



ORIGINAL POEMS

Betsy Ann Smith Roberts

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*Betsey Ann Smith Roberts*

# ORIGINAL POEMS,

BY

*Mrs.* Betsey Ann Smith Roberts.

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PATCHOGUE, NEW YORK.

—o—

SECOND EDITION,

1894.

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PATCHOGUE ADVANCE PRINT.



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*Patroling*  
214



To the Memory of my Father and Mother,  
Micah and Betsey Newey Smith, who, while  
living, set a good example for their children by  
their untiring industry, frugality, temperance  
and a simple trust in a Divine Providence; dying  
they left an untarnished name. May their souls  
rest in peace.



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PATCHOGUE LANE.

There is one lovely spot  
As yet unknown to fame ;  
No stately pile in ruin lies  
At the foot of Patchogue Lane.

The meadows are dressed in green  
With many and various hues,  
And our noble Bay appears  
In blue, ethereal blue.

The road is level as a floor,  
The fields yield choicest grain ;  
As yet no word was ever penned  
In praise of Patchogue Lane.

Our peerless Bay abounds  
With shellfish of all kinds ;  
If other kinds are in the sea  
They are scarcely worth a rhyme.

The Bay of Naples is rather fine,  
But meager in many a way,  
Poets that used to laud it  
Knew not of Patchogue Bay.

If bigoted Neapolitans would come  
And survey our Bay,  
About the one they left at home,  
It is little they'd have to say.  
When on Vesuvius' lofty height,  
As I viewed the Alpine way,  
I thought the scene was not so grand,  
As from Watch Hill across our Bay.  
The fleetest yachts are brought  
To compete upon its waters;  
Gallants oft win silver cups  
And present them to Eve's fair daughters.  
Not Venice with all its splendor,  
And watery streets of fame,  
Could make me for one hour forget  
The foot of Patchogue Lane.  
Victor Emanuel's palace is grand,  
It is elaborate in every way;  
But I had rather live in a clap-boarded house  
On the margin of our Bay.  
Upon our enchanting strand  
Lovers while unheeded hours away,  
Whilst cupid, mischievous elf,  
Prompts each word they say.  
Beneath those spreading willows  
They plight their vows of constancy,  
Enraptured by the music of  
Our lovely inland sea.  
Or in Maiden Lane they take a stroll:  
There Alantbes are towering high;  
Cupid hidden among their branches  
Lets love dipped arrows fly.



Here rusty old maids and bachelors,  
Who have long laughed at cupid's darts,  
Succumb with grace unequalled,  
And bestow their hands and hearts.  
Youngs land on the north,  
With its hills of Coram sand,  
Is hailed with joy by mariners  
When nearing Freedom's land.  
Those southern hills in the distance  
Are old Atlantic's bounds;  
It roars and breaks against them  
With an unceasing sound.  
Or the east is Smith's promontory  
Studded heavily with wood,  
And for generations past,  
Those grand old pines have stood.  
Blue Point on the west,  
Noted for bivalves rare;  
A more enchanting spot can't be found  
In this world anywhere.  
Roman's idolize their Tiber  
But one peep at it made me sick;  
Swan River surpasses it every way,  
Save one—the mud is not so thick.  
Our Cove is really beautiful,  
And when some man of brains  
Clears its noble mouth of mud,  
It will have a world of fame.  
No gin mill will desecrate the spot;  
I pray to God there never may.  
And those into oblivion go,  
That are one mile away.

In years to come may Patchogue Lane  
 And our beautiful Bay,  
 Together up fame's ladder go.  
 Amen ! Let all "Amen" say.

—o—

LINES, ACCOMPANYING A PICTURE OF SOME TROUT,  
 TO ONE WHO SENT ME A FRESH COD.

Dear friend, do not take it amiss  
 My sending you this mess of fish,  
 Apprehensive that you were out,  
 I waxed bold and send these trout.  
 They are not as savory as the cod you gave,  
 But are the very best I have.  
 Like unto some folks I ween,  
 They are not in reality what they seem.  
 It is mete that a fisherman's spouse  
 Should always have fish in the house ;  
 So hang them securely upon the wall  
 And you will have fish once for all.  
 I hope when the Deacon this picture scans  
 He will approve of this quaint little plan.

Patchogue, Jan. 20, 1879.

—o—

GET BEHIND ME SATAN

When temptations dire  
 Set heart and brain on fire,  
 Overwhelming every good desire,  
 Say, "get behind me Satan."  
 When all the powers of hell conjoint  
 And bear heavily on thy weakest point,  
 Whispering "joys of heaven will disappoint,"  
 Say, "get behind me Satan."

When wicked thoughts too base for speech  
 And thy vile heart yearns to greet,  
 Then kneel and clasp the Saviour's feet,  
 Saying, "get behind me Satan."

When thy power is almost gone  
 Then pray for help to the eternal one:  
 Believe, and deliverance is sure to come,  
 And thou wilt sing the conquerors song,  
 Shouting, "get behind me Satan."

Patchogue, Aug. 8th, 1880.

—o—

MY TWO-FACED FRIENDS.

To-day if I were crowned a King,  
 My two faced friends would sweetly sing,  
 "Thou art worthy to be our King,"  
 And choice gifts to my feet they'd bring,  
 Shouting, "long live our King."

To-morrow if I were doomed to die,  
 Not one of them would inquire why,  
 But, "hang the wretch" would be their cry,  
 "No tears for him shall dim our eye,"  
 "Its time he was dead, swing him high."

Patchogue, June 2d, 1873.

—o—

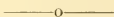
Is there not some spot on this wide earth  
 Where peace and quiet reigns;  
 Where men will not receive a bribe  
 For a little earthly gain?  
 Where gold is not all men's theme,  
 Where deceit and falsehood are unknown,  
 And all say what they mean?

Where quarrels do not arise,  
 Where all are striving with a will  
 To gain the heavenly prize?

Where the poor are not oppressed,  
 Where the rich do not, by deed, word or look,  
 Pour gall into wounded breasts?

Where hatred dies uncherished,  
 Where coals of strife remain unfanned  
 And all are in love immersed?

Patchogue, April 4th, 1873.



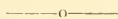
SAND, OCEAN, SUN, MOON.

When God formed the mighty oceans  
 He bade them roar and keep in motion.  
 Unto them he said,  
 "Here let thy proud wave be stayed."  
 They never yet have sought their ease,  
 But unceasingly roll, their Creator to please.

He bade the earth to yield its increase  
 For the sustenance of man and beast,  
 It has never disobeyed the divine command,  
 But brings forth its fruit on every hand.

He made the sun and bade it shine  
 For this heretofore dark, gloomy earth.  
 Most gloriously at his bidding,  
 Its wondrous light shone forth.  
 It commenced its unremitting task  
 And for rest has never asked.

He made the changing moon,  
Proud empress of the night!  
And unto it he said, "Thy mission is to  
Illumine and while away the dreariness of night."  
It changes, fulls, and wanes from year to year,  
Obeys God and has nothing to fear.



## WHY?

Why do I toil and strive  
To house the things of time and sense  
As I know not the day or hour  
I may be summoned hence?  
Why are my thoughts and time employed  
In gathering earth's deluding dross,  
When I may win an immortal crown  
By taking up the cross?  
Why am I so thoughtless  
About my eternal weal?  
Here moth and worms my stores corrupt  
And thieves break through and steal.  
My life is but a span,  
The years fly swiftly by;  
I, that only mortal am,  
Must soon pay nature's debt and die.

## BE TRUE.

This world is but a vapory dream,  
So few are in reality what they seem.  
Scores of friends will by you stand  
If prosperity waves her glittering wand.  
When your cash is getting low,  
Lovers and friends will from you go.  
It would be a miracle if one of prosperity's crew  
Should loan or give one dollar to you.  
When a false friend deals a wound  
No earthly cure can be found.  
Friendship is of such fine thread  
Once broken it cannot be wed.  
All other breaches can be mended,  
Friendship, betrayed it is ended.  
You may try to forget and forgive,  
Full confidence wont grow again while you live.  
Do not be so conceited or unwise,  
That you cannot an open enemy respect and prize.  
He will not stab you in the dark,  
Nor veil in smiles an arrow to pierce your heart.  
When you are down he will not strike,  
But permit you to rise and resume the fight.  
An open enemy may give you a scathing look,  
And his words may be sharp as a pruning hook ;  
But you can trust him wherever it be,  
He will not deal treacherously even with thee.  
A false friend like ivy will surely cling.  
They are heartless in whatever they do,  
They feel no regrets to drop an old friend for a new.

A MEMORIAL TO MY MOTHER,  
BETSEY NEWEY SMITH.

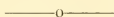
Oft sitting alone at twilight,  
I sadly think and say,  
How very dreary and lonesome home is  
Since Mother passed away.  
Her step was light, her voice 'low,  
She had a smile for all where ere she'd go.  
In pleasant ways she did abound,  
And gave kind words to all around.  
In childhood she would with me play,  
And wipe my little tears away.  
She shared my joys and for my griefs  
She very quickly found relief.  
She was my best, my truest friend,  
Faithful and loving to the end ;  
So gently would she chide  
And all my follies strive to hide.  
When her days work was done  
She would to her room repair  
And, casting aside all worldly thoughts,  
Pour forth a fervent contrite prayer.  
As I knelt there beside her,  
I thought her grief was wild,  
For with many groans and tears she would say,  
"Father guard my little child."  
The pathos of her prayers  
I could not understand.  
With her hand upon my head,  
"Oh take, oh take my child," she said.  
Now I know the cause

Of mother's prayers and tears,  
For she was giving me to God  
Whilst in my tender years.  
When I in foreign climes did roam,  
I would think about my good old home.  
In fancy I've seen my mother smile,  
And her lips move in prayer  
For her absent child:  
And from across the ocean's foam  
A letter came to hand.  
How eagerly I its contents read,  
To learn what dear mother said!  
And when again I returned,  
How quick my voice she knew,  
Whilst tears of joy ran down her cheeks  
Exclaiming, "Thank Heaven, my child I view?"  
You say that I look dejected,  
And gloom o'erspreads my brow:  
Alas, the light of my home's been extinguished,  
There's no mother to greet me now.  
Nothing could equal or excel  
My mother's love for me—  
Nothing but God's love  
For lost humanity.  
Shall I no more her voice hear  
So gently fall upon my ear?  
No mother now to share my joy or grief,  
To whom shall I go to find relief?  
To view her portrait on the wall  
Does bitter tears create;  
My heart it burns and throbs,



Its tenderest chords vibrate.  
As I gaze upon her face,  
A halo seems to round it hover;  
I feel as if my heart must break  
For my departed mother.  
Her last kiss pressed upon my brow;  
Methinks I feel its pressure now.  
The saddest of all thoughts to me  
Is I shall not here again my mother see.  
In the village church yard lies  
The form of my dear mother;  
Her body lies mouldering in the ground  
But angels around it hover.

Patchogue, June 2d, 1887.



WIDOW LYON'S MEMENTO.

How could you break that cane?  
Desist, you must not laugh;  
It belonged to the man I loved  
And he called me his better half.  
That dear old cane, it was not much  
To any one but me.  
Often when I have viewed it o'er,  
How near my Henry seemed to be.  
That dear old cane is gone  
My loved memento of the past,  
And soon I too must go:  
Alas all flesh is grass.

Patchogue, Sept. 29th, 1888.

## MY SNUFF BOX.

My dear old box I love it,  
It often has stayed my tears.  
I'll love it though I am heralded  
With many scoffs and jeers.  
It never gets the blues,  
And vents its spleen at me.  
It is the most companionable friend I have,  
That is self evident I see.  
Oftentimes this dear old box  
Has given me relief,  
And when it has me a kindness done,  
It don't fling it in my teeth.  
When I am overburdened  
With unwonted grief or care,  
How often then it solaces me  
In trying them to bear.  
It never my character trys to stain,  
By calling me unappropriate names:  
Nor does it scold or lecture me,  
If I happen to be out until one, two or three.  
I will not my dear old box desert,  
That succors me in distress.  
I care not what outsiders say,  
I will my box caress.

Patchogue, Dec. 12th, 1870.

## BEVIS.

Bevis, though a dog she be,  
A useful lesson teaches me.  
Sighs not for gold or worldly show.  
Often her meek submission shows,  
By kissing the hand whence comes the blows,  
I hope, that when affliction comes on me,  
That I may act as wise as she.  
She is true and faithful to a letter ;  
I wish that I could imitate her better.  
Her greetings are always kind and free ;  
She loathes cold cordiality.  
It is not in her heart to put on airs,  
Should my apparel be worn threadbare.  
She is far above bribes or gold,  
Her love cannot be bought and sold.  
Were I blind, halt or lame,  
She would love me just the same.  
She eats with gratitude what to her is thrown ;  
She envys not the pope of Rome ;  
She don't get jealous and raise her ire,  
Because the Emperor of Russia owns a large empire  
Should stern poverty be my lot,  
There is one that will prove true—  
My faithful Bevis, that one is you.  
Bevis, though a dog she be,  
Answers the end she was made for better than me.

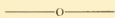
Patchogue, Jan. 20th, 1879.

## THE MILK OF KINDNESS.

Don't sour the milk of kindness,  
The mess is always too small;  
And in the breast of some I fear  
It never flows at all.  
Don't let the milk of kindness sour  
In your selfish reservoir,  
When one sweet drop of it would fill  
The saddest heart with joy,  
If a poor man owes you a little debt,  
Don't speak to him in a taunting way.  
Help him till he can help himself;  
In the long run it will pay.  
You and he were born,  
But as neither of you are buried yet,  
Suppose you let your kindness flow,  
And wait patiently for the debt.  
Should he never pay you,  
It will cheer your gloomy hours  
To think you did not oppress him,  
Although you had the power.  
You may be a humble suppliant,  
When he in a carriage rides,  
So keep the milk of kindness sweet  
Whatever may betide.  
One pound of self-forgetfulness,  
Mixed with one of pure charity.  
Will cause the milk to gently flow.  
Try it my friends and see.  
Each act of kindness that you do

Increases that mess of milk,  
And they are registered above  
In words of shining gilt.

Patchogue, May 1st, 1872.



THEY HAVE AN AXE TO GRIND.

Not one moment's quiet do I see,  
Since I received that legacy.  
Folks that I scarcely knew by sight,  
Are dancing attendance here day and night.  
When I am on the street it is the same,  
Those I never heard of call me by name.  
Scrape, smile and bow so bland;  
All smile and courtesy on every hand.  
Not a soul has said to me,  
Since I received that legacy,  
That I had no energy,  
Or was deficient in faculty.  
My meager words they say are wise,  
And laud my actions to the skies.  
The ladies too are loud in my praise,  
Declare I am the handsomest man of the age.  
I never before heard it hinted at any time  
That I was passable, but now I am divine.  
My table is crowded from day to day  
By those I have met in a casual way.  
For months I have not enjoyed a quiet meal;  
I am bored to death—that's just how I feel.  
I'll give it out that I am near bankruptcy,  
Caused by going another's security.

T'will be a miracle when it is known,  
 I have one friend to call my own.  
 My windows on the street I'll smash,  
 And with old hats I will fill the sash.  
 I'll break the chimney and unhinge the gate,  
 And a show of general desolation make.  
 These flatterers are not worth as many straws,  
 And resemble wolves with empty maws.  
 By daily experience I find  
 They all have a new or an old axe to grind.

Patchogue, April 14th, 1883.

—o—

SARAH JANE.

Oft, as I sit alone and think,  
 My heart it beats with pain,  
 For then my thoughts do wander back  
 To my loved Sarah Jane.  
 Although thirty years have passed away,  
 I am still a love-sick swain.  
 My love is of the deathless kind  
 For my lovely Sarah Jane.  
 She was all truth and modesty,  
 And graceful in her mein;  
 I never have met the like of her,  
 My charming Sarah Jane.  
 Her eyes were black and piercing,  
 They pierced my heart and brain;  
 The God above he only knows  
 How I love Sarah Jane.

Her figure it was faultless;  
Venus she did outvie.  
I should not have known she loved me,  
But for her tell-tale eyes.  
But she was plighted to another,  
And soon in wedlocks bands were joined.  
He only received her hand,  
For Sarah's heart was mine.  
Soon as I knew that she was wed  
I crossed the briny main,  
And, in Australia's sunny clime,  
I dream of Sarah Jane.  
My hair is getting gray,  
My life is on the wane,  
But still I love, I dearly love,  
My long loved Sarah Jane.  
And with my last expiring breath,  
When soul and body twain,  
I will pray that in heaven I may meet  
My long loved Sarah Jane.

Patchogue, Aug. 2nd, 1867.

— c —

LINES.

God is just, he alone is good and kind,  
There need not one be left behind.  
He is supreme, will save us all  
If we eschew evil and on him call.  
He will surely take us through;  
All that is carnal he will subdue.  
Through him alone can we be saved;  
He it is that lightens the pathway through the grave.

## AUNT AMELIA AND I.

I have one earthly friend,  
That don't find fault with me,  
Because my hair is not combed  
As slick as it can be ;  
Don't tell me I must dress with care  
Or I will never wed.  
She has a kind and noble heart ;  
Her brains are in her head.  
She is blind to my faults,  
Hers I cannot see :  
Thus we together live  
In blissful unity.  
Our cats and dogs don't fight,  
As other people's do,  
For they imbibe our spirit  
And love each other to.  
Summer's heat melts not our love,  
Winter's cold don't ice it :  
We always tell each other truth,  
Therefore don't have to splice it.  
Often we chat together  
Of loved ones that have passed away.  
About what they used to do  
And what they used to say.  
And of that peaceful land,  
Where sorrow is unknown,  
And of the triumphant meeting,  
When all the saints get home.



She is my one-faced friend,  
She never wears a mask,  
Cover all my faults with charity;  
What more could I ask?

Patchogue, August 10th, 1866.

—o—

MARY A. AND I.

I hope that God will give you strength and grace  
To run with patience life's wearisome race,  
And when you reach yon happy home  
Bestow on you a new backbone.

I hope that when he gives you a new backbone  
That he will not poor unworthy me disown;  
But deign by his holy and righteous will  
This hole in my stomach to lessen or fill.

I hope that he will cleanse us from all sin,  
So that the waters of life may spring within:  
And when freed from all earthly care and strife  
Permit us to eat bread from the tree of life.



## HYMN.

I long for the morning break,  
When Jesus shall his saints awake,  
And they shall leave their dusty beds  
And rise triumphant with their head.

His living saints he then will change,  
On Eden's plain they then will range.  
Yes, o'er those flowery fields they will glide,  
With loving Jesus by their side.

Money will not answer all things there,  
As it does here in this world of strife and care.  
Jesus, he will feed his own;  
No partiality will there be shown.

Those that here are oft in need  
Shall there on Heavenly manna feed.  
All the faithful there may eat  
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

We shall know no hunger, thirst or cold,  
For we will be safe within his fold;  
And through eternal ages sing  
Hosannas to our Heavenly King.



## ROSE VAN A.

I am in love, I know I am,  
I never before felt this pain.  
Its little Rose that has me ensnared :  
She lives on Patchogue Lane.

Her figure it is faultless,  
She is superb, divine :  
To her will I my homage pay,  
I'll worship at her shrine.

Her hair is of the golden hue,  
Her eyes are hazel dark ;  
If she will not return my love  
Then farewell this vital spark.

Her smile is so enchanting,  
Her words are full of wit ;  
If she says "no," when I propose,  
This world I am bound to quit.

I don't believe she ever said —  
Its only gossips spleen—  
That she cares not three straws for me,  
But loves to drive my team.



## MY SISTER GUS.

When my health and cash were gone  
And I cursed the day that I was born,  
Who was it took me by the hand  
And said that she would by me stand?  
It was my sister Gus.

When other friends had passed me by,  
And none of my wants would they supply,  
Who was it cast a pitying eye  
And said that I must with her hie?  
It was my sister Gus.

When my clothes had threadbare grown,  
Who was it gave me of her own,  
And said I should not homeless roam,  
And bade me call her house my home?  
It was my sister Gus.

Who was it cut her loaf in twain  
And said that I must with her remain,  
And brought good teas and rarities,  
My poor appetite to appease?  
It was my sister Gus.

Who spoke to me of better days  
And paid my bills in many ways,  
And said that she would with me share,  
And raised me up from deep despair?  
It was my sister Gus.

Not while my hand can wield the pen,  
Or my tongue laud a faithful friend;  
Not until I am entombed in silent dust,  
Can I forget my sister Gus.  
Time may forget its power and might  
On everything to cast a blight,  
But I never, never can forget  
The friend that never failed me yet.  
My sister Gus shall remembered be  
And all that she has done for me.  
May she immortalized become,  
And all that she for me has done.

Patchogue, March 18, 1878.

—o—

MY PLEA.

Dear Lord, make the path of duty plain,  
To it my heart incline,  
May I perform each duty,  
And with a willing mind.  
Make the path of duty plain,  
Help me to keep in it,  
And may the light by which I work,  
By thine own hand be lit.



## WHAT AN OLD HORSE SAID.

The other day, Charlie seemed to be  
In a very deep soliloquy,  
And, as I was passing that way,  
I thought I would listen to what he had to say.  
He said, "the reason he did not trot fast,  
Was because he could not forget the past;  
And he never should live to be old,  
As to forget how dishonestly, he had been bought  
and sold.  
Had heard men tell hundreds of lies,  
And seen them bribe their hostler on the sly—  
And all for the sake of a dollar or two,  
Swear that white was black, or that green was blue;  
He said that he feared not the grave,  
As he had not a soul to be lost or saved;  
But he felt no pity for unscrupulous men,  
That would perjure their souls again and again;  
Supposed that when he had finished his race,  
He would go to horse heaven if there was such a  
place,  
And allowed that he would die as easily, when he  
died,  
As the men who told such monstrous lies.  
Those men are sure of having a good fire, free,  
Whilst futurity has naught for me.  
I have felt thankful to God many a time,  
That I was not allied to mankind.  
He gave them intellect, and upright they stand;  
Though made in His image, they break all His  
commands.

What God does, is done well ;  
But some men are determined to go to hell.  
They have worked me many a day, though I was  
    poorly fed ;  
At night I had nothing but the cold earth for my  
    bed.

It mattered not how hard I worked,  
I was sure to receive the lash, kicks and jerks.  
Often had I to stand for hours out in the cold,  
While my master was inside a filthy rum-hole.  
I have been forced by ungodly men,  
To desecrate the Sabbath, again and again ;  
'Tis their delight to spend the day at some rendez-  
    vous of sin,

Where they can swear, drink rum and gin.  
Outside, I had to stand, tied to an old dry tree.  
Not one drop of water or oats for me ;  
At night they would come out singing Bacchana-  
    lian songs,  
And accost me with 'Get up old lazy bones—go  
    along !'

Oblivious to all decency, then  
They would drive to the house of some courtesan.  
God never repented that he made a horse,  
But at intellectual man he was very wroth.  
I should like to rise at the judgment day,  
Just to hear what some men will have to say.  
Perchance, my hour of triumph will then be.  
The good Lord may unloose my tongue and set it  
    free

And place me on the witness stand,' quoth he,  
Some men will feel worse than they ever made me.  
My testimony will them more appall,  
Than to see a hand writing on the wall;  
For a clean breast of truth I would make  
Worse than Belshazzar they would quake,  
When that great court day shall come,  
The number of judges shall be only one.  
Chattering lawyers will have to hold their peace,  
There will be no clients for them to fleece—  
Nineteen hundred years ago,  
Christ pronounced upon them a woe;  
The judge will say to them ere long,  
'Lawyers, your occupation is gone.  
All cases here are individual ones;  
It is not what this or that one done.  
Lawyers, to all eternity,  
Are sure of having a good fire free:  
There be no Habeas Corpus there,  
To rescue men from black despair.  
The pros and cons used by men,  
Will have no weight or bearing then.  
The Code Napoleon will be spun out,  
Coke and Blackstone will get a rout;  
Lawyers then can twirl their thumb  
And whistle twiddle de, twiddle dum.

---

Years ago I was purchased by a prelate,  
And I was soon going to the country, to his-  
tate,



My heart felt light, and my spirits were high  
For to the din of the city, I'd soon say good-bye.  
I made a short prayer, and thanked the Gods  
That instead of hard pavements I'd soon tread soft  
sod,

I hoped to be freer from toil and strife,  
And enjoy the comforts of a rural life;  
I thought of the hills and valleys so fair,  
And I longed for a breath of fresh mountain air;  
To see the waving corn and meadow green  
And quench my thirst in the purling stream.  
Next morning we set out for the country,  
And I trotted along right merrily.  
Although my shoes were loose, and my feet were  
sore,

Hope buoyed me up and my ills I bore.  
Many a weary traveler would not have held to the  
end,  
If hope had not sustained him and been his friend.  
It is well that the future is hidden from us,  
And hope given to cheer us that the heart may not  
burst.

He urged me along at a rapid rate,  
For home he would get before it was late.  
I put forth all my energies,  
Desirous, if possible, to please.  
But I thought I should fall before I reached the  
gate,  
For over two hundred was the weight of the old  
Prelate.  
As there is an end to all journeys below,

So at sunset we arrived and he said: 'Whoa!'  
After dark—what do you think?—  
He came and drew water for me to drink,  
And turned me into his neighbor's corn!  
I never was more surprised since I was born—  
'Told me to eat my fill through the night,  
And he would return for me at daylight.  
Ye Gods, thought I, what does this mean?  
Was this reality, or do I dream?  
Has he put me here to eat a poor man's corn  
When he has bushels in his barn?  
Only yesterday I heard him say  
That he had enough for years, stowed away.  
Before I would to hunger's cravings yield,  
I felt as hungry as any horse could feel,  
But as hunger knows no law, so I, '—  
'There was no alternative, I must eat or die.  
It is almost impossible, but I'll do the best I can  
To give you a facial description of that man.  
Two small, sinister, twinkling eyes belonged to him,  
And he had a round, broad double chin;  
As to the shape of his prominent nose,  
It reminded you at once of a cockatoo's.  
His mouth resembled not that of Power's Greek  
slave,  
But bespoke at once it belonged to a knave.  
His teeth were white, of the Irish style,  
And showed to advantage when he smiled.  
He knew there was power in a scornful, or a win-  
ning look,  
And he was not novice at using that hook.

His smiles were of the fox and snakish kind,  
And his hair hung down in a que behind:  
Around his throat was a white neck-tie  
Folded neatly, and he wore it high.  
His voice was a powerful one,  
You would think Jove was thundering, when he  
    began,

He could pitch it to almost any key.  
At times it was sonorous with melody.  
I assure you it was bass when he took me to the  
    barn,

Just then he wished not applause or to create alarm,  
But it rang out as clear as a clarionet  
When he told his hostler to get up and get.  
I have heard different men swear in my time,  
But never knew one that was as proficient as he in  
    that line.

He had reached the height of sublimity,  
If in swearing such a thing could be.  
At eleven he was dressed as neat as a pin,  
And he looked as meek and free from sin  
As the stars looked the night before,  
When I heard him lock his granary door,  
As he stalked forth in the height of his pride,  
He outdone a gobbler at every stride.  
"Come, Charlie, my good horse," said he,  
"To-day you will visit my flock with me."  
His wife came out to bid him good-bye,  
"And O! adieu," he said, as he winked his eye,  
"My dear, you must mind your P's and Q's,  
And reflect I've a bone to pick with you."

He kissed the sisters in a fatherly way,  
And exhorted the brethren to watch and pray,  
And not be eager to hoard up gold,  
If at last they desired to enter the fold;  
Not to engross themselves in worldly affairs.  
But to give to the church all they could spare,  
And in prayer to their Saviour draw near,  
And seek for sanctification here,  
Paramount to all other sins, said he,  
Beware of the heinous sin of adultery.  
He said, whilst tears streamed from his eyes,  
That years ago he was sanctified,  
Although he lived in this world of strife and sin,  
He had long felt true inwardness within.  
"It is more than thirty years," he said with a whine,  
"Since he had committed a sin of any kind.

—o—

Most assuredly all good men will pass through  
heaven's gate,  
But I think it will be too narrow for that old Prelate.  
I have often heard women traduced by men  
That no good or wisdom dwelt in them.  
In a few words my opinion I'll give.  
A close observer I've been, whilst I have lived,  
And a silent witness to the treachery of men.  
I wish that I could truthfully say more good of them.  
Because women are more apt than they,  
Men adroitly strive to keep them at bay.  
It was not her that denied her Lord,  
Or for His life took a reward;

She never nailed Him to a tree.  
She proved her love by her fidelity:  
Stood by him to the last, we know,  
And to the sepulchre she was the first to go.  
It was her that served that He might eat.  
And with her tears she washed his feet.  
Kneeling, she kissed them o'er and o'er;  
Perfume and precious ointment on them poured,  
Wiped them dry with the hair of her head;  
'But she wasted the ointment so selfish,' Simon said,  
Men then as now,  
Were jealous of woman's superior excellence I  
    trow.  
And exerted all the faculties of their brains  
The spirit of women to enchain.  
His disciples never gave him shelter, mantle, or  
    coat,  
Not one of them ever gave him as much as a groat:  
They thought they had gained a point when  
They brought in a woman for Him to condemn.  
'We found her in the very act of adultery,  
And forthwith brought her unto Thee.  
By the law of Moses she ought to die.'  
Impatiently they waited for His reply.  
Then spake the wonderful one;  
Let him that is innocent cast the first stone.'  
They were self-condemned, and one by one  
They went away speechless, not casting a stone,  
The scene is symbolical of the last day,  
When brutish men will have nothing to say.  
Their trying to make scape-goats of the feminine  
    race,

Shows they have apprehensions of a very hot place,  
A cankerworm gnaws at the heart  
Of men, that basely act their part,  
And pour contumely in their rage  
On the weaker vessel, from age to age.  
In such men's compositions magnanimity  
Is found in only very small proportion.  
Candidly, my opinion of woman is, I ween,  
'That in all good deeds they do surpass the men.  
When I have been beaten unmercifully,  
It were wives and children that pled for me.  
I believe that most wives and children when they  
die,

Will go to bliss beyond the skies.  
And that the majority of angels there  
Will be wives and children, I do declare.  
Adam's sons are time sanctioned, it seems,  
To use their vivacious tongues and pens,  
To pour vituperation on defenceless women.  
They have exhausted that theme the truth to tell,  
'That the stiller they keep the sweeter they smell.  
Anyone with discernment can see  
'That between her and Jesus there exists a strong  
affinity.

Adam was a coward, that they cannot deny,  
And his first-born was a murderer.  
What man was ever in pain, or near despair.  
'That did not to unselfish woman repair?  
It was her that watched o'er his helpless infancy  
And taught him to pray on bended knee.  
Again in old age to whom do they flee

For encouragement, comfort and sympathy?  
It's to forgiving woman. On her they can depend,  
For she will cherish and solace them to the end.  
Ah me! both women and men,  
Shall have the same measure they mete here, met-  
ed again.

If mother Eve was the first to transgress the law,  
It was her daughter Mary that mended the flaw.  
She gave as a ransom, her Son Divine;  
He bore the sins, and gave life and health to hu-  
man-kind,

And before man or angel knew what was done,  
Mary and Elizabeth rejoiced over God's only Son.  
Though here, by men, they are subjugated and ty-  
rannized,

They derive strength unseen by man, from on high,  
A very few maledictions were pronounced on them.  
Whilst a score or more hang over the men.

Women's strength lies in faith, tears and prayer,  
And ungodly men had better beware,  
And treat women with kindness and complacency,  
For in that land where fire is free,

It's very few women I think they'll see.  
She is flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone.  
If they do not repent here, hereafter they will groan.

If the man that invented the accursed check  
Did not get his reward in this world,  
He most assuredly will in the next.

Of all the ills that horse flesh is heir to,  
The checkrein is the most torturous it is true.

Why, I have seen horses fall down dead,  
The checkrein caused such excruciating pain in the  
neck and head!

I have heard that some philanthropic men  
Are striving to annihilate them.  
Merciful men! Thank God, there are some,  
That are working hard to undo  
What that wicked man done.

I have been longing for years to die,  
And that check has been one of the reasons why.  
Read the Bible, and in it you will find  
That horses were created and dwelt in Eden before  
mankind.

God told Noah to put the horses in the Ark,  
And see them safely landed when he disembarked  
It was not a horse that planted the vine ;  
It was Noah not the horses that got drunk upon  
wine.

Rumsellers, usurers, and horse jockeys  
Will go to that arid land where fire is free.  
In that dry land, they will take a long dry sweat.  
They showed no pity here, there, none they get ;  
And a glimmering vail will them obscure  
From that temperate land of waters pure.  
All that they gained here, by ungodly ends,  
They would give for one quaff of water then.  
When my thoughts revert to this subject,  
It stirs up all that is in me antagonistic.  
We are bid to press forward and forget the past,  
As no earthly ills can forever last.



It would be much better for all of us,  
If mem'ry on some topics was more treacherous.  
We would not be happy, if we were kings,  
If we let our thoughts dwell on unpleasant things.  
Alack, he is a fool, and will find it so,  
If he is looking for a heaven below.

---

I now belong to one Mrs. Vanest,  
She is neither a she bear, nor a lioness.  
Her actions will bear close scrutiny,  
And her motto is, 'Thou God seest me.'  
She knows that gratitude in my bosom dwells;  
I love her because she treats me well.  
'Tis kind words and acts that makes love endure,  
And a horse does appreciate good treatment, sure.  
Use a horse well, and you will soon find,  
That depravity dwells not in him, but in mankind.  
Though an old horse, I have had my say,  
It's soon I must die, and crumble away,  
But before I into oblivion go,  
I'll crave a blessing on all below.  
God bless the men, and their better halves too.  
And help one and all the right course to pursue.  
May they repent, be honest and live soberly,  
And escape that land where fire is free."

## WHAT I AM WEARY OF SEEING.

I am weary, O, so weary,  
Of seeing monied ones in power;  
That do afflict the Lord's poor,  
And increase their loads each hour.

I am weary, O, so weary.  
Of hearing parsons preach,  
Who never give an alms  
Or practice what they teach.

I am weary, O, so weary,  
Of hearing upstarts brag;  
'Tis strange they can so soon forget  
They were brought up in rags.

I am weary, O, soweary,  
Of seeing some folks cut a dash,  
Who had better pay their honest debts  
And save a little cash.

I am weary, O, so weary,  
Seeing wrinkled ladies with gray hairs,  
Painting their necks and faces  
And putting on school-girl airs.

I am weary, O, so weary,  
Of seeing old men try,  
By parting their hair in the middle,  
The young men to outvie,

I am weary. O, so weary,  
 Of seeing some folks throw stones  
 At other people's windows,  
 But never at their own.

SPHINX.

Patchogue, July 13th, 1878.

—o—

JUDGE NOT DEAR SPHINX.

“Dear Sphinx, I'm glad to meet you,  
 Toiling along life's way.  
 And, as you are so weary,  
 I fear you've been astray.

Now dear, dear Sphinx, my neighbor,  
 Take no offence, I pray;  
 Lets have a confidential chat,  
 As we go on our way.

For though we are advancing,  
 There's always a chance to stray,  
 But hate was never, never known  
 To show the better way.

And as you are so weary,  
 Come, tell me now I pray,  
 Have you not been a stumbling-block  
 In some weak brothers way?

I fear there is a beam obscures  
 And dims your visual ray,  
 And that you see with looks askance  
 Motes in your neighbors way.

I'll tell you what I think is best,  
 I'm certain it will pay,  
 It is ourselves we first should mend,  
 And then for others pray.

Then we'll not get weary,  
 But rest will find each day:  
 Now dearest Sphinx, I'm waiting  
 To hear what next you'll say."

LYNX.

—o—

TO LYNX.

"*Bon jour!* friend Lynx,  
 Greeting to you I send,  
 Thanks for your kind advice,  
 I will strive my ways to mend.

I hope I'm not a stumbling block,  
 But I will confess in sooth,  
 A blundering block-head I have been  
 From my earliest youth.

Truth often causes hatred;  
 Its infalible followers are few.  
 More than once I have crippled it,  
 Confess good Lynx, ain't you?

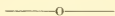
I, the chief of sinners am,  
 And oft get from the track;  
 It is then God sends his afflicting rod  
 To chasten and bring me back.

Most mortals have some faults,  
 But, good Lynx, I have only two,  
 It is little good I ever say,  
 It is little good I do.

I wish that you lived near at hand  
 To reprimand me daily ;  
 I have a natural way of speaking truth  
 That exasperates not rarely.

*Au revoir!* good Lynx, for I am weary,  
 One more confidential word with you,  
 If we search well our own hearts,  
 We will find enough to do."

SPHINX.



TO SPHINX.

"Dear Sphinx, I am ever so happy,  
 I've heard every word that you've said ;  
 You need not thank me for my wisdom,  
 For mine is a very dull head,

I hope you never will stumble,  
 If either's a block-head 'tis me,  
 I wish we lived nearer together,  
 How often each other we'd see !

I saw that you were very weary,  
 Feared unhappy from what you did say,  
 So I did it in neighborly kindness,  
 To you directed my lay.

If others part their hair in the middle  
 We can part ours the other way ;

So we'll not get angry about it,  
For it surely, it surely, won't pay.  
And cheeks that are losing their roses  
And beginning to grow rather pale,  
Why a little vermilion wont hurt them,  
Especially if they are for sale.  
If people throw stones at our houses.  
We should not throw any at theirs,  
And if no windows are broken,  
I ask you the question, 'who cares?'  
You've asked me Sphinx if I'm truthful,  
To answer you this much I'll say,  
I think if we both would remember  
We've each of us asked 'will it pay?'  
Now dearest Sphinx, my good neighbor,  
Let us all our fault-findings give o'er,  
Instead laugh with merry contentment,  
Grow fat and be jolly once more.  
And though life be longer or shorter,  
It's good we should certainly see:  
Now again dearest Sphinx I am waiting  
Another kind answer from thee."

LYNX.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CAPT. DAVIS BAKER'S  
PET BLACK AND TAN DOG "GYP."

“Dear mistress, don't mourn for me now,  
Don't mourn for me never.  
For I shall be feasted forever and ever.  
I thought it was heaven when living with you,  
For I had plenty to eat and nothing to do;  
I slept on your bed in the shade; ate nice bones  
And I thought no dog on earth had such a good  
home.  
The Creator knew what was for the best:  
I answered the end I was made for, and now I rest  
The hope of meeting takes the sting from adieus;  
So look forward and upward, dear mistress do,  
For a prepared mansion awaits you.  
Notwithstanding I am speaking to you in rhyme,  
Do you realize that you are living on borrowed  
time?  
May your hope be confirmed and your faith in-  
creased;  
May you grow in grace and have perfect peace.  
If the soul is longing for the sweet-by-and-by,  
It is an easy thing to die.  
When St. Peter saw me he said 'come in',  
Although I was not a Methodist I had lived with-  
out sin.  
You have been a prudent, faithful wife,  
No man ever had a better in his life;  
An indulgent mother, a changeless friend;  
But you will not be perfect until Christ descends.  
I'll vouch for it seach this world around,

No better mistress could be found.

I did not consider when sporting around,  
That heaven on earth was not to be found.

I sickened and died in a few days—alas!

How sad is the thought, all flesh is as grass.

To those beautiful bowers we will ourselves betake.  
We will walk and not weary—your new toe won't  
ache.

There will not be any ingrowing nails to cause pain ;  
That kind of thing will have had its reign.

Pray, dear mistress, pray for the command is alway,  
For ere long there is coming a day.

When the fowl of the air and the fish in the sea,  
Shall sing praises to God with you and me.

The cattle on a thousand hills, the beasts on the  
plains,

Shall gaze on the fields of Eden again.

Everything that hath breath shall praise the Lord.

I know that you were very fond of me,

But I don't suppose you ever gave one thought con-  
cerning my pedigree.

If you will ascend my ancestral tree,

My first parents were in Eden with yours, you will  
see.

Do not think that you have a cause to grieve  
Because my first parents were created before Adam  
and Eve.

Dogs obey the Creator's divine commands,  
And their progeny have been fostered by his bounti-  
ful hand,

When the flood came they were safely housed in  
the ark



And landed unharmed when Noah disembarked.  
Good cheer ahead, dear Mistress, patiently wait;  
Soon Eden will be restored to its first estate  
Then all good doggies, women and men  
Will live lovingly together in Eden again.

ON A VISIT TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

I arrived safe and sound;  
Friends here quite well I found.  
About me have not one care;  
Although I am here I'll soon be there.  
Nabobs and fools may like city noise,  
Country quiet I will soon enjoy.  
I detest this noisy place,  
Morpheus will not me embrace;  
Or if I get into his arms,  
Soon firebells ring out alarms;  
Then there is no sleep for me,  
Not knowing where the fire may be.  
Men singing uncouth songs,  
Cars running all night long,  
Horses here find no repose,  
Manifold are their woes.  
Its work all day and work all night;  
Alas! Sunday for them has no respite.  
Here woman's and man's greatest aim,  
Is the almighty dollar to obtain.  
When obtained will they be blessed?  
Will it bring them happiness?  
Working and toiling with all their might.  
From early morn till late at night,  
Imperiling both body and soul,  
To fill their coffers with dead gold.

The houses are nine stories high,  
With steeples pointing to the sky.  
Running up and down so many stairs,  
Daily my health impairs.  
I had rather be hanged or drowned  
Than stay in this noisy bustling town;  
So must bestir me and get away,  
This chattering will kill me if I stay.  
They hurry to amusements of all kinds,  
Then hurry away to drink beer and wine.  
Nothing but hurry from day to day,  
Even the dead are hurried away.  
A parson is hired a few words to say,  
He makes a short prayer and hurries away—  
The survivors heed it not;  
Soon the dead and the warning is forgot;  
Yes, forgot amidst this racket and din,  
As though on earth they ne'er had been.  
Women flit their lives away  
Striving to be stylish and make a display.  
Take vows damning to their souls,  
Marry men they hate, but love their gold.  
The men work, hurry and prate,  
Regardless of a future state.  
Strain brains and nerves to the highest pitch  
To have a name of dying rich.  
They hurry and mingle in the bustle and din,  
Plunging deeper and deeper into sin.  
Until death hurries them to that bourne  
From whence no traveler returns.

*A Letter Written to my Sister, Miss Augusta J. Smith*  
New York City, Sept. 13th, 1868.

## LINES TO SEND WITH A PATCHWORK QUILT I MADE

FOR MISS MARTHA BAILEY.

I cannot see to sew as good or as fast,  
As I was wont in days that are past.  
Let the infirmities of age for me plead,  
And take my good will for the dead.  
I pieced this quilt; shall send it to you,  
If I had a son I would send him to.  
That afternoon I stayed to tea,  
I assure you it was refreshing to me,  
To see a young woman act so naturally.  
Common sense and virtue will prevail  
O'er minds where wit and beauty fails.  
Integrity maintained is a goodly prize  
Martha, you are lovely in my eyes.

—o—

## LITTLE HORATIO SMITH'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER.

Dear father, do not mourn for me,  
Safely I passed life's raging sea;  
My bark is moored within the vale,  
I have no fear of storm or gale.  
Do not mourn or repine.  
A heavenly mansion now is mine.  
I was taken from a world of sin and care,  
Full of temptation, sin and snares,  
To a land that is fairer than day.  
Be reconciled dear father, and 'amen' say.  
Just inside the gate in robes of white,  
Stood grandfather smiling with delight:

Said that his heart o'erflowed with joy,  
 As he embraced me, his dear George's boy.  
 He makes these upper regions ring  
 When he shouts 'glory to heaven's king,'  
 Gird up your loins for the hour draws nigh  
 When you too will share the sweet by-and-bye.  
 Dry up your tears, do not complain,  
 Your loss was my eternal gain."

Patchogue, July 10th, 1886.

— o —

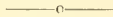
LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE RAYMOND  
 HULSE.

Yonder little grave so dark and cold,  
 It doth my darling boy enfold.  
 His spirit far away has flown;  
 Oh, why am I left on earth to moan?  
 Still I see his eyes so bright,  
 His smile so sweet, his form so light;  
 My heart is riven with anguish wild,  
 I long to embrace my seraphic child.  
 Oft in hours of gloom I turn to see,  
 I know his spirit hovers near to me.  
 I kiss his toys and hug his shoes;  
 I'd not exchange them for all the gold in Peru.  
 I would willingly lie down and die,  
 To join my darling in the sky.  
 No one can sympathize with my grief so wild,  
 Save a mother that has lost her child.

Patchogue, April 10th, 1871.

## A PRAYER.

Give a pure heart O God, I pray,  
That I may not dread the judgment day.  
Cleanse my hands so that I may  
Rise triumphant on that great day.  
On my forehead put thy mark,  
Then I shall see Thee as Thou art.  
When my pilgrimage ends below  
May I to Thy promised mansions go.



## SELF EXAMINATION.

Whilst I have been toiling to gain wealth,  
Have I loved my neighbor as myself?  
When I have seen him go coatless,  
Have I done what I ought to do?  
Have I given him one when I had two?  
Have I exercised charity toward my fallen fellow  
men?  
Have I acted the part of the good Samaritan?  
Have I into their wounds poured oil and wine?  
Have I always spoken to them words that were kind?  
Have I visited the widow and the fatherless?  
Have I given succor to those that were in distress?  
Have I wept with those who wept?  
Have I the commandments kept?

## A TRIBUTE TO FLORENCE J. BAKER.

Your son is not dead ;  
He is taking that sleep,  
From which none ever  
Wake to weep ;  
He has gone to live with God  
He crossed the river safely  
And landed dry shod.  
He lives ! he lives !  
And wondrous sights behold,  
As he walks along with Jesus,  
Those dazzling streets of gold.  
He has entered into eternal life,  
And in a mansion shines,  
And with King Jesus drinks anew  
The precious promised wine.  
Sweet music floats upon his ears,  
With no discordant sound.  
He plucks those never fading flowers,  
That are only in Eden found.  
In those bowers he feels no pain ;  
He has no lonely hours,  
And he is singing "Halleluah !"  
With all ransomed powers.  
There the table is always spread,  
The crystal fount is free ;  
He has ambrosial fruit to eat,  
It grows on life's fair tree.  
He lives—has gone before,  
And with transport he will greet you,  
When you land on that glorified shore.

· Patchogue, August 8th, 1875.

## DORSET BOY.

It was not a palace where I was born,  
But a straw-thatched cottage most forlorn.  
It seemed as if fate had decreed  
More thorns than roses for poor me.  
When I was born into this world,  
No golden cup was at me hurled,  
No silver spoon was in my mouth,  
Nor had one ever graced the house.  
The night was dark, a storm was wild,  
When I was born a poor, dowerless child,  
No demonstrations were made, far or near,  
To announce that I was born here.  
Few greeted me I have been told,  
No guns were fired, no bells were tolled.  
Five years had scarcely passed by,  
When father in his grave did lie.  
Just ten years from my birth,  
My mother slept in mother earth.  
I had no home, no friend came near  
To soothe my grief or drop one tear.  
A well-worn bible my mother gave me ;  
It was my only legacy.  
Mother had taught me the Lord's prayer  
That no evil communications would bring a snare.  
The ten commandments I did know,  
But further than that I could not go.  
My education, it was small,  
I could not read or write at all.  
I laid me down upon the sod  
And raised my heart in prayer to God.  
The stars their vigils o'er me kept,

While so sweetly there I slept.  
When I awoke the moon was clear,  
The birds were singing far and near,  
While seated there upon the ground,  
I heard a distant rumbling sound.  
Soon a nobleman came riding by—  
He stopped and asked what made me cry.  
In a few words my tale I did unfold,  
Not thinking he would prove to be my goal.  
"Jump in my coach," said he,  
"You shall my little footman be."  
To London city I did ride  
Not knowing what there would me betide.  
He was the Mayor of that great city  
And gave me a home out of pity,  
In the garret where I slept,  
I there my little bible kept.  
I served my master faithfully  
And many books he gave to me.  
The cook taught me how to read,  
Because I helped her when she had need.  
Soon as my days work was o'er,  
My mind with knowledge I strove to store.  
In the garret I was wont to read and write  
Until the small hours of the night;  
Not thinking anyone could see or hear,  
I invoked God's help without a fear.  
But my master watched on the sly,  
And on me he kept a steady eye.  
With his little daughter May,  
In the Park I often played.



I was sorry when the hour come  
To carry little Mary home.  
For we spun the top and rolled the hoop,  
Talked of birds and then of brooks.  
When May was sick the nurse did say  
That she cried to see me every day.  
I used to pray should little May die  
That she might be an angel in the sky.  
This is a world of change 'tis true  
As I will shortly prove to you :  
For little May was sent away  
To learn the ethics of the day.  
My master gave me searching looks,  
And said, "go bring me all your books,"  
To the garret forthwith I hied  
And brought them down with feelings shy.  
He said that he wished to know  
Whether I had studied fast or slow.  
His catechism was very brisk,  
Thank goodness, not one word I missed.  
He said, "a teacher for you I will get,  
Perchance you may be a scholar yet."  
I improved every moment of my time,  
I hoped Fame's ladder I might climb,  
Seven years now had passed away,  
Since I had seen dear little May.  
The servants were brushing and dusting each room,  
To welcome the young heiress home.  
I never had thought until that hour  
That she was rich and I was poor.  
I saw the gulf that between us lay  
And braved my heart to meet that day.

My master had made me his secretary,  
It should have made my heart feel merry.  
My heart was wretched, it beat with pain,  
I prayed for discretion should we meet again.  
If she has or has not me forgot,  
To love in silence must be my lot,  
The day arrived and so did she.  
None longed for or dreaded that day as me.  
The deepest love flows through the touch and eye,  
And will reach the heart of low and high.  
She gave me a look, then proffered her hand;  
Ye Gods! thought I, is this earth where I stand?  
No scribe, no tongue, no pen or skill,  
Can ever half portray that thrill.  
I saw no more of lovely May  
Until weeks, yes months had passed away.  
I worked as man never worked before,  
Whilst love without hope was feasting on my heart's  
    core.  
Yes, I worked hard and received my pay  
And strove not to think of lovely May.  
My master was my banker, he kept for me my gains,  
But such searching looks he gave me, it almost  
    turned my brains.  
It is true I had saved some hundred pounds,  
Notwithstanding the world seemed blank, and all  
    around,  
My step grew limp, my checks were pale,  
My strength, health and courage failed.  
One constant thought, it harassed me,  
I longed for and dreaded the end to be.  
I expected each day to hear

That some Lord or Marquis was betrothed to my  
dear.

Suddenly my master was taken ill  
And sent for a counselor to make his will.  
Before that document was drawn  
I sat in his room and felt most forlorn.  
My master said, "make ready without delay  
And send for my only daughter May."  
I prayed to God to give me power  
To pass through the ordeal of that hour.  
Into the future I could not see,  
Not dreaming that bliss awaited me.  
May was brought in looking pale  
And before her father's eyes she quailed.  
He looked at me and then at May  
And slowly turned his eyes away.  
He drew a deep, long, smothered sigh  
And thought, "who knows their hearts as I?  
I have watched them both and I cannot see,  
Any attempts at deception or chicanery.  
On every feature of May's face  
A hopeless love I there can trace.  
The thought of sending that boy from me,  
Cuts like a two-edged sword I see.  
He has served me faithfully for years,  
To think of a separation does bring the tears.  
He is all that is good, noble and brave  
I am sure that he would die my life to save.  
The false pride of birth I will decry  
And for him a title I will buy.  
May dare not tell me the secret of her heart  
Fearing that I would quickly with him part.

I know her feelings every whit  
For I in my youth did love's cup sip.  
The one I loved I never wed.  
Ah! many years she has been dead.  
And as I have a soul to be lost or saved,  
My heart went with her into the grave.  
I loved her and do love her though under the sod,  
I say it with reverence, better than my God.  
I have traversed the continent and plowed the  
    briny wave,  
But my thoughts would revert to her little, lonely  
    grave.  
I do despise matchmaking and will not play a part.  
When I know there is only a hand and not a heart."  
He told the lawyer to begin,  
And call the other witnesses in.  
"I do now publicly proclaim  
That on my secretary I do bestow my name.  
To him my houses and my lands,  
I bequeath them to him just as they stand.  
My gold and silver, my shares in the mines,  
To give them to him has long been on my mind.  
Without another thought I say,  
I freely give him my only daughter May.  
Confer that title on him without delay,  
He shall be a Duke, and a Duchess May.  
May God's blessing on you rest—  
I have done what I hope is for the best."  
The day was set; the news it spread,  
That lovely May and I would wed.  
The drums were beat, the colors did fly,  
As little May and I passed by.

Guns were fired and cannons too,  
And fireworks set of every hue.  
No demonstrations were ever made for me,  
Until I arrived at thirty-three.  
Now all Londoners shout as I pass by.  
"There goes an honest man," they cry.



## MEMORIAL TO MRS. CHARLOTTE G. SMITH.

Charlotte, dearly beloved sister, I miss thee,  
More than my tongue can tell,  
One precious thought sustains me—  
With my soul it is, it is well.  
Thou wert my faithful counselor,  
And as good as thou wert wise;  
A guide to my youth and the light of my eyes.  
Years have come and years have past,  
Since my hand in thine was gently clasped.  
That look of undying love thou gavest me  
Found an affinity in my heart.  
I knew the time had come,  
Death was sundering us apart,  
And when that smile of satisfaction  
O'er spread thy lovely face,  
I knew that God had sent thee  
A portion of his dying grace.  
Then thine eyes seemed looking into vacancy;  
I looked where thou wast looking,  
No one could I see;  
Thou wast talking to Jane, John and Mother,  
And seemed delighted to see them,  
One after the other.  
I stood by thy bed listening,  
Eager to catch thy last words,  
When they came I had my reward;  
They were "Jesus my Lord;"  
'The last word that passed thy lips  
Was Jesus' name.  
I saw Him not, but He was there all the same,

Turning darkness into light, dispersing the gloom,  
And smoothing thy pathway to the tomb.  
He came with a convoy and bore thee above,  
To sing His grace and undying love.  
Thy spirit returned from whence it came,  
Thy body in the grave was lain.  
At the time appointed Gabriel's trumpet will blow,  
Thy soul and body united will in immortality glow.  
By the God thou didst fear, my dear Charlotte,  
Not one of His children will ever be forgot.  
They are beautifully woven into his plans,  
He will have regard unto the work of his own hands.  
Yes, he that listens to Creations groans  
Will preserve their dust and watch o'er their bones.  
He never gets weary, He never faints,  
Precious in His eyes are the death of His saints.  
Praise His name, He holds them as the apple of  
His eye,  
And in His arms He will fold them,  
Till all the storms pass by.  
Years have come and years have flown,  
Since from my heart thou wast borne,  
My ever faithful, unliving friend,  
Having loved me thou didst love me to the end;  
Even now the food I eat and the clothes I wear  
Are the outcome of thy frugality and care.  
I think of thee the livelong day,  
And dream of thee the lonely nights away.  
Oft thou didst give suffering humanity a look,  
Then thy heart was moved and thy hand unclasped  
thy pocket-book.

The fatherless were clothed and the widows were  
fed ;  
Thou didst care for the sick until the spirit fled ;  
And thy hands made grave clothes for the dead.  
That they were decently interred, thou didst over-  
see,  
Telling the undertaker and grave-digger to send  
their bills to thee.  
Thy left hand never knew what thy right hand was  
wont to do,  
No herald proclaimed it, no trumpet blew,  
Thou wast diligent in business not seeking thy bliss,  
Nor looking for heaven in a region like this.  
Thickly the thistles and briars in thy pathway grew,  
The thorns were sharp and the roses few ;  
The darts that were maliciously aimed at thee,  
Have rebounded and pierced thy enemies.  
The devil and his ungodly crew,  
Strove hard to annihilate thee. 'tis true ;  
But He, who notes when a sparrow falls,  
Carried thee safely through it all.  
Thy motto was to do good for evil.  
Speak the truth and shame the devil.  
Years have come and years have fled  
Since thou wert numbered with the dead.  
When the doctors consulted and gave their decision,  
That thou hadst not long to remain with the living,  
My heart put on mourning ; 'twas not bombazine  
and crape  
To be worn one short year for appearance sake.  
God knew how I felt and has helped me along.  
Praises to the name, he cannot do wrong.



I thank Him for all the afflictions and blessings he  
gives;

I thank Him, my sister, that thou didst once live.  
It will be shown when the world has its final exit,  
That it was better because thou lived in it.

Farewell, sister beloved, adieu!

Ere long we shall meet at the grand review.

And will see each other face to face,

And every furrow that sorrow traced,

Will be forever from our brow erased.

Tears will not bedew our eyes any more,

About evils that we could not prevent, but deplored.

In that peaceful happy clime,

All corroding cares are left behind.

What I would is done;

I penned these measures as they came.

A poor tribute to thy intrinsic worth;

I am inadequate, being earthly of earth,

But thou wilt be remembered for good by the Lord

Because thou didst fear Him and tremble at His  
word.

Patchogue, March 15th, 1889.

## LITTLE RUTH.

A Moabiteſs, ſhe was and poor;  
Her heart was riven to its core.  
Sad and lonely was her lot;  
Yet by God ſhe was not forgot.  
Contrite and humble ſhe oft did go  
And tell him all her grief and woe.  
She appealed to Him and not in vain  
He ſent her to glean in the fields' grain.  
King Moab was moved to pity when he ſaw  
Little Ruth toiling for her mother-in-law.  
She gathered the barley with the greateſt care,  
That her mother might have enough to eat and to  
wear.

Moab watched her come and go,  
About her lineage he was bound to know.  
When he had aſcertained the truth,  
His heart yearned toward little Ruth.  
She gleaned the barley in a trice,  
And ere long was Moab's wife.  
So little Ruth was raiſed you ſee,  
By truſting God implicitly.  
And it is alſo true,  
She was great-grandmother to David too.

Pachogue, April 10th, 1878.

## • DEACON MOORE.

There is not a mortal in this world  
That should have more anathemas at him hurled  
Than Q. H. Moore, deacon of the church,  
That's going to heaven on his good works.  
His standing in the church is A No. 1;  
No business in the holy edifice can be done  
Unless the rich deacon, Q. H. Moore,  
Has all the say and takes the floor.  
He puts the cloak of religion on  
To further his good works along  
His money was not earned by toil and labor,  
He was a merchant and African slaver.  
One day a subscription was brought around  
And he felt sure his name would get a sound.  
He quickly put his name down; "I, Q. H. Moore,  
Do give an hundred and fifty pounds to the poor."  
As he sat in his parlor that afternoon,  
He said to his wife in an angry tone,  
"If poor relations come here for clothes or bread,  
Tell them to go to the poorhouse and get fed.  
When I give alms I mean that it shall tell.  
My name in the papers must get a swell.  
Otherwise, wife, do you hear,  
The poor may go to Hades clip and clear."  
He married for money an imbecile wife,  
Over-reached himself once in his life,  
Was checkmated it is true.

His children were lacking in story number two.  
Strange to tell he had a sister pious and poor,  
She was sick and death was waiting at her door.  
When sent for, "let her die," said he,  
"The wind is fair, I am going to sea."  
She died; was laid in a pauper's grave,  
He sailed to Abyssinia and stole a load of slaves,  
A shrewd, enterprising man was he in that line,  
His heart was as hard as adamantine.  
An honest farmer near this deacon lived  
And as upright a man my word I give,  
As ever broke bread although his bread was brown.  
No better man dwelt within the town;  
He toiled early and late,  
Assiduously his fields to cultivate.  
The most exemplary man in town,  
Was good, pious, old William Brown.  
"I must have old Brown's land," said Q. H. Moore,  
"I have made up my mind and I'll not give o'er,  
As I have business that way,  
I will call on and blarney old Brown to-day."  
He never gave a poor man a smile,  
Unless he could use him to advantage awhile.  
When they had made plain intricate parts or formed  
a bevel,  
He would pay them a pittance and say, "go to the  
devil."  
He harnessed his horse and rode around,  
Stopped, alighted, smiled and said, "how do you  
do, brother Brown?  
Feeling neighborly toward you I thought I would  
call,

Perchance you may need some money this fall.  
You have a very nice piece of land,  
I should like to see you have a nice cottage on it  
stand.

Your old house there will surely tottle down  
Before another year comes around."

Mr. Brown after some hesitancy did say,  
As he brushed a tear away,

"That old house to me is very dear,  
But will not stand much longer I do fear."

"Brother Brown, do dry your tears,  
And for the future have no fears;  
Build you a house broad and high,  
I'll stand your friend, yes, that will I."

"I thank you Mr. Moore you are very kind  
But I have firmly made up my mind  
That in debt I will not get.

I never have known its thralldom yet."

"Brother Brown, in my heart I wish you well,  
Just imagine how a new house on these grounds  
would tell,

And enhance the price I know right well  
Should you ever want to sell."

"True, Mr. Moore, my house is old and poor  
But no suppliant goes away empty from that door.  
My trust is in God, if I toil and wait awhile,  
That heaven will on my endeavors smile."

"My good brother cast to the winds your fears  
And reflect you are advanced in years,  
Here take my gold build you a house  
And live therein joyfully with your spouse ;

I have no use for this money you see,  
And it would do my heart good to benefit thee.  
Don't say one word about pay day,  
Just sign the mortgage without delay.  
You need not live here in obscurity,  
If you will be advised by me.  
Here, take this pen, put there your name,  
All will be well, by it you will gain."  
Thus he blinded good Brown's visual sight  
And secured a mortgage from him outright.  
Moore twisted his mustache as he rode home  
Saying "I carried my point this afternoon,  
Old Brown was a toy in my hand;  
Next year I will oust him off that land.  
Why he will not have enough to buy a new wig,  
He is as ignorant of law as a guinea pig."  
Ere one short year had passed away,  
Hyprocritical Moore went for his pay.  
Honest William Brown begged for grace;  
Moore called him a scoundrel to his face.  
"This mortgage I must foreclose  
And your extravagance I will expose.  
Oh, the pride of some poor men  
Does bring them to a sorry end!"  
Brown strove, but strove in vain to tell his tale  
With the incorrigible deacon he could not prevail  
"This will learn you to live within your means  
And not to build castles in your dreams;  
You have disgraced your family in a shameful way;  
You should have kept out of debt is all I have to  
say."

All good folks were moved to tears  
When of honest Brown's trouble they did hear.  
It was useless for them to act or speak,  
Moore was rich and strong, they poor and weak.  
Q. H. Moore went bustling around,  
And thus did his sonorous voice resound :  
"Go home you lazy dogs and pay your debts  
Or you to, with old Brown, will be upset."  
The place was sold, Moore bought it in,  
None dare bid against that man of sin.  
The good work of Moore that day overcame good  
    Brown,  
And he fell lifeless to the ground.  
Although Q. H. Moore was deacon of the church,  
I suppose he was busy at good works,  
For to the funeral he did not go ;  
Perhaps it was because it was only a poor man dead  
    you know,  
Good Brown is dead and laid away,  
To rest until the judgment day ;  
Then his deeds will bear the light,  
Whilst Q. H. Moore will quail with fright.  
As to the amours of the Deacon, I have been told,  
That he was not like Potiphar's servant, Joseph of  
    old.  
Why should folks have anything to say  
If he pays the widow Jones' rent in a fatherly way ?  
When sister Green is out of a prayer-meeting night,  
If he gallants her home, is it not right ?  
Sister Green is timid and might get a fright,  
And would not venture out again unless it was light

While Captain Stokes is gone to sea,  
Sister Stokes is as lonesome as lonesome can be.  
Until she hears the philanthropic Moore,  
Gently knocking at her door.  
Could he do less or more,  
When sister Stokes is left alone on shore,  
Than relieve the tedium of those lonely hours,  
By taking her to some enchanting bower?  
The parsimonious Parson of Moore's church  
Did not take Moore to task about his good works.  
He had an eye to the good things of life, 'tis said,  
And kept a sharp lookout for fish and bread.  
When Moore in church deigned to pray,  
His parson said "Amen" in an approving way.  
He never offended a rich member of his church;  
He smiled approbation on their good works;  
He preached charity like others of his kind;  
To the faults of his dear flock he was quite blind.  
No man could see a guinea quicker it is true,  
When he looked after the summer revenue.  
His flock had no cause to wince or groan,  
He always preached in an undertone,  
And if two or three lambs went to sleep  
He said they had overworked during the week.  
Q. H. Moore's larder is well filled,  
His table, burdened, groans,  
He has little or no appetite,  
He loathes a honeycomb,  
His bed is made of softest down.  
But gentle sleep does on him frown.  
Small comfort does this deacon take,



He has not relish for his bed or plate.  
His days are most spent, he is getting old,  
And he dreams about men he has bought and sold.  
When he is awake he is enumerating in his mind,  
How he can secure and leave a philanthropic name  
behind.

He has decided to build a church,  
So that future generations will tell of his good works.  
He is determined that his name shall have a sound  
After he, Q. H. Moore, is under ground.  
He has purchased a graveyard plot  
And erected a monument on the most conspicuous  
spot,  
To show where Q. H. Moore doth lie,  
After he has ceased to sell and buy.

I will drop the curtain o'er the rest of this pious  
deacon's life,  
But should curiosity constrain you more to know,  
ask his heartbroken wife,  
If she would she could a tale unfold,  
That would open your eyes and stir your soul.

Patchogue, January 12, 1870.

—o—

WRITTEN IN HIS ALBUM, JAY J. SMITH.

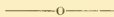
My nephew is a sprightly boy,  
To compose music his time employs.  
May he like David play the harp  
And praise the Lord with all his heart,  
And when to manhood he arrives  
Be learned, discreet, just and wise.

Patchogue, May 23, 1885.

## THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Why is it my lot to be alone  
Without child or chick to cheer my home,  
With quivering lip and eyes o'erflown?  
I weep over my desolation in silence alone.  
Since it is known that I am poor,  
The path with grass is o'er grown that leads to my  
door.

In the days of my prosperity,  
Not one of those blades peeped out at me.  
My friends so called, I thought them true,  
They have flitted away like morning dew.  
They sat at my table, slept in my beds;  
Alas! where now have they all fled?  
They drank my wine without alloy,  
I joyed to see them full of joy.  
With a liberal hand I dispensed hospitality.  
They professed friendship, boundless as the sea.  
Not one of them gave succor to me.  
They have left me to die in want and penury.



## LAZARUS TO TEMPERANCE.

I am glad to know your whereabouts,  
And have read every word you wrote.  
Rest assured you are not alone,  
In this the staunchest ship afloat.  
Truth immortal is the keel,  
God's promises the beams;

She's planked by virtue all around,  
And perseverance fills each seam.

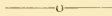
The mast, Christ, towers high.  
It cannot be defaced by time;  
Ever will that blood-stained banner wave—  
Float o'er the wrecks of time.  
The bible is the compass;  
The course is straight ahead;  
Turn not to the right or left,  
There's no sounding for the lead.

Emanuel is the Captain's name;  
He's invested with all power;  
And he stands by his crew,  
In the stormiest of hours.  
Darkness may surround them,  
And seas run mountains high;  
A light shines through all vapors,  
That faith can always spy.

There's no damascus blade so keen,  
As prayer by faith can yield;  
It calms the tempest, soothes the soul,  
The enemy leaves the field.  
Cut all worldly moorings,  
If in waters still you'd glide;  
Or if self, or self-righteousness remain,  
Hurl it o'er the good ship's side.

The weapons used on board that ship;  
Are not of a carnal kind;  
But are overpowering through our God,  
Toward Satan and all his kind.

Keep on hating the devil ;  
Don't believe in his report,  
That the ship is old aud rotten,  
And will not reach the port.  
He is a liar, it never stranded yet,  
What is more it never will !  
All on board will reach the harbor,  
Those the Captain's pleased to call.  
Keep on trying to be faithful,  
The end is drawing nigh ;  
A chosen few will drink new wine,  
With their Captain by and by.



## RULES OF LIFE.

Keep good company,  
Or none.  
Be an attentive listener,  
And bridle your tongue.  
Keep God's commands  
And secure a good name.  
By honest, untiring industry,  
Gain wealth and fame.  
List not to wolves in sheep's clothing,  
Least they make you forget  
That an old friend is incomparable  
To all new ones you may get.  
Visit outcasts often  
Having their soul's good in view,

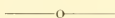
Striving to reclaim them  
Will not contaminate you.

Let confidential friends  
Be well chosen and few ;  
Your aims onward and upward,  
Keeping right, not might, in view.

Befriend the oppressed,  
Let the carnal minded see  
That a bribe will not sway you,  
And that you loathe usury.

Keep good company  
In city or in town,  
Get up at sunrise  
And retire at sundown.

Patchogue, Feb. 10th, 1880.



#### IMPLICIT TRUST IN JESUS.

This world would not seem so dreary and cold,  
If we exercised faith—our anchor would hold.  
Onward we would go valiently and bold,  
If our trust was implicit in Jesus.  
Nor would we murmur at our trials here,  
Or be filled with harassing doubts and fears,  
We would hopefully look forward to better cheer,  
If our trust was implicit in Jesus.  
The wind might howl and the rain descend,  
And death take from us our dearest friends ;  
The Comforter will sustain us to the end,  
If our trust is implicit in Jesus.

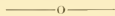
Soon would our complaining vanish away,  
 In him we would have grace to strengthen and stay,  
 And thankfulness would be our lay,  
 If our trust was implicit in Jesus.

Not all the votaries of sin,  
 Nor troubled passions that rage within  
 Could shake our confidence. We will surely win,  
 If our trust is implicit in Jesus.

With faith for our helmet and shield.  
 We will rout all enemies from the field,  
 The monster death, he too must yield,  
 If our trust is implicit in Jesus.

If we cast our burdens on Him as he bade us to do,  
 Our raiment will grow whiter all the way through,  
 And a dry path o'er Jordon will appear to our view,  
 If our trust is implicit in Jesus.

Patchogue, May 6th, 1876



#### MAN'S CRUELTY.

“No flocks that graze the mountain side,  
 To slaughter I'd condemn;  
 Taught by the power that pities me,  
 I would learn to pity them.”

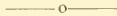
No birds that fly from tree to tree  
 Shall ever receive harm from me;  
 They warble forth their maker's praise,  
 And I will imitate their lays.

God only gave them instinct,  
 But intellect he gave to man;

He never repented that he made flock or birds,  
But was sorry that he made man.

If men would be bound to-gether  
In bonds of Christian love,  
There would be an end to discord ;  
Love has no cause for blood.

Why do they nurse their hatred  
And fan the coals of strife,  
Until nothing but blood will satisfy,  
And in dueling end their lives?



TEMPERANCE.

Let every man and woman  
Now firmly take a stand,  
And with redoubled energy  
Encourage the temperance band.

The lions that seem to beset the path  
Are only cowardly bellowing calves ;  
God is the work, don't have a fear ;  
Ere long the land will be rid of rum and beer.

Men will not then be staggering through the street,  
As now each day we often meet.  
Wives and children's eyes will be dry  
When there is no rum for father to buy.

## AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS 91ST BIRTHDAY.

Another year is gone, 'tis spent;  
Still borrowed time is unto me lent:  
I am decrepit and wrecked with care,  
With none but God to share my grief and cares.  
Life is burdensome unto me,  
Naught but wearisome days and nights I see.  
It is a little solace that I receive or can give;  
Oh, why am I destined still to live?  
Many years have I traveled on  
Since every loved one has been gone.  
Why does death take the young and brave  
And leave the old and weary to wrestle with life's  
boisterous wave?  
Oft I have followed to the tomb,  
Young men that were lithe and strong, cut down  
in full bloom,  
And I thought, why were it not I, but a voice whis-  
pered, "God's will be done."  
He has taken them from evil to come.  
My comforts all I have outlived,  
Except the blest inspiring one's religion gives.  
I do not wish my loved ones back again,  
But I long to join them on that Heavenly plain.  
'Tis seventy-one years ago to-day,  
Since for better or worse I took my lovely May.  
If ever a woman proved all better, that one was she.  
She lived and died without ever offending me.  
Each day she gladdened the hearts of the poor;  
None went away empty that called at our door.



She smiled as she gave and spake words of kind  
cheer,

And sympathy filled her heart, her eyes o'erflowed  
with tears.

I loved her, and my tears in silence do flow

For her who died, ah me, 'tis years ago!

I long to end my pilgrimage here

And join her again in that bright sphere.

Since the last of nine children, my all, was taken  
away.

None, save He who gave,

Knew how I felt when they filled that grave.

No loving wife to sooth this aching brow :

No child to call me father now.

Oh, how I long to be at rest with them

And begin the life that has no end!

Oft do my feeble footsteps wend their way

To the little churchyard each pleasant day,

And read the name of her, on that moss-covered  
stone,

That was flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.

I sit for hours in that old iron chair,

And live o'er the past with my loved ones that lie  
there ;

And each loved face comes back fresh to my view,

As o'er those ten graves my eyes slowly take review.

As night comes on and I must away,

Each loved spirit seems to whisper and say,

“Only a little longer dear father, then we all will  
come

And bear thee away to our heavenly home.”

Patchogue, Jan. 1869.

## A PRAYER ON GOING TO SEA.

Keep my little ship and I, my God,  
From whirlwinds, rocks and shoals;  
Thy oceans are so deep and wide,  
Without aid we cannot hold.

Keep me, my God, when storms arise  
And high the billows roll:  
Permit me to reach my destined port:  
Wilt thou the voyage control?

Keep me, my God, in perils hour,  
Let my heart on Thee be staid.  
And all my residue of days I will proclaim,  
Thy wondrous power to save.

Keep the ship, my God; for it is but a speck  
Upon Thy boundless sea;  
Loved ones I ne'er shall greet again  
Unless it pleaseth Thee.

Keep me, my God, into Thy hands  
My all I do commend;  
The ship and I will safely reach the port,  
If thou will take the helm.

Patchogue, Jan. 28th, 1868.

## THE SOLILOQUY OF A DYING INFIDEL.

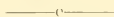
I know this sickness is unto death,  
And that soon of life I shall be bereft;  
The grim monster is waiting at the door  
To drag me from these mortal shores.  
The blood is slowly coursing through my veins;  
Soon soul and body will be twain.  
My body is of but little worth,  
It belongs I know to mother earth.  
Alas, my poor soul! thou art scarred and riven,  
And quails to appear before the God of earth and  
    heaven:  
Shrinks from the just sentence of the law,  
In which all my life I have tried to pick flaws.  
Yes, I exerted all the faculties of my brains,  
And all the talent I could attain;  
Most willingly have I lain in the devil's trance,  
To prove that all things do come by chance.  
For years I have been trying to prove God's word  
    a lie,  
And that the great I Am was a nonentity.  
Adroitly I wrote some blasphemous lies;  
O misery! My soul begins to taste the death that  
    never dies.  
Those yet unborn will imbibe the spirit of my  
    books,  
It fills me with horror now to at them look,  
For the precepts I have given to my fellow man,  
My conscience tells me I shall be damed.  
Ah, many souls will into hell be thrown!  
For embracing the doctrines I have sown,

And they will my tormenters be  
Through a never-ending eternity.  
Soon I must cross that dark abyss,  
I have no pleasure in yonder world of bliss.  
It is now too late for me to pray,  
I must "Amen" to my own damnation say.  
Oh, that I had power to plead and weep!  
I see the falsity of deaths being an endless sleep.  
A reprobate am I. I have cursed the God of earth  
and heaven!  
There is no forgiveness for me, I cannot be for-  
given!  
It is too late. My poor soul, I have thee undone  
By striving to vilify God's only son!  
I did not believe what I wrote; I wrote for fame  
Thereby have I doomed my soul to endless shame,  
My hands and feet are getting cold,  
If I had strength I could not portray the horrors of  
my soul.  
I see those that were faithful unto God,  
Crossing that cold stream, and they go dry shod.  
Those angry waves do me appall.  
Having despised God, I have lost heaven, lost all.  
Of what avail are all my jolly comrades now,  
With death's cold sweat oozing from my brow?  
If I try to resent or signs of repentance give,  
They tell me to be firm and die as I have lived.  
Farewell to earth and all transitory things?  
Oh death, I feel thy dreaded sting!  
Spare me thou unrelenting foe,  
Must I unsolaced into eternity go,

Vanquished at last? Death spares not me.  
No Saviour or redeemed spirits with greetings for  
me.

I hear his children shouting, "Victory over death!"  
But I have no refuge, alone and of hope bereft,  
Death's icy grip has reached my heart,  
My pulse has stopped, I must depart.  
Oh, my worthless life I have lived in vain,  
And my just reward is endless remorse and shame!

Patchogue, 1872.



WANTED.

Oh, for some smiling friend  
Whose smiles are not deceit,  
And a heart full of love and charity!  
I long such a friend to meet.

I want an honest friend,  
That is honest in deed, word and look,  
And feel that their love is centered in me,  
Not in my pocket-book.

Oh, for an honest friend  
Whose hands are not stained with theft?  
That can see things that are not their own.  
And leave them where they are left.

I want a truthful friend  
That does disdain to lie,  
And seeks not anothers faults  
To blaze them to the skies

## TRUTH IN RHYME.

Immortal truth is surrounded,  
It is driven to the wall.  
And liars old and young  
Fighting for its fall.  
Most men for ages past,  
Truth on the shelf have laid.  
Believing it to be a nuisance  
And a detriment to trade.  
That it clogs the wheels of traffic  
By letting light shine in  
And whispers when they are selling chaff for wheat,  
· 'To defraud is a damning sin.'  
Liars are an abomination,  
Their destination is hell-fire.  
God above has so said ;  
There is no authority higher.  
With the clergy it is unpopular,  
They say that it would not pay  
To preach the truth ; it would be preposterous  
In this enlightened day.  
The majority of them preach to please  
Unscrupulous monied men.  
Whether souls are lost or saved.  
It does not trouble them.  
In fact the old, old story  
Is getting quite threadbare,  
And is offensive in a church  
Where modern professors are.

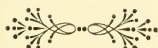
The man that proclaims God's word in all its purity  
The gauntlet has to run,  
And all the devil's troops are allowed  
To pelt them with their guns.  
If he fights for God's eternal truths  
And gives the devil a tight-fitting coat.  
No calls come to him with thousands a year—  
'Tis a marvel if he gets a few groats.  
Usurer and horse jockey deacons,  
Will not listen to his upbraidings for sin,  
And if he will not preach in a theatrical style  
They tighten their purse strings on him.  
The militant church is languishing,  
And the few that do believe  
Are thrust aside to make room  
For a set of uncouth thieves.  
The oxen in amazement stood  
When Christ with cords came in  
And drove the money changers out,  
Saying, "My Father's house was built for prayer,  
you shall not in it sin."  
He has gone to see his Father  
And has tarried there so long,  
That Satan is polluting his sanctuary  
With ribaldry and song.  
But a remnant are watching,  
And praying night and day,  
That the author and finisher of their faith  
Will shorten his delay.  
His return is near at hand,

In the church he will begin.  
He will sift the chaff out of the wheat  
And destroy the man of sin.  
Shepherds that are crying peace  
Shall quail beneath his frown ;  
Into darkness they shall be hurled  
And starless will be their crowns.  
Lost souls through endless ages  
Will upbraid them in their ire,  
Because they did not tell them that God,  
Out of Christ was a consuming fire.  
"You greedy dogs, you preached for hire,  
We freely gave you gold ;  
You never said that God was a jealous God,  
His love was all you told.  
You were a vaunting set of scape-graces,  
Without God's call or knowledge ;  
You went and learned to pray and preach by note  
Where Satan kept a college ;  
You lead a life of voluptuous ease ;  
We purchased the highest pews,  
And you preached to please our ears.  
And we unwittingly applauded you ;  
Your cloak had the form of Godliness ;  
It hid the Creator from our view,  
And the creature you taught us to worship  
Witnessed swiftly against us and you.  
The subject of retribution you ignored  
Predicting for us fair weather,  
Its because you kept back part of the price,



We are all here in hell together?"  
These are perilous times in which we live;  
In lieu of truth men believe in lies,  
And cunningly devised fables  
Does all their wants supply.  
The day is fast approaching  
When immortal truth shall rise  
And the few that have lived it  
Shall have mansions in the skies.

Pachogue, May 30th, 1873.



## A POOR MAN.

A poor man in this world has little chance;  
Though well he pipes there are few to dance;  
His voice if raised is seldom heard,  
Though wisdom flows in every word.  
A poor, wise man of old saved the city,  
But his name is not told in song or ditty;  
A poor man will puzzle his brains for years,  
And invoke heaven's aid with prayers and tears  
To perfect an invention and bring it about,  
But artful and bold, the man of much gold  
Is sure to step in, with the wages of sin,  
And get the patent out.  
Rich men thrive on poor men's muscle and brains;  
There lies the secret of their gains;  
Here the rich by the potent aid of gold out general  
the poor,  
But they will find that they and their gold will be  
out generaleed at heaven's door  
When a camel goes through the eye of a needle  
with ease,  
A few of the rich may into heaven squeeze.  
Should some happen to get inside the fold  
'Twill be by the skin of their teeth we are told.

Patchogue, August 8th, 1877.

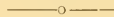
## THE CRUSADE.

Cheer up sorrowing mothers!  
Long you have suffered wrongs,  
The race is not always to the swift,  
Or the battle to the strong.  
The prayers you have made are registered,  
Your tears are bottled up,  
In behalf of sons and husbands,  
That were slaves to the cup.  
The rumseller is accursed  
For putting the cup to his neighbor's mouth,  
And God's judgment will descend  
Upon him and all his house.  
The man that drinks rum,  
And don't for his household provide,  
Is worse than an infidel,  
Having the faith denied.  
Keep faith in lively exercise,  
Be firm in your appeals,  
Erelong the battle will be won,  
God's enemies must yield.  
Lewd men are imbeciles,  
Each year they number less;  
Soon they will not have the power  
A woman to oppress.  
God is raising up Deborahs and Joans  
To scatter wicked men's plots.  
He will work by whom he will  
Whether men acquiesce or not.

Patchogue, May 11th, 1874.

## A TRIBUTE TO MRS. DYSON.

Tis meet that tears bedim our eyes  
 When a godly, virtuous woman dies.  
 Her death was blessed,  
 For she died in the Lord.  
 She acted well her part here,  
 Believing hereafter she would get her reward.  
 She fought the good fight,  
 And kept the faith;  
 Was made perfect through suffering  
 By Jesus' grace.  
 Triumphantly, she the victory won;  
 Here her equals are few, her superiors none.



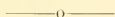
## EPITAPH.

Underneath this cold stone  
 Lies now in silence an old maid's bones.  
 Living' she vented her spite on old and young;  
 No earthly power could stop h<sup>er</sup> envenomed tongue.  
 She would not be consoled by the Indian plan.  
 That her mate was appointed, but she lost the man.  
 One day as she looked at the picture of death,  
 She became so enraged that she lost her breath,  
 And fell into a direful swoon,  
 Because the horses' legs were not encased in panta-  
 loons.  
 She never recovered from the shock,  
 But died and was buried under this block.

Patchogue, Nov 18th, 1887.

“THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART THERE IS NO  
GOD.”

Does a fountain flow without a head,  
Or rivers run without a bed?  
Could ceaseless oceans ebb and flow,  
If their Creator had not ordained it so?



THE HOMELESS ONE.

Without a home! Despairing thought,  
For the which all my life in vain I've wrought.  
Without a home, my friends are few,  
Those I have with pity oft I view.  
It's little succor they can render me  
They too are children of penury.  
All hope now is flickering save one.  
I'll have a home beyond the tomb.  
If kind heaven so decreed,  
That I a homeless wanderer should be.  
Why was I placed upon this sphere,  
Where homeless ones are scoffed and jeered?  
I am called a fool, and crazy too.  
But God, my God will take me through,  
And with his poor afflicted people, I  
Shall have a home in the sweet by-and-by.

## BE CONSISTENT.

Be a man, or a mouse, or a long-tailed rat ;  
Don't call yourself thin while bloated and fat ;  
Boast not that your soul is pure and white,  
When a glance at it shows it is blacker than night ;  
Smile not and say yes, when inside you mean no ;  
Turn not your coat as each wind may blow ;  
If you are a Christian your fruits will show—  
Little straws tell the way currents flow,  
It is the two-faced, self-styled temperance men  
That fawn on the rumseller in his den ;  
They are stumbling blocks with mouths of oil,  
Vote for rum and share the spoil.  
When such men pray for a rumseller's sin,  
The devil smiles an approving grin,  
Rumsellers and usurers are brothers and twins ;  
They are in the same boat and covered with sin,  
The devil is their father, they do their work well ;  
And sell soul and body for a potage of hell  
The usurer makes his poor neighbors necessity  
His own accursed opportunity.  
The rumseller destroys his neighbor's soul, body  
and all,  
But the curses come home to roost in his hall.  
The greatest saint that in glory doth dwell,  
Strove not so hard to get there as these men strive  
for hell.

## TIME.

Time hurries along ; it flits away,  
Whether we work or whether we play :  
The candle lighted will burn to the end,  
The ashes remain, the flame ascends.  
Time stalks on at a rapid pace,  
It has not, it seeks not, a resting place.  
Noiselessly it speeds, rapid is its flight,  
Adding day unto day and night unto night.  
In its course it demolishes everything,  
The peasant and cot, the palace and king,  
The rich and the poor, the high and the low,  
Receive from Time a fatal blow.  
Onward it goes demolishing all ;  
Monuments topple, towers fall.  
It buries cities from our sight,  
Grinds the rocks into powder by its might.  
Onward it goes, scythe in hand,  
Sending into oblivion the pride of man.  
Leveling all things in its rounds,  
Leaves boasting mankind to moulder in the ground.

Patchogue, May 3rd, 1871.



## GOLD.

Ah, gold how enviable art Thou!  
Millions have, do and will at thy shrine bow.  
Art thou at par, art thou high or low?  
Thy friends will never forsake thee, no, oh no.  
Man's love for thee passeth speech ;  
They will for thee in rocks and caverns seek ;  
Their hearts are firmly set on thee ;  
Gold, the death of thy last friend, thou wilt never  
see!

Men of every clime and tongue  
Headlong after thee doth run.  
Many lose their lives in the furious race,  
But the survivors do the more warmly thee em-  
brace.

Gold, thou wilt never want for friends,  
No never, until time shall end ;  
Thou art a welcome guest at the rich or poor man's  
door ;  
Gold, thou wilt ever have friends, of that thou art  
sure.

Patchogue, Nov. 2d, 1882.



## A REPROOF FROM THE GRAVE OF J. T.

True religion consists in charity,  
Though dead, that boon is denied me ;  
I have done with earth, full well you know,  
So a mantle of charity o'er me throw.  
A dead man craves this boon of thee,  
Comply for humanity's sake, priththee.  
Without charity a profession is vain,  
Your hearts are corrupt; your tongues untame.  
It is a sounding brass that does not warm;  
Or a tinkling symbol, devoid of charm.  
With satisfaction, you exult and say,  
My soul to Hades has passed away.  
If such were my fate you would it bemoan  
Were your hearts not as hard as stone;  
You would not be apt to pass sentence on me  
If from stains your own lives were free.  
Hearts are black and to Satan wed,  
That revile the living and the dead;  
He that expects mercy from devils of any kind  
Will find himself mistaken every time.  
Judge not lest ye be judged, my friend,  
As all earthly judgments will have an end;  
When none save Jehovah heard my sighs  
Have I prayed, and penitential tears dropped from  
my eyes.  
Oft I confessed my faults to God and you—  
In solitude I deplored them too,  
And Christ's promise I declared to thee  
That he would perfect what was lacking in me;

True, I belonged to no earthly creed or clan,  
Yet I was a studious Bible man.  
And for the man of my counsel took  
The inspired word, the Book of Books;  
Proof positive in it I read,  
There was no repentance for the dead,  
And as the beast dies so dies man;  
Then I mused on redemption's plan—  
A boundless theme that none can span—  
I saw that only through Christ could I be saved  
And that he had conquered death, hell and the  
grave.

In him I trusted to the last,  
That anchor never dragged, it held me fast.  
Methinks your malice would have ceased  
When you beheld my widow's grief  
And my fatherless children weeping o'er my bier  
No, even then you withheld your tears.  
My spirit has returned to God.  
My body lies beneath the sod.  
Though my reins within me be consumed  
I shall leave this darkened tomb  
When Eden blooms, my body shall arise  
And meet my Redeemer in the skies.  
My exultation will then be,  
"Lo this is my God, I have waited for thee!"  
Speak evil of none, a just God hears,  
Let the dead rest until Christ appears.

Patchogue, April 10th, 1877.

## GOD IS GREAT, MAN IS SMALL.

Your house is ample, a mansard roof,  
Your coffers are full, your safe fire proof;  
Your path is strewn with flowers as you go,  
And all matures whether you plant or sow.  
If you prosper in every worldly affair,  
Forget not God; give thanks for His care.  
'Tho' you talk and boast as you sit at ease,  
Your own right hath not gotten you these.  
Dispense with your self sufficiency;  
God ruleth above, beneath, on land and sea;  
His eye is on you, so be on your guard.  
Two by six will suffice in yon grave yard  
To hold your remains; so while living here  
Waste not your time 'tween cradle and bier.  
If you fare well and have good clothes,  
At poor friends don't turn up your nose.  
Do them good whilst you have the power;  
'Twill cheer your heart in death's trying hour.  
Give to them now, you have not long to stay;  
You brought nothing here you can take nothing  
away.  
Be valient for truth in every affair,  
Do what you do by compass and square.  
Dark deeds when they are brought to light,  
Are always black, they are never white.  
Don't buy a grave yard plot  
And erect a monument on the most conspicuous  
spot,

So that after you have ceased to buy and sell,  
Your body in a princely tomb may dwell.  
The sum of all that will be said, if you do,  
Is that your selfishness and vanity out-lived you.  
Be zealous about your soul and be wise;  
It is of no importance where your body lies.  
Balance accounts and see how you stand;  
Search diligently and get a clear title to that better  
land,  
Delays are dangerous; see to it before it is too late,  
And know whether the devil has a mortgage or  
filed a caveat.  
Only once can we pass through this world my friend  
Do not hoard up wealth and clog your soul to the  
end.  
Consider your ways and let fall the penitential tear,  
Lest you make shipwreck of faith and a poor mis-  
sion here.

Patchogue, June 20th, 1876.



## THE VORTEX.

About the epoch of man's fall  
Our northern lakes became enthralled.  
O'er them a spell was cast,  
And has remained for ages past.  
Perchance they have eyes and will not see  
The deception practiced by Niagara  
The time is not recorded when  
She first began to draw on them.  
She hath gotten to herself a wondrous name ;  
All o'er the earth has spread her fame.  
Enshrouded in mist she stands supreme.  
Her kind of magic draws a mighty stream.  
Flaunting her rainbows to the clouds,  
She fascinates all gazing crowds.  
You never would think that one so proud,  
So wasteful, wonton and roars so loud,  
Disdaining all minor waterfalls,  
Virtually owns not one drop of water at all.  
On Goat Island scornfully she stands  
And scatters those waters with both hands ;  
Ruthlessly hurls them o'er each brink.  
The does not care and will not stop to think,  
From whence could she draw supply,  
If those northern lakes were dry.  
Those overburdened rocks down on that dark abyss  
The rays of the sun have never kissed.  
Their long drawn sighs and piercing groans  
Would melt a heart not made of stone.

“What care I for their groans,” quoth she,  
“Am I not the voluptuous Niagara?  
I will cast around the mazes of my sheen.  
So that the worthies of earth are seldom seen ;  
Men of every clime and tongue,  
Headlong after me doth run ;  
Thousands lose their lives in the furious race.  
But the survivors do as warmly me embrace :  
Their wives and daughters often weep,  
At lonely vigils they have to keep ;  
Whilst husbands, lovers and I  
Sleep sweetly in carnal security.  
These will find out too late  
That my love is feigned, they have my hate.  
When I have exhausted their store,  
And they cannot lavish on me more,  
Wives and daughters may cheer their dying hours ;  
I will drain others of wealth, health and power.  
Once under my siren spell  
There is no reprieve, I will bind them well.  
Kings by me have lost their power  
In the space of one short hour ;  
Their crowns from their heads I have torn,  
And boldly placed them on my own ;  
Their bosom of all secrets I unbear,  
As they gape at me with mouth ajar ;  
I lay my plans as I go along,  
Singing sweetly to them enchanting songs :  
What I plan I carry through  
My tears fall as fast as morning dew.

Feign offence and strike them in a rage,  
They fawn and kneel like a whipped page.  
I take health, wealth, take all,  
And care not two straws when they fall :  
Virtue, truth and fidelity  
Have long held rivalship with me.  
Underneath my power they must lie  
Hidden away from my lover's eyes.  
Myriáds that admiringly gaze on me,  
In them a greater charm might see ;  
My reign would end that is a certainty,  
Should they get into fashionable society ;  
I know hereafter they will me outvie,  
They are born of immortality ;  
I might have been as pure and chaste as they,  
But I willed it not, I chose the forbidden way.  
After the last sands of my life are run,  
I shudder to think of my final doom.  
On God we cannot throw the blame  
He gave us wills, our passions to restrain.  
My lovers and I do will it so,  
To have an unholy fill of lust below.  
We need not thus unbridle our lusts,  
It is as we will it if we are brought to a crust.  
Alas, few will sigh or weep,  
When slowly our corpse is carried through the street !  
Our names will rot, not worthy of note or song,  
For defiling God's tabernacle, knowing it to be  
wrong.  
Our bodies will be buried from mortal eyes,

And our spirits go to the giver in the skies.  
An awful retribution we must expect,  
For the great salvation we neglect.  
In judgment our heads will hang upon our breasts ;  
On our foreheads written, "the adulterer and adult-  
ress."

Be gone maddening thought ! Avaunt, prithee !  
With you I will not hold reverie.  
O, misery, misery, fetch me wine !  
Come spirits, that are congenial with mine ;  
I will have my fill, the present shall suffice for me !  
Yea, all gallants shall homage pay with bended knee,  
And bring choice gifts to enchanting Niagara.  
As unwittingly as the ox to the slaughter goes  
Will they their all on me bestow.  
These waters above, I will whirl and dash below.  
Here none shall discretion know.  
My mystifying wand I will flourish aloft,  
At all misery I cause I will laugh and scoff ;  
The genie of morals, I will extinguish her taper ;  
Conscience, I will drown with hilarious vapors.  
The pious make fruitless efforts my ways to span,  
I care not, fear not, love not, God or man.  
I will blind, madden, and enthrall,  
Until my throne totters and my empire falls.  
Pity ? None pity me, I'll not pity show,  
But will scatter desolation as I go.  
Those lakes adroitly wrought my shame ;  
I now gloat at their dying pains.  
I'll press them hard and will not stop,  
Until I have drawn out their last drop.



When I have bankrupts of them made,  
I doubt not they will come to me for aid,  
And like whipped spaniels crouch at my feet  
Expecting to receive water, bread and meat.  
My day of triumph is nigh ;  
As they have made their beds so let them lie ;  
I'll tell them they should have housed their waters  
And kept the vows they made at the hymenial alter.  
I have no more commands, in vain they sue.  
Begone! Adieu!"

Patchogue, Sept. 16th, 1874.



WRITTEN TO COMFORT MY COUSIN BETSY M. SMITH.

Dear Bet, though all your earthly friends fail you,  
You to yourself may still remain true ;  
Your heavenly father will never forsake thee ;  
He will sustain you all the way through ;  
Though each day some new trial for you has its  
birth,

And the castles that you build are brought to the  
earth,

If all proves abortive whatever you do,

Is there not a small voice whispereth, "He careth  
for you?"

The things of this earth are only glittering toys ;

In them can be found no true lasting joys.

They cause our thoughts to wander when striving  
to pray,

And they put far off the evil day.

You know not now, but hereafter shall know,

Why all your endeavors prove sorrow and woe.

Dear child of affection I hope. that when your last  
sands do run,

You will be ready to go, yes, joyfully home ;

When on your brow death's cold damp is set,

May the pearly gates open to receive you, dear Bet ;

Your eyes will be closed on all that here caused you  
pain,

Your last battle will be fought and the victory gained.

Patchogue, Jan. 18th, 1868.

## THE RICH CHRISTIAN AND THE POOR ONE.

One pleasant morn at Sharonville  
The sun shone bright o'er plain and hill;  
All nature seemed to smile and say,  
"What a glorious Sabbath day!"

The birds were happy in the boughs,  
Singing songs—God taught them how;  
A beautiful lesson they teach man,  
Warbling forth praise to the great I Am.

The bells were tolled with a right good will,  
Inviting the inhabitants to church at Sharonville,  
Echoing, "six days you have for work,  
This is the seventh, come to church."

Being a stranger in that town  
I entered a friend's meeting and sat down;  
Taking a seat near the door,  
I scanned the audience, the rich and poor.

Silence for a short time reigned,  
Then slowly rose a buxom dame;  
She said her heart was full of thankfulness,  
For being present her feelings to express.

"I don't see how folks can unthankful be;  
I trust in God; he with-holds no good thing from me.  
I thank him for all I have and am,  
Yes, for every breath of air.

“He has to me the assurance given  
That I shall wear an immortal crown in heaven ;  
I have not a doubt that he loves me,  
For all my life he has given me prosperity.

“I hurry my maid with her works and cares,  
So she can dress me neat and comb my hair ;  
I order my carriage at half past nine,  
For I will be here in ample time.

“I will come to church, I have all things arranged,  
Why all do not come to God’s house, to me it is  
strange.

Oh it is delightful, thank God I am here,  
I shall reach heaven I have not a doubt or a fear.”

In a retired corner another soon arose,  
With angelic features, gray hair and spotless clothes ;  
Her voice was sweet, subdued its tones,  
And on her brow truth sat enthroned.

She said, “my heart feels sad and lonely in my breast,  
But I do feel thankful for a day of rest ;  
All the week I have worked for Mary Round  
She has just given her testimony and sat down.

“As I was putting on my hat to go away  
Mary said, ‘come next week Eliza and get thy pay,’  
I told her I had but little meal wherewith to make  
bread.

‘I cannot attend to any more business this week  
Eliza’, she said.

“She would forego worldly affairs for the week,  
To-morrow will be the Sabbath, she intended to  
speak.

She must have rest and compose her thoughts  
So that she would speak wisely and just as she ought.

“I do not wish to speak disparagingly of Mary  
Round,

She is noted for piety through the town,  
Has always had a well provisioned home,  
Her stomach loathes a honey comb.

“A rich man's daughter, a rich man's wife,  
She never toiled for a cent in her life,  
Never had the meal in the barrel low,  
Or oil in the cruse so spent it could not flow.

“In love and gratitude to God she says she is wed ;  
Supposing her soul was in my soul's stead ;  
Would she be so full of love and gratitude,  
If things were reversed and she stood in my shoes?

“I do not doubt the goodness of God in all his ways,  
Or I should not have walked three miles to meet-  
ing to-day ;

But why he turns all sweets into gall for me,  
Is one of his great mysteries into which I cannot  
see.

“I hope that when I have had my share of earthly  
ills,

That god will resign me to his holy will ;  
And when I cease to have a will of my own,  
His mysteries to me he will make known.

“No, I do not doubt my faith is implicit in God  
Though all my life I have felt his chastening rod;  
My husband, years ago, was summoned away,  
My only child was born a cripple, he is one to-day.

“I have always taught my son to say,  
Thank God for everything, come what may;  
The other day I remained silent when he hobbled  
in to me,

‘Thank God, mother, the cow is dead,’ said he.

“The weather it was getting cold  
I intended with the money from butter I sold,  
To have laid every cent of it by  
And bought coal and wood, for winter was nigh.

“Most of you have known me for years,  
I have worked for nearly every family here;  
You remember the year the cholera raged  
And I was left fatherless and motherless at a tender  
age?

“This morning I kneaded all the flour I had into a  
cake  
Put it into the oven and watched it as it slowly baked,  
I thought that when Eben and I ate it, it was the  
last  
And until God sent us more he and I must fast.

“Our breakfast was meagre, little I took:  
My child had such an emaciated look,  
I felt anxious, weary and sad?  
A mother’s heart yearned o’er the lad.

“I asked a blessing heartily o'er that meal,  
Oh God, thou knowest just how I feel;  
Make the oil and flour hold out,  
Thou art the widows' God I do not doubt.

I was thinking of God's dealings with me as I came  
along,  
The enemy bade me leap into the river and end my  
wrongs;  
I knelt neath the shade of those old pine trees  
And prayed the Lord to strengthen and give me  
victory.

“Fight for me; let temptations flee away;  
Help me with Thy servant Job to say,  
'Though thou slay me yet will I in thee trust,  
Thou art God I am but dust.'

“Strengthened I rose and looked around,  
And lo, a little way off upon the ground  
This ten dollar gold piece you all may see;  
Does anyone doubt God sent it to me?

“He has succored me in many a trying hour;  
In answer to prayer I can now buy oil and flour:  
Full I return though empty I came,  
Blessed forever be his name!”

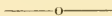
Patchogue, March 22nd, 1871.

## QUERY.

There is a mystery  
That I should like to solve,  
Why a sinner after he is dead,  
Should have a lying gravestone at his head.

In the village churchyard  
Where many sinners lie,  
Why, nearly all the epitaphs  
About the dead do lie.

It is only mocking God  
By putting up such lies,  
For when he comes to raise the dead,  
They will be the last to rise.



## AN EPITAPH.

Step lightly and let fall a tear  
For an honest man lies entombed here.  
He lived and died poor but not unwise ;  
Although he had no treasure here  
He had one in the skies.

Patchogue, August 4th, 1875.



## GENTLE KATRINA.

Come my gentle Katrina, go with me  
To California's shore!  
Those mines are never-ending.  
They are full of golden ore.

I know the thought of parting  
With those we hold most dear,  
Will ring our hearts with anguish,  
And unbidden will come the tears.

But my arms are strong, my heart is brave,  
I was not born to be poverty's slave;  
We will go to Columbia, 'tis freedom's shore,  
And I will soon drive poverty from our door.

Come, my gentle Katrina, listen to my pleadings,  
For 'tis the purest love inspires my speaking;  
Venture now your all with me  
And we will cross the raging sea.

Come, my darling, go with me!  
Here we shall have naught but want and poverty;  
I will shake those mountains through a sieve  
That we in comfort soon may live.

Patchogue, 1872.

## RUTH.

'Tis many years, my dearest Ruth,  
Since our last interview ;  
I went away with blighted hopes  
And left my heart with you.

'Tis said that absence conquers love,  
But, dear Ruth, it is not true,  
For what have I not done  
To divert my thoughts from you.

It was when I knew, dear Ruth,  
That you and I must sever,  
I lost all hope of earthly happiness  
Nor have I found it ever.

The reason I loved you Ruth,  
I never could one give,  
But you are all the world to me ;  
Without you how can I live ?

The ocean oft has rolled between  
You and me, dear Ruth,  
I must see you once more before I die,  
Cost what it will in truth.

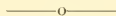
I have been in foreign climes  
And seen things old and new,  
But my thoughts would wander back,  
My dearest Ruth, to you.

I have been on mountains highest peaks  
Among the ice and snow,  
To stop this endless thinking,  
But alas its been no go.

I have been in lurid climes,  
Where the rills were scorched and dry,  
But my cheeks with tears for you were wet,  
And bitter were my sighs.

I have traveled for my health I've said,  
But it was all a blind,  
A hopeless love is my complaint  
For the girl I left behind.

Patchogue, August 22d, 1874.



STOMACH-ACHE.

I've had an aching heart and a throbbing brain,  
But they are no comparison to my present pain.  
An oath I can conscientiously take,  
That no other pain is as excruciating as stomach-  
ache.

For days I have had no rest,  
The doctors have almost physicked me to death;  
All night long I lay awake  
With this tormenting stomach-ache.

If I do not find relief  
I shall die with pain and not with grief.  
I care not where my spirit shall itself betake,  
If it only reaches a land where there is no stomach-  
ache.

## HANNAH'S FAITH.

When pious Hannah of old was won't to pray  
She exercised faith in the bidder way ;  
She prayed in her heart, no voice was heard,  
By faith, she in silence took God at his word.  
In bitterness of soul in secret she prayed  
That God would take her reproach away ;  
She asked not for gold, nor silver, nor acres of sod  
But a child that she might dedicate to God.  
She prayed to God to give her a son.  
She prayed in faith and it was done.  
God witnessed her sorrow and answered her prayer,  
For next year with joy young Samuel she bore.  
She believed without doubting that God's word  
was true,  
Ask whatsoever you will in faith it shall be done  
unto you,  
When mothers complain that their prayers are not  
heard  
Do they exercise faith as told in his word?  
The prayers of faith will never fall to the ground,  
Though it may not be answered until years roll  
around.

## CHILD OF SORROW.

Child of sorrow upwards look,  
Though oft you taste the bitter cup,  
Jesus knows it all;  
He drank the wormwood and the gall.

Child of sorrow, upward look,  
Though drain you must the bitter cup;  
Jesus, he is good and wise,  
He sends your blessings in disguise.

Child of sorrow, upward look,  
Your name is registered in his book;  
Though torn and bruised like a reed,  
Jesus, he did for you bleed.

Child of sorrow, upward raise your eyes,  
Your prayers and tears have reached the skies:  
Jesus, he does for you care,  
You his glory soon shall share.

Child of sorrow, soon you will find rest,  
Yes, in heaven you will be blest;  
Beyond the reach of care and pain  
There the whole story will be explained.

Patchogue, July 7th, 1867.

## MY GOD.

Oh God, my God, of Thee I'll sing,  
My ever thoughtful friend;  
I alone on Thee depend;  
Thou wilt keep me to the end.

Oh God, my God, I will Thee extol,  
Thy mercies to me are manifold;  
I will of Thy goodness tell,  
For Thou doest all things well.

Oh God, my God, that dwells on high,  
Will never poor, unworthy me pass by.  
Thou dost succor me when in need,  
And me as well as hungry ravens feed.

Oh God, my God, of Thee I'll boast,  
Thou art my kind and loving host,  
Thou knowest whereof I stand in need,  
Thou never dost send me away empty when I plead.

Oh God, my God, in what deplorable state I'd be,  
If I could not unburden my heart to Thee!  
Oh God, my God, I will bless Thy name,  
Thou never didst me once disdain!

Patchogue, Feb. 12th, 1866.

## EYES.

Some rave over black eyes, some die for blue,  
But the truth to tell, do you see ;  
It is a pair of dark hazel eyes  
Played the mischief with me.

The girl that carries those eyes around,  
Has a turn-up nose and her hair is brown :  
That makes no difference to me,  
It is her dark hazel eyes that fascinate me.

Her ancestral tree I need not ascend  
For I know that it has wax at the other end ;  
'Tis not her station that I am after you see,  
But those dark hazel eyes to solace me.

Love is a queer thing anyhow,  
So said the old woman when she kissed her cow :  
I don't care what people may think or say,  
I'll marry that girl without delay.

Patchogue, March 5th, 1875.



## A HYMN.

I know that my Redeemer lives,  
 What joy the blest assurance gives!  
 He will stand on the earth on that great day,  
 Then all sorrow and sighing shall flee away.  
 Though after, worms, this body destroy,  
 It shall be quickened again with immortal joy;  
 For years it may slumber beneath the sod,  
 It shall rise renewed with all the life of God.  
 Though my reins within me be consumed,  
 I shall leave the cold dark tomb;  
 When Eden blooms my body shall arise,  
 And join my soul in Paradise.  
 There I shall my Saviour see,  
 Who bled and died on Calvary,  
 Though often here I feel his chastening rod,  
 Yet in my flesh I shall see God.

---

When you knock for admittance at heaven's door,  
 St. Peter will not ask whether you were rich or poor;  
 Nor if you were unlearned or well read,  
 Or did you sleep on straw or a downy bed;  
 Nor if you rode in a coach and four,  
 Or if you walked till your feet were calloused and  
     sore;  
 Nor if you were remembered or forgot,  
 Or if you dwelt in a palace or a cot;  
 Only one question will he ask you then.  
 "Did you fear God or men?"



## HYMN.

When scorpion foes and friends assail  
And hope and truth and mercy fail,  
Nor earth, nor ocean hath a lair,  
Then high to heaven raise thy prayer.

When all earthly props are gone,  
And thou art forsaken and forlorn,  
Then in faith on Israel's God rely,  
He will shelter thee till the storms pass by.

When thy sorrow is so deep it brings thee low,  
And pent up tears refuse to flow,  
Then pray with all thy power and might,  
And God will surely bring all things right.

When filled with despair to the brink,  
And thou like Peter of old are beginning to sink,  
Then pray without doubting, the answer will be,  
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

He who can forgive sin and save the soul  
Doth all our earthly ills control;  
This promise hath he given to thee,  
"As thy day is so shall thy strength be."

## HONFST TOM.

My friends have often railed at me  
And said that in my brains there was a deficiency  
Because I had no tact to acquire gold.  
Oh, the love of the root of all evil  
Sends many unwise souls to the devil!  
They know that I worked early and late  
And tried hard to win some favors of fate;  
Yes, I tried long to secure some gold.  
It is a tempting prize;  
But never could I forget that God had eyes.  
A man who will not take a bribe, nor one give,  
Is generally poor as long as he lives;  
To receive flattery by this enlightened race,  
A man must scar his conscience and brass his face;  
A tender conscience is fast going out of fashion;  
Gold is the god that is worshiped, it is the ruling  
passion.

I do most fervently my God implore  
To open to me some unseen door;  
I ask not silver nor gold,  
But wisdom and knowledge manifold,  
So that I may do, say or write something  
Before I am dead,  
To show them that I had brains,  
When by my brains they are fed.

Patchogue, 1883.

## A HYMN.

Oh, why should I repine  
Or mourn my humble lot,  
When he who owns the universe  
Has never me forgot?

Oh, why should I repine  
At trials by the way,  
When he who spoke this world from naught,  
Has said, "I will wipe all tears away?"

Oh, why should I repine  
Because the rich treat me with scorn,  
When for him who reigns above,  
They plaited a crown of thorns?

Oh, why should I repine  
At meagre fare or purse,  
When he who reigns above  
Endured hunger, cold and thirst?

Oh, why should I repine  
Or think menial work unmeet,  
When he who reigns above  
Washed the disciples' feet?

Patchogue, August 1870.

## AUNT MARGRETTE HUTCHINGSON.

Aunt Margrette is getting old  
 But is very kind and clever;  
 She has a notion of her own  
 That she will marry, never.

The artful men come smiling round  
 With words as sweet as honey,  
 She says they don't know what love is,  
 They love her home and money.

She says that she will live in peace,  
 No man shall be her master,  
 She will take her snuff and drink her tea,  
 And die some fine day of laughter.

—o—

## MY COUSIN KATE.

Dear cousin Kate, I miss thee,  
 Thy absence I deplore;  
 I have no friend to share my joy or grief,  
 As thou didst heretofore.

My cousin Kate, I miss thee,  
 And thy cheering hopeful words  
 Oft-times new life in me inspired,  
 My inmost soul hast stirred.

My cousin Kate, I miss thee,  
 I was loath with thee to part,  
 Though thou art far off removed,  
 Thy image is enshrined in my heart.

Patchogue, 1879.

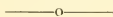
## MY UNCLE GARRETTE.

Fortune is sure to frown on me  
No matter how hard I try ;  
Sometimes I lay my burdens down  
And take a good old cry.

When tears and sighs have given relief  
I take it up amain.  
And with redoubled energy,  
Dame fortune I court again.

I eat the bread of carefulness  
Few hours I take for rest,  
But my purse is never full,  
I am with want oppressed.

Although my purse is never full  
And fortune o'erthrows my plans,  
If folks never say that I am rich,  
They do say that I am an honest man.



## HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The sun is going down behind the hills,  
Twilight will soon be o'er,  
And I am sitting here alone,  
Within this pleasant bower ;  
I muse and think of those I love,  
That here I shall see no more,  
And of our joyous meeting

When I land on the evergreen shore ;  
I long for that home of the blest,  
Here my sorrow finds no end, all is unrest,  
There care, turmoil and strife will cease  
And Christ will preside the Prince of Peace ;  
I languish and pine to go,  
To that country where peace forever flows ;  
There doubts and fears cannot me oppress ;  
There I shall find rest, eternal rest ;  
Oh what a change it will be for me,  
When I have crossed life's troubled sea,  
To leave this hull, weatherbeaten and riven,  
And embrace those I loved again in heaven !



## BROKEN IDOL.

What heart so sad as mine,  
Its idol broken on its shrine?  
Filled with blighted hopes and bitter wrongs,  
It o'erflows with dismal song.  
Cheer up, cheer up my sorrowing heart,  
Thou of earth's ills must have thy part!  
There will be rest for the poor weary eyes,  
In that bright land beyond the skies;  
Look aloft feeble body, sorely thou art tried,  
One promise will not fail thee, the Lord will provide  
Be cheerful, for I have often heard say,  
That the darkest hour of night is just before the day.  
Though wracked with pain, wait patiently,  
Soon the balm of Gilead will be given thee;  
Honest hands, hadst not thou been unused to wrongs,  
Thou never would have penned this song.



## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

That dear old house by the roadside  
With its moss covered roof so slant and high,  
It is the place where I was born,  
'Tis there I hope to die.

That dear old house and around  
Seems sacred unto me,  
For there my worthy father  
First felled the forest tree.

That dear old house! It has withstood  
The storms of many years,  
Although it is weather beaten,  
It's not a whit less dear.

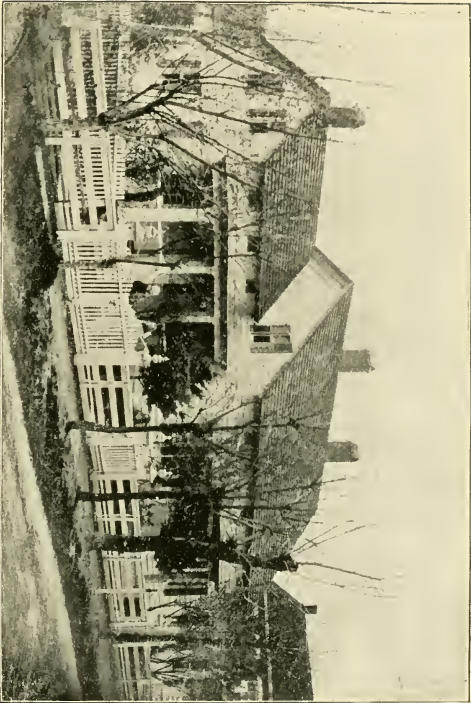
As o'er the past my memory strays,  
Each childhood scene doth rise,  
My heart then fills near breaking,  
And tears bedim my eyes.

That dear, old-fashioned home,  
I shall love it alway,  
For there my precious mother  
First taught me how to pray.

Those grand weeping willows  
That cast their shades around:  
The birds are singing in their boughs,  
Oh, how I love the sound!

There is not a spot upon this earth  
Could so enchain my heart,





THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



For at one thought of leaving,  
The tears will quickly start.

I love the very stones upon the ground,  
Each shrub both low and high,  
And the little crystal brook  
That is running slowly by.

Kings and Queens are welcome  
To all that's grand and showey,  
But give me my dear old forest home  
And I'll be in my glory.

A palace with all its splendors  
Would as nothing seem to me,  
For my heart and thoughts would wander back,  
My dear old home, to thee!

Patchogue, June 14, 1876.



## A VALENTINE.

Years ago, my dear John D.,  
You sent a valentine to me ;  
Laid within its fold so neat  
Was a moss rose and some heads of wheat ;  
I placed that love token  
In a frame behind a glass,  
And have kept it as a sacred  
Memento of the past.  
I have lived in hopes the time would be,  
When you and I would both be free ;  
Oh, how I hate cruel fate,  
Because it you and I did separate !  
John, you never knew  
How my heart has yearned for you.  
Your feelings since then may have changed,  
But mine have not, they are just the same.

## A SINNER'S CONFESSION.

My God, I have Thy goodness proved,  
Thou art without a flaw ;  
Before I was chastised  
I could not understand Thy law.  
I was a crooked twig,  
But thou would have me straight ;  
Oh, how unreconciled was I !  
I thought my heart would break.  
Thou didst take my choicest limbs

Until every one was gone ;  
No earthly power could soothe my grief  
I was so stripped and shorn.  
As o'er me the cloud of vengeance stood.  
I tried to read Thy book ;  
Quick as the lightnings flash it said  
"Why don't you upwards look?"  
I fell upon my knees and prayed,  
Looked tremblingly to heaven ;  
There my Saviour smiling stood ;  
He said I was forgiven.  
He gave me heavenly light,  
It did my mind illumine ;  
Then clearly I saw the reason why  
I had been so closely pruned.

---

When I survey the past  
And think on youthful days,  
My heart in silent prayer ascends  
To Him that kept my ways.  
My sands of life are running fast.  
Soon the last ones will have past.  
Then repentance will be too late—  
Earth and I must separate ;  
My spirit it must upwards rise,  
To join its giver in the skies ;  
My body will sleep in mother earth,  
Until my redeemer calls it forth.

Patchogue, May 2nd, 1871.

## LOVELY EYES SO BRIGHT.

The morn may forget  
To unbar the gates of light,  
But I never, never can forget  
Those lovely eyes so bright.  
The sun may forget to shine  
And withhold its genial light,  
But I never, never can forget  
Those lovely eyes so bright.  
The moon may forget  
That it is empress of the night,  
But I never, never can forget  
Those lovely eyes so bright.  
The stars may forget  
To cheer the dreariness of night,  
But I never, never can forget  
Those lovely eyes so bright.  
The lamb may forget, and after the wolf pursue  
In its innocent delight,  
But I never, never can forget  
Those lovely eyes so bright.



## THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Jesus Christ, the son of God,  
When on this sin cursed earth he trod,  
Did he own land? No, not a rod.  
Poverty and suffering was his lot,  
Gold and silver he had not ;  
Poorly clad and scantily fed,  
He had not where to lay his head ;  
Because they thought him of lowly birth  
The masses considered him of little worth ;  
He, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords,  
Was scoffed at by the ungodly hords ;  
He saw a ransom must be given  
'To appease the wrath of heaven.  
He took upon him human woes,  
That fallen man might find repose.  
On sinful man God's face did frown,  
But Jesus laid his glory down  
He said, "Father let this suffice.  
I will be thy sacrifice."  
He healed the sick and raised the dead,  
The hungry with bread and fish were fed ;  
To sightless eyes he gave them sight,  
He calmed the raging sea at night ;  
The winds and waves were at his will :  
He said, "be calm" and they were still.  
He was a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief,  
And planned redemption for our relief ;  
Laid down his life and received it again,

And now the advocate of sinners reigns  
The earth is his footstool, high heaven his throne;  
The humble believer he will never disown;  
His name through all ages shall ring;  
He died the Godman and rose a King.  
Now he is exalted to heaven's highest estate,  
Angels and cherubims on him do wait.  
Oh, endless theme! oh, boundless love!  
To leave those realms of bliss above.  
And on the cross he said with a smile,  
"My father and sinners are reconciled."

Patchogue, April 18th, 1872.





## SPRING.

The sun is coming north,  
Once more the welkin rings  
With little birds that sing for joy  
Again to welcome Spring.

The icy bands that bound the brooks  
The sun has broke in twain ;  
Now they go gushing forth  
To welcome Spring again.

The ivys their leaves have unfurled  
Their blossoms too are seen.  
Now they send forth their sweet perfume  
Again to welcome Spring.

The sportive lambs do run and skip  
Upon the grass so green ;  
All nature smiles with life anew  
Who does not welcome Spring?



## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Who was it, when I was stripped and shorn  
And those I loved from me were torn,  
And I spent my days and nights in sighs and groans,  
Until reason was well nigh dethroned ;  
Said that He would be my friend,  
And the comforter to me He would send,  
And that the sorrows of earth would have an end,  
But I must be reconciled to God,  
That it was for my good He sent the rod?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

When friends refused a listening ear.  
Or to drop one sympathizing tear,  
And unfeelingly on the other side passed by,  
Who was it then that did me espy,  
Came and listened to all I had to say  
And gently wiped my tears away ;  
Told me that what was mysterious here to me  
Would all be explained in eternity?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

When I was tossed from shoal to shoal  
And a longing for death had seized my soul,  
Who was it said, "cheer up, your anchor will hold,"  
And snatched me from the grip of despair  
And told me about a country fair ;  
That the tried ones of earth were sure to get there?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

When I stood on the brink of Hell,  
And my hand a deadly poison held,  
Who was it soothed my over-taxed brain,  
And heaven's dealings with me explained,  
And said that for me He once was slain,  
But through tribulations deep I would heaven gain?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

When the enemy came on like a flood  
And I could not his fury long withstood,  
Who was it said, "little heart be brave,"  
And at once His standard raised,  
Gave me a helmet, sword and shield  
To drive the enemy from the field?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

Who said that He would show my feet the way,  
And in life and in death He would be my stay,  
But I must fight and pray and pray and fight  
And stand for truth with all my might;  
That His grace was sufficient for me,  
If I was faithful to the end I would conquerer be?  
It was Jesus of Nazareth.

Richogue, June 2nd, 1876.

## TRIBUTE TO MY BROTHER, BREWSTER SMITH, DIED

OCTOBER 16TH, 1840.

That dear old bell upon the shelf,  
How oft I have heard its call!  
And when a little youngster,  
I'd scamper through the hall.

And to the dining room would hie,  
Then seek my little chair  
And seated by my father's side,  
What knew I then of care?

There was no empty seat,  
For we were all at home;  
We were a happy family  
And had no wish to roam.

Yes, we were all there,  
Father, mother, sisters and brothers,  
We sought each other's happiness  
For we all loved one another.

My father asked God's blessing,  
My mother poured the tea,  
And our childhoods years were spent  
In sweet felicity.

But cruel death, it did invade  
Our peaceful, happy home;  
It slew the pride of our flock  
And laid him in the tomb.

That empty chair that's for him set,  
He never more will fill;  
Death made the breach so wide  
None save God can mend or has the skill.

But we have one cheering thought  
That helps to dry the tears;  
In heaven above we hope to meet  
Our brother dear.

Patchogue, July 4th, 1878.

MEMORIAL TO MY HUSBAND, DR. JOHN LOUTHIAN  
ROBERTS.

Oh John, dear departed shade!  
Most twenty-eight years hast thou lain in the grave.  
Why I lived or how I lived I do not know,  
After receiving such a heavy blinding blow.

My love and pride in thee found full scope,  
Death put a period to thy life and all my hopes;  
And all aircastles and plans that we had laid  
Were demolished and hid in the depths of the grave.

I never can forget that bright May morn  
Thou wentest away with that patriotic throng;  
Manfully didst thou respond to thy country's call,  
Laid everything upon its altar—thy life, thy all.

To-day I visited thy resting place for an hour  
And saw thy comrades strew thy grave with flowers ;  
The flag thou didst prize and hold so dear—  
A new one waves o'er thy head each year.

Oh John, the idol of my soul !  
Dost thou my loneliness behold ?  
When a few more short years have flown,  
I shall join thee in yon bright home.

When sleep relieves my loneliness  
In pleasant dreams thou dost me caress ;  
But when the morning brings the light  
Thou dost gently vanish from my sight.

My John, dear departed shade !  
Ere long I shall near thee be laid ;  
True love can never die,  
It is born of immortality ;  
Although thou art on high and I on earth  
Our love had an immortal birth.

Patchogue, May 30th, 1893.

## A POOR CHRISTIAN.

Why do I want to stay  
On this terrestrial ball?  
Here the rich own all the land,  
And the poor have none at all.  
They are self-sufficient  
Forgetting God on high ;  
On their houses and their lands,  
They do confidingly rely.  
My greatest fault is poverty,  
Oft-times I have been told  
By the owners of the sod  
Whose only God is gold.  
I know across the stream,  
My Saviour smiling stands,  
Saying, "you weary child come home,  
And claim the promised land."  
There I would have a home  
That on earth I am denied ;  
There, freed from care and sorrow dwell  
Close to my Saviour's side ;  
There is a house not made with hands  
For me to occupy ;  
Why do I cling to earth ?  
Why do I fear to die ?

Patchogue, April 13th, 1870.

## TO THE CLERGY.

Rare are the times in which we live,  
The preacher's cry is give, give, give!  
He comes to us with his cane and kids,  
Saying, "make ready a mansion that I may live."  
His wardrobe must be elaborate in every way,  
For the which we have to pay.  
His table must groan with viands rare,  
Who sweats to provide them he does not care.  
When he makes his debut you may be sure  
He will give us all a call, the rich and the poor.  
His first visit o'er I tell you what,  
The poor does not claim his attention after that,  
His sermons are stale, devoid of power,  
Preaches and prays in less than an hour.  
He rattles off both at a rapid gait  
Giving ample time to pass the plate.  
His paramount thoughts are not about our souls,  
But in lieu how much money will those plates hold.  
Then he speaks as one having authority,  
"If you have been freely converted give freely to me  
And if you would make sure heaven to gain  
Why should a cent in your purse remain?"  
He wants the homage that we should to Jehovah pay  
And pockets all he can get in an off-hand way.  
His wife and children must be dressed in style,  
To clothe them all it costs a pile,  
And to educate and pamper his progeny,  
Is draining our purses dry you see.



The majority of them are an unscrupulous lot  
And the world would be better if they were not.  
A set of pompous self-sufficient men,  
And the Bible says that God hates them.  
It never troubles them who lives or who dies,  
But their hearts yearn for flattery, 'tis a precious  
morsel in their eyes.

A part of one commandment they keep it is true,  
Be diligent in business, they have ever in view.  
'Tis generally the poor in every land  
That keeps the residue of that command.  
In all civilized countries the market is glut with  
men  
They have been educated to preach, but God never  
called them ;

All of them expect to receive wealth and fame,  
But care nothing about an untarnished name ;  
To lazy to work, spurning honest toil,  
Disdaining the favours that ever on industry smiles,  
Think it a great condescension when  
They shake the honest hands of working men ;  
Boors they are to parents and society, I'll tell you  
why,  
Not worthy to live and unfit to die.

Men that do not fear God and work here below,  
Erelong they and their names will into oblivion go.  
Worldlings know when the man of God preaches,  
That he was called of God and practices what he  
teaches.

And that he fears a wonder working God

By doing his will and trembling at his word.  
He is taught of God imbued with his spirit  
And a crown immortal will be given him as a re-  
ward of merit.

Patchogue, August 27th, 1882.



## PATCHOGUE.

As I am always travelling around,  
Going to and fro, walking up and down,  
Not one unemployed moment have I to spare.  
I am the prince of the power of the air;  
I note all that transpires on earth,  
Each mortal's death and each mortal's birth;  
Notwithstanding my unceasing care  
A little wheat grows among my tares.  
In Patchogue some of my loyal subjects dwell,  
They are not eyeservants, they do my work well;  
'Tis there my tares prolific grow,  
And a blade of wheat doth seldom show.  
The dwellers in this oasis of mine  
Serve me with all their hearts and a willing mind;  
When the old veterans leave the stage;  
The youngsters they have trained are of age;  
About my ranks I have not a fear  
For they are increasing every year;  
Eighty years ago it was an insignificant place  
No drunkards or fighters, there was little to my taste,  
I had not thought it worth while to give it a look,  
In fact it was not registered in my book.  
The scene changed and I tell you what,  
Day began to dawn for me in the way of sots,  
After my faithful servant, Thimbliger Czar,  
Built a gin mill and opened a bar;

If Patchoguers will not repent they will drink to  
their sorrow.  
Refilled the same cup that was drained by Gomor-  
rah.  
She has her deacons, alas what a lot!  
Their bodies will be buried and their names will  
rot;  
They are filled with avarice and strife, the truth to  
tell,  
A says of B's going to heaven, "he wants to go to  
hell."  
Her mother was an unchaste dame, father an unlaw-  
ful sire.  
Begotten on a bed defiled she clung to muck and  
mire.  
Having serious apprehensions of not reaching heav-  
en,  
She has occasionally built a church until their num-  
ber is seven,  
When the Baptists spread the Lord's table it is fair  
to view,  
But not a crumb of bread or one drop of wine for  
you;  
They are very particular and their creed is this,  
"Hands off unless you are an immersed Baptist."  
They and they only are going into the fold,  
And leave those that look on out in the cold.  
When the Lord's table is spread by the Catholics,  
If you do not believe just as they do you are a here-  
tic;

If you go there hungry you will return as you went,  
They and they only will enter heaven, all others  
are hell bent.

When the Congregationalists spread the Lord's  
table it is free ;

They pass the bread and wine about.

If any eat and drink damnation to their souls

They must see to that, it is their own lookout.

When the Episcopalians the Lord's table spread

They invite if you feel to partake, there is nothing  
said ;

They take it for granted that you have a care

About things eternal or you would not be there.

When the Methodists the Lord's table spread

The more that come the better all are fed.

They don't trouble themselves about what you say  
or do

If their dollars increase and the church members  
too,

Protestants and Catholics have been quarreling for  
years

And it has been the cause of much bloodshed and  
tears.

Catholics believe the Virgin Mary to be the embod-  
iment of godliness,

Therefore they prostrate themselves and worship a  
Jewess.

Protestants nearly the same course pursue,  
They believe that Christ is all and in all and wor-  
ship a Jew.

I wish they would shake hands and love each other,  
Be content that the P's should worship the son and  
the C's the mother.

Mohammedans pray three times every day.  
That Christian sects may quarrel and split away,  
And never realize or become aware,  
That the more they divide the weaker they are.  
And that hatred may blind them so they cannot see.  
What a mighty power united they would be!

Oh that God would send an unction from above  
To teach all that the fulfilling of his law is love.

Patchogue is a shrewd church-going dame  
She fears not God, trembles not at his name.

Her object in going to church is the same  
As that of a little dog who runs to a fair.  
To see all the folks and show himself there.

The appearances kept up by her and her daughter  
Will remain masked until the hereafter.

Ocean avenue is her pride and daughter;  
She, too, is filthy and prefers rum to water.

When women are franchised and allowed to vote  
at the polls,

A period will be put to brewing and rum holes.

Our country women in one sense are no better than  
slaves,

They must in silence pay taxes by the laws men  
have made.

Women would not make such laws as men have made

That enables father, husband and son to fill a drunk-  
ards grave.

She has sons, I will omit their names,  
For they never will be engraved on the list of fame :  
They will not believe it would hinder their plans  
That God's noblest work is an honest, sober man.  
The hand of the ready writer will never pen  
Their names in the book of fame where they might  
have been,

For breaking God's laws and setting them at naught,  
In lieu of their names there, will be nothing but  
naughts.

Her career for nearly a century can be traced  
Cursed with squalor, drunkenness and disgrace ;  
Morals mostly bad I have heard it from many,  
Others say 'tis a falsehood, she never had any.  
Her heart has been filled for seventy years  
With horses, cows, bulls, and steers.  
Barns, stables, heaps of seaweed, bunkers and dung,  
No wonder poets were silent and the muse was dumb.  
Patchogue will never arise and shine  
Until freed from inordinate pride and wine.  
To her shame she boasts as I have been told  
Of eighteen places where intoxicating liquors are  
sold.

In ten years if men would fear God and give tobac-  
co and rum a lurch.

They would each have a home and there would be  
no debts on the church.

The cloak of religion that Patchogue occasionally  
wears.

Is lined with a material called earth-bound tares.  
May God soon teach her the ways of cleanliness,  
The which are the ways akin to Godliness;  
Let the tabies be turned, may God turn them  
And raise up one man of wisdom to take the helm ;  
May the same spirit that influenced the prophet,  
Nehemiah

Influence him to change the appearance of Patch-  
ogue entire ;

Let all good citizens acquiesce in the undertaking  
And give the village a thorough good raking ;  
Lift the fallen lovers of strong drink up,  
And from their hands dash the poisonous cup ;  
When men do their part God is not slow,  
His favors and blessings to bestow ;  
May he succeed and make rapid headway,  
And teach all to revere God's name and hallow his  
day.

Patchogue, 1884.



## CUPID.

Cupid is called the God of love ;  
Perhaps his commission is from above.  
By all the monsters of earth and sea  
I wish that he had never wounded me.  
I cannot see why he should be called the  
God of love for hundreds of years.  
Alas, what mortal has he not caused  
To shed some bitter tear?  
I do not believe that he came from the skies,  
But like other rogues is clothed in disguise.  
He is a vicious, deceitful elf,  
Makes mortals unhappy to please himself.  
It is danger to flirt and with him play,  
Take heed young lovers to what I say.  
For years he kept full his quiver,  
He often aimed at me but only grazed my liver.  
Alas, one day as I unguardedly strayed,  
Not thinking that cupid would have me at bay,  
He bent his bow and sent a dart  
That pierced my unsuspecting heart.  
He said that long unharmed I had roamed,  
And laughed at lover's sighs and groans.  
Now that you feel true inwardness within  
Cease to call love a carnal sin.  
In lover's pains you will find there is a reality,  
For others you have no sympathy.  
"So don't ask for it and get laughed at" quoth he.

“Those that laugh and jeer at matrimony as often  
rue,

It is now the only door left open for you.  
You now know what the pain of lovers means.”  
He danced for joy at my chagrin,  
I pled to him, but pled in vain,  
He only laughed at me again,  
And said that I was check-mated at last ;  
I had better go and woo some sprightly lass.  
I begged him to remove the dart,  
And to heal my wounded heart.  
The pain increasing caused me to cry,  
He gayly clapped his wings and said good-bye.  
I pray you to be on the alert young lover ;  
Cupid unseen around you hovers.  
He is very cruel and has many wiles,  
He'll wound the deepest with his sweet smile.

Patchogue, Nov. 18th, 1866.



## THE REV. S. S. HUGHSON.

The Rev. S. S. Hughson is no hog  
Though he resides in swinish Patchogue ;  
In a few words, his pigish propensities are so small,  
You must needs use a microscope to find them at  
all,

Surely it was a behest of Heaven's grace  
That sent one unselfish man to reside in this place ;  
Those that are casting darts at him  
Would desist at once, if they would look within.

Soon would the nations learn war no more,  
If every man swept before his own door.  
Some of his horrible rebukes are pointed 'tis true ;  
I put the coat on when it fits me, and so ought you.  
He says a man shall not eat that is not willing to  
labor,

And 'tis a lazy man that covets what is his neigh-  
bor's.

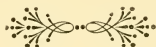
I was filled with admiration for his style of beg-  
gary, when,

At the top of the list I saw, S. S. Hughson "ten."  
There's not been his like here in a long while.

He actually gives alms with a pleasant smile.  
That is almost a new thing under the sun ;  
The reason why is because 'tis so seldom done.

In these days of self it is indeed a rarity  
To see a smile accompanying charity.

Recipients feel the withholding of it when they sue ;  
I have felt the withdrawal of it, haven't you?  
Example is preferable to precept by far.  
When precept with example jars.  
He works with a will in fair or foul weather.  
Guess his soul and pocket-book were converted to-  
gether.  
May his garments always be spotless and white,  
'Tis the best cherries that little birds like.  
Patchogue, June 24th, 1873.



LINES ON RECEIVING A HAMPER OF CHOICE GROCER-  
IES FROM THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

You knew that I was weak and nervous too,  
It's self evident to me;  
So God put it in your hearts  
To send in this black tea.

Who sent these fruits so rare and choice,  
So many miles to me?  
Be sure that Heaven will send you more,  
Because you thought of me.

Who sent these cans of rarities  
I want to know further of thee?  
The tears run down my cheeks  
When I those things did see.

My heart with gratitude is filled,  
I thank you o'er and o'er,  
And may your shadows never grow less  
Oh, what can I say more!

Patchogue, March 16th, 1877.

THE SONG OF THE DISHCLOTH MOST AFFECTIONATE-  
LY DEDICATED TO AUNT FREELOVE FURMAN.

Judging, dear friend, that you will not balk,  
And now and then you like plain talk,  
One thing I'll tell you, and it is this,  
The dishcloth you sent was welcome and not amiss.  
It is one of the most useful things under the sun,  
Proper housekeeping without it could not be done.  
Fools may prate, but the wise will say  
That it is an indispensable article every day.  
Let slatterns deny its potent power  
And gossip from house to house, hour after hour ;  
Our dishcloths into requisition we will fetch,  
And prove that all clean housewives are not dead  
yet.

The inventress has been dead without doubt for  
centuries ;

Shame on her ungrateful progeny,  
That no monument has been raised to perpetuate  
her memory.

Had she been a man, with indignation I burn,  
Why in every street, at every turn,  
Would have been erected a monument, bust or urn ;  
But a benefactress lies neglected, in fact spurned.  
I have the will, if I had the power,  
Why in the space of one short hour,  
One of mammoth proportions should arise,

Inscribed, "The Dishcloth Inventress, here she  
lies,"

And that she was as clean and good as she was wise.

If dishcloths should annihilated be,

What would good housewives do without them  
prithee?

With all their dirty, greasy crockery.

In a sorrowful plight indeed! Ah me!

Your eyes are blue, your hair is light,

May you raise the fallen and stand for the right.

And all your days may you sweetly sing.

"My dishcloths have been my most useful thing."

These lines have run swiftly from my pen,

Harmless is a little nonsense now and then;

Perhaps my pen might have been employed in a  
nobler strain,

Alas most all earthly endeavors prove futile and  
vain.

Patchogue, Dec. 4th, 1873

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING AN APRON FROM MY  
NIECE, JESSIE BETSY SMITH.

Politicians may boast and statesmen spout,  
But the usefulness of an apron they know nothing  
about.

Take avarice and pride out of some men  
Only a dark shadow remains of them.

What have poets been thinking and scribbling about,  
That in all their writings the apron has been left  
out?

Most assuredly they were fools, or half crazed,  
Not one imp of them ever penned a word in its  
praise,

It was not an oversight, they cannot me deceive,  
They were jealous because it was invented by Eve.

Did Adam spurn aprons? No, without doubt  
Eve kept him in good aprons till he was worn out.

He never would have possessed one, but for Eve,  
He never would have thought of sewing the leaves.

Eve was charming, the original belle,

In Eden she wove a wondrous spell.

She was charming and fair to view,

The serpent beguiled her and Adam proved untrue.

The serpent came smiling, a lie on his tongue,

Has been the father of lies since the world begun ;

He came cringing and fawning to her on the sly,

Saying, "eat dearest Eve, you shall not die,"



Swift retribution came, he was driven to the wall:  
He and his posterity were doomed on their bellies  
to crawl.

Eve was given a promise then and there  
That his head should be bruised by the heel of her  
heir.

It was to a woman so charming to view  
That God made the first promises to.  
Notwithstanding she was pure as the snow and fair  
to view,

She had to contend with a man and the serpent too.  
Adam ate that apple with a right good will,  
The core stuck in his throat and it sticks in the  
throats of his posterity still.

He was driven out of Eden on the crest of a turbu-  
lent wave

And he never found rest till he was laid in his grave.  
It is hard for men to kick against the pricks;  
Eve had and always will have the best end of the  
stick.

Dear friend, do not listen to bigots and fools;  
God teaches lessons that are not taught in schools.  
Those that jeer at aprons had better have a care,  
For they were worn in Eden by the first mortal pair.  
Thanks for the one I have just received.

I am nothing more or less than a daughter of Eve.  
I hope that when this world is cleansed from sin  
That you and I will be permitted to enter in,  
And if Mother has two aprons to give,  
She will bestow one on Bet and the other on Lib.

Patchogue, Nov. 30th, 1870.

## AN OLD HEN.

A prudent old hen has striven for years,  
Hoped against hope midst doubts and fears,  
To find some nook in the world so wide  
Where ill luck will not all her eggs betide.  
She lays as faultless eggs as ever were seen,  
Sometimes in the barn, sometimes on the green,  
Sometimes in the weeds, sometimes in the maize,  
But in vain she seeks for a hiding place.  
If she builds her nest under the cribs,  
Or under the porch where her master lives,  
She is hustled about in a sorrowful way.  
The more she strives to set the more she is kept at  
bay.

Why don't she set? Her hinderers say,  
"We just as leave she would set as lay."  
Silently she listens to their oily speech?  
Knowing she would not have a roost or a head if  
she preached.

Though impediments beset her of every kind,  
Setting is her theme, it enchains her mind.  
How can she accomplish setting, pray,  
When each day her eggs are stolen away?  
Conquer she must, for she perseveres,  
Looks aloft, sheds not a tear,  
Yields uncomplaining to the powers that be,  
And bides her time patiently.  
She is never seen out after dark,  
Rises each morning with the lark;  
She is worth her weight in gold I ween,  
For the good example she sets for men.

A wise man said that hope deferred  
Makes the heart sick; it is true every word.  
Nobly does she act her part,  
Though the clouds lower, faith props her heart.  
By perseverance, lo, what do we see!  
'Tis the uncouth leaves of the mulberry tree,  
By perseverance at the appointed time,  
They are turned into silks of the costliest kind.  
Persevere old hen in foul or fair weather,  
God careth for thee, he numbereth thy feather;  
Sampson with the bone of an ass put ten thousand  
to flight;  
There is nothing like perseverance when you know  
you are right;  
Still persevere, your time will come  
And your chicks will number a goodly sum.  
Patchogue, August 11th, 1876.

## 96TH PSALM.

Sing unto the Lord a new song,  
Sing unto Him all the earth!  
For Zion when she travails  
Will renovate the earth.

Show forth His salvation  
And sing from day to day;  
Extol the rock of ages  
That will never pass away.

The idol Gods of nations  
Shall shortly pass away;  
Declare His wonders to the heathen  
And all homage to Him pay.

Honor and majesty are before Him,  
Tune well your harps, your lamps well trim,  
Let all glory and praises to Him be given,  
He is the Lord that made the Heavens.

Give unto the Lord the glory due,  
His name is great, of Him I'll sing,  
And an offering for sin  
Into his courts I will daily bring.

Say unto the heathen the Lord doth reign,  
The world He will establish in His name;  
It shall not be moved and all shall see  
That He will judge his people righteously.

Then the heavens will rejoice  
And the earth will be glad;  
Not one thing that then exists  
Will in any way be sad.

Let the sea roar and the fullness thereof,  
The fields be joyful and the woods rejoice ;  
For he will judge the earth with truth and right-  
eousness,

And fill all hearts with perfect peace and bliss.

Patchogue, June 6th, 1874.

—o—

AN EXPERIENCE

Come in my child the air is damp,  
The wind it blows a gale ;  
Pray what are you gazing at,  
You look both wan and pale.  
'Tis strange that yonder silent star  
That illumes the western sky  
Should have the power to soothe my brain,  
And stop my long drawn sighs ;  
But so it is my friend,  
It oft has cast a spell on me,  
And for hours I forget all care  
In a blissful reverie.  
My spirit seems to leave this clay,  
And wing and wing itself away.  
I don't know how, but I get there,  
Far, far away to that beautiful star ;  
I enter the gate, it stands ajar,  
And John is waiting to welcome me in.  
He dwells there, is happy and free from sin.  
Mother is there too, she is not old ;  
How lovely she looks with that crown of gold!

To-night she clasped me in her arms  
And I told her I was done with the world's alarms ;  
"Not so," said she, "Betty my child,  
You cannot stay here but a little while,  
You must hie thee back to earth again ;  
You would not be happy could you remain,  
Your work is not finished, go back and do all  
That God bids you, great things or small."  
"Mother I cannot leave you or say good-bye,  
I wept on earth till the fountain of tears was dry."  
"Your return to earth again is needful my child,  
Strength will be given you to bear its ills awhile ;  
At the time appointed you shall return,  
Never again to sigh or mourn ;  
Mother and husband will watch and wait  
To give you an everlasting welcome at the Golden  
Gate."

Patchogue, May 23rd. 1866.



## FATHER'S REQUEST.

When I have lived my allotted time  
And my spirit has returned to that peaceful clime,  
One request my friends, I ask of ye,  
Let my funeral from ostentation be free.  
What your loving hearts would prompt you to thus  
    expend,  
Distribute among my needy friends.  
Do not annul the solemnity of death by show ;  
My body came from the earth, to the earth it must go  
To be food for worms and moulder away,  
It is corruptable clay, nothing but clay ;  
Nor have steeds caparisoned with flaunting plumes  
To convey me prancing to the silent tomb,  
Nor a hearse emblazoned with gilt and paint,  
Silver plated trappings gay and quaint.  
What is highly esteemed by mortal man,  
Is an abomination in the sight of the immortal  
    great I Am.

Patchogue, Feb. 24th, 1875.

## STOP THAT MILL—TO H. GREELY, ESQ.

Mr. Editor, dear sir, is it true,  
Or only hearsay,  
Are the Yankees manufacturing Smiths by steam?  
Are they really underway?  
If so they are shortsighted,  
Smiths everywhere are found,  
Their mill must at once be stopped  
Or there will not be standing ground.  
Do send that company word to stop  
Or they will most assuredly collapse.  
Our country is already over run  
With Smiths both white and black;  
If they will not be advised, its soon they will bewail;  
Their investments will not pay.  
Why Smiths are the most prolific tribe  
On earth in a natural way!  
If they will try their luck at Bchurs  
I am sure they would do well,  
For in the city of churches  
Without discount its quickly they would sell.  
If they strike out on Bchurs  
One specialty do not forget,  
Let their memories be poor  
So if they are accused they cannot recollect;  
And their consciences be tough,  
If the truth they will not remember.  
Faster in Brooklyn they would sell  
Than coals in cold December.  
Give them hearts to love and feel  
True inwardness within,



And to embrace another's wife  
Is not a carnal sin ;  
Also a mind in summer time,  
A bird's nesting to roam.  
With some angelic sister of the church  
And leave their wives at home.  
I hope that company will take heed  
And comply with your advice,  
For Bchurs are scarce and  
Will bring a good price.  
If they refuse, one thing I know  
They will soon say, dear father we feel so so.  
The Smiths are a heterogeneous set,  
Not dearly bought or far fetched ;  
Will germinate and grow in any clime.  
There is nothing in a Smith oratorical or sublime.  
Most Smiths and Bchurs, be it said to their shame,  
Live too long, because they outlive a good name,

Patchogue, May 22d, 1887.

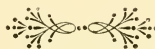
## TRUTH.

Truth how glorious thou art !  
Though despised in worldly marts,  
The wise at a glance can see  
All that is pure centers in thee.  
Yes thou art lovely, surpassing fair,  
And thou dost breathe immortal air.  
A mortal needs no stronger tower,  
For thou wilt outlive the dying hour ;  
And thy source will never run dry,  
The great eternal is thy supply.  
Those that buy of thee and sell it not  
Are beloved of God and never forgot.  
When the stars, moon and sun have run their race,  
Thou wilt move with the same grand noble grace.  
All those that strove to annihilate thee  
Shall be trodden under the feet of those that fol-  
low thee.  
Thou art beautiful, par-excellent,  
Filled with thee there is no discontent,  
Without thee every evil plan is laid.  
Men devoid of thee are cowards that the world call  
brave.  
How oft have they bruised and trailed thee in the  
dust !  
But thou wilt survive them all for thou art just.  
If thy presence grace the lowliest cot,  
The breast that holds thee for its guest  
Is supremely and divinely blest.

Weighed in the balance they will know no fear  
Truth will not be found wanting put in for a share.  
All thy attributes are glorious to behold ;  
Thou dost eclipse all gems, silver or gold,  
All is a void that is lacking in truth,  
'Tis a pavilion for the aged and an armor for the  
youth.

It's favor is gained by obedience,  
Those that possess it have a sure defence,  
When truth shall renovate this terrestrial ball,  
Truth and its followers will stand undismayed, un-  
appalled.

Patchogue, Sept. 12th, 1893.



## DEDICATED TO THE WIDOW OF NELSON SMITH.

A fire for two days and nights  
Had been raging in the woods,  
And on the margin of some timberland  
A widow's humble cottage stood.  
The wind was high and blew  
The sparks madly through the air,  
Floating and dropping them along,  
Here, there and everywhere.  
The flames went roaring through the trees—  
The shrubs and leaves were dry.  
For weeks no rain cloud had overspread  
The scorching sun in yonder vaulted sky.  
Like unto a hungry lion it sped,  
Chasing a wild deer for its prey;  
Turning not aside for any  
It kept a hundred men at bay.  
The men had done all that they could do  
And had proved the old adage true,  
That fire a good servant is  
Until it masters you.  
The clouds of smoke obscured the sun  
And dimmed the light of day,  
And the flames and glare at night  
Were seen some fifty miles away.  
For forty hours the men had striven  
To put the demon down,

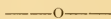
And recruits arrived each day  
From the adjacent towns.  
Some men drinking from a stream,  
That ran purling from the woods  
And to the leeward about a half mile off,  
Saw where the lonely cottage stood ;  
And that it would be a certain prey  
To the fierce fire as it passed that way ,  
And that the widow's home was doomed with  
Barns and stacks of grain and hay.  
"Let us be quick and hasten over there  
And lend a helping hand!"  
That we must and will," said each one  
As they jumped the brook and ran.  
When she saw the men were coming  
She walked as stately as a Queen  
Until she reached the hillside  
Where the grass was short and green.  
As they approached her they heard  
That she was singing low and sweetly,  
"Rock of Ages cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in thee."  
One man said he guessed that,  
Affrighted, she had lost her mind ;  
But she bowed and smiling told the men  
That they were very kind,  
Coming there to help her  
In such a trying time.  
They told her to hurry up  
And bundle her choicest things,  
And they would carry them down the hill  
To yonder little bubbling spring.

She smiled and said so calmly,  
"I shall not move out to-day.  
Please remain quiet for a little while,  
For I feel that I must pray."  
Down on her knees she went,  
Humbly upon the grass and sod,  
And talked as friend talks with friend  
As she wrestled there with God.  
She had faith in lively exercise,  
Believed in a faithful Lord,  
Did not cavil with doubts and fears,  
Simply took God at his word,  
Prayed that God would change the wind  
And give the elements a rout,  
And to send a copious shower  
To rain the fire out.  
The wind it lulled as she prayed,  
And then it veered around,  
And the dismal roaring of the fire  
Grew fainter in its sound.  
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed,  
Great drops of rain came down.  
The men as they listened looked aghast,  
As they stood silently around.  
Having pronounced the final Amen,  
She said, rising to her feet,  
"Come all of you into the house  
There you may rest and eat"  
Quickly the table she spread,  
Setting on fruit, bread and meat.  
She thanked the Lord and then the men,  
And said, "sit ye down my friends and eat."

For half an hour the rain came down,  
In torrents fast and strong,  
And when the clouds were passed away  
The fire was dead and gone.  
Looking out upon the field she said,  
“Thanks kind friends and good bye,  
For I must go and spread some flax  
Out in the sun to bleach and dry.”  
The men partook of that frugal fare,  
Past were alarms and fears,  
But from their eyes, unused to them,  
Dropped many a silent tear.  
One man said he knew that woman’s  
Prayer was pleasing unto God.  
“Did you see that halo around her head  
While she knelt on the ground we trod ?”  
“I was conscious stricken” one man said,  
“As I was standing there quite near  
I heard every word she said,  
I could not help but hear.  
I had been cursing, swearing and perspiring  
For two whole nights and days,  
Cutting down trees and shoveling sand,  
But I never thought to pray.  
Some sentences that she uttered  
I could not quite understand,  
But I knew the tears were dropping  
On my dirty begrimed hands.  
I did not believe in praying  
Nor in a prayer answering Lord,  
But never again will I speak  
Another blasphemous word.”

"I thought of mother," a hardened sinner said,  
 "Although she has been dead so long,  
 That was the very hymn she used to sing,  
 That good old Rock of Ages song.  
 Until to-day, tears have been strangers  
 To my eyes for over forty years;  
 Then they fell in silence on mother's grave  
 As I stood by the empty bier."  
 When the men left the cottage  
 It is true that they walked slow,  
 For they heard the widow sweetly singing,  
 "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Patchogue, July 28th, 1895.



AN ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

These clouds they do bespeak a storm,  
 Alas, I have no home!  
 Is there another orphan on this earth,  
 So destitute and lone?  
 Father and mother, both are dead;  
 Oh, why did I them outlive!  
 The God that orders all things well,  
 Can best an answer give.  
 Oh listen, while I plead,  
 And help me in this hour of need!  
 Forgive what I have done amiss,  
 Give succor, dear Lord, for I am fatherless!  
 I do most humbly thee implore,  
 To open to me some unseen door:  
 Thou numberest the hairs of my head;



O God, I look to thee for bread!  
I claim the promise that's on thy Book,  
Oh Lord, in pity on me look!  
For I am in sore distress;  
The lillies, they are clothed by thee,  
Ravens too, by thee are fed;  
Oh God, thou knowest that I am fatherless,  
Oh, give me my daily bread!

—o—

GERANIUM.

Oh cruel frost with thy ruthless hand,  
Thou hast slain my long cherished geranium!  
Long have I watched its tender growth  
And joyed as each new shoot put forth.  
How oft at early morn, again at dewy eve,  
With water have I sprinklad thy tender leaves?  
I had hoped to see thee thrive and bloom.  
And with thy fragrance fill my room.  
Thy blooming time was near at hand,  
I had patiently waited to see thy bud expand;  
Had I doted on thee less,  
Thy loss could not me so oppress.  
Now to see thee hang thy head,  
Each little leaf shows thou art dead.  
Tears unbidden, they do start,  
And faster beats my sorrowing heart.  
Thou art not the first that I have loved and  
mourned,  
All that I have ever loved has from me been torn;  
All that I have had to cheer my home,

Cruel death has claimed it for his own.  
 Farewell my cherished pet!  
 Thy death has cancelled nature's debt,  
 Though inanimate, thou dost excel mankind,  
 By leaving an unsullied name behind.  
 Farewell my pet plant, farewell!  
 Long green on my memory thou shalt dwell;  
 I hope that when death comes for me,  
 It will find me pure and sinless like unto thee.  
 Patchogue, Jan. 26, 1869.

—o—

A SOLILOQUY.

I have wandered far and near  
 In hope's your name I ne'er would hear;  
 I tried to break the spell  
 By doing what St. Paul said to do was well;  
 I sought the solace of the church and I hope to be  
     forgiven,  
 For thinking more about you than I did about  
     heaven;  
 Why you are permitted I cannot say,  
 Thus to pursue me night and day;  
 I never have traveled a single mile,  
 But what your spirit went with me the while;  
 Then I resort to some lonely place,  
 Noiselessly you come with a smiling face;  
 Or if things go wrong and I feel blue  
 I'll hear you singing "Bonnie Doon;"  
 When all is well and I am full of glee,  
 My thoughts, unbidden, revert to thee:

If a gallant gives me a toast,  
Before my eyes you come like an injured ghost;  
'Tis' passing strange that when I pray  
Though I am far from you away,  
Should think of you and ask that we  
In heaven may spend eternity;  
I have often wished that you were dead,  
But I never meant the words I said,  
For any time in sixteen years  
Had I heard that you were dead I'd been in tears!  
It is no use for me to prate,  
The tenderest chord of my heart will for you  
vibrate;  
Every word of this is true,  
But nobody will believe it, no not even you.

Patchogue, Oct. 26, 1886.

—o—

HONOR GOD: TO MY NEPHEW, GARDNER C. G. SMITH.

You may have worldly wisdom,  
And fortune may smile on you,  
But, if you do not honor God,  
He will not honor you.  
You may be named a millionaire  
And men may couch and flatter you,  
But, if you do not honor God,  
He will not honor you.  
You may be a church member  
And may purchase the highest pew,  
But if you do not honor God,  
He will not honor you.

You may sit there in rich attire  
And doze the church services through,  
But, if you do not honor God,  
He will not honor you.

The prayer checks that you present  
He will not cash for you,  
Unless you do honor God  
He will not honor you.

You may sit upon a throne  
And an empire may cringe to you,  
But if you do not honor God,  
He will not honor you.

Thy heart a tenth of thy income  
Is all He asks of thee ;  
By giving them thou wilt honor Him,  
And He will honor thee.

Patchogue, June 4, 1884

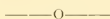
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NONE GOOD.

Go search in all the earth,  
Let him that readeth run.  
And number all the faithful—  
The God fearing ones,  
That do give him all the heart,  
And a tenth of all their income.  
Search diligently every nook and corner,  
Leave not a stone unturned,  
To find a perfect mortal  
That dwells beneath the sun.  
At length his task is finished,

With out-spread hands he comes—  
Behold! His fingers are the number  
Of the faithful ones,  
That do give God all the heart  
And a tenth of all their income.  
He searched, but searched in vain—  
For the perfect sinless ones.  
There was not any to be found—  
None, no, not one.

Patchogue, August 28, 1894.



A scullion, in the kitchen of a palace, that  
Thanks God for fragments of meat and bread,  
Is greater than an ungrateful emperor that eats  
Like unto a swine, when by its herder fed.  
The blackest blackleg that walks this earth,  
Though steeped through and through in practices  
of sin,  
Without repentance, will get a cooler berth in Hell  
Than a lustful minister that virtue dwells not in.  
The poor blind man, that begs from door to door,  
Led by a faithful little dog and string,  
If God's law is written in his heart,  
Will out shine in glory all doublehearted kings.

Patchogue, May 2nd, 1892.

TRIBUTE TO MAJOR AND MRS. LAWRENCE HODSON  
THOMPSON.

Dear friends, gratitude constrains me,  
And I hasten to say,  
That I am grateful to you  
For this lovely boquet.  
Some sainted spirit  
Influenced you I know  
To send it to me, a lowly widow,  
God saw what you did,  
His sight is not confined.  
It was a kind act,  
In deed it was kind.  
These flowers are real; about them  
There is no deceit or disguise;  
They came unlooked for, but  
Were a pleasant surprise.  
Dear friends. in a few words  
I will tell you true.  
The only birthday present I received  
Came from you.  
These sweet, sweet flowers with  
So much fragrance fraught,  
Surely they must be some of  
The Creator's beautiful thoughts.  
He plants and watches over them  
And causes them to grow,  
From the cold Arctic regions  
To the Antarctic snows.  
He gives to everyone its

Color, shape and hue.  
And sprinkles them at night  
With his sparkling dews ;  
He cares for their good  
In many and various ways ;  
Warms them day by day  
With the genial sun's bright rays.  
They are not unmindful  
Of the blessings he bestows,  
But with one accord they are  
All united and aglow,  
Sending sweet perfumed incense  
Upwards through the air  
To thank Him for His fatherly,  
Unceasing, tender care,  
God scattered beautiful flowers,  
With a lavish and bountiful hand,  
To cheer and gladden the heart  
Of sinful, mortal man.  
On the hillocks and the roadside,  
On the meadows, in the ditches,  
As many for the poor peasantry,  
As for the Lordling's rich.  
If you wish to see all the varieties  
That are to be found  
You must needs traverse this earth  
All the way around.  
On the vast prairie, where buffalos  
Roam and luxuriously feed,  
Fair are the flowers that grow  
Amongst the tall grass and weeds.

In the jungle where savages  
And wild beasts prey and roam,  
Spontaneously they thrive and grow,  
In their forest home .  
They bloom in the caves and dens  
Where the tigers and lions sleep—  
Sinless they know no fear  
Therefore no vigils have they to keep.  
They are to be found in  
Almost every place—  
On the lofty mountain's sides  
And in the valleys and at its base.  
Take posey out of poetry  
Its backbone would extracted be ;  
Poetry emanates from the  
Imperfect mind of man—  
Flowers pure and sinless from  
The immaculate eternal hand.  
If earthly flowers, that  
So soon fade and die,  
Can cheer our hearts  
And delight our eyes,  
How glorious must those  
Never fading flowers be  
That thrive and bloom throughout  
A never ending eternity.  
There no mourners weeping  
Go sighing about those streets  
With untold grief in their hearts,  
And aching tired feet.  
Those that were faithful in tribulation



Shall there be housed and blest,  
The wicked will cease from troubling  
And the weary be at rest ;  
There the blind shall see  
And the dumb shall speak,  
The old will be young  
And the lame shall leap :  
There the disconsolate will  
Overflow with endless joy,  
Nothing to disturb or molest,  
Evil cannot them annoy.  
If we would be safely  
With his children housed,  
When he shall come  
To claim his spouse,  
We must listen to the monitor  
He placed within our breasts,  
And live pure lives whilst here  
If we would enter into his eternal rest,  
The light will be mild, soft and soothing  
And there will be no night there :  
We shall have perfect, immortal eyes  
And a subdued light without glare.  
When Christs new Kingdom is begun  
There will be no need of candlelight,  
Nor of the stars, moon or sun—  
God will be the Luminator  
Of eternity's endless day,  
And his loving smiles will  
Forever drive darkness away.  
There peace, not war, will

Dwell in the mountains,  
And love, not hate, shall  
Flow from the fountains.  
God watches over his children here  
And remembers them for good :  
Soon they will be His honored guests  
And served with angels' food.  
On the highway called Holiness  
The saints shall promenade ;  
The vultures' eye has not it seen  
Nor the lion's whelps a footprint made  
By that highway the ransomed  
Of the Lord shall come,  
Singing and rejoicing that  
They are safe at home.  
Hosannas and Hallelujahs will  
Burst forth from great and small,  
To Him that redeemed them from  
The curse of Adam's direful fall.  
Marching on the walls of Zion  
Triumphantly they will sing  
To Him that cleansed the earth  
And reigns the King of Kings.  
When His Kingdom shall come,  
Every kindred, tribe and tongue  
Shall bow to His mild septer,  
And His will shall be done  
There by both old and young,  
And on the high battlements of glory,  
The eternal jubilee song will be sung.  
In the spirit land our bodies will be light ;

On a footing with the angels  
We will wing the realms of light.  
The aeolian harps of earth  
Can only please the mortal ear,  
But the golden harps above have  
Power to cast out every fear.  
Friendships, that on earth  
Were so rudely broken,  
Shall be cemented there  
By love's everlasting token.  
God grant, dear friends, that we  
May, in those beautiful bowers,  
With immortal eyes behold  
His beautiful thoughts, the flowers.

Patchogue, March 22, 1894.



THE CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE FIRST CONGREGA-  
TIONAL CHURCH, AT PATCHOGUE, 1794.

DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN BRADLEY SELLECK SMITH.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-four  
A drought hovered over this Isle,  
And for nine weeks no rain  
Had caused the fields to smile,  
It commenced in May,  
And ended the last of July.  
The wells gave out and the brooks—  
Their beds were hard and dry;  
The cattle would slowly wend their way  
To the accustomed place to drink;  
It was pitiful to hear them low  
Upon the dry river's brink  
The flocks that grazed the hillsides,  
Hungry into the valleys ran,  
Lowing loudly unto God for grass.  
They sought it in vain from man;  
For water, they were driven to the ponds.  
Farmers cut down the wilted corn  
And gave it to them for fodder,  
Their lives to prolong.  
There was but one church in Patchogue,  
A Congregational one by name,  
And the officiating clergyman  
Was the Rev. Robert Currain.  
He was a staunch old Puritan—  
Could do a sermon in two hours,  
And could trace his pedigree

Back to the British ship Mayflower,  
It was some of his Puritanical forefathers,  
Tis true, but horrid to relate,  
That pronounced some old ladies witches,  
Bound and burnt them at a stake.  
There was no fanaticism in his prayers  
So the deacons could rest and sleep,  
For they knew that changeless Currain  
Would in the old ruts keep.  
He prayed eight consecutive Sabbath days  
That God would send some rain,  
But there was no fervency in his prayer,  
Therefore he prayed in vain.  
On the ninth Sabbath morning he spake  
Out rather sharp and plain—  
Told the deacons that they must bestir themselves  
And help him pray for rain.  
He was a strict Sabbathtarian,  
Denounced all work or play on Sunday;  
If you wished to smile or sneeze  
You must perform those feats on Monday.  
“Come here to-morrow afternoon,” he said,  
“Precisely at two o'clock;  
Then the women will be permitted to pray  
That belong unto this flock.”  
Deacon Baker had a pious wife;  
Her brains were in a noble head,  
And in her heart dwelt living faith;  
You could rely on what she said.  
Phoebus rose at half past four,  
It was half past seven before it retired,

And for fifteen hours each day  
Its scorching rays were as pitiless as fire.  
Aunt Rebecca had no hypocritical propensities;  
She would not shake hands with the devil;  
Has no room for unbelief, or time to with it cavil.  
Monday came, it was very hot and dry,  
And the deacon looked decidedly blue;  
Said that the cattle were dying in the fields,  
And wished that he was dead to.  
Aunt Rebecca rose at early dawn  
And began the day with secret prayer;  
Quietly washed and dressed herself,  
And brushed her auburn hair.  
She tucked her sleeves above the elbows  
And then to work she went.  
Determined to have it done by noon.  
The prayer-meeting—on it her mind was bent;  
At half past one o'clock she started  
And took her large cotton umbrella,  
And, hurrying along the road to church,  
She met the deacon, Jacob Bell.  
He said, "good afternoon Aunt Rebecca:  
I hope that you are well;  
Pray what are you going to do  
With that great heavy umbrella?"  
"You had better fetched yours along,"  
She said, "for I shall pray for rain:  
Implicit faith will bring the blessing down—  
I shall not pray in vain."  
The deacon laughingly said to her,

“There is no indications of rain to-day,  
Not a cloud to be seen anywhere,  
And the wind is not the right way;  
Currain and I have prayed for weeks,  
The mystery we cannot explain;  
There’s been no answer to our prayers,  
The drought, it still remains.”

“Deacon you see that in going to church  
I have used this umbrella as a cane,  
But when I leave the church I shall use it  
To shield me from the rain.”

She reached the church in ample time,  
And the truth to tell,  
She was the only one there  
That carried an umbrella.  
Meeting commenced with a long meter hymn,  
Currain made a long, wordy prayer;  
It was sweltering hot in the church,  
And oppressive was the air.  
The women took their sunbonnets off  
And used them as a fan;  
The deacons soon began to nod,  
As only deacons can.  
Currain asked brother Jones to pray  
And he prayed nearly a half hour,  
But he forgot to ask for rain  
Or a refreshing shower.  
Then brother Green said “it was the duty of all  
To pray, and guessed he might as well.”  
But whether he prayed for rain or not  
None present were able to tell.

His words were indistinct and low,  
Betwixt each sentence a long pause,  
And his holding out for half an hour  
Was trying to natural laws,  
Some said that Currain was fast asleep  
When Green left off praying ;  
Doubtless he nodded to keep the flies at bay,  
And the heat was overwhelming.  
Howsomever, he brightened up, saying,  
That he wished with all his heart,  
That some of the women folks would  
Now in the meeting take an active part.  
Silence for a few moments reigned ;  
Then Aunt Rebecca knelt to pray.  
Faith cleared the track of all obstacles.  
Upwards her petition wended its way ;  
"Help mighty God," she said,  
"For vain is the help of man ;  
Forgive our sins, blot our transgressions out ;  
Our lives are in Thy hands ;  
When Thy hand is closed my Father,  
How dreary is this earth !  
Open it now, I beseech Thee,  
Let thy life and joy spring forth ;  
Our cattle are starving in the fields ;  
The springs and rills are dry ;  
Soften our strong, ungrateful hearts  
And with penitential tears bedew our eyes.  
Send thy Holy Spirit down,  
Drive all unbelief away ;  
Cause ail to forsake their sins.



And for Thy pardoning mercy pray.  
Thou dost hear the hungry cattle low,  
And the bleating of the kine,  
They have not transgressed Thy law,  
'Tis the ungrateful tribe of humankind—  
Our sins like mountains have reached the clouds.  
Pardon us, Thou God of mercy and love,  
Let Thy kingdom come, and Thy will be done,  
In earth as it is in heaven above.  
Thou hast promised to supply our needs.  
Implicitly in Thee is my trust.  
Cause the much needed rain to descend  
Upon the just and the unjust.  
A famine is staring us in the face,  
Forgive and make bare Thy mighty arm;  
Thou alone can avert the dire calamity  
And shield us from impending harm.  
Strip us of all guile and self-righteousness,  
All hypocrisy and all self-sufficiency:  
Help us to love Thee more and this world less,  
And prove that we do fear and honor Thee.  
Restrain Thy wrath, I implore,  
For the sake of those that do fear Thy name.  
Cause the woods and fields again to rejoice;  
Send us, O, do send us a copious rain!  
Thou great eternal spirit,  
Thy abode is everywhere  
And thou hast promised to hear  
And answer a believer's prayer.  
Refresh us from on high, my Father,  
With the much needed rain.

Giving does not impoverish nor withholding enrich  
Thee—

Blessed forever be thy name.

I know the mountains may depart  
And the hills be removed out of place,  
But behind thy frowning Providence,  
Faith scans thy smiling face.

Dear Lord, my hand is clasped in thine,  
Though we deserve to starve, die and decay,  
Do change the wind and send rain clouds—  
Thou wilt not say me nay!

Here on bended knee I have paid to thee my vows  
And asked that thou wilt rain bestow;  
Slay me if it will thy wrath appease,  
I will not let Thee go."

Everyone was sorry when Aunt Rebecca stopped.

All had been listening so intently

They would have heard a pin,

Had one happened to have dropped.

The wind changed while she was praying,

A cool breeze through the windows came,

And distant thunder proclaimed

That God was sending rain.

Soon thick black clouds like a pall

Overspread the lofty skies;

Outside the church rain came pouring down;

In it, tears streamed from every eye.

Aunt Hester Smith shouted, "Glory

To the faithful, unchanging Lord

That always does acquit himself gloriously,

When taken at his word!"

Then Aunt Deborah Bell commenced singing,  
“Joy to the world the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.”  
Then Mr. Currain said he hoped  
That all who feared the Lord  
Would renew their covenants  
And live according to his word.  
Brother Humphrey Avery said that he felt  
Like the old apostle Paul—  
“That if he was a Christian  
He was the least of all.”  
But said, by the assistance of divine grace,  
That in his heart God should bear sway,  
So that they would not meet as strangers  
In the great raising day.  
Then Ebenezer Ackerly sang,  
“Faith is the polar star  
That guides the Christian's way,  
Diverts his wanderings from afar  
To realms of endless day;  
It points the course where'er he roam  
And safely leads the pilgrim home.”  
Ebenezer was a man that feared,  
Honored and obeyed the Lord.  
His faith was stronger than the mountains;  
It was founded in God's word;  
Resurrection power was in his soul.  
He prayed for Christ to come  
And remove the curse from the earth

And take His exiles home.  
He followed hard after God,  
And God watched over him.  
His faith was pleasing unto the Lord ;  
He walked, talked and often supped with him ;  
He sang, "Faith is the rainbow's form  
Hung on the brow of heaven.  
The glory of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given ;  
It is the bright, triumphal arch  
Through which the saints to glory march."  
Then Ananias Smith stood up,  
A man of goodly parts.  
He honored and obeyed the great I Am,  
God's law was written in his heart.  
The devil hated Ananias  
And the Tories hated him too,  
He gave battle to them both,  
His weapons were strong and true ;  
He thwarted all their malicious thrusts  
And by God's help grew bolder.  
He was very zealous for the Lord,  
For he was a valiant soldier.  
He boasted not when he put his armor on,  
But there was defiance in his eyes  
That bespoke a determination to overcome the  
World and self, or in the conflict die.  
He persevered, and fainted not.  
It was many years before the Messenger came  
And said, "Well done, Ananias, there is rest  
For thee ; thou hast not wrought in vain,

Triumph and boast, and put thy armor down,  
For thou art bidden to come up higher and receive  
The conqueror's palms and the victor's crown,"  
He believed in future rewards and punishments,  
A heaven and a hell,  
And that God ruled in the heavens  
And the devil ruled in hell.  
He fought for truth and his country  
Faithfully. And it came to pass  
That every Tory in Suffolk county  
Hated the patriotic Ananias.  
He had a lion skin coat,  
Which none of them had,  
And it was on his back when it was  
Riddled with the best of British shot.  
A British ship, stationed at Bluepoint,  
Of his dwelling made a target,  
But wasted its balls and shot  
For none of them took effect  
This house stood on the bluff,  
Near Swan River, by the bay,  
And it is a most delightful site ;  
The Clifton Hotel stands there to-day.  
"Some of the balls passed over my house  
And others fell short," said he ;  
"One that went whizzing over it  
Demolished a towering Bellpear tree."  
He took his life and musket in his hands  
And fought to free his country.  
One of his great grandchildren has the ball  
That demolished the Bellpear tree.

He was well versed in scripture  
And made a fervent, effectual prayer;  
Thanked God for listening to and  
Answering Aunt Rebecca's prayer;  
Thanked him for preserving all their lives,  
And for sending a refreshing glorious rain,  
And for all the Mothers in Israel  
That feared the Lord and the church sustained;  
Prayed that all might be by grace enabled,  
In God's sight, to have clean hands,  
And a pure heart, prompting them  
To keep inviolate the seventh command;  
That all might maintain their integrity  
And live for that great day,  
For which all other days were made,  
By shunning sin of every hue, in every way,  
"Be ye holy," God hath said,  
"Without holiness none shall see his face."  
Help us to honor and obey Thee  
And revive thy kind embrace."  
"Glory to thee my God,  
I will thy goodness tell,  
For thou hast ransomed me  
And saved my soul from hell.  
The heavens are thy throne,  
Thy footstool is the earth,  
Praises and thanks, for thou hast cared for me,  
Fed and clothed me from my birth.  
We know that thou art a jealous, loving God,  
And will not receive a part;  
When thou hast said, son, daughter,

Give me thy whole undivided heart ;  
If we would live long,  
And thy great salvation see,  
We must be strangers to all fear,  
Save that of offending Thee.  
We were unmindful of Thy mercies  
And thou wast justly wroth with us ;  
May we humble ourselves as in the dust.  
Father: I stretch my hands to Thee,  
And ask thee with bowed knees and head  
That thou wilt give us a part in the first resurrec-  
tion.

When thou shalt come to raise the dead.  
Order our steps and bridle our tongues  
Give us wisdom, for thou the fountain art,  
And faith that sweetly works by love  
And purifies the heart.  
Father into thy hands I commend myself  
And this dying congregation ;  
Grant that it may be well with us  
When Thou shalt come to judge the nations.”  
Then the pious Abigail Smith sang,  
“Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.”  
The rain was pouring down outside the church  
And the air was getting colder ;  
Inside cold hearts were getting full of fire,  
In the breasts of the re-enlisted soldiers.  
William Smith said that he hoped

All would be brought to see  
The necessity of living pure lives  
And maintaining their fidelity.  
That God would not look upon sins  
With the least degree of allowance,  
And for sins committed willfully  
There was no excuse to advance.  
The unrighteous man must forsake his thought,  
And the wicked from doing wickedly,  
If they would walk safely all their days  
And God's salvation see.  
He has commanded us to touch not,  
Handle not, the unclean thing,  
And when we come into his storehouse  
Our tithes along with us to bring,  
And hold onto God's everlasting promises,  
Be firm, fervent and steadfast;  
Then we will overcome the world  
And triumph with him at last.  
Then Aunt Mary Smith sweetly sang,  
"Come ye that fear the Lord  
And love Him while ye fear;  
Come, and with heart and hand record  
Your vow and covenant here."  
Aunt Lizzie Hedges boldly declared  
That there was none greater on the earth  
Than those that feared the Lord.  
Obedience was more pleasing than sacrifice.  
"It is so written in His Word,  
Without faith you cannot please the Lord;  
Without holiness you cannot see his face;



Without a contrite heart and pure life  
You cannot enter that holy, happy place.  
Once when things looked dreary and uncertain  
I was down-hearted and the woodpile was low ;  
Night had spread its sable curtain,  
And the clouds were dropping snow,  
I sat and thought about the great Eternal Three.  
And watched the smouldering brands,  
And felt that God would have regard unto  
The work of his own hands.  
I repeated some of his precious promises  
And I believed them every one,  
And felt assured He would succor me—  
That deliverance was sure to come.  
Next morning it was cold and clear  
And I made a little fire ;  
Then I knelt beside a chair  
And asked God to make my woodpile higher.  
I wept, for I felt so unworthy ;  
I knew that God, my God, had never me forgot ;  
Only the day before I had felt dissatisfied  
And unthankful with my dreary, lonely lot.  
God told his servant, Phineas Robinson,  
That he would surely get his reward  
If he took a load of wood to Lizzie Hedges—  
He would be lending it to the Lord.  
I had prepared a frugal meal  
And was about to break my fast  
When I heard a wagon coming—  
It stopped at the woodpile, it did not go past,  
Thanks and praises to our God

His Lord will stand forever ;  
He is just the same to-day he ever was,  
Change He will not, no never !  
Then Jacob Baker sang,  
"From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."  
And he that knows the worth of prayer  
Wishes to be found oft'ner there.  
Then Jacob Bell spoke, saying, "The fool  
Hath said in his heart there is no God"—  
"A God, a God," creation shouts  
"A God," each insect cries,  
"He moulded in his palms the earth  
And hung it in the skies"  
"Were every spear of grass a quill  
And every man a scribe by trade,  
To write the love of God to man  
Would drain the ocean dry.  
Nor could a scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky.  
Then Daniel Smith said that the stones  
Would cry out if he held his peace.  
Said that on God and his promises  
He had taken a life long lease.  
He thanked God for the Mothers in Israel  
And he loved to hear them pray.  
"Rather hear one woman pray that feared  
The Lord than ten men any day."  
Said that he loved his earthly father

And Hannah, his pious, faithful wife,  
But knew he loved his mother best—  
Could not help it to save his life.  
“She taught me to pray and fear the Lord  
And she loved me unto death;  
Heaven without her will not be Heaven for me;  
I cried for her as soon as I drew my breath.  
Christ knows just how I feel  
For he too loved his mother,  
And gave a solemn charge concerning her,  
To John, his faithful beloved brother.  
Jesus loved her and the women folks  
For they ministered unto him,  
And they were his blood relations;  
They are his next of kin.  
The great Eternal was His father,  
The blood of the Blessed Mary flows in his veins;  
Between Jesus and woman there is a close affinity.  
He died for man and by man he was slain.  
I am working and striving to reach Heaven:  
I want to see His mother and to see mine,  
And to spend eternity with them and others  
In that peaceful, happy, unclouded clime.  
Then Humphrey Avery sang,  
“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown him Lord of all.”  
The clouds had bestowed the much needed rain  
And the sun was smiling and getting low;

The faithful God remembered his covenant with  
man

And on view he placed the promised rainbow.

When Currain was pronouncing the benediction

A little boy shouted, "look there is a rainbow!"

The congregation did not wait for Currain to get  
through,

But began singing, "Praise God from whom all  
blessings flow."

Currain opened his eyes and began to laugh,

And he joined in the singing to.

Somehow that afternoon he lost forever

Some of his Puritanical views.

Aunt Rebecca said she did not know the reason.

And had been unable to exactly tell,

Why, going home, Jacob and the Deacon walked so  
close to her,

Unless it was to have her shield them with her um-  
brella.

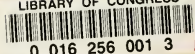
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