.

## FLICKERING HOPE.

When hope is crushed, and faith grows dim,  
And life's strong purpose fails;  
Before the breakers rising high,  
The bravest impulse quails.  
We stand aghast before life's ills,  
Its disappointments keen,  
So oft repeated, wound the soul  
And darken brightest dream.

The ones most fondly loved will die,  
The sweetest flowers fade,  
And buried low our fondest hopes,  
In graves that time hath made.  
These human hearts so frail and weak  
Are often tempest-tossed;  
They e'en forget the vows they speak—  
Sweet confidence is lost.

Ah, then, alas, we cannot find  
A power upon the earth,  
That can these broken fragments bind,  
Nor give our love new birth.  
In vain we seek to call it back,  
To fan the feeble flame;  
'Twill burn no more, alas, alack!  
It cannot live again.

But through life's changing, trying scenes,  
And frailties of men,  
We see beyond, faint, flickering gleams  
Which bid us hope again.

There is but one unfailing source  
Of solace for the soul,  
Though time may fortune's wheel reverse,  
God's hand our lives control.

He watches with unfailing love  
His stricken children here,  
He'll lead them to His throne above,  
And dry each falling tear.  
And then we'll know just why it is  
We must so much endure—  
The need of mortal sacrifice  
To make salvation sure.

---

### RE M O R S E .

This eve, with half reluctant feet,  
I left my fireside for the street  
To visit one who needed aid;—  
Relief from suffering they said.

She half reclined on couch of ease,  
With all about to cheer and please  
The most refined and cultured mind;  
But yet in sorrow health declined.

Her cheeks were moist with recent tear,  
Because within lurked doubt and fear;  
She had for luxury and wealth  
Exchanged her faith, and peace, and health.

She clasped my hand, her fair face grieved,  
Exclaimed: "I've found I was deceived."

So young: my fancy was allured  
By pleasant, worldly wealth assured."

"I deemed the one who came to woo,  
A gentleman, refined and true;  
So wealthy, so polite was he,  
Unlike poor John so true to me.

"I jilted John, the farmer's son,  
Although he had my promise won  
To be his bride in sunny spring—  
And yet I gave him back his ring."

"I heeded not his grief, but gave  
Myself to be a wretched slave  
To pomp and show and worldly guile,  
While heart was breaking, lips must smile."

"I thought my husband pure and good.  
How little then I understood  
His low and vicious worldly ways!  
Too late! I wake, my mind a-craze!"

"Alas! I find myself deceived!  
My health is wrecked! my spirits grieved!  
He whom I thought with honor fraught,  
Hath all this dreadful anguish brought!"

"The pain of body I endure,  
Your skill, I'm sure, can soothe and cure—  
But deeper pangs are in my heart;  
Your science cannot ease this smart."

“All other things I might have borne  
In patience; now refrained to mourn,  
If he to me had just been true!  
Yet,—yet, perhaps, this is my due!”—

“For in my heart there was a time  
When pity came not, though sublime  
The bearing of that noble one,  
Whose virtues now I humbly own.”

“Oh, could I but have had a place  
In such a heart!—his home to grace—  
Though but a cabin in the field—  
My maladies would all be healed!”

“For such a soul, by menial toil,  
My frail, white hands I'd gladly soil,  
E'en dire privation I'd endure  
For one I knew was true and pure!

“With such companion by my side,  
His master mind my strength and guide,  
Were I to such a husband, wife,  
I'd give!—I'd give my very life!”

“But ah! it is too late! I see  
A care-free girl no more I'll be;  
In keen remorse and chafing bond  
Must live until I'm called beyond.”

---

Our heartstrings are swept by invisible hands,  
By powers unseen, most subtle and strange,  
The vibrating chords obey their commands  
Our immortal vision broadens its range.

## ANGEL WHISPERS.

Sweetest words, in softest accent,  
 Whispered in my list'ning ear:  
 "Mourn not for the loved though absent,  
 Dry that secret, burning tear,  
 God, thy Father, knows and loves you,  
 Lift the soul and do not fear!  
 He will guard with watchful eye  
 Him you love though far away;  
 Though where shot and shell now fly—  
 He the missiles flight can stay.  
 He who shields your boy from danger,  
 Hears all mothers when they pray,  
 He with over-ruling power  
 Guards His children ev'ry hour."

---

## FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers you gave me are withered, dear son,  
 Their petals are faded and dry;  
 But memories sweet, forever live on,  
 The love in our hearts ne'er will die.

---

## ECHOES.

'Mid the vernal vales of Echo,  
 Hemmed on every side with hills,  
 Towering cliffs, like old cathedrals,  
 Sending back re-echoing trills—  
 Vibrant notes, through mountain crevice,  
 Towers formed by unseen Hand,

Pulpit Rock, where weary wand'ers,  
Saw their valiant prophet stand—  
Yet His voice, though long since silent,  
Echoes still, through Utah's vales,  
Echoes in the hearts of nations,  
With the truth, that never fails.

Now the "iron horse" in fury  
Plods its pondrous course along,  
O'er these plains, so fraught with story,  
Thundering echoes now prolong.  
Witches' Court—strange freak of nature—  
In fantastic shadows lie,  
And the lone tower in the distance,  
Rears its turrets to the sky;  
Where Pilaris, old and stately,  
May perchance his sentry keep,  
Guarding well these sacred valleys,  
Traversed first by pilgrims' feet.

From the flitting bird on eerie,  
From the murmuring streamlet's flow,  
From the tink'ling herds in valley  
Echoing murmurs come and go,  
Telling of the grand achievements  
Of these noble pioneers,  
Of privation, toil and hardship  
Bravely borne for many years.  
Now the harvest of their labors  
Seen in plenty all around,  
Homes of comfort, holy temples,  
Their reward they've earned and found.

## MAY JOY BE THINE.

May flowers upon thy pathway bloom  
More fair than those of sunny June:  
May every breeze waft melody  
Of pure delight and ecstasy!  
May gems of virtue, love and hope  
Bring power with every ill to cope:  
May mortal strength to you be given  
With faith, to strive for hope of heaven:  
The power to see His face beyond life's cloud,  
To hear His loving voice, in tones aloud  
Proclaim for us celestial, joyful birth  
Along with that of dear, old mother earth.

---

## A GOOD, KIND HEART.

How varied are the attributes of man!  
How bountiful the blessings we possess!  
But search within the soul as best we can,  
A good, kind heart is better than all else!

A face may fascinate our ardent gaze,  
And oratory bind the inmost soul;  
But view life's picture in its changing phase,  
A good, kind heart, our warmest thoughts  
control!

We bow in rev'rence to a cultured mind,  
We yearn for beauty, art and wond'rous lore.  
We emulate the modest and refined,  
But still, we feel a good, kind heart is more!

The friends we meet and honor day by day,  
Are blessed with many noble, shining traits;  
To each and all we would a tribute pay—  
But for the good, kind heart, the palm awaits!

---

### VALEO VALE.

Valeo's Vales of verdant hue,  
With sparkling streams and sky of blue,  
With craggy steep and mountain peak,  
The wond'rous power of God bespeak.

From lofty cliffs so far away,  
The waters dash in snowy spray;  
Sweet, mountain flowers blooming there,  
Wild roses, blue-bells, lillies fair.

The Castle Mountains tower high  
Amid the clouds in azure sky;  
Here stony ridge and deep ravine  
In nature's solitude are seen.

But far beneath the barren soil  
Are mines of wealth, and wells of oil,  
While all around, below, above,  
We see the tokens of God's love!

---

### THE MESSAGE.

From out the infinite realms of light  
A white-robed messenger takes its flight,  
Bearing a jewel of untold worth  
To gladden the souls of men on earth.

With softening ray it parteth the gloom  
 Which threatens the world with dreadful doom;  
 To fettered souls bringing sweet release,  
 And ushering in a reign of peace.

It kindles the soul with noble desire,  
 It warms the heart with immortal fire,  
 O'er-spreading the world as a white-winged  
     dove,  
 This sacred message of light and love.

---

### THANKSGIVING.

As light o'er the snowy-capped mountain  
 Brings promise of glorious day,  
 Our hearts over-flow as a fountain,  
 To thee, Lord, our tributes we pay.  
 We praise Thee! Give fervent thanksgiving  
 For all of Thy mercies so rare,  
 For even the priv'lege of living:  
 Thy foot-stool is wondrously fair!

We thank Thee for life and its duties,  
 The rapture of being on earth,  
 This world, and its marvelous beauties,  
 Sweet flowers, bright sunshine, and mirth.  
 We thank Thee, O Father, for music  
 Expressing the language of hearts.  
 For poetry, painting and sculpture,  
 And all the inventions and arts.

We thank Thee for homes, food and raiment,  
 For kindred, for friendship, and love—  
 Though we are but poor, humble claimants,  
 We praise Thee our Father above!  
 We thank Thee for pain, and for trials,  
 And waging of elements, drear;  
 With even life's stern self-denials,  
 And melting of hearts with a tear.

We thank Thee for all of life's seasons,  
 For springtime, for winter and rain;  
 We know that in time all thy reasons  
 To wondering souls will be plain.  
 We thank Thee for hope 'Thou hast given  
 Of life both immortal and free,  
 That beautiful respite in heaven,  
 When we shall return unto Thee.

---

### TRUE BEAUTY.

I know a maid of sweet sixteen  
 With dignity befit a Queen:  
 With stately form and charming grace,  
 With arching brow, and classic face;  
 Her hair, a dainty, golden maze,  
 Allures the sun's caressing rays;  
 Within her eyes, deep azure blue,  
 The sky is rivaled in it's hue:  
 The damask blush of rounded cheek  
 The beauties of the rose bespeak;  
 Her coral lips in tint and mould  
 More perfect than could e'er be told;  
 Her alabaster neck and arms  
 Are like the snowdrift's fairest charms:

Yet, beauties of her mind and heart  
Surpass the sculptor's work of art;  
She lives for others' happiness,  
Their hearts to cheer, to soothe and bless;  
By noble deed, true joy secures,  
Soul beauty lives—for aye endures.

---

### CONVINCING LIGHT.

She is the youngest one of four—  
Would Heaven had sent me many more  
As fair, and good, and pure as she,  
Ah, Heaven has left me only thee!

Now this dear child, the youngest born,  
Cheers all my days from night till morn,  
And from the morning 'till the night  
She gives her mother's heart delight.

A frail and tender flower she grows,  
But every day her spirit shows  
Angelic touch of the divine—  
This darling, little daughter mine.

Her classic brow, her soul-lit eye,  
Her damask cheek with dimples shy,  
That seem to play at "Hide and seek"  
And of the angel's kisses speak.

Her beautiful, angelic face,  
Her movements, too, such perfect grace,  
With undulating motions rare,  
Her gentle mein without compare.

But more than all these charms, I prize  
The soul that shines from out her eyes—  
The light that e'er convinces me  
Of final immortality.

---

THE BEST OF ALL,

O mothers, remember when children are young,  
While you list to prattle of innocent tongue,  
As you answer what seems the unending call,—  
That now is the happiest season of all.

Oh, hear the dear voices so tender and sweet,  
Oh, heed the soft patter of tottering feet;  
Soothe gently the bruises that come from a fall—  
Remember these days are the dearest of all.

When you hush them to sleep with lullaby song,  
These moments of bliss, O sweet mother, pro-  
long!  
For time with it's changes may come as a pall,  
When they've slipped from our arms beyond  
recall.

Then hold them secure in your loving embrace,  
In the folds of your love to ever have place,  
Through sorrow, e'en sin or whatever befall,  
Encompassed by mother-love, constant through  
all.

For indeed there may come, as moments flit on,  
A time when the bliss of these days will be gone,  
Sweet memory only, all you can recall  
Of hours that e'er will be sweetest of all.

Then breathe a soft prayer as you lull them to  
 sleep,  
 That Father His watch care forever may keep;  
 He hears our petitions, He heeds every call,  
 His love the sublimest, divinest of all!

---

### H E L P M E.

Kind Father, now my voice I raise  
 In reverence to sing thy praise;  
 Oh, grant me wisdom now I pray,  
 To walk in duty's path each day.

Oh, may I humbly do Thy will,  
 And all Thy purposes fulfill.  
 Unfailing power e'er possess  
 O'er-burdened souls to cheer and bless.

And help me teach by word and deed,  
 My children here—their spirits feed;  
 That I may be their earthly guide,  
 Through faith and works to reach thy side.

Oh, help me radiate Thy light  
 To human souls, to guide aright.  
 Through life seek truth and righteousness,  
 And all my fellow creatures bless.

---

### T H E B A L M.

If ever thou art sick, or sad, or sore oppressed,  
 Or troubled with unfathomed, turbulent unrest,  
 Turn thou unto the Lord! O sorrowing one,  
 And find a soothing, healing balm, as I have done.

## THE THRONE OF GRACE.

O sacred shrine! where love-light gleams,  
The sunbeams flow in golden streams  
From Heaven's courts above.

The source from whence all blessings flow,  
To soothe all sorrows here below—  
Our Father's gracious love.

With every day's returning morn,  
And evening's low descending sun,  
Let souls with rapture warm.

World-wearied ones seek bliss supreme,  
Ah! deem it not a fleeting dream,  
'Tis tangible and real!

The holy light which Father gives,  
To every mortal soul that lives—  
His love He'll not conceal!

---

HIS CHOICE.

The flowers he chose for my hat!  
Aye, what do you think of that  
For a poet's theme?  
Portraying the happy past,  
And a faithful love that will last,—  
Not a flitting dream.

Devotion, so perfect and true,  
Emotion, known to but few,  
Fond love of a son

As tender and true as a maid's!  
Like blue in the sky that ne'er fades,  
What bliss I have known!

Flowers, faded and crumpled and worn,  
With soft, silken petals all torn,  
Such theme for a song!  
Yet roses just fresh from the stem,  
Not even the costliest gem,  
Could such bliss prolong.

Herein, indeed, I can see  
A face so beloved to me;  
With love's tender lines  
Enchancing its beauty and grace.  
Ah, time can never efface  
The thought that entwines!

---

### BLOW GENTLY, WINTER WINDS.

Blow gently, softly, winter winds,  
My birds have left their nest,  
And flown to colder, drearier climes,  
Far, far from mother, home and rest.

Oh, could my yearning love surmount  
The great expanse of time and space,  
No cruel pang of cold or want  
Would leave on them its blighting trace.

Could love, and hope, and fervent prayer,  
Direct their fluttering wings,  
They'd ne'er be tangled in life's snare,  
They ne'er would feel life's piercing stings.

O blessed faith! O wisdom great!  
Of Him who knows the sparrows fall,  
Thou wilt direct my birdlings' fate,  
Wilt hear their voices when they call.

Blow gently, softly, breezes, blow  
Upon my fitting birds tonight,  
That they no bitter pangs may know;—  
Oh, haste! and guard their homeward flight.

---

Ah, blessed gift, my Lord! this precious boon I  
prize,  
As infinite reward for earthly sacrifice:  
Discerning sense to see, and feel Thy holy power,  
The priv'lege mortals have to know Thee, every  
hour;  
And oh! for tender love, I thank Thee all my life,  
That I have known the joys of a mother and a  
wife,  
That in my early days kind parents blessed my  
youth,  
Taught me in pleasant ways the principles of  
truth.

---

### FOR THOSE WE LOVE.

'Tis sweetest joy to work for those we love,  
To know our effort makes their worries less;  
Thus our unselfish sacrifices prove  
So much of faithful, loving tenderness.

For those we love, we find no task too great,  
For task it truly ceases then to be,  
When little needs we can anticipate,  
And leave beloved ones from sorrow free.

We work for those we love, for them we live,  
 Since they to us are Heaven's choicest gift;  
 And unto self no passing thought we give,  
 To higher motives, aspirations lift.

For those we love, we breathe a fervent prayer,  
 For God to keep them safe from every ill;  
 We tenderly consign them to His care,  
 To walk His ways, to do His holy will.

For those we love, alas, the dying year  
 Has brought so much of pain and weary care,  
 We want to soothe to-day the sad'ning tear,  
 We fain would make their skies all bright and  
 fair.

And who are they that take this noble part,  
 That wake affection's best and holiest thought?  
 Go thou and ask each loving mother-heart,  
 For there, this sweet, sublime and tender love is  
 wrought.

---

### QUEEN VICTORIA.

"I will be good through peace or strife,  
 I will be faithful all my life."  
 So said the youthful, virgin queen  
 When crowned with diamond's sparkling sheen.

She felt it in that early hour,  
 That to be good, meant greater power.—  
 Thus Queen Victoria's life was spent  
 In noble deeds, and fair intent.

All through her wonderful career  
True judgment guided, bright and clear;  
In human love, and human right,  
She found a sweet and pure delight.

As wife, and mother, friend and queen,  
She stands a model seldom seen.  
Humanity and love of God—  
More potent than the monarch's rod!

---

### QUEEN OF ROSES.

Through all the night in visions bright,  
I've wandered near my darling's side;  
Her angel voice made me rejoice,  
Her gentle spirit mine will guide.  
When first she smiled an infant child,  
My bosom thrilled with pure delight;  
All cares and sorrows seemed beguiled—  
The darksome clouds had taken flight.

Rare blessing mine, God's gift divine,  
So beautiful in heart and mind,  
There's none can tell how much, how well  
We love thy ways so pure refined.  
Ah, fain would we check every sigh  
That ever chills thy loving heart;  
We'd cheer thy days in pleasant ways,  
And every precious gift impart.

We'd let thine ear sweet accents hear,  
Of harmony in music's tones;

E'er have thine eyes, view bluest skies,  
And keep thy feet from life's rough stones.  
We'd fill thy bowers with sweetest flowers:  
While friends intelligent and true,  
With love and smile thine hours beguile  
Could help thee wisdom's path pursue.

And best of all, on Heaven we'd call,  
To fill thy soul with holy light,  
In faith and truth, to guide thy youth,  
And lead thy feet in paths of right.  
To help thee e'er in love and fear,  
To mount the heights of Heaven's stair,  
In sacred pride to reach His side,  
There glories of the faithful share.

---

### A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Bright pearly drops of glistening dew  
Descending from the sky so blue,  
So many things I want to know.  
Please, tell me why you come below,  
And all about that pretty place  
Where angels dwell, in love and grace;  
And why God gave to children birth,  
And sent them to this lovely earth?  
Oh diamond drops of glistening dew,  
Now tell me what I ought to do:  
You're just from Heaven and should know  
The paths of wisdom here below,  
Life's solemn lessons I should learn  
Before to God I can return.

## THE OAK AND THE VIOLET.

Nestling in its shady, cool and mossy bed,  
Unto the great oak-tree, the violet said:  
"You've sheltered me so long, giving shade and  
dew,  
And through your waving branches let the sun-  
light through,  
Oh, would that I could do some little good for  
you."

"You precious, little flower!" the old tree then  
replied,  
"Could you but only know how you've soothed me  
when I sighed,  
Your sweet, delicious fragrance, dear, now wafted  
by the breeze,  
Hath taught me faith in God, brought my weary  
spirit ease,  
And made me know His love is e'en among the  
trees."

---

SNAKE RIVER.

Thou devious and ever winding stream!  
Thy rock-bound banks a peaceful place to dream,  
At times so calm, again in torrent wild,  
Capricious, unrestrained—thou nature-child!

The sunbeams gleam upon thy crystal face  
Reflecting back the tinted cloudlets' grace.  
In recreant, undulating power  
Thou floweth on and on through every hour.

Forever on, like time's unceasing flow,  
Through canyon gorge to fertile vale below,  
Dispensing elements of joy and health—  
God's gift to man, a flowing mine of wealth.

---

### THE SNOW STORM.

I woke this morn in rapturous amaze,  
And wondered at the scene that met my gaze!  
A beauteous, fairy vision of delight—  
The world was clothed in robes of spotless  
white!  
So pure, celestialized it seemed to be,  
And emblematic of divinity!

---

### WHY!

Oft we ask with earnest feeling  
Why the best of earth must die,  
Can no law to us revealing  
Give our hearts the reason why?

As we roam through nature's bowers,  
Each one culls with eager hand  
All the sweetest, fairest flowers,  
Leaving those less rare to stand.

When from all our hearts' fair flowers  
One must answer to the Call,  
This same law with crushing powers  
Seems to take the choice of all!

## DREAMING AND WAKING.

Little maiden, why that pouting?  
Why those teardrops? Why that sigh?  
Why that struggling? Why that doubting?  
Why the flashing of thine eye?  
Why sad thoughts and idle dreaming  
To beset thy youthful heart?  
How, amidst a world so cheering,  
Cans't thou live from joy apart?

Now, sweet maiden, if thou 'rt listening,  
I will give to thee a key  
That will ope the gates all glistening  
Of a bright futurity:  
Seek thou first, through Heaven's blessing,  
Light and wisdom to control  
Every impulse of thy being—  
All the yearnings of thy soul.

In each word, and act and feeling,  
Seek for guidance from above,  
For There's One, His light revealing,  
Doth bestow on us His love.  
Let e'en thought, as well as action,  
Be for good and usefulness;  
Of thy self utmost exaction  
Will insure most happiness.

Cavil not at others failings—  
Close thine eyes to others faults,  
For you know not half the wailings  
Hidden in life's inner vaults.

Mortals see but pride and vaunting,  
Wrongfully our motives read,  
Only God can know the wanting  
Of the human soul in need.

Be not prone to idle dreaming,  
Building castles in the air,  
Though the walls with stars are gleaming,  
We can never climb the stair,  
For the error in thy building  
No bright painting can atone,  
'Tis a structure bright with gilding  
But without foundation stone.

If you heed not kindly warning,  
You will taste the bitter woe  
Of awakening some bright morning,  
With your "castle" fallen low.  
Seek thou, then, the boon of working—  
Labor brings us more than gold—  
In thy duties, never shirking,  
You will find a joy untold.

Seek with kind and gentle bearing  
Words of comfort to bestow;  
Others' griefs and sorrows sharing,  
Other's joys to make and know.  
Be thou faithful, just, unswerving  
In the paths of truth and right;  
God our Father ever serving  
With a strong, determined might.

Then you'll feel a joy abounding,  
That no mortal pen can tell;

All through life the words resounding:  
Heaven, trusting, all is well!  
Gentle maiden, thoughtful standing,  
With the great Unknown before—  
With thy view of life expanding—  
Flooding thought and being o'er,  
Take these words of loving greeting,  
And the blessings intertwined,  
They are lasting, never fleeting—  
Keep them e'er in heart and mind.

---

### THE NEW MOON.

Whene'er I gaze on thee at twilight hour,  
I feel a magic thrill, an unseen power—  
A shroud of darkness from my wond'ring soul  
Seems with thy new arising to unroll.  
Indeed, thou dost to me, and to all men  
Proclaim the truth, that we will live again!

---

### NEVER BE LATE!

Since time does not wait, and neither does tide,  
Then never be late whatever betide!

The watchword of life your joys to enhance:  
Be awake and alert—a step in advance!

Remember the fact: time, tide, and the train  
Will not wait for you, though tears fall like rain!

And, sad to relate, the fault is our own,  
A minute too late, the chances are flown!

And so, too, we find that Fortune's swift course  
Hath left us behind filled with grief and remorse!

For we were asleep—unmindful, indeed,  
Of treasures to reap from early sown seed!

The watchword for all, whatever his fate,  
"Be prompt to each call! and never be late!"

---

### ONE BY ONE.

One by one the flowers dying,  
One by one they fade away,  
Now the withered leaves are lying  
On the ground so cold and grey;  
One by one the moments fleeting,  
One by one the days go by,  
One by one life's work completing,  
In their graves our darlings lie.

One by one our dear ones going  
On to Heaven's mystic shore,  
While our barks we're surely rowing  
Nearer those now gone before.  
One by one life's ties are riven—  
But a brighter hope hath birth,  
Soon we find there's more in heaven  
To allure, than on this earth.

Slowly, slowly fades the daylight  
While the evening mists appear,  
Coming through the purple twilight  
Twinkling promises of cheer.

All things lovely, all things mortal,  
All around, below, above,  
Perish in life's stormy battle,  
Naught endures but His great love.

Softly, gently, whisp'ring to me,  
Comes a voice so dear and sweet:  
"Rouse thee, sister, do not murmur,  
Live, for we again will meet."  
One by one, my fears departing,  
Sighs are stilled and teardrops dried,  
All my being seems transported  
Since my sister Anna died.

---

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

1904.

As echoes by a Master woke,  
Reverberate in sweetest time,  
May Father ope with one great stroke  
The spring of human love sublime;  
That we may love as He did, when  
He gave His best beloved for men.  
Oh, may the gifts the Christ-child brought  
Of sacrifice for others weal,  
Enrich our souls with tender thought,  
Life's holiest purposes reveal.  
And if the thought another mortal, too,  
Doth love you true, doth ever pray for you,—  
Can make you gladder still, can ease your load,  
Can help you walk more bravely life's rough road,  
Then mine is thine, and ours is Christ's divine.

## IN PRAISE.

O Father, kind, I thank thee for light of sun,  
For all things beautiful upon this earth,  
For everything which thou for me ha'st done  
Since through thy mercy I was given birth.  
Ah, how can I my gratitude and love e'er show  
For all Thy bounteous blessings here below!

The sustenance of body, mind and heart—  
The bounties of the earth, the sky and sea,  
This wondrous world, and all it doth impart,  
Its light and shadow all, all come from Thee!  
Oh, may I learn to clearly understand,  
That e'en life's storms are mercies at Thy hand.

For music's voice to ope the ice-bound caves  
Of fettered thought! of hardened hearts!  
To sanctify each soul, while spirit laves  
Its wounded hopes, to ease its pain and smarts!  
Sweet, soothing notes set burdened spirits free,—  
Teach murmuring souls a true humility.

For wealth of Learning's lore I find in books,  
For minds to ope mine own unfolding thought;  
For worthy acts, and gentle tones and looks,  
Which Thou, as lessons to my life, hast brought.  
Ah! gratitude, supreme, indeed, should blend  
With every breath! to Thee unfailing Friend!

For loving ones, and comforts, too, of home,  
For kindred, dear, who bring me joys so sweet,  
For friends I meet wherever I may roam,  
Who make my faith more perfect and complete—

Give pure incentive to each effort here,  
Enhancing joy, and sweetning sorrow's tear.

Ah, then for love I thank Thee more than all!  
It beams throughout the world's dark wilderness;  
Thy love that answers e'en the weakest call,  
Thy mercy breathing sweetest tenderness,  
That brings the tired pilgrim rest and peace—  
From bondage gives the spirit sweet release!

Thou lightest darksome days with living fire!  
Illuming each narrow, winding path,  
Removing doubt, awakening pure desire,  
Implanting in our hearts eternal faith.  
Again, dear Lord, unbounded gratitude  
Accept for all so true, divinely good!

---

### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

1909.

Go, twine the wreath, sing carols sweet,  
For Christmas comes on pinions fleet.  
Let nimble fingers deftly fly,—  
Ring out the bells! Yuletide is nigh!

Let music's waves to all on earth,  
Proclaim our royal Savior's birth!  
Whose sacred mission brought us peace,  
Imprisoned spirits, sweet release!

Then ring again!—ring loud and clear!  
Let every land and nation hear.  
Let all that's beautiful and sweet,  
Make home's bright pleasure more complete!

Let peace and joy, good will and love,  
Descend as incense from above.  
Let every pain forgotten be,  
And burdened spirits be set free!

Let hearts respond in tenderness,  
The poor and weary ones to bless,  
The sad and lonely ones to cheer,  
So emulate our Savior, dear!—

That Holy One whose mortal birth,  
Brought peace, good will to all on earth!  
And as He lived, oh, let us live,  
To love each other and forgive!

Let us forget the pangs we've known,  
And cease our life's dark hours to moan;  
But brave and strong, with courage meet  
Life's bitter tests with patience sweet!

And prize His gifts of truth divine,  
Above the wealth of richest mine,  
With faith and fortitude endure,  
And so make life's salvation sure!

Now, may these choicest blessings flow  
To you, dear one, God's love to know;  
Thus find the heaven you have sought,  
In blessings you've to others brought!

---

### THE RETURN.

Now the roses sweet are blooming,  
For the joyous June is here;  
Precious message they are coming  
Back to home and friends, so dear.

Now our hearts are full of gladness,  
Joy no mortal pen can tell,  
Ended, anxious days of sadness,  
Broken is the lonely spell.

Dearly loved ones, true and faithful,  
After years of noble toil,  
Soon will turn their foot-steps homeward,  
Soon will tread their native soil.

Oh, how joyously we hasten  
To prepare the humble home:  
Everything must be in order  
For the dear ones when they come.

Even nature should be smiling.  
How could anything be sad?  
Flowers blooming, birds all singing,  
Keeping time with hearts so glad.

Gracious Father, thou has blessed them  
With Thy love, which never fails,  
Leading them through winding pathways  
Of the Southern woodland trails.

---

### THE SOUL'S RESPITE.

Father, by Thy heavenly graces  
Free my soul from common-places;  
In realms of restful poesy,  
Oh, let me revel fancy free.

'Mid fragrant flowers, in sunny climes,  
There listen to entrancing chimes

That breathe unending melody  
Of holy praise, and love for Thee.

'Tis thus, O Lord, my soul can find  
Companionship of soothing kind;  
Transporting thought to higher sphere  
Beyond the realm of pain or fear.

---

### UNKNOWN.

Full oft the fairest flowers that ever bloomed  
Are never seen by mortal eye;  
Most tender thoughts, deep in the heart en-  
tomb'd—  
Find only voice in smothered sigh!  
How many noble lives are never known  
Save but to One, who all their virtues own!

---

### LOVE.

Most perfect thing upon the earth,  
The sweetest tones that e'er had birth,  
The purest sentiments ere spoke,  
The tenderest thought that e're awoke  
Divinest vision, thought or dream,  
The rarest ray, most glorious gleam  
E'er sent to mortals from above,  
Is sweetest sympathy and love!—  
Earth's sublimest melody!  
Heaven's holiest symphony!

## TO SMILE.

Its worth you while, my dear, to smile,  
To look stern duty in the face,  
To bravely bear life's weight of care,  
Let hope and joy take sorrow's place.

Then cultivate a happy state,  
Just kindly smile and pass it on,  
Like ocean's wave the shores to lave  
When weary weeks or years are gone.

Then smile, my dear, impart good cheer  
With hope, and faith, and trust, and love,  
'T will quell each fear, staunch rising tear,  
Bring peace and blessing from above.

Smile, smile each day, chase gloom away,  
Your laugh, like vibrant echo, ring!  
Unending chain, 't will come again  
And to your own soul pleasure bring!

---

**DYING, YET LIVING.**

As fadeth the beautiful daylight,  
And night's dusky shadows appear  
In the haze of the soft mellow twilight,  
A holier presence is near,  
We sum up the day's weighty problems,  
Con over each word, deed and thought,  
We weigh the result of our actions,  
Whether good or ill they have wrought.  
But the strife and the worry of living,  
Stern trial, temptation and care

Are lost in diviner forgiving,  
And the hallowing chalice of prayer.

After seasons of storm, cloud and sunshine  
Close the year with unerring pace  
The traces of pleasure or trial  
Are written on mind, heart and face.  
Again we pause for a reckoning;  
Contrition and solemn resolve,  
Sweet conscience silently beckoning—  
While many new plans we evolve,  
That will chasten, uplift and inspire,  
Make motives more pure and divine,  
Exalt and ennoble desire,  
And lead to a life more sublime.

And when mortal strivings are over,  
When we wait the blissful beyond,  
May life's fond ambitions be welded  
By sacred and holier bond.  
Pure faith in immortal existence,  
Bright hope that illumines the soul,  
With promise of endless progression  
To perfect and sanctified goal.

---

### FOR THOSE WE LOVE.

'Tis sweetest joy to work for those we love,  
To know our effort makes their worries less,  
Thus our unselfish sacrifices prove,  
So much of faithful, loving tenderness.

For those we love, we find no task too great,  
For task it truly ceases then to be,

When little needs we can anticipate,  
And leave beloved ones from sorrow free.

We work for those we love, for them we live,  
For they to us are Heaven's choicest gift;  
And unto self no passing thought we give,  
So happy that their burdens we can lift.

For those we love we breathe a fervent prayer,  
That God may keep them safe from every ill;  
We tenderly consign them to His care,  
To walk His ways, to do His holy will.

For those we love, alas! the dying year  
Has brought to some much pain and weary care;  
We want to soothe, to-day, the sad'ning tear,  
Impart new hope, their grief and sorrow share.

And who are they, with magic touch of art,  
That wake affection's best and tenderest  
thought?  
Go, thou, and ask each loving mother-heart,  
For there, the miracle of love is wrought!

---

#### A M E R I C A—W A S H I N G T O N

America! fair land of Freedom's sires,  
Alas, how low doth burn the brilliant fires  
Enkindled long ago, when Washington—  
By Heaven inspired—true, loyal hearts led on  
To fight and nobly die in freedom's cause,  
And for this new-born land make righteous  
laws.

O Washington! our patriot so true!  
Our country's faithful Father! now to you  
We give all honor due! This natal day  
Commemorate thine honored name, and pray  
That God for us perpetuate thy birth,  
And send another just like you to earth!

---

### WORTH OUR WHILE.

Let us seek to make life better by our being on  
the earth,  
Gleaning here the priceless jewels, gems of purity  
and worth;  
Living day by day in patience, with a firm, un-  
faltering will,  
For in faith we have assurance God will every  
wish fulfill.  
He will teach the whys and wherefores, He will  
make our duty plain,  
Help us walk the narrow pathway, and eternal  
blessings gain.

---

### THE NEW YEAR'S STOCKING.

My daughter, dear, her stocking hung  
Upon the glist'ning Christmas tree,  
And said,—“I'll play the child again,  
And see what “Santa” brings to me;  
For this is what I always did  
On Christmas Eve—and New Year's, too—  
And “Santa” never failed me once,  
But proved most generous and true.”

Her goodnight kisses on my cheek—  
Her gentle voice I seem to hear—  
Its sweet, angelic accents speak  
Its wonted words of hope and cheer.  
Yes, precious child! your mother, too,  
Will play the "Santa" as of yore,  
And in that stocking place for you  
Some little gift as oft before.

But better far than sweets or gold,  
Are precepts, which I fain would write,—  
Ah, half their worth was never told;—  
Remember nought gives such delight  
As virtue, purity and truth,  
Intelligence and wisdom, sage—  
The noblest heritage of youth  
The brightest diadem of age.

Be true to God, mankind, and self!  
Seek thou for Heaven's guiding powers—  
Thus evermore life's winding paths  
Will be o'er strewn with sweetest flowers.  
God bless you, darling, through all time!  
Though mother be not always near,  
May gems immortal and sublime  
E'er fill your heart each glad New Year!

---

### GRANDMA'S SUNBEAM.

Little sunbeam, child of three!  
Full of life's activity,  
Brightening every changing scene  
By thy presence, fairy queen.

Sheltered by love's fostering care  
Of life's sorrows unaware,  
Like an angel from above,  
Filling every heart with love.

Living bud of promise rare!  
Thou must have most tender care,  
That thy petals may unfold  
To flower fair, with grace untold.

Sunbeams follow where you come  
In our hearts, and in our home;  
Bringing hope and peace and joy—  
Golden beams without alloy.

May thy feet find pleasant ways,  
While thy soul sings Father's praise,  
May thy mind expand in truth—  
Fairest sunbeam, little Ruth.

---

#### M T. GLEN'S WELCOME.

Fair sylvan glade with verdant shade,  
Where pine trees sigh in rustic wave,  
Where flowers bloom with sweet perfume,  
And spotted trout in streamlets lave.  
Here noble hearts in welcome greet  
Each stranger, who, with weary feet  
And tired brain, pass through their door,  
As pilgrims from a distant shore.

Kind Father, bless, with joy impress  
Each truly noble, generous friend  
Whose gentle tone to those from home,  
A kindly greeting did extend.

With potent hand bless this fair land,  
That it may yield a thousand fold!  
A just reward from Thee, O, Lord;  
For all their kindness manifold.

---

PARTING.

This life has many varied scenes  
Of joy and peace, of grief and pain;  
Today we meet, tomorrow part,  
Perchance to never meet again.

How oft we part from those we love,  
In careless, thoughtless, sullen mood,  
Expecting soon to meet again,  
Adown life's sunny, peaceful road.

It may be weeks and months go by,  
And even long and weary years  
Before we see the beaming eye,  
Last seen through mists of blinding tears.

And often times it is the last  
Of mortal parting here below,  
Although remorseful tears flow fast  
We cannot more, sweet converse know.

May we forever live in peace,  
And part in peace, with all around,  
Good fellowship will then increase,  
And not a vain regret be found.

Oh, never let the parting sun,  
Go down upon our foolish wrath,  
Forgive, forget the wrong that's done,  
And walk the loving, peaceful path.

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

Why this wild, tempestuous throbbing,  
Bounding, aching of the heart?  
Why does life go out in sobbing  
Since from her I had to part?

Will she e'er again be with us,  
Beauteous maiden, bright and fair,  
With her sweet and witching dimples,  
With the sunlight in her hair?

She hath gone from out our dwelling,  
Joys and cares no more to share,  
Hearts left breaking, bleeding, swelling  
With their weight of anxious care.

"Is she dead?" I hear you asking,  
"Then if so there's faith to cheer,  
She in Heaven's sunlight, basking,  
Ought to check the blinding tear."

"Is she dead?" You ask it gravely,  
Were it so, how light the pain,  
I could bear the grief more bravely—  
For no more I'd search in vain!

---

  
THE STAR OF THE MORN.

In hours of darkness—at midnight,  
Rank bitterness raged in my soul,  
A sense of injustice o'ercame me  
With power beyond my control.

I cried in the depths of my anguish,  
"How could they have done this dire thing?  
To sap all the hope of a lifetime,  
To pierce ev'ry joy with a sting."

I gazed on the cold, frosty woodland,  
And solace found not for my woe;  
In sorrow my eyes were turned heav'nward,  
The refuge of all here below.

I wandered about in the darkness,  
My heart overburdened with pain,  
Oh the hours had flitted relentless  
Bitter tears were falling like rain.

The blue sky above me seemed bluer  
The stars never shone quite so bright.  
Afar in the eastern horizon  
The star of the morn met my sight.

Most beautiful orb of the heavens  
With crescent half closing<sup>er</sup> thee round;  
My emblem of sacred forgiving,  
My joy in God's love so profound.

An instant I thought of our Maker—  
His love and forgiveness for all,  
Of Heaven and earth, the Creator,  
Then my soul emerged from its pall.

The calmness of peace then caressed me  
And lulled all my senses to rest;  
Through the star of the morning He blessed  
me—  
His love by all nature expressed.

## IMMORTAL HOPE.

O blessed, holy Sabbath morn,  
With hearts removed from earthly care,  
We bless the day that Christ was born,  
And give Him praise in song and prayer.

For all the bounties Father gives,  
Our souls rebound in gratitude;  
We know God loves—we know He lives!  
For we've partaken heavenly food.

He's given us this beauteous world,  
The mountain vales of priceless worth.  
And here His banner is unfurled,  
Proclaiming peace to all the earth.

Far more than every earthly prize,  
Is precious hope, and faith, and trust—  
The power to gain eternal lives  
With all the faithful, and the just.

This life is not a fleeting hour,  
To live and breathe so short a span,  
To die and wither like a flower—  
No; that is not the end of man!

---

## MY MOTHER.

My mother left me very young,  
Which over all my life hath flung  
A sense of insufficiency.  
No guiding hand in early days,  
No gentle tones in words of praise  
To give my soul tranquility.

Oh, how I miss those loving arms  
Which shielded me from life's alarms,  
In every dire necessity!  
E'en now that dear and placid face—  
Which only in my mind I trace—  
Helps me to bear adversity.

But oh! the sense of something gone  
Increases still as years roll on,  
And will through life's futurity;—  
Until once more her hand I grasp,  
Until my form she will enclasp,  
Will I then feel security.

Then if I once can reach her side  
No more of ill will me betide—  
Environed by maternal love,  
For well I know my mother, pure,  
Hath gained a crown that will endure  
In the celestial courts above.

---

### LONELINESS.

This day has been so long and drear,  
The sky o'ercast with murky mist,  
No brightsome ray has come to cheer,  
No balmy breeze my brow hath kissed;  
No gentle voice in loving tone,  
No loving hand to press my own,  
No heart to throb in sympathy,  
To set my burdened spirits free,  
No, none, not one—except my God—  
My dearest one lies 'neath the sod!

## WE LIVE AGAIN.

From earth's tender bosom sweet flowers will  
bloom,  
To mortals a token. that out of the tomb  
Our bodies will rise from mounds of the earth,  
Mount up to the skies. receive there new birth.

---

## SPIRIT WHISPERINGS.

Throughout the deep stillness of midnight,  
In silence of dawn's purple haze,  
Again through the moments of daylight,  
We listen with solemn amaze  
To the voices whispering to us.  
In wonder our spirits commune,  
The glories of heaven imbue us—  
Our souls all alert and in tune.

Sweet spirit of tenderest blessing  
Inspiring melodious song,  
Our hearts throb in echoes, expressing  
The joys of a heavenly throng.  
The soft breathing accents of angels  
Are wafted afar from beyond,  
The tones of an infinite Presence,  
To whom all emotions respond.

---

## AUTUMN TREES.

O autumn trees, bare autumn trees,  
Now swaying in the sighing breeze  
Bereft of all thy brilliant leaves,  
In sympathy my spirit grieves.

To see thee now forlorn and drear,  
I bow my head, I drop a tear;  
A bitter lesson thou dost teach  
To all, without the power of speech.

Aye, even in a single day  
All worldly wealth is swept away!  
The richest dress—e'en happiness,  
Replaced by ruin and distress.

Yet to the trees, as well as men,  
God brings back hope—new life again!  
He will thy forms reanimate,  
Reward to all who work and wait!

---

L. D. S. U.

When school days are over we'll up and away.  
We'll rake the sweet clover and help make  
the hay,  
We'll hie to the mountains far over the hills,  
We'll lave in the fountains and wade in the  
rills;—

Through bright, sunny days seek respite for  
brain,  
Mid fallows and flowers, join nature's  
refrain;  
We'll drink in new vigor of body and mind,  
Prepare for the future—leave worries  
behind.

At home meet the loved ones, unite 'round the  
board,  
With them in petitions draw near to the  
Lord.  
Show father and mother our hearts are still  
warm,  
For sister and brother, and home's sweetest  
charm.

Then through all these pleasures we will not  
forget  
Our classmates, professors and friends whom  
we met  
In loved halls of Learning, and who ever give  
Incentive and yearning, a true life to live.

Our names we'll emblazon on history's scroll.  
To live there forever while centuries roll—  
To live for pure thought and noble endeavor,  
For truth and for right, forever and ever.

---

### SABBATH SONG.

As sunbeams bright with genial ray,  
Dispel the night, make glad the day,  
So doth the gospel's holy light  
Beam on the world to guide aright.  
Through our Creator's gracious love  
There came a mandate from above,  
A whispering, softly soothing voice—  
Which made earth's children all rejoice.

In answer to a wise command,  
 Our Sabbath Schools throughout the land,  
 With words inspired, and truths refined  
 Seek now to mould the youthful mind.  
     By constant and increasing toil,  
     The tiny seed, in proper soil,  
     Expands and bursts, and bye-and-bye  
     Most beauteous flower will greet the eye.

So will that wondrous spark of life—  
 The human soul,—with beauties rife,  
 Through Inspiration's holy plan  
 Become the wise and noble man.  
     For blessings on our pathway strewn,  
     Our souls with God's are in attune;  
     His truths have banished human fears  
     Through life's long days, and months,  
     and years.

---

### THE NEW LIFE

A mortal life but just begun,  
 Is pure as stream that ever run  
 From mountain height to vale below  
 To make the woodland flowers grow!  
 Ah, may this vital current, free,  
 E'er bubble forth in purity;  
 Bring life and vigor in its wake,  
 Earth's purest joys to give and take;—

This life remain a living stream,  
 To make the world with beauty teem,  
 To bring forth fruits of choicest worth,  
 To feast the souls of all on earth;

That when to fountains up above  
It doth return o'erfraught with love,  
'Twill be permitted to flow on  
To endless tides of joys beyond.

---

### IMMORTAL FLOWERS.

May the buds of living promise,  
Ope to flowers most sublime,  
Precious children sent from Heaven,  
Bringing blessings through all time.

---

### THE PSYCHIC STREAM.

Oh, the intricate course of this wonderful  
stream,  
That winds like a brooklet through smooth,  
silent glen,  
From the time the babe smiles with its beautiful  
dream,  
Till in tumult it bounds in the minds of great  
men!

Like dews from the heavens congealed on the  
flowers,  
Increasing its volume as onward e'er flowing,  
Tiny cells that first had resisted its powers  
Impede not its course, for this streamlet is  
growing!

Now it dashes and bounds with youth's wild  
abandon,

Madly rushing o'er boulder and rough, rocky  
shoal,  
O'er hillock and gorge, now with freedom, at  
random,  
Through each crevice and cleft on the way to  
its goal!

The spring from the mountain now winds down  
the valley,  
Clear streams from the canyon unite while they  
quiver,—  
But the deafening roar, and the dash, as they  
rally,  
Are lost in the silent, the deep, flowing river!

This river, oft peaceful, and placid, and quiet,  
In musical accents flowing softly away,  
Will suddenly wage uncontrollable riot  
While dashing in torrents o'er Niagara's way!

The rapids before, and the calm which comes  
after,  
Are followed by surge in tempestuous rave,  
As onward it leaps with melodious laughter,  
To rest on the breast of the blue ocean wave!

\* \* \* \* \*

O mind, in thy fullness! O brain, with thy  
powers!  
Well art thou compared to a pure, sparkling  
fountain,  
The well-spring of life! wondrous source of  
life's waters,  
Like pure, crystal spring in the heights of the  
mountain!

Look well to thy mission, remember thy being  
Was destined by God's omnipotent hand  
To pass through the narrows, enduring still  
    seeing  
The wonderful truth of the all-wise com-  
    mand,—

That talents be used, not "hid in a napkin"  
To rust without using, grow weak without  
    toil:—

No greater calamity ever could happen  
Than failing to test them in suitable soil.

We truly should cultivate powers, God-given,  
That like richest manna will feed famished  
    men;  
O'er spreading the world with the glories of  
    Heaven,  
As the flowers, that blossom again and again!

The pool, in its stillness, breathes poison and  
    torment,—  
The air all around with infection is rife,  
The purest of water grows stagnant when  
    dormant,  
It is unceasing action that purifies life!

Then to work, with a will, ye brains, with true  
    valor,  
That can only be equaled by physical zest!  
For 'tis work that saves souls from pestilent  
    squalor,  
Ah, the pure Living Water is never at rest!

## LINGERING SPIRITS.

In olden time a prophet sage hath said—  
 And somewhere, too, the poets words I've  
 read—

That spirits of our loved ones linger near,  
 A subtle, mystic presence, sweet and dear:  
 Though in the grave, or over briny sea,  
 Their voices whisper love continually:  
 O, blessed bond, surpassing life's vague dream,  
 It gives us hope and faith and strength  
 supreme!

---

## WE SHOULD BE GLAD.

Darling, dear, we should be glad we have each  
 other,

So let the fierce winds blow!  
 I have a daughter fair, you have a mother—  
 Our tears should cease to flow!

Darling, dear, we should not weep, but we  
 should, rather,

Let soul burst forth in song!  
 Ah, think, sweet child, we have a Heavenly  
 Father  
 Who can our joys prolong!

---

## LINES.

Some have mansion's lofty dome,  
 To house an empty life!  
 But for mine own, a cottage home,  
 For me, and babe, and wife!

## WITH ALL COMES LOVE.

To you, my dear and honored friend,  
 This simple gift, with love I send,  
 And pray that all that's good and bright,  
 Upon thy path may shed its light.  
 Through all the coming days and hours,  
 Oh, may the fragrance of sweet flowers,  
 And all the wisdom of good books,  
 Flow to thy soul like running brooks.

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

1908.

Oh, may the soft and mellow light  
 Of Heaven's love around thee shine,  
 To cheer thee in deep sorrow's night,  
 To keep thee near that sacred shrine.  
 For only here is solace found;  
 Our God, alone, such joy imparts;  
 For those who seek, His gifts abound,—  
 He knows the depth of human hearts!

There is no wound, however deep,  
 But He hath power to soothe and heal;  
 He cheers the saddest ones who weep,  
 And will life's purposes reveal.  
 He opes for us the mystic gate  
 'Twixt heaven and earth, that we may see  
 The perfect blessings that await,  
 Beloved friend, for you, for me!

May Christmas joys this happy morn,  
 Be all thy yearning heart could crave!

While souls rejoice that Christ was born  
All children of this world to save.  
Oh, may the merry, Christmas chime  
In joyous praises ever ring!  
Pure love divine—His love sublime—  
Into thy life its treasures bring.

May peace and plenty crown thy board  
While best beloved ones are near,  
Uniting hearts with one accord,  
In gratitude, for Yuletide cheer.  
In thankfulness for perfect trust—  
Implicit faith in Father's love—  
For all His mercies, ever just,  
His power all springs of life to move!

---

### SINGING PRAISE.

The pulse of the Universe trembles and thrills  
With the weight of the beautiful story it tells,  
There are men of all nations united in one,  
In glory and praise to the sanctified Son.  
In peans of rapturous gratitude now,  
Our hearts give their tribute, while humbly we  
    bow  
To the throne of our Father, our voices to raise  
Along with all men in singing His praise.

---

### IN MEMORIUM.

Toll! Toll! in gentle tones the bell,  
At half mast let the flag ascend,  
And thus the solemn tidings tell,  
We've lost a father and a friend.

His life is spent, his race is run,  
No more of earthly pain nor care—  
At last his pilgrimage is done,  
To heavenly courts he will repair.

To family and friends who nursed,  
Their loved one with such tender care,  
This change will come with stinging force,  
They'll grieve to see his vacant chair.

But they will learn to look above,  
And feel this loss their father's gain,  
He's gone to that eternal bourne,  
Devoid of sorrow toil and pain.

He's left his children here on earth,  
A grander, nobler heritage,  
Than that of titles, wealth or birth,  
An honored name! through parentage.

And his example e'er will be,  
To all his friends and kindred dear,  
A lasting, priceless legacy,  
Their future lives to bless and cheer.

His record through all time will live,  
Emblazoned on the hearts of men!  
Reward will come for what we give—  
Yes, yes, we know he lives again.

Within these valleys broad and fair,  
Of fruitful fields and happy homes,  
We trace his footprints everywhere,  
His name will live for years to come.

In duty's paths he never failed,  
Unflinching, strong and brave he stood;  
Before the blasts he never quailed,  
While working for his people's good.

The strife is o'er; the battle's done;  
The noble soldier, staunch and brave.  
Hath now his glorious victory won,  
For death will triumph o'er the grave.

It is not death but endless life,  
That greets him on the other side,  
Yes life all free from pain and strife,  
Eternal glory—sanctified!

---

### DREAMS.

Through all this day I've had sweet dreams  
Of home, sweet home, and all this means!—  
That sacred shrine where love light gleams  
O'er all its varied, changing scenes.  
I've seen fair faces gathered there.  
Their wistful looks, my empty chair,  
I've seemed to hear their tender prayer  
For one too far their joys to share—  
How little did our hearts discern,  
The bitter lessons we must learn  
Before the hour of our return—  
Blest happy day for which we yearn!  
But now, indeed, it is so near,  
Our souls are filled with blissful cheer!

## THE RED CROSS.

The heaven-born thought that gave it birth,  
Encircles now the sea and earth;  
Its humane hand, with tender stroke,  
The echoes of the world have woke.  
Now every heart is touched, by pain and mortal  
    woe  
And thrills responsive, be it friend or foe.  
And Heaven smiles, and blesses those who live,  
Their better selves for suff'ring souls to give.

---

## TO-MORROW.

In the moonlight, midnight dreary,  
Wandering, wondering sad and weary,  
Mind and spirit far away,  
Thought me then of one forlorn  
As she stood within my doorway,  
In my doorway pale and worn.

With an earnest, tender yearning,  
Loving thoughts are still returning  
To my sister, sore oppressed;  
For affliction's hand, relentless,  
Heavily her heart now presses—  
Fills her soul with sad unrest.

Now I pause and deeply ponder—  
For perplexing thought will wander—  
Wonder at the cause of sorrow,  
Why fond hearts must droop and languish!  
Why the cause of mortal anguish,  
Will the answer come to-morrow?

Then me-thinks I hear a whisper  
Like the cadence of a vesper,  
Gently, softly, breathing low, —  
Tender strains so sweet and solemn—  
That I feel it comes from heaven,  
For its echoes well I know.

“Come, ye sad and heavy-laden,”—  
There is one can hear your pleading—  
“Cast your burden on the Lord!”—  
It is through a sweet contrition,  
And a perfect, pure submission  
We will gain our great reward.

---

### GOING HOME.

On! on we go with lightning speed,  
And yet the pace seems slow!  
I pass each mile with avid greed,  
What joys I soon will know.  
So soon to fold my treasures here  
Close to this beating heart,  
With bounding joy and welling tear,  
My wealth of love impart.

Into their eyes I'll fondly gaze—  
E'en now my own will fill,  
I wonder how they've fared these days—  
If they've been free from ill.  
But soon I'll see if aught's amiss,  
If all's in sweet attune,  
And if their hearts are full of bliss  
This rosy, sunny June.

With Heaven's aid in accents mild,  
Their wounded souls I'll bind,  
Win smiles from each beloved child  
While reels of joys unwind;  
Ah, what a meeting it will be  
Now that the years are gone!  
Each hour seems now eternity—  
Speed on, speed on, speed on!

---

### DUTY.

Oft we ask ourselves the question,  
What is best for us to do?  
What in life the best vocation—  
Best for woman to pursue?

Shall we be the dolls of fashion?  
Loved and flattered for a while,  
Simply live for passing passion,  
Live on sycophantic smile;

Shall we live for vain ambition?  
Live to gain life's wealth and power?  
Feast on words of adulation,  
On the friendship of an hour?

Shall we live for public duty?  
To reform the low and vile,  
Shall we stake our all on beauty,  
Or to add to Mammon's pile?

Shall we live for home's fair altar?  
Ne'er to pass beyond it's shrine?  
Shall we put our hearts in halter  
Of mere Fashion all the time?

To these queries what's the answer?  
Duty at the time is all!  
Let our thoughts and feelings center  
On our Duty! that's the Call!

Know it, love it, act it bravely,  
Whereso-e'er the path may lead,  
For 'twill bring most perfect pleasure,  
And at last the richest meed.

---

#### MORTAL MUTABILITY.

This morn, as on my way I pass,  
I see a spring amid the grass.  
I look within—alack! alas!!  
And can this be the bonny lass  
Who used this way to flit before  
From out her mother's cottage door,  
With cheery voice, and songs a store,  
Whom village swains did fain adore?

Oh, dear! Ah, me! and can it be  
This is the face I used to see  
So full of blithsome, merry glee?  
From out my mirror, answer me!  
That smooth, fair brow and dimpled cheek,  
The eyes with language curt or meek  
Expressing wealth of joy within  
Too young to know life's pain or sin!

The brow is furrowed now with care,  
And silver-white the raven hair;

The eyes have troubled shadows there,  
 And in this change the rose-tints share.  
 Experience hath left its trace  
 On form, and brain, and heart and face.  
 Yet may there be redeeming grace  
 By nobler thought to take its place;  
 In gentler word, in kinder deed,  
 In helpfulness to those in need,  
 In faithfulness to home and friends  
 I trust for art may make amends.

---

LOVE.

How wonderful the mystic power of love!  
 Almost magical in its attributes,  
 So often an unexpected creation—  
 Departing from us when we fain would hold it.  
 A most mysterious, unearthly passion,  
 O'er which volition has no mastery.—  
 We cannot force rebellious hearts to love  
 Nor can we implant devotion in the soul.  
 Sometimes at first sight of love's beloved ob-  
 ject  
 Hearts are lost in maze of facination.  
 A wondrous, peculiar congeniality,  
 A subtle, unfathomable affinity,  
 Ethereal, bewild'ring, attractiveness,  
 Binding heart to heart and soul to soul  
 By links of love forged by the Master Work-  
 man.  
 As lasting, and eternal as time itself!  
 Boundless as the vast empyrium!  
 As limitless as time and space

A power as matchless as the stars  
A passion as beautiful, sweet and tender  
As earth or Heaven can ever know!

---

JOSEPH.

Could son to me more faithful be,  
More thoughtful for my weal!  
He lifts the load along the road  
And brightest spots reveal.

A man of worth, of royal birth,  
His heritage is Truth.  
He hears each call, he blesses all  
From feeble age to youth.

Now may he, too, have flowers strew  
His path through all life's way;  
His generous heart find ample part  
To bless each coming day.

May all that's fair beyond compare  
Bring joy and heappiness;  
With living fire his soul inspire,  
His noble efforts bless.

---

THE RULING PASSION.

I, too, have found a gem remote from native  
shore,  
And aye, full oft, have listened to its sighing  
song.  
From childhood's days till now, have listened  
oft and long,  
My spirit feasting on old ocean's magic store.

And while this shell, inanimate forevermore,  
    And alien in a strange and far off land for-  
    lorn,  
Sings on and on the songs of isles where it was  
    born,  
    My soul will chant, "I thee adore, I thee  
    adore."

And as all mortal beings turn to one fair goal,  
    My ruling passion ever is my love for thee;  
Forever more I'll sing one tender melody—  
    My love, my love for thee—Beloved of my  
    soul.

---

### LOVE'S DESIRES.

Oh, if the power to span, were mine,  
The adamant hills that rise,  
The seas and lands, which hide from view  
My loved from me—then stars would shine,  
And earth would wear a brighter hue,  
Oh, if their faces I could see,  
The music of their voices hear—  
Then joy a welcome guest would be,  
No more would fall the blinding tear;  
While burning founts of longing love  
Now bursts the bounds of self-control.  
So all my deeper senses move  
Like raging billows in my soul!  
With yearning love I stretch my arms  
To clasp them fondly to my breast,  
To keep them safe from every harm  
My dear, beloved ones,—my best!

## AND YET FORGIVEN

Loose, wagging tongues attack the innocent,  
Seek now to smirch and tarnish one's good  
name,

To filch one's dearest prize;—on mischief bent  
They vilify! ah, friends, for very shame!

Did thieves break in and steal my mite of  
wealth,

Or were I plundered on the broad highway,  
Or even robbed of home, and life itself,  
I could not feel so poor and sad today.

With honor questioned;—e'en a pure and good  
intent,

Debased to motives foreign to the thought,  
Some busy tongues have been most dilligent,—  
Unmeasured grief and sorrow they have  
wrought.

Most cruel wounds! the pangs of which I feel,  
Can bitter drops of sorrow cease to flow?  
Can thrusts of those I've truly loved e'er heal?  
Can I this avalanche of doubt o'erthrow?

Will e'er this turbid stream from vials of wrath  
Flow pure and clear along its peaceful way?  
Must jealousy henceforth beset my path?  
Oh, will this lowering cloud forever stay?

Vain circumstance doth mould the minds of  
men,  
E'en sometimes precious life by law is doom-  
ed;

The innocent for justice may contend,  
 And yet in prison cells may be entombed.  
 But there will come a time, God's time there'll  
     be,  
 When we'll be known as we ourselves doth  
     know,  
 Till then, as taught by Him of Galilee.  
 Forgive them! Yes, I do—for all this woe!

---

### A WISH.

While life's stream flows: through all the years  
 We hope may come to you, dear one,  
 May you not feel their flight,—not tears  
     But joy to come from duties done,  
 Sweet peace from holy fountains flow,  
 Immortal gifts their joys bestow.

---

### UNCHANGABLE AND TRUE.

All the world, e'en Time may change,  
 Human hearts grow cold and strange,  
 Eyes grow wet in vain regret,  
 But our God will ne'er forget.

Even friends we loved most true  
 Turn to others strange or new,  
 Mothers sometimes babes forget,  
 But our God remembers yet.

One unchangeable and true,  
 Ever just to me, to you!  
 Without doubt, or vain regret,  
 I know my God remembers yet!

## THUS LONG TO LIVE.

So long as I can ease another's pain,  
So long as I some helpfulness can give,  
Lead other souls some virtue to attain,—  
Thus long I truly hope that I may live.

So long as I can help to bear the load  
That weighs upon God's children here below,  
Or move the brambles from life's thorny road—  
Thus long I hope mortality to know.

So long as I can speak in kindly tone,  
A soothing word of tender sympathy,  
Oh, may my feeble powers thus be shown,—  
A ministration to humanity.

So long as I can raise my feeble voice,  
To testify of everlasting life,  
To cause a downcast spirit to rejoice,—  
Thus willingly I'll wage this mortal strife.

---

  
HOME, SWEET HOME.

Once there was written a song now immortal,  
By one who was destined life's pathway to  
roam,  
By Payne—at the time far from home and its  
portal—  
Its restfulness found in the song, "Home, Sweet  
Home."

And yet he surely had tasted its glories,  
Or how could he picture the pleasure that's  
known.

Exceeding e'en all the beautiful stories  
Of poet and sage on the sweetness of Home.

"Home, home, sweet home," blessed home, dear  
and sacred,  
The innermost depth of our being is thrilled:  
E'en vanquishing pain, and sorrow, and hatred,  
With comforting hope our spirits are filled.

At home wherein love and unity blended,  
Our hearts fondly throb with unchanging love,  
That fireside sacred with honor defended,  
By God's sacred presence and smiles from  
above.

Must I, like our bard, forever, I wonder,  
Be destined the pangs of an exile to know,  
From country to country forever to wander,  
Alone 'mid life's blasts my bitter tears flow?

Perhaps there will ne'er be abiding-place for me  
In this mortal sphere of trial and strife,  
Thank God! for the hope of an eternal glory,  
For those who are faithful and true through  
this life.

Thank God! for the sweet, the blessed assur-  
ance,  
Of eternal peace which to each one will come.  
As blessing to all for patient endurance,  
That pure perfect rest in our last Home Sweet  
Home!

## MY "FRIEND IN NEED".—P. W. S.

With sweetest smile she welcomed me—  
She met me at the gate—  
She pressed my hand in sympathy,  
And bade me rest and wait.

She soothed me with her tenderness —  
A traveler, ill and worn;  
Relieved me of my sore distress,  
Angelic mercy borne!

"A friend in need"—indeed, my friend  
Will ne'er forgotten be.  
May Heaven's choicest gifts descend  
To bless her ministry.

---

## TO E. B. W.

We love our noble friend for true and sterling  
worth,  
Her comprehensive mind — her usefulness on  
earth,  
For sympathetic interest in everything that's  
good,  
But sweetest, best of all, her thought for wo-  
manhood.  
We love her for her energy and philanthropic  
deeds,—  
Her never-tiring ministry in life's supremest  
needs.

## IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD.

Who are these men? I asked my friend,  
These men so good and true,  
In whose two names we now attend,  
To give them honor due.

These men?—Why, they were pioneers,  
From distant countries, far,  
They crossed the plains in toil and tears,—  
No; not in pullman car.

They drove ox teams and pitched their tents,  
Made roads, built bridges, too,  
As wanderers with faithful saints,  
The desert to subdue.

And through the long, eventful years  
On western prairie lands,  
Unfaltering, with hopes and fears,  
They toiled with willing hands.

They sought with prayerful, faithful hearts,  
Their sustenance to gain,  
They trusted One who strength imparts,  
They never prayed in vain.

The Gospel they received in youth,  
And recognized it's worth,  
This everlasting boon of Truth,  
They've spread abroad on earth.

They've comforted the weary ones,  
Through faith and humble prayer,  
Brought peace and joy to many homes,  
Whene'er they entered here.

As faithful servants of the Lord,  
They've nobly done their part,  
They've never deemed a task too hard,  
'Twas done with willing heart.

With willing hand and spirit, free,  
With fortitude and power,  
They've worked with true integrity  
To do His will each hour.

They've given youth, and strength—their all.  
In service of the Lord,  
They've answered nobly every call,  
And lived his written word.

Positions, too, of sacred trust,  
These valiant men have held,  
Their lives have been both true and just,  
Their hearts with joy have swelled.

Companions of the good and true,  
E'er loyal through all time,  
They've tasted joys known to but few,—  
God's holy light, sublime.

Now we all join with one accord,  
In fervent, heart-felt prayer,  
For choicest blessings from the Lord,  
To reach them everywhere.

\* \* \*

How many long, eventful years,  
Have flitted one by one,  
Life's pages blurred with mists of tears!  
God help us feel—"Thy will be done."

## THE PIONEERS CHRISTMAS.

'Twas Yuletide on the bleak frontier,  
Where hardy yeomen toiled with meager  
cheer,  
Who had, through faith and strong undaunted  
will,  
Gained each a humble home and farm to till.  
Here, women, too, privation's pangs endured,  
And little children were to want inured;  
And some had never dreamed of Christmas  
joys  
Their parents knew, when they were girls  
and boys.

On dreary, barren plain, they'd made a home,  
Where wolves and antelope were wont to  
roam,  
Upon the shores of Utah's inland sea—  
They'd sought and found, the boon of liberty.  
Where they could worship God as they deemed  
best,  
With none to make afraid or to molest,  
In all their daily lives, there seemed to shine  
From every word and act a love, divine.

Ere long the Government, misinformed—  
And of a fancied treason warned,  
Considered it expedient and wise,  
To send at once armed troops—result of lies,  
Against a harmless persecuted folk  
Who had, like ancient Israel under yoke,  
Been driven from their all—their rightful home.  
Into a dreary wilderness to roam.

It was not then as now, with wires and rails,  
Encompassing the globe. These western  
trails,

Through wastes and wilds, and burning desert  
sands,

Were made by bleeding feet and blistering  
hands.

Of these brave pioneers—whose living hope

Found courage with their hardships thus to  
cope.

Sustained and strengthened by an unseen Arm,

They reached their destination safe from  
harm.

The troops who followed them with dire intent,

Were not so fortunate as on they went

Upon that toilsome journey o'er the plain

And Great Divide; o'er such a vast domain.

They had miscalculated on their time,

And knew not the vicissitudes of clime.

To them it seemed a never ending tramp,

As day by day they made their weary camp.

Their pace is slow, and very long before

Their journey's end, they oft in vain deplore

The lateness of their start, for wintry blasts,

In cold and cheerless canyons, held them fast.

Impossible their footsteps to retrace,

Now dire starvation stared them in the face—

Subsisting but in part upon wild game—

Which, now and then, near their encampment  
came.

It seems quite strange, but through neglect or  
fault

They found themselves without a grain of  
salt!—

Then tales of this sad plight came to the ears  
Of Brigham Young, who led the pioneers—  
In cause of Right invincible, so true  
To all the finer instincts known to few,  
His heart, as gentle as a woman's was,  
Responded to divine and humane laws.

At once he called upon his loyal men,  
Resolved on prompt and kind relief to send:  
Divided they their scanty, poor supplies,  
Obtained by sweat and toil 'neath burning  
skies.

They also took an ample generous stock  
Of what has proven "celebrated salt!"  
For this had been, in early days gone by,  
Their richest harvest,—salt and alkali!

As time went on these U. S. men enjoyed  
The great advantages of old "Camp Floyd"  
Content to rest awhile upon their oars,  
But through exchange enriching well the  
stores

Of pioneers there living round about,  
Who long of certain luxuries had been with-  
out.

And many eyes now sparkled with the light  
That gleamed from golden coin so rare and  
bright.

'Twas now that Mother Anna in her home  
So humble, watched for Christmas time to  
come,

Her poor resources, too, she studied o'er,  
And sighed when she beheld her scanty store.

Two years a widow left with children, three,  
She'd gained their sustenance by industry.  
But little had she now for those so dear,  
To make their hearts rejoice with Christmas  
cheer.

In cap and mittens, gay, and homespun blouse,  
One wintry morn Young John ran in the  
house,  
And cried, "Oh! mother, Nell and Little Flo,  
Come quick! and see! before they come and  
go!

The soldier troops are marching up the street,  
Just listen to their drums and tramping feet!  
Right on the hill they're going to camp, they  
say,  
All through the winter, maybe, there to  
stay!"

"Joe Walker was afraid, and ran and hid!  
I marched up behind them, that's what I  
did!"

'Twas then a light came in the Mother's eyes;  
"I wonder, dear, if you could sell some  
pies?"

Why, mother, yes; I'm sure I could,  
Of course!—as well as I could chop your  
wood!

You know the other day that great big stick—  
I cut it right in two as short and quick!"

\* \* \*

"Come here, my little man," the captain said—  
As John, quite shyly, with reluctant tread,  
Had let the other boys push him aside—  
Come, let me see what's in that basket, tied.

See, boys! does that not feast your hungry  
eyes?

Just think! the first for months! its pies!  
boys, pies!

The men came 'round like bees from out a hive,  
What? a dollar for the lot? we'll give you  
five!"

Now, here's your money. Hold it very tight,  
Be sure to come again with pies,—tonight!  
"Pies like my mother made" a young man said,  
And quickly from the others turned his  
head.

"A boy just like my own," the captain sighed,  
While down the snowy hill he saw him slide.  
What say you, comrades? Let's give that boy,  
Each something for his own and mother's  
joy."

"December Twenty-fourth! would you believe?  
Indeed, this very night is Christmas Eve!  
Let's have our joy, by making others glad;  
Fill up the basket of that little lad  
With sweetmeats, nuts and dried fruits, too;  
For in this desert land such things are few.  
And in my pack, I'm sure there's hid away  
A box of bon-bons since that parting day."

\* \* \*

How light was Mother Anna's heart! how glad,  
The boy. As many laden baskets had  
Been carried up the hill to fairy land!

It seemed to him, each time his little hand,  
Brought back again a shining piece of gold—  
And last his basket, all that it could hold,

“This, for your mother!” said that man so  
good,

While little John gave smiles of gratitude.  
That night as 'round the Yule-log's ruddy glow,  
The mother's thankful, joyful tears would  
flow,

And Nellie's wistful eyes looked in her own—

'Tis not because I'm sad, my precious one,—  
My heart is very full of grateful joy,

That God has spared to me my girls, my boy,  
That He has been so kind, has heard my  
prayer—

Of His great blessings, given such a share.”

Oh, boundless gifts! to me of untold worth!

Far, far more priceless than the gems of  
earth!

So bravely have you worked throughout this  
day,

My little man, without one thought of play,  
'Twas God who sent these blessings in disguise,

'Twas He who prompted us to make the pies,  
Yes He has blessed us so this Christmas Eve,

That never more should we complain or  
grieve.

In sweet accord they sang their joyful lays,  
Their hearts attuned in love to sing God's  
praise,

Soon Little Flo, with nodding, curly head,

Said, “Hang my 'tockins up, me wants go  
bed.”

And Nellie said, “Oh, yes, we must, and  
mother's, too,

And John's and mine, for 'Santa' loves us  
true."

Pure, guileless hearts! from these delusions  
wake

Not thou too soon: such bliss, oh, long par-  
take!

While now the stockings, hung by dimpled  
hands,

Were dangling in the light of glowing  
brands,

In purest faith and hope each prayer was said,  
And Mother Anna tucked them all in bed.

Then, as her custom was, sang lullabys

'Till sleep had closed their still unwilling  
eyes.

Dear children! you, watched o'er by mother  
love!

Can you from duty's pathway ever rove?

"Now, now to work!" she said, I must away!  
For I have much to do before the dawn of  
day."

Across the street she went with sprightly tread,

To get for Little John, the longed-for sled,

'Tis true 'twas crude, as made by Cripple Ben—

The dollar paid did service once again.

A home-made wicker chair for darling Flo.,

Made from willows culled in fields below.

How deftly flew that mother's fingers when,

These errands done, she had returned again!

The world seemed filled with sweet and mystic  
charm;

The christmas-tree, long hidden in the barn,

She caused to bloom with gorgeous paper  
flowers—

The secret work of many evening hours.  
Up in the top she placed the new, "rag doll,"  
And on a lower limb a home-made ball.

Besides the useful gifts her hands had made—  
Which one and all about the tree were laid,  
Appeared the parcel sent by Captain Green,  
And which but Mother Anna yet had seen.  
Her heart in sweetest thankfulness had swelled,  
When all these toothsome dainties she be-  
held.

The children's stockings now were brimming  
o'er,

With wonders they had never seen before!

Thus what people thought would bring dis-  
tress,

Had been the very means their homes to  
bless.

In these poor pioneers the troops no harm  
Could see, nor did the settlers feel alarm.

Instead of being saddened and forlorn,  
All hearts rejoiced upon that Christmas  
Morn.

For thus to one another had been brought  
A mutual benefit, by each unsought.

'Twas not alone to Anna and her brood,  
That comforts came, with clothes and food—  
With certain lines they came full stored—  
Their visit, then, was not deplored,

For willing men found work and ready pay.  
 And market for potatoes, grain and hay.  
 And girls and women cooked and washed and  
     sewed,  
 And thus was raised from all a heavy load.

The visit of the troops to our surprise,  
 That winter proved a blessing in disguise;  
 Then in the crude log church on Christmas Day,  
 Met young and old in thankfulness to pray;  
 And men grown wise in wisdom's learned ways,  
 Taught younger ones the cause for grateful  
     praise:

The enemy was hungry so we fed  
 Not fought him—as the Savior said!

---

### VISIONS.

Now in the deep silence of midnight  
 My spirit seems wafted away,  
 And there looms in the path of my vision,  
 The dawn of a holier day;  
 When again, we shall meet our beloved,  
 Renewing those sanctified ties,  
 That bind us forever and ever  
 To loved ones beyond the blue skies.

---

### SERENITY.

Darling, we should be glad! we have each  
     other,  
 So let the fierce winds blow;  
 I have a daughter's love, you have a mother,  
 Then tears should cease to flow.

Darling, we should not weep, but we should  
rather

Let Soul burst forth in song!

Ah, think, sweet child, we have a Heavenly  
Father,—

He doth our lives prolong.

---

### TRANQUILLITY.

'Twas eventide, the World seem'd breathing  
silent benison,

With Nature, and with Nature's God,—my soul  
in unison.

Gazing from my window casement  
Out into the dreamy night,  
Twinkling stars, through gath'ring shadows,  
Soothing with a calm delight.

With my vision soaring skyward,  
Far into the realms above,  
All my being seems o'er flooded  
With the Father's tender love.

E'en among the fleecy cloudlets,  
I seem floating on and on,  
'Till life's weary cares, so boundless,  
Vanish surely one by one.

Then I seem to be surrounded  
In a region pure and new,  
With the love and trust unbounded,  
Of my friends who know me true.

Then a soothing intonation,  
Breathing music in mine ear;  
Thou hast won through tribulation—  
Look! thy great reward is here!

Then I see the hosts of heaven,  
Hear them singing joyful praise,  
O'er my soul from earth's toils riven,  
Basking in celestial rays.

Gracious glimpse through heaven's portal,  
Haste thou to reality;  
Bring the gems of life immortal  
To that vast Eternity!

---

#### WITH SATURDAY NIGHT.

When the work of life's mission is ended,  
May it close with Saturday night,  
When the children's stockings are mended,—  
And no unfinished work meets my sight.

With my home and surroundings in order,  
All the dust of the week swept away,  
My heart's purest motives made ready,  
For the rest of that blest Sabbath day.

All the work I have planned in my dreaming  
Made a blessed reality here  
The castles I've built more than seeming  
With my powers more perfect to cheer.

With my frail, human weaknesses mastered,  
With all evil o'ercome with the right,—

When called by the good, loving Father,  
May it be after Saturday night.

---

### GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

Old Year! Old Year! I sigh and drop a tear,  
For very soon we part forevermore!  
A laurel wreath I place upon thy bier,  
As you lock hands with years now gone before.

Old Year! Old Year! how oft a burning tear  
You've wrung from out my troubled, surging  
soul!  
Again you've brought me many days of cheer,  
And led my spirit back to heaven's goal.

---

### TAKE ME THEN.

Ah, when old age hath come,  
When health and vital strength have flown,  
When active usefulness is gone,  
When I've to second childhood grown,  
Oh, who will love me then?

To live, kind Father, just  
While I can execute this trust  
Of mortal life in usefulness,  
So long as I can others bless,—  
No longer do I ask.

When I am weak and old,  
When e'en ambition's fire is cold,

And flown the powers thou has lent,  
When all life's energy is spent,  
Then take me to thyself.

And when the time hath come  
That mind and strength is all but done,  
O Father, snap the palsied thread  
Of life, for then am I the same as dead,  
And better go to Thee.

When usefulness is o'er,  
When I can help and soothe no more,  
Nor ease the burdens others bear,  
Nor mitigate their pain and care,  
I wish to go to Thee.

When that time comes, take me  
To realms of immortality;  
Renew my useful powers then,  
So I can live and work again,  
For that will Heaven be!

---

### GOLDEN TREES.

Thou slender, waving, graceful trees,  
Forever fanned by Wasatch breeze,  
You, too, have felt the blighting frost,  
Alas! your verdant hue is lost.

At morn the sun o'er yonder hill  
Comes forth to greet the valley still;  
With glintings from the unknown spheres,  
Transforms to diamonds night-time's tears.

He sheds o'er all thy frosted forms  
The most transplendent, brilliant charms;  
With fiery wand, like angel stroke,  
New, vivid beauties, hath awoke.

Transformed from Summer's mantle, green,  
You now seem wrapped in gilded sheen;  
Thy yellow leaves, so sere and old,  
Are shimmering now like stars of gold.

O golden trees, I hope, like you,  
To change life's garb for brighter hue;  
Though days, like leaves, fall one by one,  
Find life renewed, and victories won

---

### OUR POETS.

Then should we deem it very strange  
That poesy, in varied range,  
Amid these all-inspiring scenes,  
Should wake our souls to lofty themes?  
Sweet echoes through these mountain dells,  
The bracing air with music swells.

New songs, and rare, poetic tales  
Are wafted by the perfumed gales  
To hearts and homes. Through every hour,  
They come as if by magic power,  
And every impulse of the mind  
Is quickened by this art refined.

These flowers of Thought illumine our path  
Like golden beams; inspiring faith

In human hopes, and human love,  
Lead downcast souls to look above.  
They cheer us when our hearts are sad,  
And by their sunshine make us glad;  
Inspire to all that's good and true,  
Of all worth while, give clearer view.

What pleasures o'er our senses steal  
When we commune with fair "Emile,"  
Most vividly the language tells  
The master mind of E. B. Wells.  
And Lulu's words, so strong and brave,  
Awaken thoughts, sublime and grave,  
So forceful they, and yet so mild,  
E'en helpful to the little child.

Dear Woodmansee in wealth of rhyme  
Expresses truths at once sublime  
Yet touching in their tender power —  
For Righteousness a strength and tower.  
And some have we whose names unknown,  
Elysian fields delight to roam;  
Where they have modestly expressed  
Emotions, otherwise repressed.

Now, Lydia Alder's facile pen  
Hath stirred the souls of learned men.  
Dear names before our ardent view  
As stars appear, in azure blue;  
We're thinking now in tenderness  
Of Carmichael, and F. L. S.—  
For in our very early days,  
They woke desires to write such lays.

Sweet Annie Pike, J. Spencer, too,  
And, "Hope," with words of solace, true—  
Dear M. A. Freeze, and Lillie T.,  
And Ruth M. Fox the "working bee,"  
Kate Thomas with her wit in hand,  
And Mary F. in distant land,  
Fair Annie C. and lovely Mell,  
In numbers rare their fancies tell.

We've Julia Farnsworth's ready pen,  
The cause of women to defend;  
While in her home, with queenly grace,  
As wife and mother fills her place.  
We've Jakeman, with aspiring mind,  
Whose pen-drawn pictures we will find  
Are scenes from rare experience,  
Appealing to the nobler sense.

Dear "Cactus," reared on Dixie soil,  
Hath reached the heights by earnest toil,  
And by a wise, discerning skill,  
With life's great lessons, pages fill.  
And "Homespun," too, with homespun yarns  
Of rural life and country farms,  
Who touches, with artistic grace,  
Things, otherwise most common-place.

We've Cornaby, and Millicent,  
Dear Greenhalch, too, and Hyacinth,  
Lu Dalton, and our Crocheron,  
With Lucy Clark and Phebe Young.  
In dulcet notes they tune the lyre,  
Enkindling bright, poetic fire,  
While loving voice in praises sing  
The memory of H. T. King.

How many of this royal band  
 Have reached the other, better land,  
 Yet still with us they speak and live—  
 Unto this world their treasures give!  
 And e'en beyond that mystic veil,  
 'Twixt life and death—partition, frail,  
 We hear sweet echoes, soft and low,  
 Of Zion's poet—E. R. Snow, —

Whose "O My Father," grand! sublime!  
 Is sung in every land and clime;  
 Her words such holy truths have taught,  
 With such great inspiration fraught—  
 That here we find a long-lost key  
 That opes to immortality!  
 And oh, the joy! What can compare!  
 To know we have "a Mother there!"

Methinks I see their forms divine,  
 E'en hear sweet voices, keeping time  
 In echoing waves, and seraph tone,  
 Where angels join round Father's throne.  
 May we who now are left on earth  
 Obtain with them celestial birth,  
 Together with that blessed throng  
 Unite in one triumphal song.

---

### PROHIBITION.

Did you say you did not favor Prohibition's cause?  
 That you would oppose such measure as a statute  
 of our laws?  
 Stop and think! Oh, hear the echoes ringing  
 still from age to age

Wails of anguish, cries of hunger, themes of poet,  
priest and sage,  
Could you know the midnight vigils anxious wives  
and mothers keep,  
See them kneeling, praying, pleading—see the  
little children weep,  
Calling for the husband, father, hoping for his  
soon return—  
And yet almost fearing, dreading that for which  
they wildly yearn.

Oh! the direful, dreadful vision of a man with  
reason gone!  
Once the type of noble manhood!—now we see  
him stagger on,  
Blear-eyed, dark, distorted features, rambling  
speech and shambling gait,  
Ah, you turn away and shudder with the thought  
of such a fate!  
Still we see this picture daily in this land of free-  
dom's pride,  
This, and still more sad conditions—crime and  
poverty beside.  
Greatest sins of every nation have their origin in  
drink:—  
Drink that kills a man's best impulse, brings him  
to destruction's brink.  
Brilliant thought and judgment darkened, use-  
fulness and honor gone,  
All that made him loved and happy ere the demon  
Drink he'd known;  
Ere he'd caused his best belov'd keenest pangs of  
human woe,

Ere remorse, and pain and anguish he himself had  
    come to know.  
Then arouse! awake! each nation, all ye towns  
    and cities hear!  
Let the cause of Prohibition spread its banners  
    far and near!  
That no more the eyes of childhood may behold  
    such wretched sight,  
Let the force of man's example e'er impel the  
    course of right!  
Let the earth consume the "poison" once for all,  
    and nevermore  
Fire the blood and brain of mortal! Shout these  
    words from shore to shore:  
Temperance, and Prohibition! Abstinence from  
    habits vile,  
Will bring freedom, peace and plenty, making  
    earth and Heaven smile!

---

### WEDDING WISHES.

Along the precious string of pearls  
That's threaded tenderly for you, my love,  
I'd place the brightest gems of worlds  
Immortal from the realms above;  
A blessed Faith in mutual worth—  
Sweet Confidence, implicit Trust,  
That e'en weak mortals here on earth  
May rise to all that's good and just—  
And feel—ah, more than all the rest,  
That God directs our wav'ring feet,  
That e'en in trials we are blest,  
That bitter draughts may still be sweet.  
Remember, too, whate'er betide—

Through all the changing scenes you rove—  
God's constant Light can be your guide  
With mother's ne'er unchanging Love.

---

### VOICES OF THE WIND.

O thou sighing, moaning breeze,  
Sweeping through the sylvan land,  
Swaying grass and graceful trees,  
Bending them with unseen hand,  
Reaching e'en the ocean's tide  
Dashing billows mountains high,  
Through the surges, deep and wide,  
Waking strong convulsive sigh.

On the land thy might is seen,  
Desolation marks thy course,  
Cities razed, and fields left clean,  
Swept from earth without remorse.  
Now thy mournful monotone,  
Wailing as some soul in pain,  
Makes me feel a child alone  
When I hear thy solemn strain—

Whistling through the chimneys tall,  
Rattling doors, and creaking blinds,  
Dashing madly 'gainst the wall—  
O remorseless, fickle wind!  
How you wound my throbbing heart,  
Piercing as with lance of steel,  
Making all my pulses start,  
When thy blasts I hear, and feel.

In thy tempest-stricken tones,  
Mournful voices greet my ears,

And my burdened spirit moans  
With the weight of by-gone years:  
For my mother fond and true,  
Failing with the autumn days,  
Left us as the fierce winds blew,  
'Twas then she passed from mortal gaze.

Now when murm'ring echoes ring  
Round about my lonely bed,  
O, what memories they bring—  
Sweet beloved spirit fled!  
Is there, can there ever be  
Recompense for such a loss?  
Wind again, thou answerest me:  
Where's the crown without the cross?

---

### RESURRECTION.

A tiny seed, a mite so small  
That human eye could scarce behold,  
Asleep in mother-earth did fall  
While closely round her arms enfold.  
It slumb'reth long, close hid away,  
'Till wakened by creative power,  
It swelled, and burst the cumbrous clay,  
Expanding to most beauteous flower.

Beloved forms, in earth entombed,  
Inert and silent, rest for years,  
Where many seasons flow'rs have bloomed,  
Made beautiful by love's lone tears;  
Until a holy touch awakes  
And fills with life the dormant spark,

Of living fire the soul partakes—  
Emerges from its prison dark.

He came! A Being most divine,  
Though clothed for earth in mortal guise,  
His life to give for human kind,  
Ah, what a solemn sacrifice.  
Most perfect being earth has known,  
Unto this world an infant born,  
A mundane mantle round Him thrown,  
Within the grave was laid forlorn.

But soon the stone was rolled away,  
Ah, He had tasted death! Now life  
Supreme would animate this clay!  
To consummate His earthly strife.  
Arising from His cerements, Lo!  
From out His opened tomb  
Our Savior rose! Said He, I go  
To Him: For all mankind make room.

---

### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

While the pulse of the universe trembles and  
thrills  
With the weight of its burden of love,  
The spirit of peace every bosom instills,  
While angels are smiling above.  
Our Savior, Redeemer, and Giver, of all  
Bids every soul respond to the call  
To love one another e'en as He loved, when  
He came to this world to die for all men!

## THE KING OF DAY.

Fair Phoebus of the fiery face,  
Where dost thou hide so long?  
Why wrapped in misty clouds, embrace,  
Our miseries prolong?

Shine out again! our spirits brace,  
Come beam with warming glow;  
From stricken earth the frost-king chase,  
Oh, bid the streamlets flow.

Awake again the slumb'ring earth,  
Bid grass and flowers grow,  
New life and beauty waiteth birth,  
Beneath the frost and snow.

And thou hast power to wake to life  
These germs that dormant sleep,  
To make the soil with verdure rife,  
Small shoots to upward creep.

Aye, even mortal hopes upspring,  
With brightness of thy rays.  
Thou dost new life and vigor bring,  
All nature sings thy praise.

Ah, Sun! thou hast most wondrous power  
Thou potentate of Day!—  
Created in the primal hour  
To chase the gloom away.

Yet we must never fail to own,  
A greater power than thine,

Although for aeons thou hast shone,  
'Tis through a Will divine.

And I must feel behind each cloud,  
Thou dost forever shine,  
Though murky darkness may enshroud  
This mortal life of mine.

---

### CALLED HOME.

Ambrose Pare! fair and noble!  
Dowered with Heaven's rarest charms.  
Oh, the pure, ecstatic gladness  
When I held him in my arms.

Nothing ever gave more pleasure  
Than a look into his eyes.  
Tears assuaged by his sweet presence,  
As were banished all my sighs.

Oh, I ne'er could tire in gazing  
On his feature's perfect mold;  
In their depths such wonder tracing,  
None but mothers can behold.

Ah, the thousand little dimples  
All could see whene'er he smiled;  
All could feel his gentle presence  
Though a little infant child.

And if e'er a happy mother  
Felt a pride in one she loved,  
True 'twas I, though oft I trembled  
As by some deep impulse moved.

Yet I knew that he was given  
 By a Father, ever kind,  
 As a brilliant beam from Heaven;  
 To all else my heart was blind.

I never thought, e'en for a moment,  
 That he might not long remain;  
 That the One who lends these jewels  
 Always calls them back again.

\* \* \*

So absorbed with my treasure I scarce can rem-  
 ember  
 How have passed all the months since that chilly  
 November.  
 Let me think for a moment, yes, 'twas May-time  
 I know,  
 When the snow had all melted, and the wind  
 ceased to blow;  
 All the hills were adorned with fair flowers, trees  
 all green -  
 I'm sure, for these flowers were the first he had  
 seen.

But alas, the bright Springtime was for me, oh so  
 soon  
 Changed from glory and brightness to darkness  
 and gloom.  
 From my beautiful babe I was destined to part;  
 He was snatched from my arms, but not from my  
 heart.  
 Far too pure for earth's coldness, its sorrow and  
 sin,  
 Heaven's gate opened for him, he has now pass-  
 ed within.

O that meteor, bright, that illumined my sky,  
Soon passed, in its orbit, to realms upon high.  
And to be true and faithful, to meet him again,  
Is the guerdon I crave for this parting of pain.  
Still honor the Father, the great, all-wise Giver,  
And join the loved ones near that "Beautiful  
River."

---

### FRIENDS.

O ye friends of my youth, and of life's later age,  
Thy names are inscribed on Time's fitful page,  
But indelibly written in letters of gold  
On my heart's living tablet that never grows cold.

Though the world grows apace and the cycle of  
time  
Reaps the harvest of age—yes, and those in their  
prime,  
Still enshrined in my soul, with all that is dear,  
Are the names of my friends in characters clear.

Ah! these friends are far brighter than jewels I  
wear,  
More precious than diamonds, brilliant and rare,  
The very best gifts my Father hath given,  
Rare pearls from His presence, descending from  
heaven.

How dreary the world, e'en with all of its powers,  
Its sunshine, its music, and beautiful flowers,  
Without a true friend who with magic of love  
Refreshes our souls, as the Fountain above  
Refreshes our spirits, with infinite peace;  
Inspiring us e'er in good works to increase.

## THE COMFORTER.

There's a whispering Voice that awakens  
The tenderest notes of my heart,  
When I think of my friends who are weeping,  
I fain would sweet solace impart.

But I realize now, as I linger,  
How impotent, feeble and weak  
Is the tongue, or the pen of a mortal,  
Of comfort to write or to speak.

There's One, and but One who can soothe us,  
Can still these deep throbbings of pain,  
He who lovingly loaned us His jewels,  
And expects them returned back again.

He sent them to brighten our pathway,  
As proof of His tenderest love,  
He takes them again in His wisdom,  
Perhaps to allure us above.

Now in the deep silence of night-tide,  
My spirit seems wafted away,  
And there comes in the path of my vision  
The dawn of a holier day.

When again we shall meet our beloved,  
Renewing life's sanctified ties;  
Uniting and binding forever  
By powers immortal and wise.

God gives as beneficent token  
His love and continuous care;  
He knows all our thoughts though unspoken,  
He hears the oft whispered prayer.

Ah! now with my senses attuning  
To heaven's englorified song,  
I crave in my fervent communing  
God's blessing of Hope to prolong.

All souls to respond to the music—  
Sweet echoes of peace from above,  
Pure faith in eternal reunion,  
Through blessed and ne'er-failing Love.

---

### LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

"This world is so pretty!" the little child lisps,  
As she romps in the hay and plays with its wisps,  
The songs of the birds, and the flowers are sweet,  
And the green grass is cool and soft for my feet,  
While God up in heaven each blessing is giving."

"Life is worth living!" the youth now exclaims,  
As he thinks of the future and makes lofty aims;  
"I'll try to be good and become wise and great,  
Proving faithful and true to my second estate,  
And make the world better because of my living."

"Life is worth living!" says the maiden in bliss,  
As she bends her fair head for her lover's first kiss.  
"The earth is o'er spread with roseate hue,  
The world is all love, the sky is so blue!  
And never did life seem so much worth the living!"

"Life is worth living!" say husband and wife,  
As they walk hand in hand the journey of life;  
"We'll share every sorrow and joy as they come,  
We will try to bring sunshine into our home,  
And to rear sons and daughters worthy of living."

"Yes life is worth living!" the mother replies,  
As she looks in the depths of her baby's brown  
eyes.

"I must polish this jewel and make it so bright  
That 'twill shine to the world with radiant light,  
And will make all men feel that life is worth  
living."

"Is life worth the living?" the millionaire said,  
As he rose in the morn from his soft, downy bed,  
In his palace of grandeur surrounded by wealth,  
And all that could add to his comfort or health—  
Yet he oft-times exclaims, "Is life worth the  
living?"

"Is life worth the living?" the laborer asks,  
As he trudges along to his wearisome tasks,  
The beauties of nature spread out to his sight;  
Often blind to these charms, he feel no delight,  
And says in his soul, "Life is not worth the living!"

"Is life worth the living?" the poor pauper cries,  
With cravings of hunger and deep smothered  
sighs!

So little to cheer him, so many desires,  
Neglected and weary he often inquires—  
The poor, broken spirit!—"Is life worth the liv-  
ing?"

"Is life worth the living?" the epicure yawns,  
While the sycophant near him insipidly fawns  
With satiated tastes and o'er-clouded brains,  
They drink and carouse, with their aches and their  
pains!

Well indeed may one ask, "Are such lives worth  
living?"

'Life's not worth the living,' the pessimist  
thinks,  
As he finds to what depths humanity sinks,  
The dark, cloudy side is all that he sees,  
Pain, sickness and sorrow and mental disease,  
So he sagely (?) concludes, "Life's not worth the  
living!"

\* \* \*

"But life is worth living," the optimist writes,  
"Every hour is giving the sweetest delights!  
This beautiful world has its sunshine and flowers;  
And science and art are increasing the powers  
Of brain, heart and soul: True life is worth  
living."

"Yes, life is worth living," the Christian declares  
"With all of its trials, its sins and its snares,  
For through stern experience wisdom is gained,  
A triumph o'er self and the world is obtained,  
And men are secured a life everlasting."

"Life is worth living!" are the words that he gave  
As he tottered so near to the brink of the grave.  
"I've lived ninety years, seen life's "ups" and its  
"downs,"

But with all of its turmoil, its cares, and its frowns,  
I continue to think that life is worth living."

Ah, life's worth the living! though drear it oft  
seems,

And our seasons of joy are like fast fleeting  
dreams;

The infinite bliss of a being on earth,  
With the exquisite hope of a yet brighter birth!  
Help us bear all our cares—and make life worth  
the living!

## OUR PANSY BED.

'Twas only a bed of pansies  
With faces upturned to the sun,  
But think of the thoughts and fancies  
That through my mind now run.

How they throng and crowd upon me,  
With their images bright and fair:  
My beautiful, brown-eyed Nellie,  
And Avelin with golden hair.

Olea fair queenly maiden,  
And Ellis my bonny child,  
Sweet flowers with love-bloom laden,  
Your faces have on me smiled.

"Manly Vance" and dainty Stella,  
Staid Loraine, with leaves of white,  
Quiet Leith, and noble Willie,  
Each comes plainly to my sight.

Julia clothed in brilliant raiment,  
Brothers there in sober dress,  
And for parents, each had claiment;—  
Fondly would their petals press.

Helaine the wise philosopher,  
Sedate Celeste, of Mission fame;  
How we loved to watch their blooming,  
Calling each one by its name.

O heart, be still, throb not so fast,  
O fount of tears; burst not thy bound;

In dreaming of the happy past,  
Thou'rt treading now on sacred ground!

---

A FATHER'S LAMENT,

SHADOWS.

I passed through the vales of the shadows of  
Doubt,  
There was turmoil within—there was darkness  
without,  
My heartstrings were riven with sorrow and pain,  
For it seemed I had called on my Father in vain!  
The saddest of fears that ever oppressed  
A poor mortal's heart, and robbed him of rest,  
Like funeral robe enveloped my soul—  
The tempest breaks o'er me, the surges unroll.

Ah! how can it be that hope, faith and prayer—  
That all of the years of tenderest care—  
That struggle and effort through long, 'waking  
hours,  
Could fail to enlist God's infinite powers  
To save a beloved one from sorrow to know  
And keep him as pure as the white driven snow.  
In making him worthy of blessings divine,  
Can God fail to hear this petition of mine?

---

MY HOPE FOR THEE.

I would not wish thee joys alone—  
Save joys which come from duties done,  
But pray that strength and wisdom's light,  
Be ever thine through sorrow's night.  
Be thine, in dark temptation's hour,

When evil lures thee with it's power,  
 Be thine, to make thy spirit true,  
 Within, without, all sin subdue.  
 Be thine, to help thee others bless,  
 To lead mankind to righteousness;  
 Within thy soul bring bliss supreme,  
 That passeth not as but a dream;  
 The joys of holiness, of perfect trust,  
 Of faith divine in One most just.

---

### A M O T H E R.

The very sweetest thing of all  
 The world that we can ever know,  
 Sublimest thought that e'er could fall  
 From lips of mortals here below:  
 She was a mother true and good,  
 She reared her children in God's way,<sup>s</sup>  
 Her faithful, patient motherhood  
 Can never gain full need of praise!

---

### G O I N G H O M E.

O home, beloved! my dear, sweet home!  
 Again to thee in joy I come!  
 Behold with radiant spirits free,  
 Thy snow-capped cliffs, thine inland sea,  
 Thy verdant fields so fresh and green,  
 O Utah, fair! thou western queen!  
 My childhood's home, I love thee well.  
 My heart with loving raptures swell—  
 While gazing on thy beauties rare,  
 No place with thee can I compare.  
 Thy ever flowing, crystal streams,  
 Reflecting myriad tinted gleams,

Flow through the fertile valleys wide,  
With health and plenty to provide.  
Thy fragrant flowers and waving trees,  
Waft sweetest incense on the breeze,  
Which seems to thrill my inmost soul  
While coming nearer to my goal;  
My goal—my children, love and home!  
I'm near to thee—I come! I come!

---

### THREE FLOWERS.

Three little flowers before me smile,  
Which I have carried many a mile,  
On them such tender care bestowed,  
That all the way, their petals glowed  
With brightest hues and fragrance, rare,  
To recompense my watchful care.

Three little girls from heaven sent,  
By God's all-wise, supreme consent!  
To me most welcome, precious boon,  
As heavenly bars in nature's tune.  
As sweetest flowers from soil divine,  
Within this wreath of mine to twine.

Three flowers as tokens of their love,  
Now cheer me while I sadly rove.  
In each, the red, and pink, and white,  
I seem to see a smile beam bright—  
I feel angelic spirits near—  
My inmost soul to soothe and cheer.

## YEARNINGS.

Oh! laggard Time, flit on, flit on,  
 Let all these weary days be gone,  
 Bring me again to joys of home,  
 No more, no more in life, to roam,  
 Where I may feel my pulses warm  
 With love's exquisite grace and charm.

I'm going home, I'm going home,  
 I'm going home tomorrow!  
 Then to my heart no more will come  
 This loneliness and sorrow.  
 For soon around in love will twine  
 The arms of those who love me,  
 Affection of sweet children mine—  
 And heav'n will smile above me.

---

 THE "DEAR" DOCTORS.

Oh, these hard working doctors, pity them well!  
 Of their strenuous life it is well to tell!  
 Called here and there with distances wide,  
 Through sleet and snow they silently ride.  
 At the midnight hour, though fierce storms rage,  
 They enter the struggle a life to save!  
 Through the long, long hours their vigils they  
     keep  
 With never a thought for food or sleep.  
 They skillfully strive to do their best  
 To relieve the pain, bring sleep and rest.

At the time their service quite all outranks,  
Yet oft unrequited with even poor thanks!

---

## ELLIS

Oh, could there come from bonny breeze  
A breath to give thy spirit ease,  
Could perfume of the sweetest flowers  
Inhaled by thee, make pleasant hours—  
Could skies emit fair sunlit rays  
To brighten all thy earthly days,  
My love, on pinions light and free  
Would bring them all, dear one, to thee.

Could earth yield up her richest wealth,  
Could science bring thee strength and health,  
Could perfect faith forever live  
Through all thy life, its joys to give.  
While love supreme—God's tender care  
Bring peace divine, beyond compare.  
I would invoke these blessings free,  
All, all for thee—in love for thee.

---

## O'ER EACH LIFE HE HAS A CARE.

O my children, grow not weary,  
In life's constant struggle here,  
Though the years bring sorrows, dreary,  
Brush away the blinding tear.

Bravely meet the task awaiting,  
With a firm, undaunted will,  
With a steady arm, unfailing,  
Life's pure purpose to fulfill.

Many trials will beset you,  
 Many burdens you will bear,  
 But our God will not forget you—  
 O'er each life he has a care.

---

### C L A R A.

No grander dress was ever worn,  
 No brighter gem could e'er adorn  
 The form of lovely womanhood,  
 Than to be pure, and true, and good.

And this is why we love you so,  
 Because your noble heart we know,  
 Because we feel, when you are near  
 Our hearts rebound with hope and cheer.

Our Clara, dear, is fair and true,—  
 Life's sweetest flowers her path bestrew,  
 Her gentle ways, and winning grace  
 Hath won in every heart a place.

---

### J E W E L S.

As Thy custodian, O Lord, of jewels rare—  
 By far more precious than the gems a queen  
 could wear—

In all humility I seek Thy mighty throne,  
 To plead that unto me my duty may be shown.

These jewels, greatest proof of thine unfailing  
 love,

May I to them a guardian angel prove;

That through my watchful, faithful care, in  
 Jesus' name,  
 They may return to Thee as pure as when they  
 came.

---

### LITTLE MAGGIE.

---

There is no flock however watched and tended  
 But one dead lamb is there,  
 There is no fireside hnw-so-e'er defended  
 But has one vacant chair.—Longfellow.

---

Gone from our household to realms of gladness,  
 Yes, gone to that beautiful shore,  
 Leaving our hearts bowed down in their sadness.  
 Because we behold her no more.

Lovely companion, dear, gentle sister,  
 Father has free'd her from pain;  
 We who are left—oh, sadly we miss her—  
 Long for her presence again.

Her sojourn was brief—her mission soon finished,  
 In a land far brighter than this,  
 Her powers for good remain undiminished,  
 Her cup is o'er-flowing with bliss.

No more will she quaff of life's bitter waters,  
 But feast at ambrosial spring;  
 While ever and ever sweet amaranth flowers  
 Their immortal fruitage will bring.

To us there is left an unfading flower  
 Fond Memory—now, and for aye!

Our sweet little flower in God's rosy bower,  
 We're awaiting the bright, better day!

\* \* \*

As the perfume of roses still lingers—  
 As echoes of musical strains—  
 Like the touch of soft loving fingers  
 Dear Maggie's sweet presence remains.

---

### GETHSEMANE

We do not know why tears must flow,  
 Why human hearts must ache and break;  
 Nor you nor I may ever know  
 Why men their sacred vows forsake;  
 Why sorrows come, hearts cold and numb  
 From wounds so piercing, keen and deep:  
 Such cruel pain! can e'er we gain  
 A surcease from the tears we weep?

Hope oft seems flown to the unknown;  
 Faith: oh, we pray it still live on!  
 Though all the sweets of life are flown,  
 Though every other joy is gone,  
 Though music's notes no longer float  
 In ecstasy to greet the ear,  
 Though flower, and tree, and humming bee  
 Cannot inspire, nor give us cheer,—

Oh, may our trust in Heaven's love  
 Remain enthroned within the soul!  
 True worth and worthiness to prove,  
 Of Father's love, of heaven's goal:  
 Where all will clearly understand  
 The whys and wherefores of life's woe,  
 To comprehend each great command,  
 God's wondrous Plan to clearly know.

## EDITOR WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

(Read on an occasion)

You ask me now to speak of her,  
The one we all love well  
As Zion's lady-editor—  
That old time story tell.

I really did not choose the theme,  
For I would much prefer  
To tell the reverent esteem,  
I've ever felt for her.

And how, through long, eventful years,  
We've honored and revered  
The one we truly love and praise  
To every heart endeared.

Yet I remember well the time  
When she assumed this role,  
The songs she wrote in prose and rhyme—  
The children of her soul.

How wonderful to us it seemed  
That she could do so much;  
How truly were her powers esteemed—  
Her fine, poetic touch,

That beautified and thrilled each soul  
That crossed her daily path;  
A nature under God's control,  
Inspiring holy faith.

Oh, how our hearts with joy were thrilled,  
whene'er the paper came!

Such wondrous things the pages filled—  
We loved its potent name.

Exponent of our rights and homes,  
Of Zion's sisterhood,  
Not all the world's historic tomes,  
To us seemed half so good.

And still it tells of woman's hope,  
Her noble works and aim,  
It gives her talents greater scope—  
We honor still its name.

And woman e'er in sweet accord,  
In thoughts affection tells,  
For the "EXPONENT" has a word,  
In love for E. B. Wells.

---

### AN INCENTIVE.

If one were alone in this world without friend,  
What use would there be with it's ills to con-  
tend;  
What incentive to work if no loving one  
Could smile and "God bless you," and say, " 'Tis  
well done."  
As selfish, indeed, as the world seems to be,  
Very few live for self—we plainly can see.

---

### A WANDERER.

No home! no spot on earth to call my own,  
No hearth with brightening glow,  
Where I can list to love's sweet tone  
Away from worldly cant and show.

No home! where I can e'er extend  
My hospitality to guest  
Or friend. No home! where I can wend  
My weary way for peace and rest.

No shelt'ring roof, no soft and restful bed  
Where tired limbs may find repose,  
Where heart and brain and aching head  
Are sheltered from the wind that blows.

O God, in love! in mercy from above,  
Send solace to thy wandering child!  
Heart desolation, pray remove—  
Still, still these yearnings fierce and wild!

---

### MY LOVE FOR THEE.

If winds and flowers and trees could speak,  
If voice could come from ocean's deep,  
If words could flow from out the skies,  
Or echoes from the earth arise;  
Nor flower, nor tree, nor earth, nor sea,  
Could fully tell my love for thee.  
'Tis only Love, divine, can teach—  
Or angel whisper that can reach  
Into the portals of thy heart,  
My soul's devotion to impart.

My love for thee I know is more  
Than heart hath ever known before!  
For oh, round thee I always find  
The tendrils of my heart entwined;  
So much I see to waken love,  
And life's most sacred impulse move:

Thy wealth of soul, thy wining grace,  
 The loving light upon thy face,  
 So good and true, so dear to me—  
 My heart o'er-flows with love for thee.

My love is dancing on the breeze,  
 The birdlings sing it in the trees.  
 Each branch and vine this incense breathes—  
 The flowers my love a garland wreathes;  
 Bright azure skies in ecstasy  
 Reflect my love, my love for thee.  
 And surely in the courts above  
 The angels know how much I love.  
 My love you know by every test!  
 E'en now, 'tis only half expressed!

---

## THE ESCALANTIAN MOUNTAINS.

In the vales of Escalanta  
 Where the tall and stately pines  
 Rear to azure skies their branches  
 Mid a wealth of clustering vines,  
 Here I pen these simple verses  
 With my heart o'er fraught with love,  
 With contending, human passions,  
 Fluttering as imprisoned dove.

Duty! stern, relentless duty,  
 Calls me thither on my way,  
 Far from home, and love and beauty—  
 Dearest ones for whom I pray.  
 In the Escalantian Mountains  
 Are the spruce, and pine and fir,

Rearing high toward heaven their branches,  
Till we scarce can see them stir.

Oh, their sighing mid the mountains  
Finds an echo in my heart,  
And my tears, like living fountains  
From my eyes, unbidden, start! ,  
Ah, my soul is ever yearning  
For the touch of gentle hands,  
Tender thought is ever turning  
To the loved of other lands.

Waving branches, towering mountains,  
Catch the message wafted now,  
Catch the kisses I am sending,  
Take them, on each tremb'ling bow;  
Let them echo and re-echo,  
O'er the Escalantian chain,  
That the prayers for my beloved,  
May not leave my lips in vain.

---

### ONE GREAT LOVE.

The strength of love, of One Great Love!  
We feel it everywhere—in every breath of air,  
In all the powers which live or move.

In that supremest sacrifice  
That gave our Savior birth—that sent Him to  
this earth  
To live to die for other lives.

His love and life immortalized!  
For us reward untold—our blessings manifold,  
Through this true Friend thus sacrificed!

Ah, child of earth, be strong! be brave!  
 How can we ever fail, or hesitate, or quail!  
 Think! Jesus died mankind to save.

---

LINES.

Now for every pain and sorrow,  
 And for every fault o'er-come,  
 Recompense will surely follow,  
 God will pour the healing balm.

---

ALONE.

Again I walk the paths where parents dear—  
 My brothers, sisters, true, were wont to tread.  
 I cannot check the quickly falling tear,  
 For those beloved ones are gone! 'Tis said,  
 That they are dead! But oh, I truly know  
 They live! Live now in realms of endless light!  
 Alas, how little now is left to show,  
 The comforts of our childhood's home so bright.

A home where only gentle tones were heard,  
 Where sweet obedience was won by love:  
 By meaning glance without an unkind word,  
 Did parents tender love and wisdom prove.  
 But now I wander here, their child, alone,  
 No one to greet me with a fond caress,  
 No kindred hand to fondly press my own,  
 Or dry the falling tears of loneliness.

---

TO HAVE IT SAID.

To have it said that through all time  
 We e'er were faithful to each trust,

Our love and sympathy sublime,  
Our judgment merciful and just:  
That we as valiant sons of God,  
Had proven faithful through life's years;  
E'er patient 'neath the chastening rod,  
And trusted on through blinding tears:  
To have it said when life is done,  
That we were pure, and true, and good—  
What glorious laurels to have won,  
What perfect cause for gratitude!

---

## MY FATHER.

Adown the flitting seasons, sweet memories appear,  
Every year I love you more, my own, kind father,  
dear.  
I long to see your face, to hear your loving voice  
As in the dear, old days! how my spirit would  
rejoice!  
How very strange that I should be so far from you,  
Our meetings with each other so brief, so very few;  
For in my tender youth you were always by my  
side,  
Beloved and faithful father, truest friend and  
guide.  
How oft when childish sorrows would make me  
sad, and cry,  
Within your arms enfolded, you kissed my eyelids  
dry.  
Then with ingenious changes you caused me to  
forget  
That e'er my heart was saddened, or eyes with  
tears were wet.

Out on the river's bank, and among the stately  
trees,  
Watching circling ripples and myriad quiv'ring  
leaves,  
List'ning to the singing bird hovering 'round its  
nest—  
Such soothing words of comfort, I've ne'er since  
heard expressed.

How little did I dream, as we walked that sunny  
road,  
That you'd not e'er be with me to help me bear  
life's load.  
And that when you grew old, and I was large and  
strong,  
I'd not be near to help you, on that journey, bleak  
and long.  
That miles would intervene, and years would pass  
away  
Without the sight of your dear face I saw then  
every day.  
Oh, well it is that we the future cannot know,  
Foresee the tests and trials—all needed here be-  
low.

Our Father, in His wisdom, hath drawn a mystic  
veil,  
So we get but tempting glimpse of the future's  
winding trail;  
He understands our needs—He will give us  
strength to bear  
All the pleasures and the changes, all life's trials  
pain and care.  
And through it all He, too, hath given us the power

To cultivate, to rear one bright, immortal flower:  
That blessed boon to mortals descending from  
    above,  
Unwavering faith in Heaven—in God's unchang-  
    ing Love.

And my love for you, dear father, can never know  
    a change;  
'Twill blossom as the flowers, though on soil un-  
    known and strange.  
Example of my parents, life's rarest diadem,  
More precious and resplendent than earth's su-  
    premiest gem!  
Oh, may the choicest blessings High Heaven can  
    bestow—  
The sweetest, best of earth—to my honored father  
    flow!  
Then with our souls perfected, when our trials all  
    are o'er,  
We'll know and love each other, on that bright  
    and farther shore.

---

ANNA.

The music of this name brings peace and rest  
Far sweeter than the heart hath e'er expressed;  
This precious name my angel mother bore  
Before she passed to heaven's distant shore.  
The name I've heard my Father tenderly repeat--  
Which other lips ne'er uttered half so sweet,  
This cherished name, englorified by love,  
The finest tendrils of my soul doth move.  
Oh, in that happy day when we shall meet,

With sacred ties of life made all complete,  
 Celestialized by love's eternal flame,  
 She'll answer then to Anna, sweetest name!

---

OUR VISITOR FROM MERCY'S  
 THRONE.

Our little one that is to come,  
 Our treasure-trove from heavenly sphere,  
 Dear visitor from mercy's throne  
 With messages of sacred cheer:  
 Your coming lifts from worldly care,  
 While every chord in Nature's tune  
 Vibrates in one thanksgiving prayer  
 To know we'll have our darling soon!  
 Thou chosen spirit of the Light,  
 Our hearts are tender now with love,  
 Our erstwhile cares have taken flight—  
 Transports of joy our heartstrings move!

---

THE PIONEER.

Oft in sermon, song and story, hear, we, of the  
 pioneers—  
 How our sires won lasting glory, writ in blood,  
 in graves, and tears.  
 Exiles for the Truth's sake were they, far from  
 plenty, peace and home,  
 Leaving all for cause most worthy, in the wilder-  
 ness to roam.

Days, and weeks, and months they traveled, over  
 hill and barren plain,

Driving lean and hungry oxen, toiling on in hope  
and pain,  
Trav'ling far in midnight hushes grass and water  
to obtain;  
Alkali, and scanty rushes often in the end to gain.

They were led by inspiration as the dreary plains  
they trod,  
Western shores their destination, where they hoped  
to worship God  
Unmolested; and protected by the mountain bul-  
warks grand—  
They this soil, so long neglected, would subdue  
with hardy hand.

These long days were not all sad ones, for there  
often came a time  
When their hearts were light and gladsome,  
fraught with feelings most sublime.  
For in converse oft they'd gather round the camp-  
fire's ruddy glow,  
Singing songs in faith together, light of Heaven's  
smile to know.

Hope was bright within their bosoms, they were  
searching for a land  
Seen in clear, prophetic vision, past the desert's  
burning sand,  
Where the great Dead Sea was laving lonely shores  
with saline spray—  
There the Gospel, everlasting, could send forth  
salvation's ray.

## THE MAGPIE.

She comes to my window as soon as it's dawn  
To pick up each scattering crumb.  
I hear her cute chirp, and then she is gone  
With breakfast for all of her young.

You shy, little magpie, why don't you come  
near,  
Be friendly with me now I pray;  
Just give me a word, my spirits to cheer,  
And I will throw crumbs every day.

Perhaps you may think you're too busy to  
wait—  
To loiter at work or at play.  
I know, little bird, your labors are great,  
But with mine, compare them today.

I have birdlings at home—indeed, so have you,  
For whom we must both now find food;  
My duties are many—yours are but few,  
Though these words may seem to you rude.

I know, little guest, you don't understand—  
One least, little word I have said,  
Or you would come close and eat from my hand  
And all of your birdies be fed!

But of you, little bird, I must not complain,  
For I, too, am busy each hour,  
So much here to do, such objects to gain,  
With only a mortal's weak power.

I have hardly time to be civil, I know,  
To those who would like to be friends;  
So much there's to do by all here below  
To accomplish our ambitious ends.

---

OLEA

My Damask Rose.

Olea, dear, sweet child of mine,  
Though far away I roam,  
My tender thought and prayers entwine  
Around thee, dear,—'round thee and home!

In fancy now I see thy face,  
With soul-lit eyes and arching brow,  
In whose fair lineaments I trace  
The Master's touch divine, e'en now.

In fancy, too, I see thee move  
About our home in helpfulness,  
And by your self-denial prove  
The power you have to cheer and bless.

And in imagination, too,  
I hear thy sweet, angelic voice,  
That in life's anthem e'er rings true—  
That make my inmost soul rejoice.

I hear the sweet, soft, soothing strains  
Thy magic touch doth cause to swell,  
In sweet, melodious refrains,  
The love of God and man to tell.

O darling, on this natal day  
I feel thy presence very near;

Our souls commune—I hear thee say:  
 “I love you, love you, mother, dear!”

And I, in turn, enfold thee close,  
 And whisper fondly in thine ear:  
 “I love you, fairest human rose,  
 I love you tenderly, my dear!”

---

### ENCOMPASSED BY THEE.

These small bits of net, of bead and chiffon  
 You sent with your love, my neck to adorn,  
 I will wear for your sake, and imagine the while  
 That I hear your dear voice, and see your sweet  
 smile.

I will feel the soft touch of your lips on my face,  
 Sense the pressure, sublime, of your loving em-  
 brace,

Encircling my neck 'twill tell me most true,  
 How the best in my life is encompassed by you.  
 Among the great proofs that Father loves me,  
 I find every day, sweet darling, in thee!

---

### THE WIFE TO BE.

Twilight hours of blissful dreaming,  
 Dawning hopes of future bliss,  
 Since beneath the moonlight gleaming,  
 I received my lover's kiss.  
 When we plighted to each other  
 Sacred vows of tender love,  
 Confident that ne'er another  
 E'er could such devotion prove.

Ah! it seems a bright, bright vision  
Full of love and joy divine,  
Sweetest foretaste of elysium,—  
This awakened love of mine!  
But there comes now, as I ponder,  
Glimpses of my coming life,  
I will be a "girl" no longer  
I'll be soon a wedded wife.

Through this day I'm thoughtful—dreaming  
Girlish dreams of future joy,  
Hopes are o'er my pathway beaming,  
Hopes that seem without alloy.  
Single joys will come no more  
In the future of my life,  
Girlish dreaming now is o'er  
For I'm soon to be a wife.

Ah, it seems a fleeting dream  
Since upon the bridge I stood  
Of that bright and bubbling stream  
Spanning girl and woman-hood!  
Springtime days so free from care,  
With the sweetest pleasures rife,  
Now I good or ill must share  
For I'm soon to be a wife.

Now I'll learn to live for him,  
I will share his weal or woe,  
Though his star of hope grow dim,  
Or his sun of life sink low!  
By his side I must be found  
Through the fitful scenes of life:  
Though the shadows hover 'round,  
I must be a faithful wife.

With beating heart on bended knee  
 I pray; most earnestly implore  
 My Father's care of him and me,  
 Upon this voyage just before.  
 There opens to my quav'ring view  
 A white, unwritten page of life!  
 Oh, may I my full duty do,  
 And ever prove a faithful wife.

---

#### ANOTHER PARTING.

O my darling, I will miss you  
 Every moment while you roam;  
 How I'll long to fondly kiss you—  
 How I'll yearn for you at home!

Dearest, may the paths you travel  
 Be o'er-strewn with sweetest flowers,  
 May sweet faith, and hope, and comfort  
 Ever bring you happy hours.

Bring you friends to love and honor,  
 Friends most loyal, kind and true;  
 Bring you health, and peace, and plenty,  
 True success in all you do.

---

#### AU-REVOIR.

Good bye, my son, thou'rt speeding on,  
 Away from kindred, friends and home.  
 Each hour takes thee farther sti'l,  
 To do thy Father's righteous will.  
 O'er desert paths, o'er sea's light foam,  
 Afar in foreign lands to roam:

You there will speak in foreign tongue  
The words of truth to old and young.

May holy light around thee shine,  
To fill thy soul with peace divine!  
And blessings, true, on thee bestow  
To help thee all thy duty know;  
Inspire thy soul and guide thy feet  
To honest hearts who may thee greet,  
Receive the message thou dost bring  
In words you speak and hymns you sing.

May Father open wide His store  
Of inspiration's precious lore  
To aid and lead and cheer each day,  
Is what we humbly, fondly pray.  
And when the fruitful years have flown,  
In honor may you safely come  
To dwell with those who love you here  
No more to shed the parting tear.

---

### CLINGING TENDRILS.

You ask for a prize, the most precious I know,  
That mortal could e'er on another bestow:  
You ask me to give what is dearer than life  
My child to be your companion—your wife.

Her tender affection already you've won,  
But will you e'er love her as mother has done?  
Oh, can you, and will you as tenderly shield  
This treasure that I so reluctantly yield?

My darling! the sunbeam that brightens each  
 hour  
 My faith, hope and home with filial dower.  
 You plead for the right to make her your own,  
 But what will life be when my birdling hath  
 flown?

My daughter whom no one on earth could e'er  
 gain  
 Were it not for the blessings she thus may  
 obtain.  
 In giving, God knows how my heartstrings doth  
 bleed—  
 Such sacrifice, He in His wisdom decreed!

---

### LINES.

How little we know the heart of another,  
 How oft we misjudge the intent of a brother.  
 A stranger or friend has often offended,  
 Because we knew not just what they intended.

---

### THE RAINBOW.

O lovely bow of radiant hue,  
 Through rain and mist and falling dew  
 I see thy colors peeping through.  
 The sunbeams, too, now shine behind;  
 What comfort in this thought I find!  
 What mem'ries of the past unwind!

O beauteous bow, thy gorgeous glow  
Awakes desire and hope to know  
God's mysteries above—below!

---

## LINES.

O star of the morn! O sun of the dawn!  
With midnight and darkness and weariness gone,  
Bright promise of Heaven to cheer night and day  
Reminder that Father is with me alway.

---

## THANKSGIVING CHEER.

In the golden autumn 'neath the ruddy glow  
Of the morning sunbeams, gentle zephyrs blow;  
Rustling leaves are falling, fluttering here and  
there  
Like birds of brilliant plumage flying through  
the air.

Happy little children in their blithesome glee,  
Chase these sprightly phantoms—spirits just as  
free!  
While the sturdy farmer gathers in his store—  
Red and rosy apples on the cellar floor.

Ready for the season when the earth is white,  
Hearts and homes made cheery all the winter's  
night;  
Peace and plenty, faith and love melt the frozen  
days,  
While hearts, with true thanksgiving, over-flow  
with praise.

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

May the peace of Christ our Savior,  
 Shed its incense in each heart,  
 For His love, above all others,  
 Greatest blessings will impart.  
 He hath made all nations kindred,  
 By His sacrifice divine—  
 Lightened oft life's weary burdens,  
 Lifted even thine and mine.  
 May His presence now at Yuletide  
 Every Christmas joy increase,  
 Bringing hope, and faith unailing,  
 To thy heart and home, sweet peace.

\* \* \*

Most fond and loving memories  
 Awake for you this Christmas tide,  
 With tender heartfelt sympathies,  
 Fond prayers for all that's good, beside.

\* \* \*

May the peace of Christ our Savior  
 Every Christmas joy augment  
 Mellowing with sacred gladness  
 Filling hearts with sweet content.

---

 FAITHFUL AND BRAVE.

Sweet echoes of exquisite gladness  
 Are borne on the wings of the wind,  
 Dispelling all feelings of sadness  
 Awaking emotions most kind.

Sweet message of love ever ringing  
 Throughout all the ages of time,

As on wings of the wind softly bringing  
God's token of mercy sublime.

In feathery flakes softly falling,  
Again in the dash of the wave,  
We hear His dear voice gently calling:  
My children be faithful and brave.

I am near thee in all thy distresses  
Through tempests and torrents of rain—  
Though Sorrow's stern hand rudely presses  
Thy soul with affliction and pain.

The arms of My love fold around thee,  
To strengthen thy powers to bear,  
The tempter to never confound thee—  
My own I will keep in My care.

---

### OPPOSITES.

No; we ne'er find bliss that's perfect  
In this mortal, mundane sphere:  
Every rose has thorns to mar it,  
Joy is followed by a tear.  
Sweets make bitter draughts more bitter—  
Storms make sunshine all the fitter—  
God makes chastened lives more noble  
When we meekly bear life's trouble.

---

### THE HOME-MADE VALENTINE.

Let sweethearts boast of bliss supreme  
They find in love's exquisite dream,



Have you gout or anorexia, or neurasthenia, grave,  
Call Doctors Brown and Peterson, they're skillful  
    kind and brave,  
They'll give you oxytoxics and bromides, too,  
    to save—  
Insomnia, it now afflicts so many.

If it is an adontalgia, or teeth that make you  
    shout,  
Dr.'s Davidson and Jacobson both know what  
    they're about,  
They'll give an anaesthetic and get the roots all  
    out—  
Oh, chloroform's the greatest boon to mortals!

If apoplexy threatens, and your lids begin to  
    drop,  
Drs. Borrowman and Holden will surely wake  
    you up,  
Drs. Cheny, Larsen, Wilson are coming in a group  
To drive the streptococcus from the valley.

Drs. Mikesell, Hamlin, Beezley, with tenderness  
    and skill,  
Are waiting here to give you a diuretic pill,  
With armamentarium all duties will fulfill,  
While sweetest music follows in their footsteps.

We've Dr. Lizzie Curtis and Mary Swensen, too,  
With strict hygenic measures, your ailments will  
    subdue,  
With cleanliness most scrupulous, and antiseptics  
    too—  
Bacteria and microbes flee before them.

And if a threatened hemorrhage, grave symptoms  
 will arise,  
 Send quick for Dr. Humble, she'll freeze it up  
 with ice,  
 Contract, and use hot water—the latest best ad-  
 vice,  
 Avoiding drugs and other doubtful measures.

If bachelors are troubled with affections of the  
 heart,  
 Have either epistaxis, or burns and scalds that  
 smart,  
 Drs. Hatch and Henry will make their heart-  
 throbs start  
 With potent skill and tactus eruditus.

One thing is very certain, you must mind your  
 "P's and Q's,"  
 These skillful country doctors you never must  
 abuse:  
 They'll take their antiseptics and run without  
 their shoes.  
 To save you from attacks of dread eclampsia.

---

### TO SMILE.

It's worth your while, my dear, to smile!  
 To look stern duty in the face;  
 To bravely bear life's weight of care,  
 Let hope and joy take sorrow's place.

Then cultivate a happy state!  
 Just kindly smile and pass it on.

Like ocean's wave the shores to lave  
When weary weeks or years are gone.

Then smile, my dear, impart good cheer  
With hope and faith, and trust and love!  
'Twill quell each fear, staunch rising tear,  
Bring peace and blessing from above.

Smile! smile each day, chase gloom away,  
Your laugh like vibrant echo ring!  
Unending chain, 'twill come again  
To your own soul true joy to bring!

---

### TRUE SYMPATHY.

Some think that only the joyous and free  
Can comfort the sad and oppressed.  
And often they may, with their frolicsome glee,  
Impart to the weary ones rest,  
And for a short time  
Make them forget that their eyes have been wet,  
While they hear the merry voice chime.

But, oh! there's a magic we feel in the hand  
That silently presses our own!  
Although not a word there be at command,  
Our hearts to each other have flown:  
Our spirits commune,  
And silently tell what both know so well,  
That sorrow must come to all soon.

With the grasp of the hand, and the tears that  
 fall,  
 We feel the sweet solace of love;  
 Try meekly to bow to our wise Master's call,  
 When our loved ones are taken above,  
 For others remain  
 For whom we must live, and unto them give  
 The love and care that duty may claim.

The blithesome and bright, light-hearted and  
 gay  
 May allure our sad hearts for a while,  
 And e'en cause the darkness to flit all away,  
 Bring back to our faces a smile!  
 But those who best know  
 Have tasted the draught! to the dregs, sorrow  
 quaffed—  
 These can best comfort souls in their woe!

---

### A R E V E R I E.

I stood in the fair Mesa Valley  
 'Neath palm-tree and clustering vine,  
 Entranced with the beauties of nature,  
 My soul very near the divine!  
 With orange groves breathing their fragrance,  
 Sweet roses exhaling their sweets,  
 The chirping of birds in the branches,  
 All making earth's gladness complete.

My being was thrilled with the splendor,  
 My soul over-powered with awe!

To the world and its bliss I surrendered—  
 To Heaven's superior law.  
 Now e'en while I lingered there, musing,  
 A glorious mantle was spread  
 O'er the world—a halo diffusing,  
 As if promise to those that are dead.

That glow which diffuses at sunset,  
 Ere shadows of night shroud the earth,  
 Those soft, mellow mists of the twilight  
 Assure of new day, and new birth.  
 Our hearts keep time in perfection  
 To nature's sweet, rythmical song,  
 We dwell on the great benediction—  
 Oh, could we the vesper prolong!

---

### THE LADDER OF SUCCESS.

Has some one climbed the ladder reaching to  
 Success,  
 And drawn it with him far into the skies,  
 The reason 'tis so hard to find true happiness,  
 That bravest effort fails how'er one tries!

Thus moaned the wearied soul with troubled care  
 beset,  
 With hopes, like fallen leaves, strewn all around;  
 Who had so oft life's fiercest disappointments met,  
 His cup of nectar rudely dashed upon the  
 ground.

Hush! hush! sad heart, just pause, look up, and  
 think apace!

What hath thy purpose been? in whom thy  
 trust?  
 Dost thou on earthly joys thy fond affections  
 place?  
 Dost thou forget that God is merciful and just?

If we had realized our hopes and vain desires,  
 Were all our efforts here crowned with success,  
 If we had reached to what mere man aspires,  
 Would we then know a perfect happiness?

No! not if all Goleconda's wealth lay at our feet,  
 And worldly pomp and pride should yield their  
 store,  
 We cannot reach the topmost round of joys com-  
 plete,  
 Without the light of Truth to guide to heaven's  
 shore!

---

### THE DIFFERENCE.

When a son, with wild abandon,  
 Leaves his home and all who love,  
 Thoughts and actions all at random,  
 In the cold, strange world to rove,—  
 Sorrowful that anxious mother,  
 Sad that father, sister, brother.

When a son leaves home in honor,  
 With the sparkle in his eye  
 Of a pure and holy purpose,  
 With a mission grand and high,—  
 Oh, how grateful is that mother,  
 Happy father, sister, brother.

## MY GALAXY OF STARS.

Athwart the zenith of my sky  
Bright, twinkling lights appear:  
Blest children of our God on high,  
To Him—to me—so dear:  
And each one has a precious name  
Emblazoned in my heart;  
There beams a bright, undying flame  
Of every thought a part.

Dear Bard, sweet Elna, head the list,  
Our Walmar coming soon,  
And Ruth whose cheeks ten summers kissed;  
Then namesake of the moon:  
Olea, fair and beauteous beam.  
No brighter lights e'er glowed  
Like gleamings in a limped stream  
To 'luminare life's road.

Then Ellis comes, our winsome child,  
And sturdy Burt, grandson,  
Wee Nellie-woman, sweet and mild,  
Fair Clara, stately one;  
Sweet Alice, rosy princess now,  
Dear John with thoughts so wise,  
Queen Josephine with classic brow,  
And Reynold's, "speaking-eyes."

Another Ellis joins my dears,  
So beautiful and sweet,  
Then darling Winston's star appears  
To make life's joys complete.  
And coming down the ancient line  
Of generations past

Is Danna great-grand child of mine.  
 In heart not least—though last.

Now gazing into boundless space  
 Yet myriad lights appear,  
 Approaching toward my yearning gaze,  
 I hope they're coming here.  
 These children fair, grandmother's pride!  
 Exceeding light of Mars!  
 They'll glorify the world, beside—  
 My galaxy of Stars!

---

### W O N D E R F U L I L L S .

We doctors meet oftimes such WONDERFUL ills!—  
 For which Mr. Patient wants "sure cure" pills.  
 There was one patient said she had "gastric  
 guitar;"

Another, who came from a distance afar,  
 Said her poor, little daughter had Saint Viper's  
 Dance,

And another with cancer she wanted to lance.  
 Some have "ammonia" and "cough on the lungs"  
 With "hickup" and "bee-hives" and even the  
 "stungs"!

Some in the "abominable region" they say  
 Have an ache or a pain they can't charm away.  
 And often the very worst troubles we find  
 To exist not in fact, but in dear patient's mind!  
 All people should study the laws of good health,  
 For 'twill prove through their lives more precious  
 than wealth!

No science in life can begin to compare  
 With a knowledge of self—for it best how to care!

## THE CIRCLET OF HEAVEN.

How puny and weak comes man to this world!  
As frail as the wing of a bird yet unfurled;  
Dependent on Him who must measure his soul,  
Each impulse, desire and thought to control.

God gives to us life and the power of thought,  
He opens the vaults where life's treasures are  
sought,  
He touches the spring and its beauties are shown  
He gives us the power to make them our own.

This beautiful world! its music and flowers,  
Its picturesque scenes, its vine-covered bowers,  
Our bright, cosy homes, and our friends good and  
true,  
Are earth's dearest treasures for me and for you.

Even seasons of rain bringeth wealth to our soil  
Increasing our stores while decreasing our toil,  
But the holiest boon our Father hath given  
Is love, tender love, the circlet of heaven.

Then why should humanity, fickle and weak,  
Seek to aggrandize self, and vain honors seek?  
The pomp of this world, all its glory and pride,  
May elude our firm grasp, and flit from our side.

But Truth will endure, while time takes its flight,  
It will live, still undimmed by tarnish or blight,  
And man will progress to a sanctified goal,  
Because in his breast is an immortal soul.

## THE BABY.

Darling little cherub, only one year old!  
Sweet and fair and lovely, and "just as good as  
gold"!

Never brighter sunbeam ever came to earth,  
Shedding joy and sunshine ever since its birth;  
Making home a heaven by its winsome smile,  
With its baby prattle all our cares beguile.

First a cooing music—mothers understand—  
Then the reaching forth of its little hand.  
Smiles of recognition greeted there our eyes—  
"Mama"—"papa"—"baby", sounded sweet and  
wise.

Heaven bless our treasure, binding heart to heart,  
Making of this world the brightest, sweetest part.

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 OVER THE SEA —

(ECHO OF THE SEA-SHELL\*)

Over the sea, her voice comes back to me!  
From Laura Lee, over the sea!  
Whispering softly each tender word,  
The sweetest love-song ever heard.  
The rolling sea breathes tenderly,  
"I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my dear."  
This parting, fond sweetheart, is but for a  
year—

Oh, my heart is breaking of love for thee;  
Thou'rt truest and fairest of all, Laura Lee!  
Tell her the message with every wave;  
I love her, and pray that she may be brave!  
Tell my love this, O sea, with a kiss!

\*For the "echo" read up, beginning with the bottom line.

## A G N E S.

A queenly, stately form, a finely chiseled face,  
Her every movement poised with perfect grace.  
So fair to look upon, so modest and refined,  
With all the wealth of spirit, heart and mind combined.

A lover of the beautiful! and in her home,  
Her rare, aesthetic taste and art are shown  
To make it truly home, her ever fond desire  
To kindle bright the flame of love's undying fire.

As wife and mother, no casual eye can know  
The wealth of tender, perfect love her heart can  
show:

Devotion to this trust, her constant ruling power.  
Unfailing at her post through life's oft trying hour,

And she hath grown into each inmost deep recess  
Of all our hearts and lives, our souls to cheer and  
bless—

Entwined herself by strongest, golden bands of  
love

With all the joys of life, with all the hopes above!

---

F L O W E R S.

O flowers, dear flowers, cling close to my heart—  
Earth's stars of exquisite beauty.

And while you the sweetest of fragrance impart,  
I'll reflect upon love, faith and duty.

Thy presence for aye, inspires with joy,

You make of earth an Elysium;

Uplift me beyond all care and despond,

Transport me, sweet flowers, to heaven.

## THE SILVER GREYS.

Hail! veterans of the early days!  
 Our honored sires, the Silver Greys!  
 With tottering steps, and forms now bent,  
 With youthful hope and vigor spent;  
 We honor you for sterling worth!  
 True, honest souls!—"the salt of earth!"  
 Each name in radiant light appears,  
 Ye faithful, valiant pioneers!  
 God bless you in declining hours;  
 Inspire your hearts with quick'ning pow'rs  
 To see beyond the sombre veil  
 Of death. The Silver Grays, all hail!

## CALLED HOME.

Ah! ruthless time! remorseless, cruel Death!  
 Alas, with wanton hand thou'st snapped the  
       chords  
 Of precious life! Thou'st stilled the vital breath  
 Of one most tenderly beloved. Whose words  
 Were sweetest music in my youthful years,  
 Whose gentle guidance, tender as a woman's, was;  
 With truest sympathy soothed sadest tears;  
 Whose praise was more than all the world's ap-  
       plause.

My father, dear! Oh! can it really be  
 I am bereft of thy mild, fostering care?  
 That never more again in life I'll see  
 Thy face, nor feel thy love beyond compare?—  
 Thy life, so noble, free from earthly guile,  
 Example to thy children e'er will be!  
 Thy patient love, thine approbating smile,  
 Are beacon lights to us eternally.

## SOON.

We're going soon, we're going soon,  
We're hast'ning onward to the tomb;  
We now have passed life's sunlit noon,  
The tide will bring, some joy, some gloom—  
We're drifting onward to the tomb!

We're passing on, we're passing on,  
Life's earnest work is nearly done;  
We almost see the heavenly dawn,  
Our mortal race is almost run—  
Of earthly pleasures, most are gone!

In blessed hope we look beyond,  
In faith the soul for rest now longs;  
We sever every earthly bond,  
We're listening to celestial songs—  
Angelic voices now respond!

“Come on, come on, we wait thee here,  
To place the laurel on thy brow;  
No more thine eyes will shed life's tear,  
Eternal peace we give thee now,  
Rejoice thou in celestial sphere!

---

## FRIENDS.

'Tis sweet to be remembered  
By the friends of long ago,  
To feel their presence near us,  
Renew life's waning glow;  
To feel the warmth of friendship,  
So true, through all these years,  
They've not succumbed to testing  
Through weight of trials and tears.

## I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee at morn, when flowers are bright  
with dew,

When o'er yon hill the sun mounts in the sky so  
blue.

I think of thee at noon, when earth and sea and  
sky

Bathed in the glinting sun, bespeaketh love on  
high.

I think of thee at eve, when gentle zephyrs sigh,  
When in my rosy bower, I feel thy presence nigh;  
Throughout the long, still night, bright dreams  
my fancies fill,

Yet, yet at morning's light I'm dreaming of thee  
still.

---

 THE MARRIAGE VOW.

MILFORD

The marriage vow, most sacred pledge by mortals  
made!

Not like the flow'r that blooms to blush and fade,  
Not like the sun that clouds will shut from view,  
Nor like the stars that brighter lights obscure.

'Tis not like dew upon the lily's cheek,

Nor idle vows the young and thoughtless speak.

This contract, if we will, is bound and sealed

By sacred rite which God himself revealed.

When man and woman thus are joined as man  
and wife,

They know 'tis written in the Book of Life

Not only "until death shall part, be bound"—

But ever ONE through time's increasing round:

Through countless ages of Eternity,

They will, if faithful, still united be!

## THE LIFE CELESTIAL.



Hawley Coat of Arms.

## PRELUDE—MEDITATION.

Celestial Life—the Life Eternal: Joy! Peace!  
Heaven!

That “Better World!” that “Unknown Shore”  
to which we tend!

Eternal Home of God—of man the Hope! Is't  
given

Us to know to what fair Goal our human lives  
extend?

And is it I, my very self therein shall dwell?

This rough, unpolished clay with all its frailties!  
Where music's waves in glorious anthems swell,  
Can mortal voices join such heavenly melodies?

It surely is this self-same self we know so well,  
This innate spark of life which ever will endure;  
'Gainst any other thought our natures must rebel.  
Through living faith we shall eternal life secure.

But not until refining fire hath made the test,  
And earth hath been redeemed from sin and  
purified,

When <sup>poor</sup> selfish man shall cease to love himself the  
best,

Then shall we share the glories of the sanctified.

When we have self o'ercome and broke tradition's  
 chain,

When with implicit faith our all we consecrate,  
 Then will the pure in heart the better life obtain,  
 Forever more to dwell in worlds immaculate.

Will not there come a time when but one creed  
 there'll be?

When all shall come to one great shrine, with  
 bended knee,  
 With contrite, humble heart with pliant, yielding  
 will,

All seeking for the truth, God's purpose to  
 fulfill?

And should not we as children of the same  
 great Sire,

Have but one Lord, one Faith, one great and  
 good desire?

#### THE AWAKENING.

"Ah, tell me, tell me, Harold, dear,"

A maiden said in anxious fear,

"Dost thou believe as thou hast said?

Or is it rather not instead,

But just my constancy to test,

You have such sentiments expressed?"

" 'Tis true! as I have said, dear Grace,

Thy charming voice, thy lovely face—

Thy queenly bearing, sweet repose,—

The wealth of mind thy words disclose,

Make up my heaven, here below—

Is all the God I'll ever know."

"What said Grace, spell o'er you is wrought,

To fill you with such lithesome thought,

Ah, no! thrice no! it cannot be!

You are too true to flatter me;  
You surely cannot think 't will please,  
To sing my praise and then to tease "

"No, Grace, beloved of my soul,  
Thou art my queen thou dost control,  
My heart, my brain, my very life,  
My all!—thou art to be my wife!  
Yes, all the joys of any worth  
I'll ever find are on this earth."

"Fine, fairy tales may pacify  
Small children when they fret and cry,  
Those pictures, bright, you love to paint,—  
That paradise for faithful saint—  
In but your fancy have a place;  
They are not real, my darling Grace."

"In worldly lore I am too learned,  
I've studied science and discerned  
The fickleness of church and creed,  
And in the scriptures, too, I read  
Of vengeful deeds, of blood stained rod;  
No, no; I want not such a God."

"Oh! Harold! could I but have died,  
Before to me you'd thus replied—  
Yet, not to die—no, I must live!  
And all my future life I'll give  
In prayer for thee, beloved one!  
I'll cling and plead till life is done."

"In faith I'll go before the Lord,  
My fervent prayers He will reward,  
Within my soul, prophetic thrill  
My inmost being, seems to fill:

Though it may be through death and strife,  
You'll gain at last Celestial life."

"And, Harold, though it rends my heart,  
I now must say to you, depart!  
Though days be drear and heart shall break,  
I cannot sacred vows forsake;  
My very life I'd give for you,  
But to my God, I must be true."

" 'T would be a wrong to you, to me,  
And e'en to our posterity;  
For strife and discord soon would reign,  
And bring to us more lasting pain  
Than parting now. Oh, may it be,  
The light of Truth you soon will see."

"Dear Grace, if only I could deem  
You jest with me!—my life, my queen!  
But no, the truth beams in thine eye,  
I hear it in that smothered sigh—  
I feel it in each earnest word,  
And all my inmost soul is stirred."

"On sacred themes you never jest—  
Alas, my love, you have expressed  
The thought which brings the keenest woe,  
In all my life that I could know.  
The only hope I had is gone,  
Ah, shall I ever see the dawn?"

"To you my heart is true," she said,  
"But right must mark my course: instead  
Of adding to this blighting cross,  
And making ours unending loss,  
I must, with faith and diligence,  
Seek Heaven's wise intelligence."

“You chide me not, my lover, brave,  
In all our past you never gave  
Me aught but loving tenderness.  
Ah, surely, God, such love will bless!  
And from your heart all doubt remove,  
Bring sacred faith and saintly love.”

“If light does come, angelic maid,  
’Twill be through words which thou hast  
said;  
’T will be thy constant love, thy prayer,  
That from my mind these doubts can tear.  
Thy presence, pure, e’en now doth give  
A glimmering hope that God doth live.”

He pressed her hand; no more he said;  
And soon his step’s reluctant tread,  
Was but an echo in her heart.  
Then quickly, too, the teardrops start,  
As from her heart a fond prayer came—  
Her refuge in all hours of pain:

O Father, with thy light illumine  
Each dark recess;—dispel all gloom!  
Oh, let Thy holy spirit flow,  
Like oil upon this wave of woe;  
In tenderness his grief control,  
Oh, bring conviction to his soul!

## NARRATIVE.

Grace Kent, an only child, was very young  
Upon the cruel world an orphan, thrown.  
From infancy she’d never known the love

Of parents, fond, but had to look above  
For all her aid. Instinctively she'd learned  
A sweet, implicit faith, and had discerned  
So early in her life that Love, divine,  
Round which each impulse of her soul did twine.

Though dire misfortunes round her fell like rain,  
The shrine of peace she'd never sought in vain;  
For she in early life had learned to know  
The balm for every grief—for every human woe,  
So early had her nature learned to lean  
On God and self, she'd found a peace, serene.  
An earnest, independent train of thought  
Had, therefore, to her mind rare treasures brought

Called beautiful by those who knew her best,  
All fell beneath her sway—unconscious rule,  
By which, impulsively, she won true friends,  
As easily as falleth dew or light descends.—  
Her azure eyes, like sunlit skies, could read  
Your inmost soul; could feel your utmost need;  
Could look such sympathy, without a word,  
That e'en it seemed an angel's voice you'd heard.

The silent whispering of soul to soul,  
Communion which some phisic minds control,  
Oft give to burdened spirits a foretaste,  
Of heaven. She was so beautiful and chaste:  
Her form so graceful in its pose,  
With fair, broad brow and cheeks like damask  
    rose;  
Her hair was like a mass of fine spun gold,  
Which seemed to her a crown of wealth untold.

When Grace's father, on the battlefield,  
Gave up his life ere he would honor yield,  
His dear and frail companion—faithful wife,  
Brought forth her child, with forfeit of her life!  
That constant pair with but one thought and  
heart,  
Were from each other not for long to part;  
As one in life, so one in death were they,—  
The interval was but a single day.

When thus bereft, an infant left alone,  
A mother motherless then took her home,  
And reared her as her own. A saintly soul,  
She taught our gentle Grace by wise control,  
Throughout the days of keen, perceptive youth;  
She led her in the paths of light and truth.  
So far as food, and clothes, and comforts went,  
She gave her all, and made of her a saint.

But yet, sometimes the spirit starves amid  
Abundance of a grosser wealth; so did  
The nature of this maid—though secretly—  
Oft crave for tender love and sympathy!  
But just as she had crossed that bridge between  
Fair girl and womanhood—from her vague dream  
She woke, and once again she was alone,  
For home, and all that means, again had flown.

This foster-mother, benefactress kind,  
Had suddenly been stricken; health declined.  
Though nursed so tenderly by faithful Grace,  
The reaper's touch no power could efface.  
No will was found, and zealous kindred came,  
In selfishness their legal rights to claim.

Now Grace must toil, must work for daily bread  
When she had wished her time for books instead.

\* \* \*

With hope, and faith, and firm, undaunted will,  
Grace set about life's mission to fulfill.  
She worked by day and studied late at night;  
How often could be seen her tiny light,  
Like glimmering star, through falling mist or  
spray,  
Which guided Harold Hawley on his way.  
It urged his steps and made his pulses thrill,  
While heart and brain with brightest fancies fill.

He knew the faithful form above her books—  
He'd watched her oft, with half averted looks.  
He was the foreman where she worked each day  
In setting type, for modest salary.  
His was a noble nature, true and kind,  
A man of thought, poetic and refined.  
He loved all truth, nobility and right,  
And yet he did not know the Gospel light.

The world's philosophy had planted doubt  
Within his mind. He'd not been taught  
The gospel in its purity: that light,  
Which Jesus gave mankind to guide aright,  
And yet, he'd won the love of this fair girl—  
Much stronger 't was than if in busy whirl  
Of dance or gayest throng, it had been won.  
From sweetest sympathy this love had grown.

To her, his deep devotion he revealed:  
He longed to take her to himself, and shield  
Her as he would some fragile flower,

From blighting frosts and Fate's oft crushing  
power.

Young Harold Hawley, old in thought, not old  
Was he in years, but cares had made him bold  
To do and dare, and meet responsibility—  
Through thrift had gained a fair annuity.

An honest man, and all this means, was he;  
Possessed true honor and integrity.  
This precious wealth, inherited by birth,  
Was far beyond the price of worldly worth!  
His presence dignified yet not austere;  
With bearing that would grace a king! The peer  
Of any! An open countenance that told  
How much of human love the heart can hold!

His dark, brown hair in shining waves outlined  
A stately brow, where wealth of mind  
And years of deep research had left their trace,  
To beautify still more his handsome face.  
His eyes spoke volumes of the soul within!  
His love of purity, his loathe of sin;  
His features, finely chiseled and refined,  
Marked strength of character and nature, kind.

A widowed mother's sole support and stay,  
For whom, with joy, he toiled from day to day.  
He hoped to add new comfort to her life,  
Find her a daughter, true, himself a wife.  
He knew his mother's sympathetic heart,  
How nobly, tenderly she would impart  
True mother-love as to her very own;  
Would welcome lonely Grace to heart and home.

\* \* \*

And here we find them when our tale begins,  
 Discussing Man, his virtues and his sins.  
 But until now, Grace had not fully known  
 How skepticism in his mind had grown.  
 In days gone by, religion, for most part,  
 Had been postponed for stories of the heart;  
 That old, old tale, forever sweet and new,  
 Conned o'er and o'er, the promise to prove true.

But now, alas! this dreadful thing had come,  
 Which seemed their very senses to benumb.  
 Yet Grace was resolute! "No, No, she said,  
 A man who knows not God, I cannot wed!"  
 Unwise, unjust, it seemed to her, indeed,  
 That man and wife should have a different creed.  
 She felt their hearts in faith should be as one;  
 If not, it seemed to her a wretched doom.

Ah, yes, to her it was an awful thought!  
 To have a husband who had never sought  
 The Lord in prayer—knew not there is a God—  
 That Holy One, whose light had helped her plod  
 Through life's dark maze with patient hope and  
 trust,—  
 Her Heavenly Father, merciful and just.  
 This faith was more to her than all beside;  
 She MUST BE TRUE, whatever should betide.

Yet Harold Hawley did not understand  
 Just why fair Grace could not give heart and hand.  
 He knew her heart was true; and oh! how well  
 He knew his love for her!—no tongue could tell

How deep his sad distress! Bright hopes still-born.

His smiles, now seldom seen—his soul forlorn!  
His mother sought sweet solace to impart,  
By tender look, and tone to soothe his wounded  
heart.

And Grace, though by implicit faith sustained,  
Could not conceal how deeply she was pained.  
In secret prayer she sought for greater power;  
She humbly prayed for Harold's sake each hour.  
How oft before the Lord she'd bow and plead:  
"Oh, reach his heart! Thou knowest mine doth  
bleed!

Oh, let the seeds of faith within his soul take root,  
Truth's germs expand, and bloom, and bring forth  
fruit:—

That our pure love with joy may thus be crowned  
With power to bless all men with new faith found  
United then, not for this life alone,  
But "one," while all eternity rolls on:—  
Joint heirs to reign with Christ as king and queen,  
Our love immortalized, Love supreme!  
A cup of never ending bliss through faith in Thee  
O God, send Thou such love to him and me!" .

\* \* \*

Of such a Faith she talked with Harold oft.  
He listened, too, he caviled not nor scoffed,  
Although he could not fully comprehend,  
For twig grown into tree is hard to bend.  
One day she said: How blessed are lovers wed  
In bonds of mutual love and confidence!  
And ah, thrice blessed are they when led  
To work as ONE, in cause of Truth's defense!

Who both doth worship at the same great shrine,  
 And with united heart on bended knee  
 Can seek eternal light, in faith, divine—  
 All those, so wed, are blessed most lavishly,  
 But, sad the fate of those with differing creed,  
 Who needs must live together e'en for time.  
 Their thoughts diverge oft in their utmost need,  
 Because they do not worship at one shrine.

How many households with the blight and rust,  
 Of unbelief drive children from their homes,  
 Because in parent's hearts there only dwelt dis-  
 trust!

A lack of faith our brightest hope dethrones.  
 Oh, better let this be the plummet line  
 Dividing life from life, and heart from heart,  
 Than at some future time, too late, we find  
 Through cruel fate our destinies must part."

#### THE STORY OF THE MAINE.

O Thou, great Elohim! Thy ways, to men  
 Inscrutable!—so far beyond their ken,  
 Thou art divine! Thy power wonderful!  
 To human minds incomprehensible!  
 Ah, mortal pen cannot Thy might rehearse—  
 Thou dost direct, command the universe!  
 To bring about Thy holy purposes,  
 Thou dealest in sublimest mysteries!

\* \* \*

In January, "eighteen ninety-eight,"  
 The world was shocked to hear the awful state  
 Of Cuban serfs, then under Spanish rule.  
 Poor men and women made unwilling tool

Of tyant despots—who, through avarice,  
And greed for gold, brought men such wretched-  
ness.

Well may their colors be interpreted  
As "yellow gold, outlined with bright blood red."

\* \* \*

Afar! there comes a cry o'er land and sea,  
A call for help! To nations long since free,  
Such tales of hardship and oppression, dire,  
Thrills every human pulse with burning fire!  
Can free-born patriots, in freedom's land,  
Stand still while children starve on every hand?  
America responds with S. S. Maine  
Some proper information to obtain.

\* \* \*

We shudder at the brink of an abyss—  
Our steps we turn an awful plunge to miss!  
Just so, had we the power to escape—  
We'd turn aside from scenes of monstrous shape:  
We fain would not depict this darksome plot,  
We'd close our eyes upon the crimson spot  
Where lies the "Maine," and al her precious freight  
Of human souls. Can retribution wait?

\* \* \*

Canst thou, O Sea, with waters once so clear,  
Flow on in peace, so welled by orphan's tear?  
So stained with sinless blood of valiant men,  
Will e'er thy peaceful name be heard again?  
Will e'er thy billows cease to sigh and moan,  
Oh, can the God of Waters e'er condone  
The fearful deed off Spanish shore?  
We hear the wail, of never, never-more!

## THE WAR-CRY.

To arms! to war! now let the mandate fly  
 Throughout awakening continent, the cry  
 For volunteers! Go, now, and muster in  
 Your ranks most valiant, able-bodied men,  
 Who will, with willing hearts and lives, defend  
 Those souls, who cannot for themselves contend.  
 Wipe out this blot upon humanity!  
 Go, set the persecuted Cubans free!

\* \* \*

E'er since the world by hand Divine was formed,  
 And Adam, by angelic Eve was charmed,  
 We've had opposing forces here to meet:  
 Light and darkness, good and bad, bitter, sweet.  
 E'en might and right contend for victory,—  
 Foe 'gainst foe, as read in history.  
 Grim war and blood-shed stain its every page,  
 Apalling strife in every age.

Oh, must it be, in this enlightened age,  
 That warfare shall again mankind engage;  
 Shall be the theme for sympathetic pen;  
 That men shall shed the blood of fellow men!  
 Will not refining power of cultured brain,  
 In this great century, such means disdain?  
 Will not the higher law, to arbitrate,  
 Take place of cruel war—the hell incarnate!

But no! again we hear the start'ling call!—  
 It winds about our souls like funeral pall!  
 We hear the measured tramp of marching feet,  
 While martial tones upon our heartstrings beat  
 We see the soldiers drilling here and there.

In warlike accents on the vibrant air  
Again, once more, the clarion call: To arms!  
Our boys go forth from schools and shops and  
farms.

Oh, can there not be other, better means,  
Than flow of precious blood in ebbing streams?  
Must noble, valiant men make sacrifice.  
The flow'rs of youth mown down in deadly strife?  
Bereft are mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives:—  
Upon the altar, lay the precious lives  
Of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons! Yes, all  
Must bravely answer now their country's call.

We see a thoughtful look on every face,  
In each, deep lines of anxious care we trace.  
All deprecate the dire necessity  
Which sends men forth, for Cuban liberty.  
Yet we must not our valor compromise:  
While seeking to be true, and just and wise,  
Our Government so staunch, must now maintain  
Her honor sacred, her patriot name.

America! thou Blessing to the world!  
Where noble Washington our flag unfurled,  
Where men—by holy inspiration led  
To make thee free—so bravely fought and bled  
For right to honored homes on freedom's sod,  
For right of liberty to worship God.  
America, thou art a chosen land  
Where God hath set His seal—where prophets  
stand.

America! Thou pride of Heaven and earth,  
A glorious land of sacred birth  
Thou art predestined to produce—though deep

Within the earth for ages it did sleep,—  
 But now hath burst the nautilus of fate—  
 A "Word" that cannot, will not longer wait,  
 But spread abroad o'er every land and sea,  
 Proclaiming faith, and peace, and liberty.

America! thou land of happy homes!  
 Thou land of lofty spires, and temple domes,  
 Ah, thou art destined by a Power, supreme,  
 To wake the sleeping world, to check the stream  
 Of infidelity which, in the past,  
 A dark'ning pall o'er all the earth hath cast;  
 To help mankind their Eden to regain—  
 That perfect life, celestial, to obtain.

#### THE VOLUNTEER.

Our Foreman Hawley 'roused from love's sweet  
 dream,  
 By Grace refused, now wished for change of scene.  
 He had for many years a cherished aim  
 To be a doctor with a chance for fame.  
 From his position honorably released  
 He, with his mother, in the distant East  
 Found partial surcease of his pain and care,  
 While one fair maid toiled on in hope and prayer.

\* \* \*

In course of patient years, with honors earned,  
 To mountain home the young M. D. returned;  
 Began his practice in a near-by town  
 Where, through his skill he earned a great renown.  
 His power was wonderful in healing all  
 The dreadful ills, which mortal men befall.  
 But still his own, sad heart was sore distressed,  
 He'd found no lethe yet to bring him rest.

\* \* \*

One day in May, in early morning hours,  
Rebecca Hawley, working 'mid her flowers,  
Received this startling telegram: "Bring Grace—  
Meet me at train—I'm off to war—In haste,—  
Harold". The mother stood transfixed and dazed  
The news perplexed, bewildered and amazed  
Until the city clock, with chiming bell,  
Tolled off the hour and broke the spell.

"One hour and thirty minutes till he comes!"  
Forgetting age, into the house she runs;  
A silken scarf she folds about her face,  
That careless eye might not its anguish trace.  
She ran—in very strength of her despair—  
Through many streets, then up a winding stair  
To Grace's room—Grace stood in speechless fear  
To see that palid face, yet still without a tear.—

She gasped for breath, so great was her alarm.  
"What! what has happened? Oh! has any harm  
Befallen Harold?—Is he ill?—is he—"  
"He's volunteered! Will soon be here! and we  
Must go, perchance to bid our last good-byes!  
Then burst the fount of tears from aching eyes.  
They clasped each other's hands, and groaned in  
pain!

Would they e'er see their dear beloved again?

These two possessed an innate sympathy:  
That clement, gentle love we sometimes see  
In those of pure and keen intelligence,  
Congenial tastes, and rare aesthetic sense.  
But never did their hearts so closely twine  
As now, by ties which almost seemed divine.

Ah! is there aught in life can so enchain  
A heart to heart, as mutual grief and pain?

What can so turn all human thoughts above  
In deep humility, and contrite love,  
As sore affliction and adversity!—  
In faith and unity to bend the knee.  
So, solemnly,—it seemed with one accord,  
They bowed in humble prayer before the Lord  
Their mortal cries for strength to bear were heard  
Their souls were comforted with closing word.

The mother's loving intuition thought  
Of all the needful things her boy would want.  
With loving hands—while hearts with grief were  
racked—

They all in hurried time were neatly packed.  
Then o'er the fruits, with dainties underneath,  
They placed the fresh plucked flowers, a fragrant  
wreath!

Sweet flowers, like joys so transient, born to die—  
But memory will live, will time defy.

And then, with firmness in her look and tone,  
The mother said, "Dear Grace, his act is done;  
And though our hearts shall break, our tears and  
groans

Cannot undo the past. Suppress our moans  
We must. Reproachful words and looks control;  
All must be hidden in each troubled soul.  
Think not of self, but what he must endure  
To execute his purpose good and pure.—

"For I have taught him since his early youth  
To flinch not in defense of right and truth!

And now the time has come for us to show  
How far for love of country we will go.  
We mothers who have trained each darling son  
In patriotic love have just begun  
Our task. For ah, dear Grace, the crucial test  
Will be, if need, the loss of all loved best!"

#### THE PARTING HOUR.

The populace came out with martial bands,  
With stars and stripes upheld by dauntless hands.  
The air was rent with lusty shout and cheer!  
While friends held parting words with those so  
    dear.

The palid cheek showed how the heart-strings  
    bled,  
What fateful tragedies could there be read!  
None cared their tender thoughts to hide within,  
This common grief had made them all akin.

There Harold stood, with blanched and firm set  
    face,  
With both his arms entwined in fond embrace  
About the two he loved the best on earth—  
Indeed, to him his all of mortal worth.  
The inward struggle of their hearts he read,  
Though words were few, and not a tear they shed,  
Ah! now he knew if he had not before,  
That absence would augment his sorrow more.

And Grace, she seemed as one in dreamy maze  
Of half-bewildered thought so fixed her gaze  
Upon the face she ne'er might see again!  
To her, e'en then, the best beloved of men.

Ah! there, in all the turmoil of the hour  
 Her spirit soared, as with exalted power—  
 For his dear life she prayed, as oft before,  
 For birth of faith still more she did implore.

She turned to Harold with unfaltering voice,  
 And breathed sweet words, which made his heart  
 rejoice:

“Oh, while my life shall last, as Heav’n is true,  
 I’ll love, I’ll live and ever pray for you.”

“I bless you, Grace, for words divinely sweet!  
 Now if we’re destined never more to meet,  
 One last request I fain would make of you:—  
 Unto my mother, be a daughter, true.”

“I leave sufficient, dear, for both; to keep  
 You comfortable for life. Do not weep!  
 Nay, do not weep, my own beloved one!  
 They call! The parting time has surely come—  
 List! troop I and Battery B! they call,  
 Now I must haste to answer to the roll!”  
 “Thank God, my son, you as a surgeon go  
 To staunch life’s tide and not to make it flow.”

“No, mother, no! Oh, think not so,” he said,  
 “I’ve volunteered in private ranks instead,  
 With glowing promises from Colonel Q  
 Some time in future thus to honor you.”  
 On leaving them—he dared not pause to see  
 That which he well foretold, brought agony,  
 He said: “I will return in a brief space”—  
 He wished for one last look into each face.

’Mid bugle calls, and drums’ unceasing beat,  
 And loud hurrahs—’mid surge of moving feet,

The volunteers each answered to his name,  
Emblazoned soon to be, on scrolls of fame—  
Ah! some, perchance, to find an honored grave,  
But all intent, a noble cause to save!  
Each one beloved, the idol of some heart,  
Lamenting o'er the cause that makes them part.

“Dear Grace, unto my precious mother be  
What I have sought, a comfort in adversity;  
E'en more than I, thou can'st console her heart,  
Through life's dark trying hours, thou can'st im-  
part  
Pure faith, the same as that on which you lean.  
Oh, let thy radiant presence 'round her beam,  
Like guardian angel from the courts above—  
To cheer my mother with a daughter's love.”

Grace asked herself in deep and pensive thought,  
“I wonder if I can? And yet, why not?  
If I can cheer that sad, bereaved heart,  
Or comfort to the wanderer impart,  
Ah, surely, then, I will. It must be done.  
In this, as in all else, God's grace I own.”  
She grasped the hand of each, in earnest zest,  
And said, “Yes, Harold, Yes,—I'll do my best!”

“Beloved Grace, there's naught I would not do  
Within my feeble strength!—I'll strive for you,  
And for myself—to gain that faith, divine,  
Which now I see upon thy features shine.  
I'll knock, and oh, perhaps the door will ope!  
I'll seek for light most earnestly, and hope  
From doubt's drear gloom my being may arise,  
That I, like you, may find the blessed prize!”

"Now, mother, dear, weep not, feel not forlorn,  
 For this dear girl will cheer you night and morn.  
 She'll be to you what I could never be—  
 But hark! I hear they call again for me."  
 An "all aboard," in deep, sonorous tones—  
 Then what a wave of wails, and sobs and moans!  
 Those sad farewells—one universal prayer:—  
 "God bless and keep you in His tender care!"

Then Harold went within, but quickly raised  
 The window of the car, intently gazed  
 With yearning love, into each saddened face  
 Forever stamped within his soul's embrace.  
 With both his hands he clasped the ones without—  
 That last, fond grasp—until they heard the shout,  
 "They're off!"—The grip on hands and hearts is  
     broke,  
 The train is lost 'mid clouds of steam and smoke.

#### THE HOME DESOLATE

Grace led the mother home; that one to be  
 So near and dear by ties of destiny.  
 So long from outward grief she had refrained  
 The tumult of her woe, now unrestrained,  
 Burst forth in lamentations deep and wild:  
 "Oh, will I e'er again behold my child—  
 My noble boy! He was my earthly all;  
 Will he ne'er echo back my morning call!

"E'en now I see him on the burning sands  
 Of distant isles, with blistered feet and hands—  
 With choking thirst, and without food or bed—  
 No time for rest, no place to lay his head—"

That head so often pillowed on my breast,  
 Oh, will it there no more find peaceful rest?  
 Will he ne'er come again with fond embrace  
 To bring fond joy to heart, and smiles to face?"

"Oh, why! dear Grace, why did this sorrow come,  
 To break my heart?—to blight my happy home?  
 It seems almost, that I could better bear  
 To see him lying dead before me there.  
 For then I'd know the dreadful strife was o'er;  
 That shot and shell, and cannon's deaf'ning roar  
 Could not again disturb his sweet repose,  
 Nor horrors of a bloody war disclose."

Grace listened, over-awed, for ne'er before  
 Had she beheld a grief so to deplore.  
 For here, alas, no element of faith arose  
 To soothe the wild despair, or mitigate its woes.  
 Her own, sad heart was overcharged with grief,  
 But well she knew the source of true relief,—  
 She'd early learned to bow at Jesus' feet;  
 Through life, had found a consolation sweet.

She knelt beside the couch of that sad one,  
 There breathing forth a silent benison;  
 There praying as she'd never done before,  
 For higher light to shed her being o'er,  
 To help her to inspire this stricken soul  
 With trust in One Supreme, and so control  
 Her great despondency; to look above,  
 And lean on Him for refuge, rest and love.

At last the mother's wounded spirit slept,  
 While faithful Grace her lonely vigil kept.

From out her dress she quietly withdrew  
 A little packet bound with ribbon, blue.  
 With trembling fingers she undid the bow  
 Which he had tied so short a time ago.  
 The bank-books, watch and chain and diamond  
     ring  
 She counts as naught compared with words which  
     bring—

The color to her cheeks, as on she reads  
 Of love which speaketh not in words, but deeds.  
 "For you and mother:—May it bring you, dear,  
 All needed luxuries, your lives to cheer.  
 And I would have it ope for you the door  
 Of music, art, and letters' lore.  
 That you may now your great desires obtain,  
 From learning's vault, its rarest jewels gain."

"While mother rests—or works amid her flowers,  
 I trust you'll find each day sweet, peaceful hours,  
 Wherein your noble aims you can pursue,  
 To read, or write, or study science, true.  
 But when the twilight comes so lone and still,  
 Which all our senses with vague visions fill—  
 Dwell thou upon the brightest, cheering themes,  
 Divert dear mother's thoughts with hopeful  
     dreams."

"Sing soothing songs, breathe purest words of  
     prayer—  
 Oh, do not let her pine in grief and care;  
 For thou, sweet one, hath power to allure  
 My mother's heart from loneliness; thy pure  
 Angelic thought is what her spirits crave

To save her from despair, perhaps the grave.  
For Grace, beloved, presentiment I feel  
We will not meet again—this thought conceal!"

"Of premonitions, do not let her hear—  
It would augment her anxious grief and fear—  
And, through your love for me, it might your own.  
But, sainted one thy faith, she hath not known;  
Indeed, and thou hast almost made me know,  
That if we meet not in this world below  
It will be in a higher, grander life,  
Then! then, sweetheart, you'll be my own, dear  
wife!"

Grace read these words, and read them o'er again  
What means this deep and burning, clutching  
pain,

That seems to quench the inward vital tide  
And all her senses still, and chill beside?  
She dared not sob, nor cry aloud, nor moan,  
So, pale and motionless, she sat alone.  
She seemed as in the grasp of sombre Death,  
'Till something seemed to whisper, "Where thy  
faith?"

Oh, could he but have tarried here, she thought,  
Then bliss, supreme, would live where grief is  
wrought.

His mind was broadening; and truth's bright ray,  
His thought illumining from day to day.  
The sacred seed implanted in such soil,—  
It cannot die!—as time shall onward roll,  
'T will germinate and grow from hour to hour,  
And bloom at last to life's immortal flower.

"I must be patient and exemplify  
 By acts, not words, that faith which cannot die;  
 Must never add unto his mother's grief,  
 But seek, through holy light, to give relief.  
 And when my soul is o'er-burdened with its weight,  
 I'll knock, and God will ope the pearly gate.  
 I'll write in secret, words I dare not speak,  
 And so, for greiving spirit, solace seek.

GRACE WRITES HER FAREWELL SONG.

Alas, how sad it is with those we love to part,  
 To feel the bounding, bursting tensions of the  
     heart,  
 To clasp the precious hand and breathe the last  
     good-byes  
 While burning, blinding tears are gushing from  
     the eyes.

To bid the sad farewell e'en for a few, brief years,  
 Or just for months, or weeks, or days! what fears  
 Beset the soul bereft, what deep emotions swell,  
 When pale and trembling lips at last gasp forth,  
     "farewell!"

For ah, how faint the glimpse of what the future  
     bears;  
 How little do we know its pleasures or its cares;  
 What vague assurance have we ever more to  
     meet;—  
 That we in life again our precious ones shall greet!

Ah, me! this death in life! when absence rends the  
     soul;

When cruel fate makes time and space beyond  
 control;  
 When only precious faith and memories, sublime,  
 Are all we carry with us to a distant clime!

\* \* \*

Farewell! and yet farewell, beloved one,  
 How can my life go on when thou art gone?  
 Can happy smiles again e'er light my face,  
 Can joy find room within my heart's embrace,  
 Or will this self-reproach fore'er find place?  
 Ah, how my soul in loneliness doth yearn—  
 Already I look forth to thy return,  
 For in the last few hours I've lived so long,  
 It seems that years on years have surely gone.

What keen regret and sorrow fill my heart  
 For every unkind word, or look, or thought.  
 Ah, can it be his love for me hath brought  
 About this separation, this sad lot?  
 And thou art gone! alas! and I, perchance,  
 May never more feel joy in thy sweet glance,  
 In life may ne'er behold thy noble face,  
 Nor hear those tender words, "I love you, Grace!"

Oh, dear! my love hath left his mother here  
 With me—and I so sad—her heart to cheer.  
 I stand in awe to see her grief so wild,  
 Yet who can marvel, he her only child.  
 So many years she's loved her boy, and leaned  
 Upon his strength of brain and brawn,<sup>8</sup> but  
 gleaned,  
 No grain of faith in One she needs so now  
 To help in these afflictions, sore, to bow.

So densely darkened now her mind doth seem!  
 Within its precincts' not a flickering gleam  
 To cheer her soul or light the darksome way!  
 Oh, will she ever see faith's dawning day?  
 Pray, give me wisdom, Father, let me stand  
 A tower of strength, directed by Thy hand,  
 To help both son and mother, too, to Thee,—  
 That they may feel and own thy majesty.

Sleep on, sad mother, may these tranquil hours,  
 Restore thy mental peace and vital powers.  
 May angels round thy couch their vigils keep,  
 That in thy dreams thou may'st forget to weep.  
 And when the morning's bright, effulgent ray  
 Shall lift thy lids to see the coming day,  
 Shall wake thy heart to all its weight of woe,  
 Then may the Comforter before thee go.

The angels, ever watching o'er mankind,  
 Watch o'er my love, now speeding like the wind,  
 Afar! afar! each moment farther still,  
 Oh, pray protect by Thine unbounded will.  
 Preserve his life; into his soul bring light;  
 Let doubt and superstition take its flight,  
 Oh, spare his life for me his soul for Thee,  
 And both of us for Thine Eternity!

#### CARNAGE AND STRIFE.

Where best can we peruse the history  
 Of Warfare's sore defeats and victory?  
 Can it be told by famed historian?  
 Or e'en depicted by the poet's pen?

Ah, is it not enwrought with spectre hand  
In sad and lonely homes throughout the land,  
In aching hearts, in wretched, ruined lives  
Of faithful sisters, mothers, sweethearts, wives?

Ah, who can War's most dreadful scenes, unfold?  
Can terrors of such mortal strife be told?—  
A strife with all its painful cruelties,  
That brings to man unending miseries!  
The deadly "mausers" flashing here and there,  
Sharp, poisoned missiles flying through the air,  
To rout the ranks of armies while they glow,  
And make the crimson streams in torrents flow!

Can we essay, in lands remote and far,  
To trace the outlines of a modern war?  
So sad and terrible, with new designs,  
Its smokeless powder, magazines and mines!  
Of dynamite, with deep and hidden springs  
Which instantly such dire destruction brings:  
The very earth and heavens made to shake,  
Instead of life a sanguinary lake!

Instead of peace, and joy, and happiness,  
Is found chaotic ruin and distress.  
Do men forget the One who gave them life?  
'Twixt man and man, in this fierce, deadly strife,  
One or the other yields or battles on  
Until, like ancient tribes, when all are gone—  
The land's bereft, forsaken, desolate!  
Man's cause transferred to God to arbitrate.

\* \* \*

Mid shot and shell and battle's fierce array,  
We find our hero on this summer's day,

'Mid fire and smoke and cannon's deafning roar,  
Neath tropic skies on Santiago's shore;—  
We see him in the thickest of the fight,  
A staunch defender of his country's right!  
He deems no danger more than he can brave—  
He'd freely give his life his flag to save!

A patriot born! a patriot taught and reared!  
To patriot soul, his country so endeared,  
That for its rights he'd nobly, bravely stand,  
With valiant heart and ready, active hand.  
For righteous cause of suffering, contend:  
Truth, Honor, Right and Justice—all defend!  
He falters not, but bravely stands his ground  
Though bursting shells are falling all around!

While climbing up that famous San Juan hill,  
He exercised his strong, unyielding will.  
His sturdy purpose overcame the maze  
Of swamp and brush and narrow, winding ways,  
Gave to his weary muscles added strength,  
To wade the surging stream, or dig in trench,  
From tangled wires to extricate his feet  
To creep 'neath hanging rock, or mount the steep

And now, though Spanish bullets fill the air,  
Of self he gives no passing thought or care.  
His comrades, brave, are falling all around—  
Some, ne'er to rise above the blood-stained  
ground;  
No more, no more again in life, so sweet.  
With laurels won, beloved ones to greet;  
No more to lift their hands in mercies cause,  
To subjugate unjust and cruel laws.

Yet some, with faces to the sky upturned,  
Had died, assured of greater prizes earned.  
Content that mortal strife at last was done,  
Life's battles o'er, eternal victories won!  
Perhaps, e'en then, their vision soared beyond  
That scene of bloody conflict spread around,  
Into seraphic worlds of peaceful light,  
Where pure, immortal spirits take their flight.

Like mountain avalanche in swift ascent,  
Up! up the hill! our valiant heroes went!  
That July 3rd, sealed Santiago's doom;  
Into the Spanish lines with thundering boom,  
Embattling hosts in grim, unswerving sway  
Swept desp'rate foeman now before their way.  
In sore defeat, 'mid dying, and their dead,  
In wild abandonment the remnant fled!

On famous San Juan's towering crest, unfurled,  
Is freedom's banner, floating to the world!  
"Old Glory," fluttering and graceful, waves  
Her stars and stripes o'er those she seeks to save!  
To bring into their lives a higher aim  
Than worldly wealth, and powers that tyrants  
claim.  
To foster here enlightened government,  
God-send, to Little Cuba was it sent!

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

Can facile pen or fluent tongue portray  
The battlefield at close of this affray?  
Can human eyes endure the fearful scene  
Where friend and foeman's blood flow in one  
stream!

Ah! those whose lives were spared, lift hearts  
    above,  
Unto the God of battles pour their love;  
And there throughout the lengthning shades of  
    day,  
In rest and sleep the toil-worn heroes lay.

But can the son of Esculapius sleep?  
While suffering men in pain and anguish weep!  
While vital currents swiftly, surely bear  
These precious lives beyond all mortal care!  
No. Harold could not sleep. He could not rest.  
He sought the wounded on the battle field,  
With ready tourniquet, life's tide congealed.

The surgeon-general with corps came near,  
Observed that Harold Hawley had no fear  
Of death, though even in appalling guise;  
Perceiving him intelligent and wise,  
At once accepted his efficient aid,  
In placing stricken ones in cooling shade.  
From nearby streams in eagerness he brought  
To parched and fevered lips the grateful draught.

So he, as water will its level find—  
Assisted now their wounds to dress and bind,  
With dextrous skill, helped staunch the flowing  
    tide—  
The touching messages of those who died,  
Their dying prayers, he heard in wonderment!  
That men at such a time could be content,  
Could manifest such faith in worlds unknown,  
Could e'en acknowledge God with latest moan.

Ah, yes! he thought, it is that subtle power  
Which shone from Grace's eyes that parting hour!  
That same transcendent, penetrating light  
Which can illumine even death's dark night:  
That SOMETHING which I fail to comprehend,  
Which helps its votaries to break and bend  
Each adverse circumstance that there may be—  
Ah, can I doubt a hidden destiny!

If not—then how, and why is it I live  
While many at my side their lives now give!  
Throughout the dreadful struggles of this day  
A mystic light has beamed upon my way—  
A wond'rous power has strengthened e'en mine  
arm,  
Still thrills my being with its currents. warm.  
In faith, sublime, Grace said she'd pray for me  
For life—but for my soul more earnestly.

I yet have life. and strength—such vital powers  
Of which I marvel—after all these hours!  
A strength, that even when this day is done,  
I feel that I could press forever on—  
With dominating and unfettered will,  
For all the pulses of my being thrill!  
Oh, is this strength my own, or magic spell,  
Or power of Grace's God! Who, who can tell?

Oh, could I but have gone as others here,  
In peace, in faith, without a single fear—  
Death then to me would welcome be, and sweet,  
Assured that all I love in life I'd meet  
Again—what Grace has called the Great Reward;  
To find true Heaven and a loving Lord!

Ah! can it be for this that I am spared,  
That when I come to die, I'll be prepared?

For hours, with anxious heart and reverent tread  
He searched for living ones among the dead  
And thus soliloquized: How often when  
The low, pathetic prayers of dying men  
Fall on my ear in solemn monotone,  
I almost feel I, too, a God could own:—  
This faith to mortal minds such comforts bring,  
It e'en robs pain and death of all its sting!

A power so grand and glorious to see,  
Belief in God, hope of Eternity,  
A sweet assurance that in regions new,  
We have a Heavenly Father—Mother too!  
I never in my life thought I could pray,  
'Till at the close of this eventful day,  
I seem uplifted by an unseen power,  
Which I have never known until this hour.

These inert forms once with strong, impulse brave  
Will soon lie low within a soldier's grave.  
I cannot think that all with them is o'er,  
That they will speak, and live, and move no more!  
Ah, yes, they MUST still live in realms not far—  
Indeed! methinks the gates are left ajar.  
And I can see beyond, celestial light,  
Whence all that is immortal takes its flight!

O mother! mother! could you only know,  
How light my heart, 'twould mitigate your woe,  
And ah! could you, beloved Grace, perceive  
How your pure faith hath caused me to believe,

Hath rent the murky veil of dismal night,  
Enkindling in my soul supernal light,  
Complete your grateful happiness would be—  
Your faith hath made us one ETERNALLY!

### THE VICTORY WON

The dead had all received their burial—  
Most solemn scene, a soldier's funeral!  
The muffled drums beat low, the last salute  
Was fired. Those standing near could not be  
mute:

Some wept aloud, and others groaned in pain;  
More courage now it took a mastery to gain,  
In laying comrades low with last farewell,  
Than when they faced fierce showers of shot and  
shell.

Ye brave and honored dead! how well you've told  
Your valiant loyalty! your deeds unfold  
Another solemn page in history—  
Where man, in righteous cause, gives willingly  
His all. Oh, noble sons of noble sires,  
You've given all that mortal man requires,  
E'en all your country's cause could hope to claim,  
You've given life—but found enduring fame.

Sleep sweetly, now, ye heroes, fallen low,  
While living hearts shall ache, and teardrops flow.  
Ye cannot come again, with lance and steel  
Your wondrous might and prowess to reveal.  
But deeds will live to stimulate man-kind.  
Help sturdy soldiers paths of glory find.  
Ah, you have found ere this, in death there's life—  
And boundless recompense for mortal strife.

Now dusky night, in dreamy, softening glow,  
 Hath folded sable mantles o'er the world below;  
 Soft, mellow shadows wrap the blood-drenched  
 hill,

Where late leapt frantic life and stubborn will.  
 How deep the solitude, the silence how supreme!  
 All nature seems to rest, to sleep, to dream—  
 What will her visions be! Ah, what this night  
 On fleeting wings may war's alarms take flight

Oh, grant us peace, Thou great, Eternal One!  
 Let warfare cease, and victories be won—  
 By reasoning and love, and not by strife  
 Let man regard as sacred, human life—  
 All human rights, and human ties;  
 To things divine, let vain ambitions rise.  
 Let every heart expand, and tongues confess  
 Thy powers of Love, and Truth, and Righteous-  
 ness.

#### THE QUESTION.

And what of all those sad and anxious ones  
 Now watching, waiting in their far-off homes;  
 The press-dispatches reading fearfully,  
 Lest their beloved, among the victims be.  
 Oh, who can tell the anguish women know  
 At home, so helpless in their anxious woe?  
 All they can do is wait, and hope, and pray  
 For loved ones, and the dawn of peaceful day!

Ah! is it worth so much! some ask in pain,  
 Where is the profit? What will be the gain?  
 Rich isles once ruled by avaricious hand  
 Are now annexed to our extensive land.

Perchance, ambitious Cuban people, freed,  
May turn again, in wild, ferocious greed,  
To slay the very ones who set them free,  
Who gave them food, and life, and liberty.

Again is asked, can all this compensate  
For loss of life to every free-born state?  
Brave, fearless scions of a noble race  
Within whose veins true patriot blood we trace?  
The love of home, and country and the truth  
Hath grown with all their years—e'er since their  
youth;  
Could not the powers of heart and brain had sway,  
And gained a grander victory today?

The flower of America lies slain!  
No wonder that we ask it o'er again,  
Can it be worth all this, the blighted homes,  
The waiting for the one who never comes—  
The shattered hopes, the bitter tears and moans!  
Oh, can it be that such a gain condones  
For all this agony, and grief, and pain,  
And miseries which follow in its train?

Ah, what is all of worldly wealth and power  
Compared to sorrows of the parting hour!  
Are we repaid? "No! no!" the mother cries.  
"Ah, no!" the broken-hearted maid replies.  
"No!" says the wife with sunken, weeping eyes.  
"No! not so!" the suffering orphan sighs.  
And from the peaceful throne of God comes forth  
The call for war to cease upon the earth!

## WATCHING AND WAITING.

O'er Wasatch peaks the orb of day declined,  
 Yet he hath left translucent rays behind—  
 Departing promise of another day.  
 The world is bathed in hazy, mellow glow;  
 With murmurs more subdued the streamlets  
     flow;—  
     Ah, they will ripple on, perhaps always.

The vesper notes of homeward, flitting bird  
 Breathe soft goodnights, while rustling leaves are  
     heard  
 To join the echoes of the sighing pine.  
 The ermine petals of the lily's cup  
 Have quaffed the dew-drops now, and folded up  
     To open again when glinting sunbeams shine.

Yes, everything in nature seems to know  
 That with the dawning of the morning's glow  
 New vigor will their forms reanimate,  
 While I, with spirit that can never die,  
 With unrequited hope must vainly sigh—  
     For my felicity must longer wait!

Ah, I must wait! still patiently wait on  
 Throughout the night, until the morning's dawn,  
 And then from dawn through changes of the day;  
 'Till hope, so long deferred, faints and expires!  
 E'n faith near seems the child of strong desires,  
     But still I wait, and watch, and weep, and  
     pray!

\* \* \*

Thus wrote fair Grace, heart hunger to appease,  
 Within her little book she called "Heartsease;"

For only thus did she unbend control—  
Here give expression to her inner soul!  
It seemed the safety valve for pent-up grief.  
Ah! this, with prayer, had been her sole relief.  
Sweet, precious inspiration from above,  
How truly it reveals God's precious love!

The news of oft-repeated victories  
Great conquests for our Cause on land and seas,  
Together with the honors Harold won  
As surgeon in the General's corps, came home  
To fill the loving hearts with hope and cheer.  
But soon, alas, this joy was turned to fear  
Just at the height of glorious renown!  
By fever, Harold had been stricken down.

Grace longed to fly to him. Indeed, she must;  
She thought—and yet could she forsake her trust?  
Ah, no; she must not leave her sacred post—  
For else she knew the mother would be lost.  
Her ever faithful, tender, watchful care,  
So needed now, could not be found elsewhere.  
Her constancy to love and duty gave  
The only hope, his mother's life to save.

This last sad news, so sudden and severe,  
Had seemed to seal life's founts—without a tear.  
The mother moved in dreamy, listless mood;  
Insomnia and constant lack of food  
Had sapped her physical and mental power.  
Now every eve, just at the twilight hour,  
She'd wander far—and say: "I'll meet my son  
Who must this night be surely coming home."

And patient Grace would follow close behind—  
 She feared results of her beclouded mind.  
 Down through the flower-strewn lane, near wav-  
     ing grain,  
 She'd wander long, and then return again—  
 She'd turn to take the arm of faithful Grae  
 With disappointment in her palid face,  
 And say: "Just one more day we'll have to wait,  
 Tomorrow night we'll meet him at the gate.

So weary seemed the days in deep suspense  
 They waited still, in silent eloquence  
 For tardy messages from foreign shore—  
 So longed for, yet were almost dreaded more,  
 Lest they should bear the fateful tidings home  
 That he, so fondly loved, no more would come!  
 'Twas only sleep, in season, that retained  
 The mother's life—pure faith had Grace sustained.

At length a packet from a foreign shore  
 Brought letters, which the saddest tidings bore;  
 But like all sorrows it was tempered, too,  
 With comfortings, which did, in part, subdue  
 The wild, tempestuous throbbings of the heart,  
 Unto the soul some comfort did impart—  
 If comfort can be found in life's dark days,  
 'Tis holy whisp'ring, guides us through the haze.

\* \* \*

Thus ran the message in an unknown hand:  
 "Can I but help you fully understand  
 The true condition of the stricken one  
 I call my friend—you call your son—  
 The lover, too, of her he calls his 'Grace'—  
 I'll sadly, willingly, this missive trace.

You, too, must know his patient fortitude  
In battling with the hand of death so rude."

At close, there came these words: "E'en from the  
first

But little hope—prepare, then, for the worst.  
And with this, Harold's letter, too, was sent  
Unfinished—but its contents eloquent—  
Pathetic in its deep concern for those  
So loved, so far—no thought of self arose,  
But loving eyes could see, and hearts could feel  
The effort made, his own pain to conceal:—

"I thought, dear ones, when I returned, to bring  
To you a glad surprise—Love's offering;  
The proofs that to each precious word you spake  
I gave most earnest heed! I did partake—  
I know it now—of thy sweet spirit, too.  
The books you gave, and told me to review,  
With pure and prayerful heart, conned I them o'er  
And o'er again, and thirsted still for more.

"Beloved Grace, my soul has found a voice,  
In blessed prayer! I know you will rejoice,  
And mother, too, if she has learned to know  
These joys, which e'en all human hearts below—"  
From here the page was blank, but Grace could  
trace

Between the lines, fill in the blotted space,  
As wildly throbbed her heart. Hot tears like rain  
Portrayed the conflict now twixt joy and pain.

Keen anguish with the thought of Harold's death,  
Yet, still she praised the Lord with every breath!

Bethought her, too, of promise Jesus gave—  
That through this faith, He'd men and women  
save.

As God had brought conviction to his soul,  
He still might spare his life! Then did unroll  
A wave of inspiration, pure and sweet,  
Which bade all incredulity retreat.

Their faith had made them one, in death or life!—  
In sight of God she now was Harold's wife.  
Grace longed so much to rouse the mother's mind  
With gentleness, and soothing words so kind  
Bade her to list while she the letters read,  
With outward calm enforced. Alas, instead  
Of waking her benighted faculties,  
She slept in Grace's arms like child at ease.

'Tis midnight's hour, and on the burdened air  
We hear the solemn whisperings of prayer.  
We feel the soulful pleadings floating on  
To heav'nly spheres, until they reach God's  
throne—

Until they find response most infinite,  
A solace for the heart so desolate!  
From One who notes the little sparrow's fall  
Ah, willingly, He hears his children's call.

'Touch thou with gentle strokes divine, O Lord,  
Discordant tendrils of life's harpsichord!  
Oh, let the vibrant echoes thus awake  
Within men's souls, inspiring strains evoke.  
Entrancing accents from the worlds unknown  
Change solemn moan, to gentle, patient tone;  
Sublime, triumphal music fills the air  
To lift all hearts from slough of dark despair.

"Let every throbbing pulse in nature's tune  
 Accord with Thine for aye! Oh, very soon,  
 Dear Lord, may waves of music from above  
 Inspire in human lives unselfish love.  
 'Till through the wide, wide world from shore  
     to shore  
 No discords will be heard forever more.  
 When as themselves all love their fellowmen  
 The worlds unite to sing the grand Amen."

#### HONEY SIPPING.

'Tis Indian Summer now, the tiller's field  
 Hath shown the bounteous harvest it can yield.  
 On tree, and twig, and flower, rare tints are seen,  
 Rich, gorgeous hues are mingled with the green;  
 The sun appears a large and fiery ball,  
 While over all the earth soft draperies now fall—  
 A tinted, lacey veil—as for a bride,  
 O'er-thrown, the blush of innocence to hide.

The noontide hour hath passed, and shadows, long,  
 Portend the closing day. The linnet's song  
 Re-echoes through the wood to wayward mate,  
 And lonely doves, on swaying branches wait  
 The tardy coming of the ones who rove.  
 Ah, will they e'er return with notes of love?  
 Have they like other spirit-mates, now flown  
 To realms from whence, in life, there's no return?

\* \* \*

This eve the mother could not be content  
 Unless upon her twilight stroll she went.  
 She said, "Come, Grace, put on your pretty gown  
 I, too, will dress in mine, and we'll go down

To meet dear Harold who will come tonight.  
And we must hasten, dear, while still'tis light.  
It's been so long since I beheld his face,  
I want to see it well—come now, dear Grace.

Then arm in arm they went as we are told  
Ruth and Naomi did in days of old.  
Each in the other's love securely bound  
In sweetest confidence, these two had found.  
The yearning longing of their hearts supplied  
Such loving tenderness; and care, beside,  
Had Grace upon the weaker one bestowed—  
Her soul with strong, maternal impulse glowed.

“How very pitiful it is,” Grace thought,  
“This constant disappointment to us brought  
From day to day—for even I imbibe—  
Through innate sympathy—hard to describe—  
The feeling, too, that sometime we may meet  
Our loved one, when we go, with joy replete!  
Though when I bring my reasoning to bear,  
I know I'm wrong—yet, still her hope I share.

“So oft it seems he must be very near,  
I feel his presence in the very air,  
I hear his footsteps, with the shadows fall,  
E'en catch his voice with every birdling's call;  
And in the graceful cosmos' bow so mute  
I see his beaming smile, and fair salute.  
Ah, from extending arms of mountains, grand,  
I seem to catch the pressure of his hand.”

Afar, from out the city's din and rush  
To where the rivulets from canyons gush,

They crossed an unused culvert as a bridge,  
And lingered near the hillside's mossy ridge—  
The mother leaning on the maiden's arm.  
Both spied a flower with exceeding charm.  
Instinctively, at once, their hands both met  
To pluck the golden primrose floweret.

Just while their eager hands enclapsed the stem,  
A tiny humming-bird, to share with them  
The pure exquisiteness of mutual bliss,  
Sipped honey from its cup, with gentle kiss,  
While neither hand the precious bloom released.  
It lingered on the nectar of its feast.  
Suffused mellow light was 'round them thrown,  
Divine expression of God's mercy shown.

They knew a holy presence must be near,  
Mild zephyrs wafted music sweet and clear!  
It was no fleeting dream, no magic spell—  
This holiness of peace which 'round them fell,  
'Twas Father's love! each lifted heart and eyes,  
In sacred praise to heaven's vaulted skies—  
When lo! through gath'ring mists of dying day,  
A white-clad form approaches on the way.

With faces colorless, and <sup>23</sup>heartstrings tense,  
Transfied they waited—breathless, in suspense.  
Grace knew the uniform for U. S. men  
For tropic Southern clime, all white had been—  
And yet, an apparition! this she thought  
Of him the mother long had vainly sought

Come back to prove to them that "death is life",  
A grand and great reward for mortal strife.

Ah, look! the mystic figure moveth on—  
Ethereal face, and features pale and wan—  
But list, he speaks!—the old, familiar tone!  
"My mother, dear! my Grace! again I'm home!"  
Into her Harold's arms, the mother springs  
As though transported by the seraph's wings.  
Then nature, ever constant, true and kind,  
In sweet oblivion enwraps her mind.

And for a space, bereft of life she seemed;  
Aroused, she said, "What is it I have dreamed?  
What long and dreadful incubus of fear!  
Why, Harold, dear, I thought you far from here;  
That I had waited weary, endless days  
On your beloved face again to gaze,  
But now the night is o'er, the vision gone,  
We now rejoice—we see the coming dawn."

"Oh, are you spirit risen from the dead?  
Or is it, really, truly, you," Grace said.  
"Yes, love, the Great Physician saved my life,  
Brought me again to you, my spirits rife  
With joy, and love. By fervent faith I've come  
To know the Life Celestial—your love won!  
With you my wife, I'll labor with a will  
To help mankind a higher life to fill."

"I'll go with sword and lance of living light,  
On earth life's moral battles bravely fight,  
With potent weapons and a heart content,  
I'll go with trust in One omnipotent;

Love, patience, hope, implicit faith in God  
Are mightier far than emperor's rod;  
More sure and helpful to the struggling soul  
To bring him safely to the final goal.

“And with my other conquests, I have won  
The queen of living women for mine own!  
Most precious one, my heart was ever thine;  
Now truly thine, by grace of One divine!  
Sweet, noble girl, could e'er in life be found  
A soul more true, and firm, and faithful? Sound  
In reasoning, unswerving from the right,  
You led my darkened mind to find the light!”

“You saved my soul with love's devoted prayer,  
And saved my mother, too, with constant care.  
I've heard already, dear, your faithfulness  
Unto my mother in her sore distress.  
Ah, yes, through all that long and dreadful dream,  
Your angel presence was a golden beam!”  
Grace placed on lips of each a finger stroke,  
A silence on this praise to thus evoke.

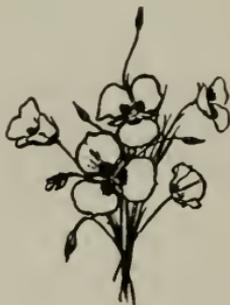
The mother took her children's willing hands.  
The trio went their way through meadow lands,  
Back to their home in mellow evening's glow,  
Their hearts too full for any words to flow.  
And neither could define just why they wept,  
Nor comprehend the holy calm that crept  
Into the deep recesses of their souls.  
As these three loving hearts God's peace enfolds.

## WEDDING BELLS.

Ring out! sweet bells! ring loud, and long and  
clear!

Thine accents echo joyful notes of cheer!  
Bound heart to heart! their golden music tells—  
And life to life, ring on, ring on, sweet bells!  
A soul redeemed; a mother's mind restored;  
A maiden prayed and this the great reward!  
Then God be praised! the pealing anthem swells,—  
Ring on, ring on, ring on, sweet bells!

THE END.



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