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Of the Tribe of Judah.

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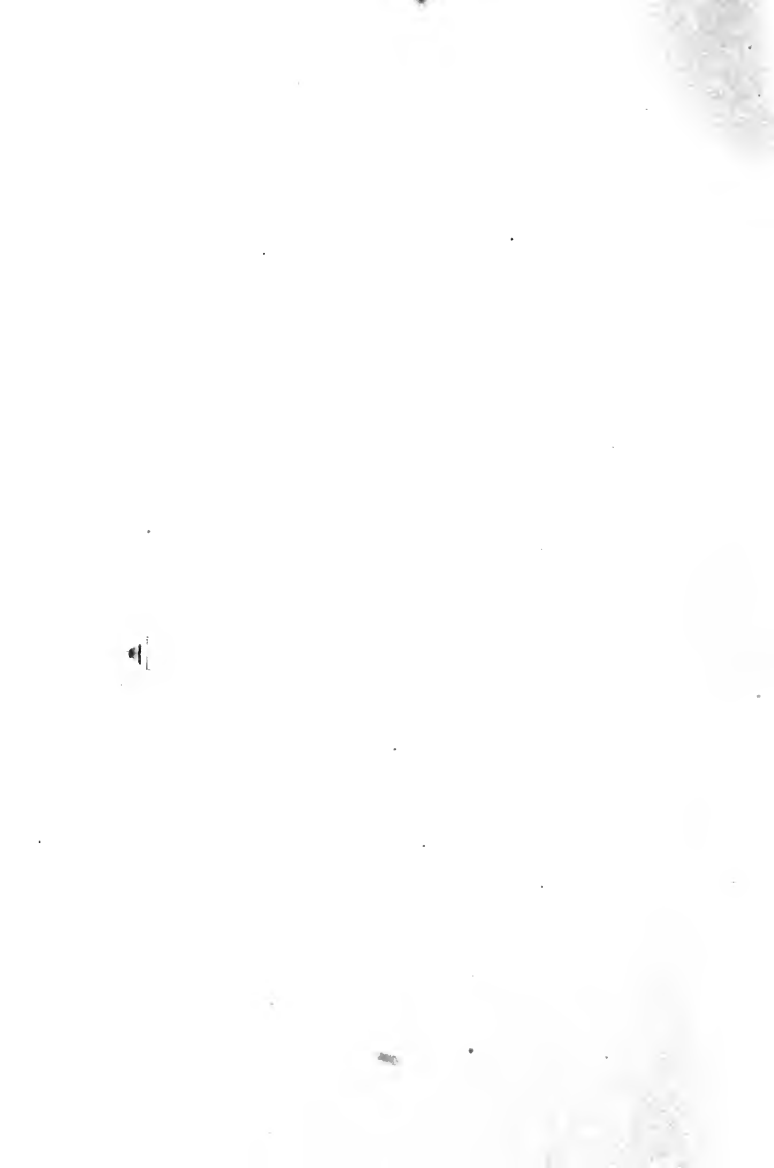
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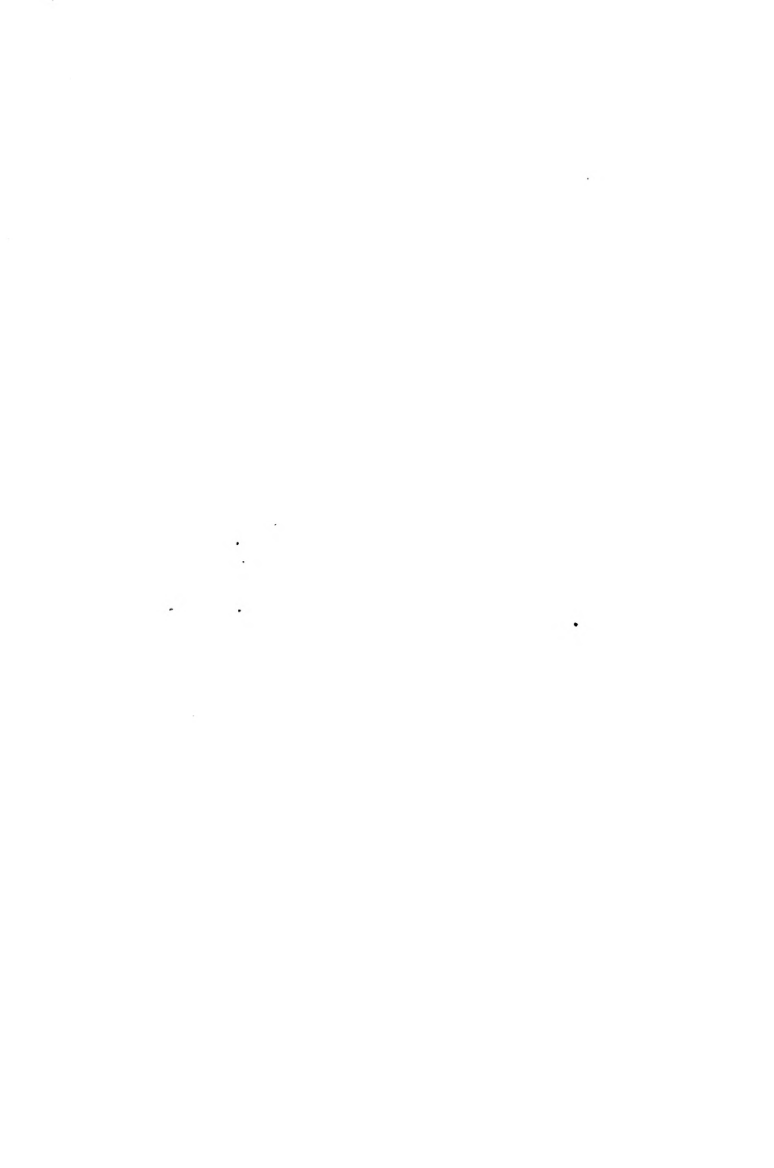
in 1939

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











Albert Frank Hoffmann

Of the Tribe of Judah

. . . and . . .

Other Poems.

BY

ALBERT FRANK HOFFMANN.

PUBLISHED BY
PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION.

EDITED BY

EDWIN F. FLYNN.

PS 1939
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THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

With the hope that it may shed—

A ray of light

Athwart their path when hope has fled ;

Amid earth's night.

—*A. F. H.*



PREFACE TO THE BOOK.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 19th 1891.

The poems contained in this little volume have, most of them, appeared in the Commercial Gazette, Evening Post, and Herald and Presbytery; all of these papers published in this city. The author is a very young man and has ventured this volume only as a promise of what he believes will come in a larger way with years and ripening thought.

A good deal of the sentiment has been worked out in the hard school of experience, and as his Pastor, I know that: "The anguish of the singer has made the sweetness of the strain." His thought for the past two years has been rising out of the more conventional conceptions of God and his relation to man into a broader sweep and a deeper motive. There are poems here which are indicative of this transition, to me they are the best which the book contains. Taking into consideration the fact that these poems were written between times of hard and active labor and by one who has known what it is to work with his hands for his maintenance during years when other boys are at school, the artistic excellence of the work is remarkable.

As one of my young men, I cherish the right to a large pride in the author, and cheerfully act as God-father to the volume.

M. C. LOCKWOOD, *Pastor.*

THE STORY OF CHRIST.

PROLOGUE.

THE FALL.

Immortal were they, our first parents, 'til
They listened to the tempter born of Hell—
To the Arch Fiend, and listening they fell,
By disobeying their Creator's will.

THE CURSE.

Made mortal were they by the primal sin,
Their Eden gone—yet thro' the darkness shone
The light of hope, and they were not alone—
For with His justice, mercy entered in

THE PROMISE.

Ere they were driven forth from Eden's gate,
God's mercy showed itself to them, and He
A promise gave—that of her seed should be
A son who should redeem their lost estate.

THE PROPHECIES.

And of His station, it was said that He
Should be of princely birth, that He should spring
From Judah's Tribe, and David's house, a king—
King, prince and ruler, ever more to be.

The prophets as the ages onward rolled,
Spake of the Son, who in that coming day
Should free them from the curse of death, and they
His lowly birth and suffering fortold.

Of virgin mother born, the Christ should be,
For so the prophets said, and when he came,
Divine should be His coming, and His name
Is Jesus, for His people He shall free.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

To Mary, wife of Joseph, came the voice
Of the Arch-Angel Gabriel, and he
Spake thus: "Fear not, God hath o'ershadowed thee,
Thou hast found favor in His sight—rejoice.

"The Holy Ghost thro' thee with man shall blend,
The holy thing that shall be born of thee,
Shall be the Son of God, the mighty tree
Of Israel, whose kingdom hath no end."

CHRISTMAS BELLS.


Listen to the merry bells,
 Hear the Christmas bells;
 Now their melody fortells
 Peace and joy
 Without alloy,
 As the rhythmic music swells
 On the air,
 It seems to bear
 A message of good will to men,
 A peace beyond our human ken.

Hear them chime, oh hear the bells,
 Hear the holy bells,
 Hear the anthem grand, it tells
 Of the birth—
 The holy birth
 Of the Christ, and as it swells
 Grand and free,
 I seem to see
 The things that were on that bright morn,
 When Christ the holy child was born.

PART FIRST.

THE NATIVITY—WITH HYMN.

I.

 hush is brooding over all—'tis night,
Judea's hills are bathed in hallowed light;
See in the ether depths yon flaming star,
Celestial in its brightness—from afar
'Tis seen by wise men—wizards of the East,
A Hindoo, Greek, and an Egyptian priest.
Long had they sought, yea long and vainly so,
The God unknown to them, and now they go
 In search of Him, the star their guide
 Doth lead them to a manger's side;
 In swaddling cloths they see Him lie
 The "Prince of Peace," and drawing nigh,
 They bend the knee and homage pay,
 Acknowledging His mighty sway.

II.

The shepherds as they watch their flock at night,
Encompassed are by a Celestial light ;
And they a glorious vision do behold,
A scene whose glory never can be told.
'Tis an Arch-Angel that to them appears,
Amid a heav'nly host—he quells their fears.
Hark ! Listen to the message that is borne
From Heav'n, tells it of the natal morn.

Behold glad tidings of great joy,
Good will and peace without alloy
We bring, for unto you this day
Is born a Savior, haste away
To Bethlehem—the star your guide
Will lead you to Messiah's side.

III.

To God be all the glory, angels sing,
For unto you this day is born a king ;
The Christ He shall be called, for He shall be
The Savior of His people, and shall free
Them from transgression, praise ye —praise the Lord,
Praise Him, ye nations all, with one accord.
The heav'nly babe brings joy beyond the ken
Of humankind—peace and good will to men ;

And now the glory of His birth
Steals o'er the weary sinful earth,
The heavens ope'—an anthem grand
Is chanted by an angel band.
Now hark! The song on seraph wing,
Is borne to me—'tis thus they sing.

Thrice blessed morn
On which is born
Th' Eternal King of Kings;
Peace and good will
The earth to fill,
From Heav'n Messiah brings.

The realms of light
For earthly night
He leaves—the sacrifice
Will break the ban,
Restore to man
The loss of Paradise.

Oh praise the Lord
With one accord,
To him be glory given;
Let joyful lays
And earnest praise,
Reach Him who reigns in Heav'n.

Blest be the morn
For he is born,
The Savior, King of Kings;
Peace and good will
The earth to fill,
With Him Messiah brings.

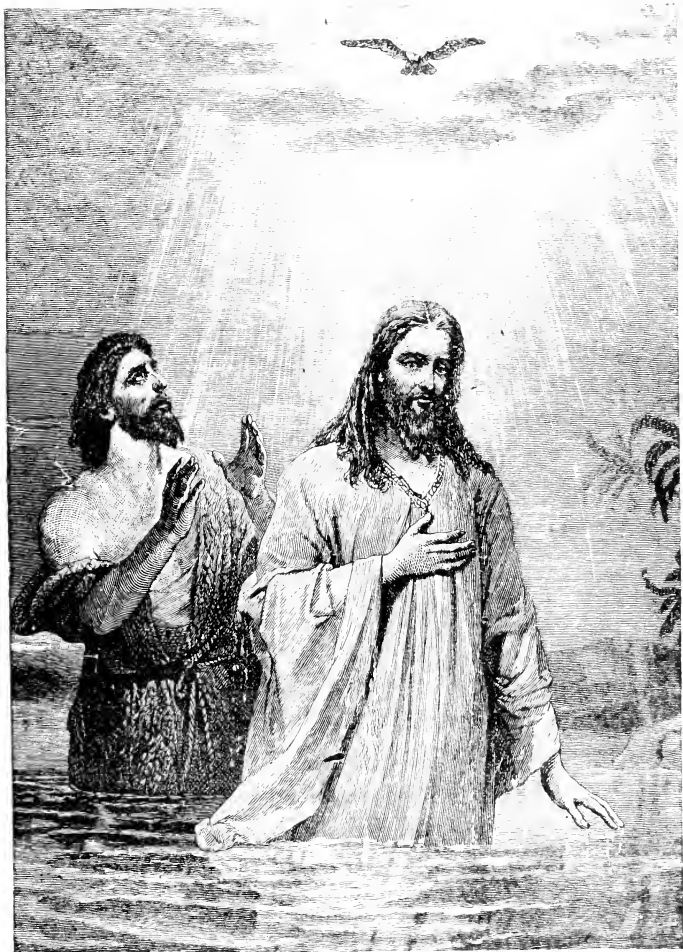


PART SECOND.

THE PASSION PLAY.

I.

The scene is changed, and after many years
Have ta'en their flight, the Christ again appears;
Appears where Jordan rolls, to there begin
His ministry, redeeming men from sin.
A dove of fire appears above His head
Mid a Celestial glory—Heav'n shed;
God bears Him witness ere the work begun,
Declaring Him His well-beloved Son.
Troughout Judea men extol his deeds,
In Him the Jew and Gentile lose their creeds;
The blind receive their sight, He heals the lame,
E'en from the tomb doth He the dead reclaim
In every work He showeth them a sign,
His every act is born of the divine.
His wisdom doth compel belief—'tis He,
The long expected Christ of prophesy



'Mid a Celestial Glory—Heaven Shed.

II.

The priesthood seemg now their every hope
In jeopardy, must needs with Him to cope.
They see their rule of darkness giving place
To better things, and breaking o'er the race
They see the newer day; and in the man,
They see the breaking of the cursed ban
Of superstition, they see all their power
A loss, through Him. They see the mighty tower—
The fortress of the priest-craft swept away,
They fear the teachings of the Christ, and they
Seek for His life. "The Son of Man" heeds not
The wolfish clique, nor gives to them a thought.
They can not harm the man until the hour
Ordained of God is come, and all their power
Is spent for naught. But we must turn again
To Christ, for He, far from the haunts of men
Betakes His way, to there commune with God—
To suffer ere He tastes the chastening rod.

III.

As the Christ nears Gethsemane,
The shadows o'er Him steal
Of the impending gloom, and He
In prayer is seen to kneel.

He speaks, and now the Savior's eye
Is lifted to the throne on high.
For man he prays, the while His soul
Is tempest tost mid surges roll.
But hark! The prayer I seem to hear,
'Tis borne to me, soft, low and clear.—

THE PRAYER.

I.

Dear Father, now the hour is come,
I pray Thee, glorify Thy son
Whom Thou hast sent, that he also
May glorify Thee here below.
For thou the power to him hast given
Of life eternal, and hast riven
The bonds of Death, that he might give
To whosoever would believe
On Thee, the True, the Living One,
And me, Thy son, Thine only son,
Eternal life. On earth have I
Thee glorified; the hour is nigh,
The work is finished, I pray Thee,
Oh, Father, glorify Thou me
With Thine ownself, the glory that
Was mine, ere was the earth begat.

II.

I manifested have Thy name,
To them Thou gavest me, the same
Are Thine; Thy word in them is found,
They know, that in which I abound
Is all for Thee—they have received
Thy word, and me they have believed.
For them I pray which are from Thee
For them that Thou hast given me.
For they are Thine they which are mine,
And through them doth our glory shine.
Oh, Holy Father, be their stay—
Their guide, when I no longer may
Be with them, then I pray as one
May they all be, like Father, Son.

III.

None have I lost Thou gavest me,
None, save the 'Scariot, and he
Fulfilled the Scripture hath, which saith
"Perdition's Son, should to the death
His Lord betray." Now unto Thee
I come, I pray these things may be;
That they might conquer Death and Sin,
That they my joy might have within.

Because they are not of the world,
It hated them, at them is hurled
Its scorn; yet I pray not that Thou
Should'st take them from the world, but how
To conquer evil, do Thou teach
Each one. Now Father, I beseech
Thee, sanctify them through Thy word,
The word of truth which they have heard.

IV.

And now into the world I send
These who are mine, as Thou did'st send
Thine only son—and for their sake
I sanctify myself—O! make
Thy sanctifyng power now
Upon them come, as I here bow.
Yet not for these alone I pray,
But for all, whosoever they
May be, who through their word believe
On me, for them this prayer receive.
As Thou, O Father, art in me,
And I in Thee, oh, may they be
As one; that all the world may know
Whom Thou hast sent, now I bestow

The glory that 'Thou gavest me
On them, that they as one might be,
And perfected in one, as we
Are one—that all the world may see
The love wherewith 'Thou loved'st me.

V.

For thou did'st love me ere was laid
The Earth's foundation—when is paid
The ransom, Father, take 'Thou me
To 'Thine ownself, and may they be
At one with us. Now may the love
I had with Thee in realms above,
In these be found, and may in them
My image be, I pray. Amen.

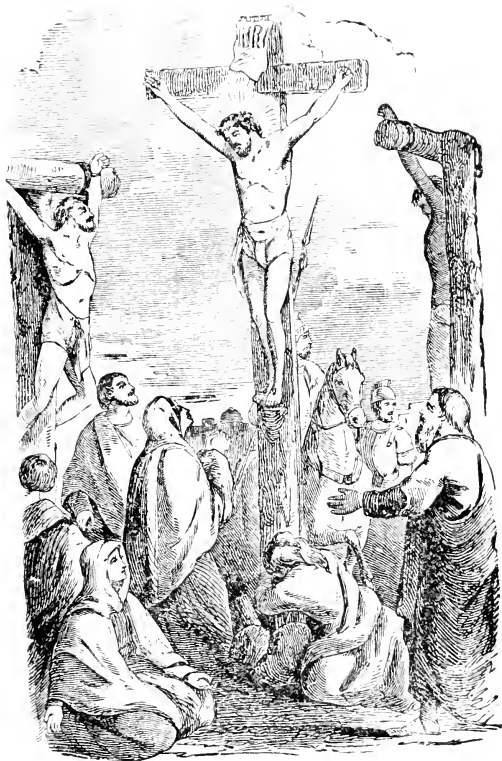
VI.

And rising now, He seeks Gethsemane,
The fairest garden in all Israel;
His followers are left to watch, for He
Would be alone, to suffer, and to tell
His Father of the battle that within
His breast was raging for the mastery—
To ask for strength to conquer Death and Sin,
For strength to gain the mighty victory.

VII.

And finding now His comrades fast asleep,
He wakens them, and tells them that the hour
Ordained of God is come—that He must reap
The sting of Death. Betrayed into the power
Of sinners and the priest-craft, is the Son
Of the Most High—His life's work's nearly done.
They seek His life, nor seek they it in vain,
For Judas, the Iscariot—to gain
A paltry sum of gold, doth Him betray
Into the hands of the priest-craft, and they
Bear Him before the governor, and there
Charge Him with blasphemy, themselves forswear.
Now the false witnesses bring forth their liês,
To hurl against the calm of His sad eyes;
The council mob press near, and they increase
In wrath and hate, the while Christ holds His peace.





Crucified.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

Now see the "Son of Man,"
With God-like majesty
Before the dread tribunal stand;
His judge would set Him free.

But no, "The man must die,"
So cries the rabble hord,
"Come, crucify the blasphemer,"
They shout with one accord.

Not guilty, saith the law
By which the man is tried;
"His blood be on our heads" they cry,
If He is crucified.

The judge, to cleanse himself
His hands doth wash—he seeks
To flee from the dread crime, of which
His inner conscience speaks.

They crown His head with thorns,
Then hail the “ Nazarene ”
Their king, in scornful jest, which He
Bears with majestic mien.

They clamor for His blood,
Their wrath to gratify ;
Mid scorn and insult, gibe and sneer,
They lead Him forth to die.

And now tow'rd Calvary
With a misguided zeal,
The rabble hord betakes its way
For human woe or weal.

I see the Master sink
Beneath His burden grim,
The Cyrene, Simon, volunteers
To bear the cross for Him.

And now they near the goal,
The crucifixion place ;
Where the destroyer grim doth reign,
Where Death has left his trace.

I hear the ringing blows,
Their hellish works begin;
No cry is heard—no murmur—as
The nails are driven in.

For Jesus holds His peace
Mid the encircling gloom,
And like a lamb to slaughter led,
He calmly meets His doom.

Uplift they now the cross,
He hangs 'twixt earth and sky,
With an heroic courage He
Bears all, nor heaves a sigh.

Two others meet their fate,
They, too, are crucified;
They curse and rave in agony,
And pray for the death-tide.

One, turning now to Christ,
In scorn and mockery,
With curses saith, "If Thou be God,
Us and Thyself set free."

In a rebuking tone,
The other answ'ring saith :
“ Dost thou not fear the wrath of God,
Eternified in death?”

“ Our death is merited,
Our acts have led to this ;
But He who dies with us to-day,
Has nothing done amiss.”

And turning now to Christ
“ Jesus,” I hear him say,
“ When to Thy kingdom Thou art come,
Remember me, I pray.”

The answer quickly comes :
‘ In Paradise this day
Thy soul shall be ; and thou shalt dwell
In that bright realm for aye.’

But even as He speaks,
The trumpet sounds the hour,
And then a change, stupendous change,
Seems to bespeak His power.

For see yon inky clouds,
They change the day to night ;
They veil the sun's bright face, and fill
Men with dismay and fright.

The lightnings, flashing now,
Illuminate His form ;
A halo of Celestial light,
Surrounds Him mid the storm.

A strange, unearthly dread,
Has settled over all ;
For three long awful hours, the clouds
Hang there like a dark pall

And as the darkness fades,
The lightnings flash the more
About His form, anon is heard
The distant thunders' roar.

Intense the anguish, that
Is written on His face ;
On it the inward suffering,
And pain doth leave its trace.

By God and man alike
Deserted now he seems;
Round Him, like lances made of fire,
The livid lightning gleams.

Now hark ! Dost hear His voice,
In bitter anguish, He
Cries out : “ My Father, tell me why
Thou hast forsaken me.”

And then He prays, alike,
For Gentile and for Jew :
“ Oh, Father, these forgive, for they—
They know not what they do.”

Once more I hear Him speak :
“ My Father, take Thou me ;
'Tis finished, and I now commend
My spirit unto Thee.

His head falls on His breast,
His spirit now has flown :
A halo for an instant, plays
About His earthly throne.

And then the earth doth quake,
And men are terrified,
The temple's veil is rent in twain,
The tombs are opened wide.

And the centurion now,
In fear, is heard to say:
“This truly was the Son of God,
We've crucified to-day.”

His body now is ta'en
From the accursed place;
They give the seeming Conquered One,
To the cold tombs embrace.

Ah! Little do they think,
That ere three days are flown,
That He will gain the victory,
The grave be overthrown.

But see, the night has flown,
Her sable wings have borne
Her from the shores of darkness, and
The glad new day is born.

THE EASTER TRADITION.

I.

A mystic quiet reigned,
A stillness lingered there;
The night of Death had waned,
And on that morning fair—
Ere the Sun had yet bespoken,
That the dawn of day had broken,
The chains of Death were riven,
And eternal life was given—
To mankind.

II.

When drowsiness from earth
Had scarce begun to flee,
The early morn gave birth
To immortality—
Then the weeping and the sadness
Of the earth were turned to gladness,
The Lord of Life ascended,
In His wings had healing blended
For the blind

III.

Angelic hosts had come
At early dawn of day,
They rolled the barrier from
The tomb wherein He lay—
 And they sang a song, "He liveth
 Who was dead, 'Tis He that giveth
A peace which is abiding,
And the promise of His guiding—
 Till the end.

IV.

He came the Prince—the King,
Eternal life He gave;
Oh! Death where is thy sting,
Thy victory, oh! Grave.
 Thou art robbed, thy bonds are broken,
 For He lives and He has spoken,
His voice is still resounding
Thro' the earth, and joys abounding—
 With it blend.

V.

Tho' centuries have fled,

His accents still survive,

"I am he that was dead ;

Behold I am alive"—

Thro' the ages still is glowing

Like the Sun—on man bestowing,

A faith which is ne'er shaken,

Which, when seemingly forsaken—

Doth abide.

VI.

When comes the reaper Death,

Again we'll hear His voice ;

When leaves the parting breath,

Our spirits will rejoice—

In the end we'll find perfection,

In the Living Ressurrection,

When earth's dark ties are riven

Us to realms of bliss—to Heaven—

Will be guide



He is risen—Christ is risen.

THE AFTERTHOUGHT.

He is risen—Christ is risen,
The chaotic state of night,
Which for centuries enshrouded
Humankind, hath taken its flight.

He hath overcome earth's bondage,
Fetters broken—He is free;
Over Death and all his minnions,
He hath gained the victory.

He is risen—Christ is risen,
Bringing joy to fill the earth—
Joy and gladness, at the coming
Of that blessed second birth.

He hath robbed the grave of vict'ry,
Immortality is born—
Softly angel voices whisper,
On the hallowed Easter morn.

He is risen—Christ is risen,
Lifted is the cursed gloom,
And the mists have rolled in splendor
From the shadows of the tomb.

FINIS.

REINCARNATION.

The soft even shades were blending
With the deeper gloom of night,
While the far off stars were sending
Forth their mellow rays of light—
Mellow light, which, in its falling,
Wierd, uncanny shadows cast,
Which forever seemed recalling
Ghostly pictures from the past.

Death was there, and there was dying,
And the last link in the chain
Had been forged—the winds were sighing,
A sad and dirge-like refrain ;
And the bright stars, far off, glimmered,
Ever glimmered, ever shimmered—
And the winds forever moaning,
Ever moaning, ever groaning—
Changed their music into sighing
Dirges, for one who was dying,
As the Reaper Grim drew near,
To relieve the aged seer—
All was dark and desolate.

All was dark and desolate,
And the wild winds seemed to me —
As thro' the leafless trees
They shrieked—to laugh in fiendish glee,
Laugh and mock at misery.

And upon a couch near by,
Lay a withered, wasted form,
The voyage nearly o'er,
He saw the haven—where no storm
Vents its fury—weary, worn.

In his dreams I heard him speak
Of the meadow and the glade,
Where 'neath the trees he oft
Had sought the cool, refreshing shade—
Then the picture seemed to fade.

Then, again he dreamed, a strange,
Wierd, wild dream—my blood was chilled
By morbid fancies, which
His wierd hallucinations willed,
Then they ceased, forever stilled—
He was dead,
He was dead.

When I awakened from my dreaming,
Still the far off stars were gleaming;
And the wild winds which were moaning,
Ceased their moaning and their groaning—
And the spirit which ascended
Long before, had been imblended
Into me, and I was living—
Who had lived, and I was giving
Forth but a continuation
Of his life.

Reincarnation,

Oh, the mystery is unending,
That of life forever blending;
It will merge into perfection,
And a living resurrection,
When hath ended skepticism,
And all creed and every chism;
Real will be the scripture story,
We shall see the Father's glory —
In that day,
In that day.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STARS.

Ye glittering stars, which gleam
And sparkle thro' the night :
When quiet reigns supreme,
I watch your fairy light.
When all, yes, all, in sleep
Have closed each weary eye,
When earth—when sky—when deep
In stillness shrouded lie—
I ponder then,
 I wonder when
 Ye got your birth,
 And o'er the earth
Cast your first ray of light.
Ye guardians of the night.

Who hung ye there in space,
Ye beauteous gems of night,
To guard the human race,
The universe to light.

What power broke the bars
And left your radiance out,
To kindle space—ye stars
When did ye put to rout—
Chaotic night,

That earthly blight,

Which man still feels,

'Neath which he reels,

When darkness like a pall,
Hath spread herself o'er all.

How fair ye shine to-night,
The heavens seem to glow,
A radiant mellow light
Is shed on all below.

In slumber wrapt, the earth,
Beneath your watchful care,
Sleeps calmly, till the birth
Of amber morning fair—
At break of day

Ye pass away,

Ye come once more,

When darkness o'er

The earth her wings hath spread,
When scarce the twilight's fled

That power infinite,
Which being gave to you ;
His purpose what was it
To guide, and to imbue
The sons of men with light,
As twinkling brightly ye
Would guide them thro' the night,
Across life's raging sea ?

 This His design,
 This why ye shine ?

* * *

And then in accents low, and clear,
The answer comes, 'tis this I hear—
 We here abide,
 The soul to guide
Into the realms of day,
When night has passed away.



SOME DAY

Some day, and shall we ever see
That longed for sweet some day?
Yes, when our joys shall blended be
With those of Heav'n ; when sinless, we
Shall dwell with God for aye.

And in that longed for, sweet some day,
The Lord will know His own ;
When these our souls have winged their way
To regions bright, of endless day ;
We'll know as we are known.

Some day—aye some day—we shall see
Frustrations of to-day
In glad fruition ; hope shall be
Changed to existance then, and we
With Him shall dwell for aye.

In that, sweet longed for, coming day,
His children He will own ;
Their dwelling place, the realms of day
When earthly night has passed away—
The unknown shall be known.

PSALM ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN.

Ye nations, all, your voices raise,
Chant to the Lord a song sublime ;
Enweaving in the rhythmic rhyme,
To God the good, your highest praise.

He witness bears you, by the blaze
Of His own hallowed love sublime,
Which burns within, Thro' present time,
And the eternity of days.

The mercy of the Lord is sure,
To usward loving-kind is He ;
His truth forever shall endure,
Thro' time and thro' eternity.

Then sing your praises to the Lord,
Ye nations, all, with one accord.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

I.

Sad the thoughts it recalls to-night,
The murmuring voices of the sea ;
As it breaks on the cold, gray rocks,
It brings back the past to me.

II.

In the hush of the summer night,
I hear its sweet song, and for me—
The wild waves as they lap the shores,
Chant a sweet, sad melody.

III.

'Tis a ballad of long ago,
Of hopes that have withered away ;
And the song that they chant to-night,
But recalls the yesterday.

WITH HIM FOR AYE.

I.

Tho' every hope becomes a blight,
This life be like the darkling night,
Since Christ is mine ;
I know this suffering shall cease,
I know some day I shall find peace,
A peace divine—
With Him for aye.

II.

Tho' stormy clouds sweep overhead,
Tho' rugged, steep, the path I tread,
And darkness there ;
I'll trust Him till that living day
Shall break o'er me—since then I may
His glory share—
With Him for aye.

III.

In sunshine and when shadows fall,
Jesus is mine, my all in all,

 In Him I trust ;
He sticketh closer than a friend,
He'll guide me to the journey's end
 I shall be blest—


 With Him for aye.

IV.

Tho' bleak the elements which sweep
The rugged road—His grace will keep
 My soul when tried ;
Into the glorious realms of light,
Some day my soul shall take its flight,
 To there abide—

 With Him for aye.

BEFORE THE STORM.

ppressive is the darkness hanging o'er
All nature, and unearthly is the light
With which it blended is—'tis as a blight
To humankind from some plutonian shore.
A silence strange and an oppressive calm,
Seems to prevade and fill the atmosphere
With a forboding ill ; I seem to hear
Strange voices chanting an unearthly psalm.
The night wind bears to me the curfew's chime.
And in prophetic voice it seems to say :
"The hour is come and earth must pass away,
Eternity has brought the end of Time."

THE STORM.

And now in fury wild the storm doth break,
And thunders roar and vivid lightnings gleam ;
They cast wierd, ghostly shadows, and they seem
Betokening the God whom men forsake.

THE AFTERTHOUGHT.

E'en as I muse, the storm clouds take their flight,
And through the rifted Heav'ns far above,
The twinkling stars declare the God of love ;
As they the earth fill with their silvery light.

THE DYING YEAR.

The tide is on the ebb, and the old year
Is dying now, and as the end he nears
No requiem is chanted, and no tears
Are shed for him. Now hark! I seem to hear
The dying chime, 'tis sounding low and clear,
And born upon the winds—with it appears
The Angel Death, he bids me quell my fears,
Bespeaks he brighter hopes beyond the bier.

The distant curfew's tolling low and clear
Chime a farewell—the age now disappears
Mid sighings of the wind—born to mine ears
It seemeth as a dirge for the dead year.

See—as it fades away, upon the bier
A light is shed, the dawn of a new year.

SOME TIME.

Tho' dark and drear the stormy clouds,
Are sweeping o'er the main;
Tho' dark and dreary be life's night,
The heart be filled with pain—
We know 'twill not be very long,
Till they are swept away;
The stormy clouds will be no more,
When breaks the dawning day.
For surely the Eternal One
Will give us peace, will say well done—
Some time

We know in Autumn that the leaves
Will fade and pass away,
That summer skies will be no more,
That tints of sombre gray
Will mark where once the sky was blue;

Mayhap 'twill make us mourn,
For bright and pleasant summer days
That never will return.

Yet, summers new, full well we know,
May richer gifts on us bestow—

Some time.

Tho' blighted be our every hope,
By sorrows chilling blast ;
Tho' sad this earthly pilgrimage,
We'll reach the end at last.

The end, where storms and withering blasts
Of life will only lend,

The sunlight of eternal love,
On earth a glorious end.

What joy 'twill be to reach that shore,
Where all is peace forevermore—

Some time.



MUSING AT EVENTIDE.

The daylight fades,
The Sun sinks in the West ;
The even shades,
Come with their cool, sweet rest.

I sit alone,
Anon is born to me
The night winds moan,
It chants a lullaby.

The wind with many a moaning sound,
Sweeps 'neath the eaves and all around.
Now hark ! dost hear in wailing tone,
Born on the winds that piteous moan?

* * *

It seems like the despairing cry
Of some lost soul, not doomed to die—
But doomed to wander, doomed by fate
Thus some dark past to expiate.

* * *

Nay, 'tis the night wind sweeping by,
With many a moan, and many a sigh ;
With many a shriek in fiendish glee,
For monarch of the storm is he.

Now rich and strong,
Now soft and low, they chant
What seems a song
Of angels visitant ;
And now to me
There comes a spirit call,
And mystery
Seems brooding over all,

Now Hark! the winds in rhythm low
A cadance sweet on me bestow,
And voices from the past I hear,
They come to me, sweet, low and clear.


* * *

They chant a hollowed song of love,
Borne from the brightest realms above ;
A message sweet they bear to me—
They calm life's troubled, restless sea.

* * *

And as they sweep, with moaning sound,
Beneath the eaves and all around,
God's angels do with me abide,
While I muse thus an eventide.

RONDEAU.

y Father, lead Thou me—the wild,
Fierce storms of life beat round Thy child.
Thou art the rock on which I stand,
As the wild waves beat on the strand
Which borders the eternal land.

Let not my soul e'er be beguiled
By the Arch Fiend ; who had reviled
Its Maker—by Thy clas-ped hand.

My Father, lead Thou me.

Teach me to know and understand
Thy will, that I may do it, and
Thy presence when the storm is wild,
Let it surround Thine erring child—
Till I have gained fair Canaan's strand,

My Father, lead Thou me.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

Tho' crushed be each fond hope that lies
 Within the human breast ;
 Tho' broken be all earthly ties,
 Our spirits be oppressed ;
Tho' bleak—tho' barren be the way,
 Remember ere the dawn
'Tis darkest ; and the breaking day
 Will see thy sorrow gone.
To realms of joy thy soul shall flee,
From earthly woe forever free—
 When the mists have rolled away.


Tho' stormy clouds may sweep to-day
 Across the raging main ;
We know that when they've passed away,
 The Sun will shine again—
That after storms have swept the skies,
 The Sun at eve will set
In splendor, 'mid Celestial dyes,
 Which one can ne'er forget.
'Tis thus we'll end this pilgrimage,
Like as the Sun—no storms will rage—
 When the mists have rolled away.

Tho' torn asunder—cast aside,
 Each expectation be ;
Tho' swept away by storm and tide,
 The dawning day will see
Our blighted hopes in bloom again,
 In harmony each chord :
Where ransomed souls a glad refrain
 Are chanting to the Lord—
'Tis thus our grief shall melt away,
With that first flash of Heavenly day—
 When the mists have rolled away.

Tho' man is weak and prone to err,
 To wander from his God ;
All human kind is wont to share
 In this—this path is trod
By all ; yet He, the God of love,
 Who doeth for the best
All things, will in the realms above,
 Give to the weary rest.
The earth-tried soul shall take its flight,
Into the hallowed realms of light—
 When the mists have rolled away.

SOME SWEET DAY BY AND BY.

I.

ome sweet day by and by—
Precious promise He has given,
That when earth's dark ties are riven,
We shall meet Him, and forever
Dwell with Him, where naught can sever
Us from the Eternal love,
We shall meet Him there above—
Some sweet day by and by.

II.

Some sweet day by and by—
There shall be no more of sighing,
There shall be no more of dying;
At the dawning of the morning—
Of that fair and glorious morning,
When life's night has passed away,
When has come the living day—
Some sweet day by and by.

III.

Some sweet day by and by—
Shall be blotted out the sorrow
Of this life—and on the morrow
Shall our spirits find their nesting
On His bosom—sweetly resting
From all earthly strife and care,
When shall break the morning fair—
Some sweet day by and by.

IV.

Some sweet day by and by—
When death's damp is o'er us stealing,
When the dying chime is pealing—
Then shall we, the Savior guiding,
Reach our home, and there abiding
Thro' the everlasting day—
We shall dwell with Him for aye—
Some sweet day by and by.

RETROSPECTION.

I.

The storm hath ta'en its flight,
The heavens show no sign,
Save where thro' rifted clouds,
The stars in splendor shine.
The Moon, pale orb of night,
Wierd shadows now doth cast ;
And they awake within
A memory of the past.

II.

I think of happy hours
I've spent in days gone by,
I see the broken chains
In glittering ruin lie.
The night winds seem to bear
A message now to me,
A happy, smiling face,
In pictured scenes I see.

III.

Again I seem to hear
The distant church bells chime,
Their music soft and clear,
As in the olden time
Is borne to me ; again
Together home we walk,
On pleasant Sabbath eves,
And of the future talk.

IV.

But now those dreams have flown,
And as the shadows fall—
Their weird and ghostly forms,
These memories recall.
Yet the bright stars, which shine
In splendor far away,
Betoken glad fruition,
In the realms of day.

THE DEATH ANGEL.

A PROGRESSION OF THOUGHT.

INTRODUCTION.

The daily toil was done, twilight had flown :
Without, the wind, with many a moan and groan,
Sighed thro' the leafless trees, all cold and bright
The moonbeams fell, they kindled space— their light,
Weird, phantom shadows cast upon the floor.
In fancy, scenes of medieval lore
They brought to mind, when suddenly before
Me stood the “King of Terrors,” in the dim,
Uncertain light, and thus I spake to him—

THE ADDRESS.

Destroyer grim, tell me, art thou the end,
Is there no future life, no paths that trend
Beyond the bier? The tomb, is't there we cease
To have our being, and is there no peace
Beyond this earthly veil? Oblivion,
This the reward for which the race is run?

If this be true, then I would seek thy breast,
To sleep forever—there at least to rest.
Art thou the consummation of all things?
Then whence, Oh whence, this pleasing hope, which
[springs
Up like a fount? Borne on this living stream,
Is hope of future state. Thou'rt not supreme,
Since thou canst not destroy the vital spark.
The flesh thou may'st consume, make it the mark
For worms to feed upon, and turn again
The dust to dust—the earth to earth—attain
A victory complete o'er mortal man.
Not that wherein creation first began,
Which is the life of all.

Yet thou, oh death,
Thou “King of Terror,” lurks there in thy breast
What seems destruction. Power thou hast none,
E'en to destroy: since the Eternal One
Is not more fixed than our material things—
Thou canst but change their form. This why there
[springs
Within, a hope of immortality—
A hope of future good, from evil free.

Yet why, why prate I thus? No enmity
Has thou toward human kind; thou would'st but free
Us from the curse which our first parents brought
Upon the human race. In vain we've sought
To 'scape from evil, and no other way
Save thee we've found. When from this mortal clay
Thou pluckest us, thou messenger of Him,
The Giver of all life—'tis then the dim
And hazy mists betake themselves to flight,
And over all breaks the Eternal light.
'Tis then we know with understanding, and;
From evil free, we seek the better land.

Blest angel, thou, in garb of sombre hue,
Thou camest not destroying—rather to
Fulfill our hopes of the immortal life,
Beyond earth's cares, beyond this mortal strife.

* * *

And muttering thus, I woke, found I had dreamed,
And death to me, no more was what it seemed—
An angel of destruction.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Two score and ten, the years ; How swift they fly !
Ah, me, how swift !
Thy love dear lass, how well remember I
The precious gift ;
And in that love I glory still to-day,
And as of yore
Renew the vows, that had been made for aye.
And evermore
The distant wedding bells I seem to hear,
Their merry chime
Bespeaks affinity, sweet, low and clear,
In runic rhyme. ♣

I live in that sweet far off yesterday,
When we were wed ;
In fancy I can see the scene to-day,
Tho' years have fled.
Much have we borne which it was hard to bear,
Yes, much dear wife,
Yet God was good, we've had His tender care
Amid the strife.

Our children and grand-children, dearest wife,
In love shall shield
Us in declining years, until our life
In Hea'vn is sealed.

Life's morning and its noon have ta'en their flight,
These we have passed,
Now with the even shadows and twilight,
Our lot is cast.

When He shall gather His dear children home,
With Him to dwell
Thro' the eternal years, no more to roam,
All shall be well.

All shall be well with us dear wife,
When we have entered in that life,
Which lies beyond this earthly strife,
All shall be well.



SOME TIME—A PSALM OF HOPE.

I.

Some time—I know not when,
Thou wilt find rest, my soul ;
This is sufficient now,
When Thou dost reach thy goal—
The Lord of Life who did create.
In joy thy grief shall consummate :
Thou'lt grieve no more,
When life is o'er.

II.

Some time, oh soul, thou'lt be,
Beyond temptations power ;
Perfected, cleansed, and free
From sin, when is the hour
Arrived, wherein thou art called home ;
Then soul thou wilt no longer roam—
No longer roam,
Far from thy home.

III.

Some time, I know not when—
 Thy sorrow, grief and pain,
Will change to joy—'tis then,
 Pure and without a stain—
Oh, soul, in perfect harmony
With Him, thy Maker, thou shalt be,
 When life is o'er,
 Thou grieve no more.

IV.

Some time—somewhere, my soul,
 I know thou wilt find rest ;
Some time thou'lt reach thy goal,
 Some time thou shalt be blest—
In presence of Eternal Light,
Thy faith—thy faith, shall change to sight ;
 Thou shalt be blest,
 Thou shalt find rest.



THE DECORATION DAY.

The cannon booms no more,
The clarion notes of war
Long since have ceased, and unity doth reign.
With garland deck the grave
Of every hero brave,
Who for the dear old starry flag was slain.

I.

To-day they gather round the graves
Wherein their comrades lie,
And hallowed songs are born aloft
To marshaled hosts on high.

II.

Life's morning and its noon have fled,
The even shadows creep
About them now, they wait the night
Wherein they, too, shall sleep.

III.

And as they gather round those tombs,
They wonder who will be,
The next to answer the roll call
Of God's Eternity,

IV.

The "City of the Dead," recalls
The far-off yesterday;
Death levels all, the tear is shed
Alike for Blue and Gray.

V.

A living spectacle—the past,
In panoramic view,
The Decoration Day recalls
For both the Gray and Blue.

VI.

Again they march the double quick,
Through rain and hail and snow;
They think not of themselves, but of
Their country's weal and woe.

VII.

They stand upon the battle field,
They hear the leaden rain ;
And curses, prayers, and groans are born
Across the sodden plain.

VIII.

They hear the cannon's thunder tones,
Shells bursting in the air ;
The dead and wounded strew the ground,
And Death is everywhere.


* * *

'Tis but a momentary dream,
The scene then fades away ;
They stand again amid the tombs,
In which their comrades lay.

* * *

With garlands deck the grave
Of every hero brave,
Who for the dear old starry flag was slain ;
The cannon booms no more,
The clarion notes of war
Long since have ceased, and unity doth reign.

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

t break of day, at the noontide,
And when is come the eve ;
Our voices rise in thankfulness,
For all that we receive
From Thee, our God—for Thou dost give
What for our good is best ;
And, Lord, we pray, that all Thy gifts
May with content be blest.
Lord, do Thou be with us, until
We each shall meet again ;
And may we feel that Thou art near—
For Thy name's sake, Amen.

A PLEA.

My Father, all is dark, I cannot see ;
The road is rugged, steep, guide, guide Thou me:
The tempest rages fierce, the storm is high,
Clasp, Father, clasp my hand, stay Thou near by.

As darkness gathers round, my soul doth flee
From overhanging ill, to seek for Thee ;
So, Father, when I stray, far from Thy side
Mid the encircling gloom, do Thou still guide.

In higher planes than these my soul would live,
It seeks to know Thee, Lord ; do Thou but give
Me understanding, then each day shall see
Me grow, my Father, more—more like to Thee.

And when life's surges, like a mighty sea
Are gathering round, then Father, do Thou be
Near by Thine erring one, and let him feel,
That Thou, that Thou art near, in woe or weal.

RONDEAU.

Than her I love, none are more fair,
She's roguish eyes, and brownish hair ;
About her lips a smile will play—
At my approach it fades away,
And then I wonder does she care ?

Her merry laugh, is like a ray
Of sunshine on a summers day—
And never maid more debonnaire,
Than her I love.

To-day she smiles, and all is fair,
To-morrow sees me in despair ;
I often turn, half in dismay,
To see my vision swept away—
And yet, Ah me ! None are more fair,
Than her I love.

TO MY WIFE

I.

The daily toil is done,
The Sun sinks in the West ;
The evening shadows come,
Come with their cool, sweet rest ;
And I—I conjure up
A wee face, half divine ;
Then whispers the sweet words,
“Ich liebe dich allein.”

II.

And when the twilight comes,
Your spirit broods o'er me ;
Your happy smiling face
In pictured scenes I see.
Your twinkling roguish eyes
Seem looking into mine ;
I hear you whispering,
“Ich liebe dich allein.”

III.

And when the twilight's gone,
And the dark night shades fall ;
I feel your presence, wife,
I hear the spirits call—
And the night winds which moan,
Thro' yonder lonely pine,
Your message bear to me—
"Ich liebe dich allein."

THE AFTERTHOUGHT.

The distant town clock tolls the hour of ten,
And as by fate, or by some strange design ;
The strokes recall those tender words again—
"Ich liebe dich—Ich liebe dich allein."



INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Thrice hallowed morn,
On which was born
The freedom of a people ;
In hollowed strain
The glad refrain
Peels forth from belfryed steeple.

* * *

The flag of silvery stars,
The flag of crimson bars,
Unfurls its folds to-day ;
Rekindling flame within,
Of freedom, mid the din
Of Independence Day.

The patriotic flame,
By freedom's holy name
Is fanned anew to life ;
Recalls the cannon's roar,
Scenes that have gone before,
Of carnage and of strife.

And as the silvery stars,
And as the crimson bars,
Wave 'neath the summer skies ;
In pictured scenes we see
Our heroes brave, and we
Them now immortalize.


* * *

The cannon's roar
Is heard once more,
Recalls it freedom's story,
And freedom's light
Is shining bright,
Mid Independence glory.



AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

I.

ome, artist, me a picture paint,
The scene a woodland glade,
A stream—a pure, clear sparkling stream,
And oaks, beneath whose shade
In fancy I may rest these limbs,
Aweary from the strife ;
Come, artist, come and paint the scene,
A picture true to life.

II.

Wild flowers, varied in their tints,
To dot the landscape o'er,
The stream, its banks in verdure green—
With pebbles on the shore
Near which the laughing water's dance,
And sing the livelong day,
Their joyous song—the while they kiss
The shore in wanton play.

III.

The ruins of some castle old,
 On which, Time's hand has laid
Its crumbling touch, 'twill teach me that
 These earthly things must fade.
And in the distance, far away,
 Let snowcapped mountains rise
To height sublime—the while the Sun
 Sets mid Celestial dyes.

IV.

Such scenes as these make one forget
 Lifes worry and its strife ;
I'll pay thee well, come, artist paint,
 The picture true to life.



IN MEMORIAM OF THE FIREMEN
WILLIAM BOCKLAGE AND EDWARD ANDERSON.

In muffled tones the brazen bell,
Tolls forth its rune of human woe ;
Its dirge-like music seems to tell
To human hearts that overflow—
In sad and subdued monotone ;
They live—and ye are not alone.

* * *

A stillness lingers in the air,
A silence reigns supreme ;
The clouds in Heavens canopy,
All motionless now seem.
In all his splendor the bright Sun,
His rays seems to withhold ;
Two widows mourn their greatest loss,
A sacrifice untold.

A prayer from kind and loving hearts
Goes out in weak assent,
Acknowledging the might of Death
Upon his errand bent.

A solemn prayer is offered up,
A prayer firm and true ;
The tears that fall from kindly eyes,
Surpass e'en Heaven's dew.

Alas, we cannot understand
Why the loved ones should die,
Our grief is vain, He knoweth best,
And when we question why—
We seem to hear the answer, and
The cold and stern reply,
It is the changeless will of God,
That all who live must die.

Then cease your weeping for the dead
'Tis an unbroken bond—
And they have found eternal peace,
In that fair world beyond.
And when this life has ceased to be,
You'll meet on that fair shore ;
You'll meet, not as you met on earth,
You'll meet to part no more.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

When the burden's heavy, brother,
And your load is hard to bear ;
When your friends seem to forsake you,
When you've more than your own share
Of these earthly ills ; there's easing—
On the Savior cast your care ;
He will give you peace, my brother ;
He will hearken to your prayer.
If the way is dark and dreary,
If the clouds are hanging low ;
If you've lost your way, my brother,
And you know not where to go—
Look to Jesus, He will lead you,
Guide you safely thro' the night ;
Guide your weary feet, my brother,
Out from darkness into light.
When you meet with sore disaster,
When your hopes all seem to fail,
Know my brother, in their dying—
That you've found the Holy Grail.
Drink with Him the cup of sorrow,
Know the crucifixion tree ;
Then your soul shall know the secret
Of the Christ of Galilee.

SHADOW PAINTINGS ON THANKSGIVING EVE.

The hour was late, the lamp was burning low :
The room was draped in darkness, and the glow
Of dying coals, sent forth a flickering light,
Which painted weird fantasms of the night
Upon the wall—such were they, as one seems
To see, when one is in the land of dreams.

One shadow seemed like that of an old man,
With scanty locks—who must have passed the span
Of man's allotted age. He seemed to pray,
His head was bowed, methought I heard him say :
 Lord, hear my prayer of thankfulness,
 Tho' I am sore oppressed—
I thank Thee still, for at life's close
 I know Thou'lt give me rest.

And then the scene was changed, this time I saw
A woman frail, upon a bed of straw,
Amid the shadows—she was not alone,
For tho' death hovered near, about her shone
 The glory of the Master, and
 In thankfulness her soul
Went forth to meet its maker—went forth,
 To seek its Heav'nly goal.

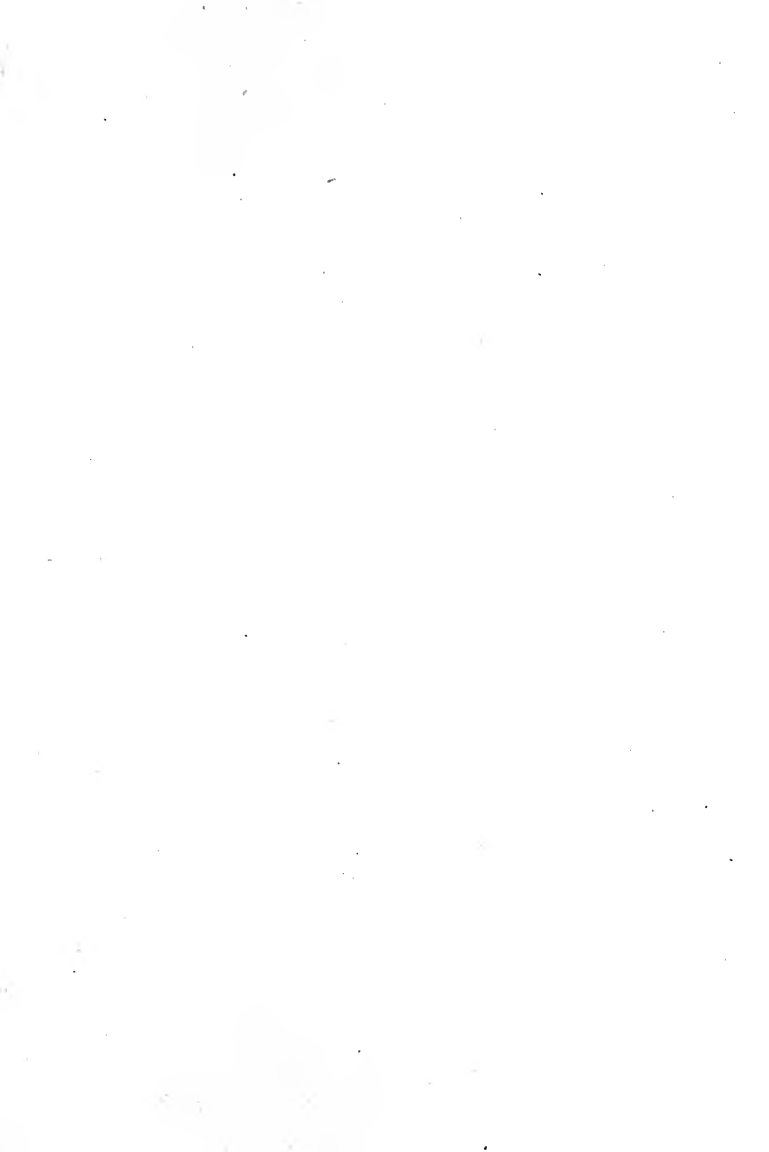
Another then my vision seemed to grace,
Two lovers met, at their old trysting place ;
And happy in each others love were they,
And a glad song, soon seemed to wing its way
To Heaven's throne ; a song of joy
Which they could not repress ;
And so to God an anthem 'rose,
A song of thankfulness,

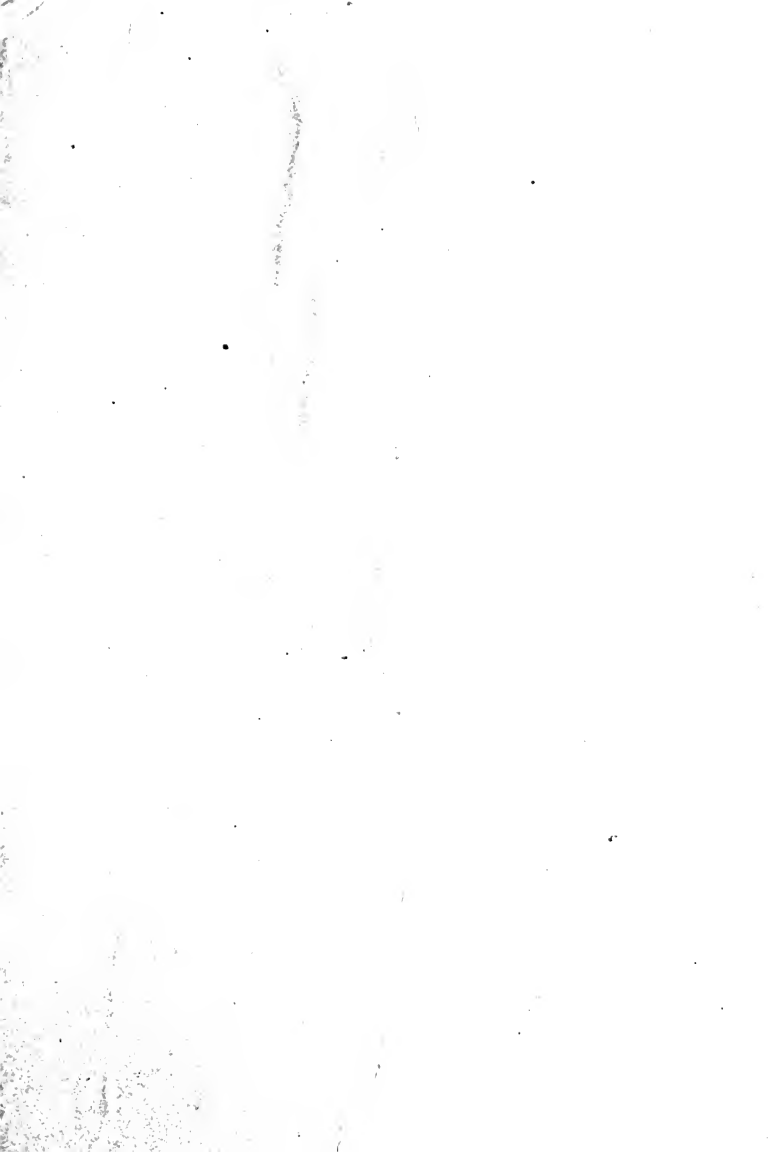
* * *

The last scene, happiest of them all,
Was the thanksgiving dinner ;
I saw the providence of God,
Bestowed on saint and sinner.
And then I wondered how it was,
That men, forgotten had
The one who gave each perfect gift,
Mid their thanksgivings glad.

* * *

The hour was late—the lamp was low,
The dying coals had ceased to glow ;
The weird fantastic paintings of the night,
That had appeared, were gone—and then
I sought my couch, laid by my pen—
The Goddess of the Muse had ta'en her flight.





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