

POEMS
BY HALLIDAY JACKSON

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FRIENDS'
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

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Dear Sir

from the effect of

the

William Garrison

Principles

11. Mo. 29. 1828



Hulliday Dackson

POEMS

BY

HALLIDAY JACKSON.

*"The mind that was among us in its
writings is embalmed."*

Philadelphia:
FRIENDS' BOOK ASSOCIATION,
FIFTEENTH AND RACE STREETS,
1888.

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MEMOIR.

HALLIDAY JACKSON, son of Halliday and Jane (Hough) Jackson, was born near Darby, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, 12th month 27th, 1817. His father was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and in early life spent two years among the Seneca Indians, instructing them in various industrial pursuits; and in 1830 published a work on the "Civilization of the Indian Nations."

Halliday, Jr., attended Friends' School at Darby, and assisted on the farm. His mother died when he was thirteen. At the age of seventeen, after the death of his father, he went to the boarding-school of Samuel Smith, in Wilmington, Delaware. The following winter was spent at the school of Benjamin Hallowell, at Alexandria, Virginia, and upon his return he made his home with his brother John, who founded Sharon Boarding-School.

At the age of nineteen he commenced teaching school, an occupation he continued for several years. As a teacher he cared little for the authority or power of the office, but took the greatest delight in imparting knowledge to others. Ever ready to discuss important questions,—although never as a partisan,—he felt the liveliest interest in all departments

of Natural Science, and in several of them did good work.

In 1846, he married Caroline Hoopes, daughter of Thomas and Eliza Hoopes, of West Goshen, Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1849 he was chosen Principal of Friends' Institute in the city of New York; this position he held for five years. While there he met with a sad bereavement in the loss of his beloved wife, leaving him with one son.

In 1854 he married Emily Hoopes, sister of his first wife. Returning from New York he continued teaching until 1863, when his health became impaired, and in order to have the benefit of out-door life, he purchased a farm near West Chester, Pa., where he lived until 1881; then removed to West Chester, but continued to participate in the work of the farm.

In the summer of 1883, he spent a month of great enjoyment among the mountains of western North Carolina, and most of the winter of 1884-85 he resided near Osprey, on the southern Gulf Coast of Florida; studying the botany and zoölogy of that region.

He died of acute disease, at his home, the sixth day of Eighth month, 1887, his wife and five children surviving him.

He was quiet and unobtrusive in manner, never

allowing himself to be drawn too deeply into controversy, and more anxious to correct or avoid mistakes of his own, than to point out the errors of others; liberal and open-minded, and always desirous of knowing the truth.

When fifteen years of age he attended lectures on Astronomy illustrated by an orrery, which made a strong impression on him, and while at school at Alexandria, he calculated the recent transit of Venus, and many of the eclipses of the sun and moon visible in this country during the present century; and in later years, with the aid of a portable telescope, it was one of his greatest pleasures to study and show to others the movements and characteristics of the heavenly bodies.

He owned one of the first microscopes made by Zentmayer, of Philadelphia, and during the last few years of his life devoted much time to microscopy; studying especially cryptogamic botany. During his residence in New York, he made a collection of the "marine Algæ" of the neighboring coast, carefully identifying and arranging them. He also made a collection of land plants, now at Swarthmore College, and a small collection of minerals and fossils. He belonged rather to the generation of *collectors* who amassed the wealth of specimens and isolated

facts, from which have been built the splendid generalizations of modern science. He was an early reader of Darwin's "Origin of Species," and a keen and appreciative observer of the later advances in biology.

In earlier life he delivered popular lectures on Natural Science; and in later years took an active part in the West Chester Microscopical Society. He was particularly successful in leading his hearers out of their ordinary paths of thought into the contemplation of the Divine purpose and harmony as nature exhibits them.

A well-marked characteristic was his patient, persevering industry; it was this that enabled him to gather and arrange his various collections in hours of leisure.

In 1875 a sesqui-centennial reunion of the Jackson family was held at the original homestead, near West Grove, Chester Co., Pa. A committee, including Halliday Jackson, was appointed to publish an account of its proceedings. He went to work on the genealogy of the family, and three years later (with the aid of his brother William) published a record of the Jackson family, extending from the earliest ancestors traceable in England down to the present time, as far as it was furnished him. Since his decease,

Thomas Greer, of London, one of the descendants of the Jackson family, has, by arduous search, discovered in the library of the British Museum, the genealogy of the family, extending back four generations beyond the published record, and also the coat of arms which was confirmed to Richard Jackson in 1613, this record giving an account of more than three thousand persons. His other published writings were mainly newspaper articles on scientific subjects, with letters written while traveling, and poems, most of which are collected in this volume.

He was a member of the Society of Friends, well suited with its spirit and form of worship, to which the family for generations had belonged. He was an Elder, and for several years served as clerk in meetings of the Society, a position for which he was especially fitted, by command of language, quick apprehension and knowledge of the Discipline, and desire for fair and accurate statements.

His devotions were not to a theological phantasm ; or a philosophical abstraction ; but to the Maker and Upholder of the Universe, the God who colors the shells, whispers in the breeze, holds planets and siderial systems in their appointed paths, and carries forward the unending genesis of life ; the loving Father who makes all things work together for good.

P R E F A C E .

The Poems contained in this volume were written as the feelings of the writer and the occasions of the hour prompted ; the most of them without any thought of their ever appearing in print.

But at the request of near relatives and friends, they have been collected and put in this form to preserve “the beautiful sentiments therein given,” for “the children,” and many others who were favored with a personal acquaintance with the author.

L I F E .

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE MEMBERS OF FRIENDS'
SOCIAL LYCEUM, AT THE SWARTHMORE GROUNDS,
SIXTH MONTH 16TH, 1866.

WHAT is life? A fleeting bubble?
Or a bark from unknown clime,
Freighted as with care and trouble,
Floating down the stream of Time ;

And each generation learning
Such our fate,—its passing moan,
That there *can* be no returning
From the dread and “dark unknown.”

Is it as a flower adorning
Field or wood but for a day ;
Or as dewdrop of the morning
Soon to disappear for aye ?

Are its hopes and smiles Elysian
Only of ephemeral bloom ;
Wild vagaries of a vision
Ending in the darksome tomb?

Is it life, to live uncertain
Of the need for each endeavor,
And despairing as the curtain
Falls to close the scene forever ?

In life's moving panorama
Virtue act her part awhile,
And at last conclude the drama
At her own funereal pile ?

Must the surges of life's ocean,
Sweeping onward, every trace
Of each calm and pure emotion
Of the heart for aye efface ?

Memory points to joys departed,
To the loves of earlier years ;
But to teach the stricken-hearted
Fruitless are affection's tears.

And the hopes once fondly cherished,
Ties endearing rent in twain,
Ended in the dust, ay, perished
Ne'er to be renewed again.

What avail our aspirations,
Holiest feelings, thoughts, desires,
If they prove but vain oblations
On our altars, by our fires ?

Can it be that this, our being,
May no higher purpose show ?

Hath the wise and the all-seeing
God of life ordained it so ?

Nay, there is a secret yearning
Felt, not uttered, by the soul ;
All its aspirations turning
To a bright and glorious goal.

Spirit, then, with gladness waken
To renew thy higher trust,
And with hope and faith unshaken
Look beyond the paltry dust.

Look beyond, for joy and gladness
Are the streams that flow therein,
Ruffled not by grief or sadness,
Nor by undertow of sin.

Streams of beauty that have ending
Only in God's boundless love
That, through life and death extending,
Reaches to that home above.

Then despite of sorrow's brooding
And the care-worn toil of years,
That, upon life's joys intruding,
Oft may mar with doubts and fears ;

Hope, yet still—that blest attendant
Sunny smiles on all will shed,
Where God's love hath the ascendant,
And the heart thereto is wed.

And His power is ever present,
In the deep as high above ;
All may know those paths are pleasant,
Whosoever breathes His love.

Brother ! art thou worn and weary
With the anxious toil of years ?
Has thy path been dark and dreary
And beset with doubts and fears ?

Brother ! in thy line of duty
Active, earnest mayst thou be,
Then thy path will smile with beauty
Bringing joy and peace to thee.

Pilgrim ! on thy way in trial,
With privations keen and sore ;
Thine *that* path of self-denial
Pilgrim feet have trod before.

Yet there is for thee a portal
Thou may'st safely enter in,
Where the pure and the immortal
All are cleansed from earthly sin.

Mourner ! wherefore dost thou falter,
Now by grief and sorrow tossed,
As between the porch and altar,
Weeping for thy loved and lost !

See yon cloud, its "silver lining"
Brightened by the setting sun—

Mark the change ! more brightly shining
Ere the day is fully done.

Thence take courage, and thy sorrow
Soon like clouds may pass away,
And bright hopes be thine to-morrow
Thou hast known not of to-day.

Youth, that now art gladly bounding
O'er yon bright and gay parterre,
Pause, to learn from thy surrounding
Lessons of instruction there.

Lo ! that train its treasure bearing
Downward to the city's mart,
Thence perchance, by hands unsparing,
For the multitude in part ;

So, while onward thou art speeding
Down the long, long track of years,
Store thy heart with truths proceeding
From the fount of sighs and tears ?

Nay, but from that fount unfailing
Whence our highest treasures flow,
Every sense with food regaling,
For the multitude below.

See yon traveler, aged, weary—
Wouldst thou read his heart aright,
Life to him is not all dreary,
Though bedimmed his aching sight.

Leaning on his staff, made stronger
By the faith within him given ;
Journeying yet a little longer,
He has hope for rest in heaven.

By yon streamlet gently flowing,
Turn thy footsteps, lithe and free,
And behold its waters going
Onward toward the distant sea.

On its cliffs bright flowers are bending,
To the beams of morning light ;
Shade and sunshine softly blending,
Till enshrouded by the night.

Mark that stream—an emblem fitting
Of the years now rolling by ;
Light and shade alternate flitting
To a vast Eternity.

Lo ! above, around, are beaming,
O'er the elemental strife,
Rays of hope and beauty, streaming
Down the orient hills of life.

Stay, fond youth ! a while yet longer,
Blithesome, buoyant as thou art,
So thy faith be yet made stronger,
And instructed more thy heart.

See yon cloud foreboding showers,
Scon may drop the "latter rain,"

And revive the drooping flowers
To beautify the earth again.

Rolling up in wild confusion,
It will pass at length away ;
Followed by a rich diffusion
Of the radiant beams of day.

Foul and vapid exhalations
Fill the balmy air no more ;
And the birds breathe inspirations
Clearer, sweeter than before.

From the tree top, and whilst winging
Now the air, hear'st thou their lays?
Woods made vocal by their singing,
As in notes of prayer and praise.

See yon painted insect lightly
Sally forth on wings complete ;
It was but a thing unsightly
Yesterday, beneath thy feet.

Now a form of life and beauty
Darting through the air, yet still
It may have a simple duty,
Ere departing, to fulfil.

Thou hast thine—then enter cheerful
In the work assigned thee here ;
Ever hopeful, but not fearful
That the end will dark appear.

Thou hast thine—be thy example
Cheering to the “ laborers few ; ”
Plenteous is the harvest, ample
Is the work for all to do.

Justice calls, and Mercy, pleading
For the suffering and oppressed,
Loudly calls : her “ Onward ” heeding,
Thou may’st succor the distressed.

Thou, who hast thy many blessings,
Tasted not the bitter draught,
But the sweets of love’s caressings,
Deeply oftentimes hast quaffed.

By example, in life’s morning,
Teach the wayward, erring, blind ;
Teach the only true adorning
Is an humble, virtuous mind.

Thou, to whom were Heaven’s high pledges
Given, of powers for good conferred ;
Seek the by-ways and the hedges,
Speak the kind and gentle word.

Anguished hearts, spurned and forsaken,
’Mid the scenes of worldly strife,
Lone and wearying should awaken
Tenderest sympathies of life.

Then, when duty points her finger,
Points where sorrow’s gushings swell,

There thy ministrations linger,
There the lurking pang to quell.

Hopes will brighten while awaiting,
At the threshold angels stand,
Here thy thoughts' all culminating,
Point thee to the "Promised Land."

Nature ! how are all thy pages
Still with rich instruction fraught !
Though throughout the bygone ages
Time hath mighty changes wrought.

Rocks that peer above their fellows,
Mitred with the lichen gray,
Down to lowliest pebble, tell us
So earth's mightiest wear away.

Flowers that are in beauty glowing,
Birds that fill the air with song,
Streams that seaward on are flowing,
Gales that softly sweep along ;

Clouds that gather, and, disparting,
When they drop their treasure down,
Beams athwart the landscape darting,
Richly wood and vale to crown ;

Life in all its varied phases,
From the complex, great and grand,
Downward in the scale of races
That upon life's confines stand—

Races that perform a mission
Vast, though none may comprehend,
Save by microscopic vision,
What *their* being's use and end ;—

Each proclaims there is a Being
Ruling, guiding, governing all—
Our Father ! He whose eye, all-seeing,
Still beholds the “sparrow's fall.”

All, as if with voices living,
Utter forth one general song
Of unceasing praises, giving
Praises that to Him belong.

So, the Seasons, onward rolling,
Wisely doth that Power arrange ;
And throughout all time controlling
Nature in her varied change.

Chain of being ! then when broken,
Say not it will cease to be,
While the voice within hath spoken,
“Life and immortality.”

Say not that our years are bounded
Only to a narrow span ;
And the hopes that youth surrounded
End at last as they began.

Nor behold, with faithless vision,
Darkly through the sceptic's glass,

All our joys and smiles Elysian
Into dread oblivion pass.

Virtue, friendship and affection
Cannot perish at life's even ;
While unbroken, the connection
Links our highest hopes with Heaven.

To the good, the wise, the holy,
To the faithful, just and true,
To the meek of earth, the lowly,
Life hath pleasures ever new ;

And, their upward path pursuing,
Phantom doubtings fade away ;
Whilst bright Hope, her flowers strewing,
Leads them to the " perfect day."

Heed not then the world's vain laughter,
Shrink not from its toil and care ;
For the past, the now, hereafter,
Mingling hues of beauty wear.

How with viands Memory serves us
From her own, her genial clime ;
While the present fits and nerves us
For the closing hour of time ;—

For the hour that, as the breaking
Of the orient beams of day,
In the soul new glories waking,
Chaseth fear and doubt away.

Death ! unto the evil-doer
Terrible is thy behest ;
But to Christian hearts a wooer
Thou, unto their final rest.

Death ! it is not then the gushing
Out from life of Hope's pure spring ;
Rather 't is the wave-like rushing
Of a viewless angel's wing.

Christian minds may calmly meet thee,
Wheresoe'er their footsteps stray ;
And with welcome gladly greet thee,
In the evening of their day.

Life is then no fleeting bubble,
Nor our heritage below
One of gloom and hopeless trouble,
Only as man makes it so.

He who wisely hath intended
Hope, at Life's expiring breath,
Should triumphant reign, and blended
Beautifully life and death.

He hath given, in ample measure,
Of our joys the allotted sum,
And the promise of a treasure
Lasting in the world to come.

Then should we *act* that Duty find us
Faltering not, or in arrears ;

Whilst our reckonings true remind us
Of the onward march of years.

Trust in God ; then all these changes
Life is heir to hope illumes,
And the spirit takes its ranges
Where immortal beauty blooms.

Trust in God, safe will He guide us,
And whate'er of good or ill
Through this checkered scene betide us,
Ours that sacred watchword still.

Then to the soul, when it shall render
Back to dust its house of clay,
Into full meridian splendor
Opes the everlasting day.

Life is then a scene made vernal
By the beauties round it strewn ;
Heaven, the throne of the ETERNAL,
Cannot be a "dark unknown."

RE-UNION AT SWARTHMORE.

SIXTH MONTH, 1867.

We meet again as we had met
With joyous hearts one year ago ;—
The same sun smiles upon us yet,
And gentle airs as softly blow.

These trees, the monarchs of the wood,
That stand in stateliness and pride,
That long thro' changeful years have stood,
And many a tempest rude defied ;

With wide-extended arms, arrayed
In all their livery of green,
Welcome us to the grateful shade,
And from the burning sunbeam screen.

Yon stream, yon shaded stream, that bounds
Our walk, where spring the flower and fern,
Hath the same tuneful voice and sounds,
To hail with greeting our return.

By the sweet breathings of the Spring,
The fields their wonted verdure wear ;

Bright flowers expand to blossoming,
And with sweet odors fill the air.

The wood is vocal as before,
With voices of the songsters gay
That from the tree-tops sweetly pour
Their silvery notes to bless the day.

Nature th' accordant key doth strike,
Forthwith her many voices raise—
Bird, insect, tree, and flower alike—
Each hath its swelling note of praise.

Oh, shall not we then chime with her,
Blest Nature! in the general song?
Each one become a worshiper,
And at her shrine the strains prolong?

There are, of joys, the willing mind
May draw from rural scenes like this—
Ennobling thoughts, pure and refined,
That cannot lead the heart amiss.

No flower that blooms, no plant that grows,
No being of the air or sod,
Not e'en the humblest worm, but shows
It is the handiwork of God.

In every step, where'er we tread,
Search well—the search rewards thy care;
The unfolding page that nature spread
Reveals a wondrous Power there.

Behold yon field enameled o'er
With flowers at Summer's op'ning dawn—
Say, can the limner's skill restore
When faded are those blooms and gone?

The pencil may their beauties give,
But cannot give the sweet perfume—
This Nature's own prerogative,
And to unfold the perfect bloom.

Though seem the lichen crisped and dry,
Close clinging to these trees around,
Yet comes the shower to vivify,
And life and beauty there abound.

The insect of the air on wing,
Tho' tiniest of its race appear,
May seem an airy, worthless thing,
Unworthy of thy notice here.

Survey it well, and if thou canst,
With microscopic eye behold—
Thou wonderest, yet the more enhanced
Thy wonder as its parts unfold.

Its filmy wing, so neat, so fine,
Surpassing every work of art,
Declares that nought but hand divine
Such matchless beauty could impart.

Lo! at thy feet the snail that crawls,
Unconscious of the danger nigh,

For more than casual notice calls
From thy appreciative eye.

To guard its unobtrusive life
Wisely hath nature formed the shell ;
And there, secure from worldly strife,
Within what peace and quiet dwell !

Here might the heart instruction find
'Mid the world's tumult and its din—
That sweet serenity of mind,
When sought aright, appears within.

In Nature's temple, glorious, vast,
For thee, for all, her volume spread,
Invites us to her rich repast,
If thitherward by Virtue led.

For knowest thou, the *immortal mind*,
With all that science may have taught,
Its purest joys can only find
When in the paths of virtue sought.

Together youth and age have met—
Friendship extends her circle wide ;
And haply for the day we set
All cold formalities aside.

No bow obsequious we desire
This day, at protean Fashion's shrine—
The acme of our wishes higher,
To nobler themes our hearts incline.

Far nobler themes—thought, feeling, taste—
Their high pursuits the mind engage ;
And, secularities displaced,
We turn to Nature's wide-spread page.

Ay, through these outer forms precise
At Friendship's social call we break,
While speaking looks from joy-lit eyes
Sweet notes in many a heart awake.

Pleasure the sway may hold awhile,
And with her cup o'erflowing cloy,
Or in the giddy whirl beguile
The heart with transitory joy.

But innocent Enjoyment speaks
Responsive to our annual call ;
With undissembled smiles she seeks
To spread a common good for all.

A common good, in after days,
That Memory fondly oft may trace,
And wake the glow that softly plays
Serenely now in each bright face.

Serenely as the lambent hues
Of summer morn are wont to play
In golden tintings that diffuse
A brightness o'er the face of day.

O Virtue ! thou whose aim and end,
Our Eden here (whate'er betide),

Is to restore—wilt thou attend
Our daily walks ; our footsteps guide ?

Thy pleasant paths, bedecked with flowers,
Bear not the foot-prints of decay ;
Perennial blooms adorn thy bowers,
Whilst all beside must pass away.

When youth and hope in life's gay morn
Go forth unchecked by fear's alarms,
'Tis thine with beauty to adorn,
Thine to bestow the loveliest charms.

With power as from on high endued,
Throughout the earth thy call extends ;
And every soul with truth imbued
By thee to fadeless bliss ascends.

Henceforth firm then be our resolve
Blest Virtue's teachings to obey,
That, as the passing years revolve,
Beneath her soft, supernal ray,

Blessing and blest, we journey on
Till Time's eventful scenes have passed,
When happiness, full-orbed, shall dawn
With glorious beauty at the last.

Though chill autumnal winds shall sigh
These trees among, and, scattered round,
Blade, leaf, and flower alike shall lie,
To fade and moulder in the ground.

Though Winter unpropitious come
 Yon stream to bind with icy chain,
Or hold its tuneful waters dumb
 While the stern Power maintains his reign.

Yet shall the rolling seasons bring
 Again the Spring and Summer bloom,
With insect hum ; and birds that sing,
 As now their warbling notes resume.

And mingling sounds of varied strain
 Come up to vocalize this wood ;
All nature, beautiful again,
 As now appear in loveliest mood.

Then when we part this joyous day,
 Let not a saddening tear be shed ;
But, cheered by Hope's enlivening ray,
 Trust that another year, when sped,

Again with welcomings we meet,
 Responsive to the annual call
To Friendship's board, with joy replete,
 And bountifully spread for all.

WORKS OF AGASSIZ.

SUGGESTED ON READING HIS LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE, BY ELIZABETH CARY AGASSIZ.

STUDENT of Nature ! what may be,
Or high or low, thy station now,
Her volume opens truth to thee—
Truths which thou canst not disavow.

Wisdom and knowledge there are found
Blending in harmony as one—
Their devotee with laurels crowned
By Science, as her favorite son.

The name of Agassiz we love,
'T is spoken as a household word—
A name, we trust, inscribed above,
In foreign climes alike is heard.

With penetrating eye he sought
To read aright fair Nature's page,
And from its depths rich truths he brought,
Unknown to any bygone age.

The field, the wood, their all revealed
Well-nigh, to his inquiring mind ;
The ocean's depth what it could yield ;
No bound could his researches find.

Reserved for him by genius taught,
The glacial theory to expound,
The wild defiles of Aar he sought,
And there its true solution found.

To trace effect to cause he learned—
Inspiring Nature taught his youth—
And in the deep research discerned
With clearness by inductive truth.

He told us of the coral range,
The breastwork of our southern shore,
How wonderful, how great the change
Which the still rising reefs now bore !

He reasons thus : However small,
Such humble creatures could erect
These time-defying structures all
Designed by the great Architect,

A “solid masonry” to be,
Wisely ordained by Providence,
To stay encroachments of the sea—
Foundations for the continents.

Each creature thus its task hath wrought,
So slow, but certain still it rears,
Shows now the work (stupendous thought !)
Of more than seventy thousand years.*

* See *Methods of Study in Nat. Hist.*, by L. Agassiz, pub. 1886.

One and one only he beheld,
It spake the record of the past,
A "witness" that all doubts dispelled,
Defying dates by ages vast.

It told its history ere its close
In meaning whence these words are drawn :
"We are among the hosts of those,
The beings at creation's dawn."

For deep research the ocean waves
Bore him to other lands afar ;
For him o'er mountains and thro' caves,
Science was no ill-guiding star.

Priestess of Nature ! at whose shrine
His heart in bowing truth confessed,
And truth-ward did that heart incline
Whate'er the call or the behest.

Science ! ay, when to him she spake
He ventured to Brazilian shores,
Worked up their wonders ; and each lake
And river gave its plenteous stores.

And so, where'er his footsteps led,
Through rugged ways however wild,
He seemed to Nature's self so wed,
She cared for him, her darling child :

And yet his heart, to those held dear
Bound by affection's strongest cord,

Could start the sympathizing tear,
From Nature turn to Love's regard ;

For well he knew the household claim
Was stronger than all else below,
And this not merely in the name—
His was the inward, genial glow.

And they who shared were truly blest :
Nor greater proof to need than this—
His cherished love could well attest
The fulness of domestic bliss.

How have we profited by thee,
Departed worth ! whose course is run ;
Still, though not here, yet thou art free,
In climes that have no setting sun—

In climes where grow perennial flowers
That—mortal eye may ne'er behold—
By heavenly dews and heavenly showers,
In full perfection there unfold.

Though from the distant Aar was borne
A "boulder" monument for thee,
Through ages by the glaciers worn,
Yet fitting emblem it may be :

Though Art the Parian stone might rear
In lofty pile, Time wears away ;
Thy works survive,—we read, revere
Thy memory—that will not decay.

And as the generations go
Thro' coming years, O may it wear
The wreaths of honor earned below,
Not time's mutations may impair.

Interpreter of Nature! blest,
Whose record ever bright remains;
Thy works may safely stand the test
In every age while SCIENCE reigns.

ADDRESS TO THE COMET OF
AUTUMN, 1882.

A POEM READ BEFORE THE MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY, 1882.

COMET! I have looked intently—
More—with a profound amaze,
And have wondered, wondered greatly,
At thy high, ethereal blaze.
Men in ages long gone by
Called thee fitly “Blazing Star,”
With thy long train waving brightly
From the firmament afar.

Thou hast sisters coming, going,
Each in her erratic race,
But we know not whence or whither,
In the far-off depths of space.
In the ages long departed
Knowledge then as now was strong,
And Astrology judicial
Led Credulity along.

Men believed whate'er was told them,
While in ignorance their bliss
Had the height of its ambition,
In a darker age than this.

Thou wast then their "chosen vessel!"
To restore or doom to woe,
While Astrology pretentious
Shaped thy mission here below.

They would tell of war and famine—
All the scourges that must be
At thy coming "dire portentous,"
O'er the land and on the sea.
Cowering Ignorance lay crouching
At their feet with fearful breath,
As if thou hadst come presaging
To mankind disease and death.

They assigned thy home with Pluto
In the dismal regions there,
Where Imagination pictures
Brimstone, fire, black despair.
But there were the sages living,
Some of Pythagorean school:
Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle,
Seneca, the wise to rule.

To uphold a grander mission
It was theirs on earth and Fame's,
But the work reserved for Tycho
To dismiss Conjecture's claims—
Such dismiss, so far to show us
That our orb of day controls
All thy wanderings in the system,
And as member of its folds.

But what ends thou dost subserve us,
Thro' thy short or lengthened years,
Sailing through the blue ethereal
Rapid as thy flight appears—
To explain, sagacious Newton,
With gigantic powers possessed,
Here was baffled—and fair Science
Signal failure now confessed.

But there rose the knowing Whiston—
His explaining some believed—
Who determined by his theory
How the Deluge was achieved.
By a Comet! by its broadside
Turning all things upside down ;
So a drowning world would follow—
But not here ends his renown.

Comets were, he says, intended
By extremes of heat and cold
Unto which they were subjected,
Useful ends to serve and hold.
All intended as abodes
For the wicked of our race,
Sweeping ever through their cycles,
And to find no resting place.

Some adhered to Whiston's teaching,
But *we* have a brighter day,
Brighter, brighter, far outreaching
Theories vague and false as they.

Not on thee we gaze with terror,
On moon-lit or lurid sky,
Flaming in majestic grandeur,
Now attractive to the eye.

Science has for us established
By indubitable proof,
That the laws of Nature hold thee,
Whether near or far aloof.
Moving round our luminary
Now as thou hast done before,
Though at intervals protracted
To a thousand years or more.

Gravitation binds together
All thy movements thro' the years,
And in Nature's general anthem
Swells the music of the spheres;
Then, strange visitant, thy mission,
Though unknown to mortal ken,
Still must keep the balance power
Of our rolling worlds again.

Thou art not, we know, the omen
Of fortuitous events,
Still, sensations of emotion
Linger as thou goest hence.
Soon we part—a final parting,
When thy flaming beauty fades,
And we never more shall see thee
In long years of our decades.

Parting ! O there is a feeling
That will make its impress stay,
Not of sadness, but rejoicing
That 't was ours to hail thy day ;
That perhaps in former visit
Was, as now, unlooked-for, when
Sapient sages gazed admiring
With the Chaldean shepherds then.

So farewell ! and if forever,
Go to thy remotest bound,
Yet a Power upholds the system—
Perpetuity its round.
Others may behold thy splendor
When our destined course is run,
And their generations view thee
Wondrously as we have done.

STANZAS.

“The rolling year is full of Thee.”—*Thomson.*

WHAT though in sombre livery may come
 Winter, with visage stern and locks of gray,
 Its chilling blasts to make the “tuneful dumb,”
 And as with iron grasp maintain the sway:
 Yet winter hath delights—its smiling days,
 And the mind fettered not by care is free
 To act as ever,—then in heartfelt praise
 We hymn, “The rolling year is full of Thee.”

Unfolding spring hath blooms of loveliness;
 The melody of songsters on the wing;
 Its seed-time for the soil in turn to bless,
 And richly many a gift beside doth bring.
 Summer succeeds, with promise of the yield
 In autumn’s fruitful coming, so that these,
 The bounteous blessings of Thy ample field,
 Attest, “The rolling year is full of Thee.”

Unsought afflictions spring upon our joy,
 Regardless of the passing seasons here:
 Pain follows pleasure else our pleasures cloy,
 And alternation mingles hope with fear;

But if the mind hath its confiding stay
In Thee, whose love our refuge proves to be,
Nobly we bear earth's trials, and still may say,
In truth, "*The rolling year is full of Thee.*"

THE PLANETS.

WHO, in the vast ethereal space,
Amid yon orbs above,
Gave to the planets each its place,
In concord all to move?

Of the fair train is MERCURY first,
That speeds with rapid flight
On its bright path, well-nigh immersed
In Sol's o'erpowering light.

Then VENUS, of the vestal train
To us the brightest far,
Alternate through the year to reign
As morn or evening star.

Then EARTH, with her attendant fair,
Our Moon, queen of the night,
Rolls on, a world of joy and care,
Along her pathway bright.

Next MARS, with fiery red is seen,
Conspicuous 'mid the host,
As on he sweeps the blue serene
Can flaming brightness boast.

The ASTEROIDAL worlds next, then,
Numerous in group we find—
Mysterious group to human ken !
Each hath its place assigned.

They onward move as rolling spheres,
The fragments of a world,
Forth in the infancy of years
Perchance, by Nature hurled.

Then JUPITER, in size how great !
Presents the grand display
Of four bright moons, to compensate
For shortness of his day.

Next SATURN, with his gorgeous show
Of rings, and eight fair moons
That shed their pale, yet silvery, glow
Bright from his icy dunes.

Then HERSCHEL ; six attendants cheer
His long and wintry hours ;
Equal to his protracted year
Are eighty-four of ours.

And lastly NEPTUNE, whose long year
Counts twice fourscore of ours,

So distant as to baffle here
Vision's unaided powers.

Thus bound in one harmonious whole,
How beautiful and grand !
Upheld, as in the paths they roll,
By an Almighty hand.

God made them all. With one accord
Sprang myriads, by His might,
Of worlds unnumbered, when the word
Went forth, " Let there be Light."

Our finiteness a little part
But grasps, yet this we know,—
His love can cheer the drooping heart
In blessing here below.

And wheresoe'er life's path we tread,
If virtue lead the way,
His smiles illumine, and glories shed
From heaven's eternal day.

CLAYTONIA VIRGINICA.

[SPRING BEAUTY.]

“SPRING BEAUTY” we call thee—’t is well,
For we look to the bright floral train,
By wayside, in woodland and dell,
For thy rival, but seek we in vain.

Thy petals the soft touch of light
Hath streaked with the sun’s roseate ray,
And thy bloom in profusion, how bright
In the smiles of the sunshine of May!

Meek flower! that lovest to keep
Unharm’d from the noon’s piercing beam,
Or the loitering chill winds that sweep
Over wood-top, and valley, and stream.

In thy meekness a symbol appears
Of that meekness our lives should put on
As a crown for the fulness of years,
As well as at life’s early dawn.

The lesson thou teachest this while,
Engraved may it be on my heart,
So that, free from dissembling and guile,
My summer of years may depart.

And when the bright summer is past,
And the fruit unto ripeness perfect,
There is, that will gather at last,
A Hand to preserve and protect.

There is that will point to a clime
Where are flowers fanned by Heaven's pure breath,
Beyond all the changes of time,
And beyond the cold valley of Death.

Sixth mo., 1886.

MONOTROPA UNIFLORA.

(INDIAN PIPE.)

This humble plant attains to the height of about six inches, bearing a single nodding flower. It comes into bloom about midsummer. Its *habitat* is rich and thickly shaded woods, and it is generally found growing in little groups, several springing from the same root, the stalk having small appressed scales instead of leaves. The whole plant is of a snowy whiteness, and although in its first appearance after germination it is presented as a rather unsightly object, yet in approaching maturity there are but few flowers of the field or wood that can outvie it in neatness, simplicity, and beauty.

BATHED in the mellow light of day,
Yet screened from Summer's potent ray
In deepest shades, from leafy mould
Thou comest, thy beauties to unfold.
Robed in the purest white, to me
Emblem thou seem'st of purity.
Meek, modest flower ! Not alone ;
Thy parent root a group makes known,
United as in close embrace,
Proving the harmony of thy race.
Lowly thou art, and though thine eye
Turned earthward, still the passer-by
May in thy humble life discern
Some truth, or useful lesson learn ;
A monitor perchance to all
That haughty Pride must have its fall—

That we, like thee, with lowly birth,
Claim for our parentage the earth,
And Life's short summer, quickly o'er
Like thine, returns to us no more.
What "hidden uses," who may tell,
Within thy pearly foldings dwell ;
What healing art thyself may'st claim
To calm or quench life's feverish flame ;
Or what elixir to the heart
Canst from thy mystic cup impart.
To him who made the earth, and all
The countless forms of life, to fall
Each in its proper place, assigned
In wisdom by the Almighty mind—
From us withheld, to Him alone
Are all these hidden uses known ;
And in conforming to His will
Dost thou the niche intended fill,
And in the general hymn, with voice
Attuned by Nature's God, rejoice ;
For all His works alike declare
His love and goodness everywhere.
Then may I, modest flower ! by thee
This passing hour instructed be,
And in thy snowy whiteness find
A type of *purity of mind*—
A fitting emblem of the heart
Improved with culture's pruning art,
That truth and wisdom aid may give
To fit and teach me how to live,

And, if in these I but rely,
To fit and teach me how to die ;
Blest ministers of light and love,
Our only guides to the blest above.
Then as I thread the vocal wood
Alone, and in some thoughtful mood,
I shall not, if the snow-white flower
That hath instruction for the hour—
Upspringing from th' unsightly mould,
A fresh existence to unfold
As type of human life, and all
Through its brief day it holds in thrall
As typifying life, that may,
In triumphing o'er fell decay,
Unfold to light of endless day—
Arrest mine eye, I shall not then,
Crush thee with careless footsteps when,
As now, the woods their livery don,
With all the varied hues put on,
Nor heedlessly repel the thought,—
A useful lesson thou hast taught ;—
That humble flowers, where'er they dwell,
Whether in field, or wood, or dell,
Their varied use to doubt presume
While lovely *Monotropas* bloom.

LINES ON THE RETURN OF
SPRING.

THOU art come, fond Spring ! for the Winter drear,
A lingerer long in thy gladsome way,
In gloomy mien, with a look austere,
Hath yielded now to thy milder sway.

Thou art come, bright Spring ! and thy radiant brow
Is shedding its lustre on the hours,
And the spirit of thy beauty now
Breathes softly on the upspringing flowers.

Thou art come, and the feather'd tribes repair
To their haunts, from the noise of men remote,
And gently floats on the balmy air
The melody of the wild bird's note.

Thou art come, and thy vesture of gorgeous dye
Is spread as a mantle fair to behold ;
Whilst the mellow tints of thy azure sky
Enrich its beauties a thousand fold.

Thou art come, but with all thy lovely array,
Sad thoughts still linger around my heart ;
And however sweet be the songster's lay,
It still doth a feeling of sorrow impart.

The lark may come at the early morn
To warble its notes, yet for me in vain,
And though sweetly along on the zephyr borne,
Yet a sadness breathes through the melting strain.

My heart is sad—my lonely heart !
It lingereth still with the year gone by,
And sorrow's chilling shades now start
The unbidden tear and mournful sigh.

Thou art come, but to me thy silvery voice,
Though tuneful, soothes not as before,
For she who bade my heart rejoice
At thy glad return, is now no more !

That form I loved has passed away—
The keen privation now is mine ;
In death is hushed her voice for aye—
That calming voice, more sweet than thine !

Those eyes are closed, those beauteous eyes
Whence beam'd affection's ray serene ;
That heart now cold and pulseless lies,
And the thought saddens every scene.

My heart now lingereth round that spot,
That sacred spot, to memory dear,
There the world's din intrudeth not,
There fond Affection drops her tear.

The swaying breeze sweeps softly by,
And the tender grass, upspringing there,

Waves gently to the mournful sigh,
Breathed from the quivering "lips of air."

Yet though that form from fell decay
Time claimeth not the power to save,
Yet though it now must waste away
In the cold bosom of the grave ;

Yet the spirit pure can never die,—
On the angel-wing of Heavenly love
It hath passed from earth to the realms on high,
To its home of perfect bliss above.

REFLECTIONS

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF CAROLINE H. JACKSON.

SPRING hath returned once more. Its gentle gales,
And the mild beams of its effulgent sun,
Revisit us again with wonted power,
Warming and quickening into life once more
The vegetable world. Where'er we cast our eyes,
Whether upon the hills which gently rise,
Clad in their vesture bright, and sink away
In gentle undulations, or the vales,
Or in the smiling woods, flowers are springing up
On every side, teeming as with new life,
And budding into beauty. Nature has put on
Her gay and beautiful attire. The little rills,

Purling along in their meandering course,
In their accustomed murmur sending up
A grateful tribute to the list'ning ear ;
And the sweet songsters of the leafy wood,
At morning's joyous call now issuing forth,
Warbling their tuneful melodies—all, all together
join,

In accents full and clear, their notes of loud acclaim
To Him whose outstretched hand hath spread,
And bountifully too, His blessings o'er the earth—
Even to Him, the Great First Cause of all,
Whose glorious temple is the universe,
Whose life-infusing breath pervades the whole
Of animated Nature. Who that can behold
This busy scene, where gladness smiles around,
With gladness beauty, and with beauty health,
To make more beautiful, and feel not in the heart
A quickening, an impulsive thrill of joy?
Ah! there is one—one lonely, stricken heart,
Now to thy inharmonious voice attuned,
O Sadness! thine whose pensive strain
Breathes mournfully of blighted hopes
And of departed joys, fallen around
Like withered flowers! thy cypress shades
To deepen more the loneliness it feels
Impending drearily around that heart
Whose thoughts and inmost feelings now
Well from thy deep and bitter springs
Of unavailing sorrow. Though again,
Robed in its wonted beauty, now returns

Propitious Spring, with radiant smiles,
And widely scatters, with a lavish hand,
Its rich and choicest blessings, yet it brings not
Unto this lonely heart the treasure it has lost,
The fond, the cherished object of its love !
That thou art gone, my loved companion, now,
Gone as the flower, expanding into bloom,
Is nipt by frost untimely, in the strength,
The loveliness and vigor of thy years ;
And thy pure heart, that knew and felt the glow
And fulness of affection—ay, that felt and sympa-
thized,

Yes, deeply sympathized with mine—is now, alas !
Pulseless and cold, low in the silent grave.
It is indeed an unconsoling thought !
More cheerless still to feel, when I recur to days,
To seasons now gone by, when we partook of joy
At the same fount, rejoicing in the light and love
Of conjugal affection, that no more they can return,
Those bright-winged hours of domestic bliss
And sweet companionship, dear one, I shared
With thee ; and feel, yes, when I also feel
The force of the sad truth, that thy loved form—
Lovely to look upon, even in death—
As fades the tender flower of the grass,
And mingles with the dust whence it came forth
To bloom a little while and then to die,
Hath faded, and the goodness thereof
Passed from the earth forever—'t is indeed
An unconsoling thought !

But is there not a balm
To soothe the pangs of every keen bereavement? Is
there not,
For the heart-stricken mourner of this world,
An All-supporting Power, that can impart
Comfort in every trial, and infuse into that lonely
heart,
In its undone condition, “newness of life,”
Sending into its deep and shadowy depths
A ray of consolation? It is meet,
And doubtless wisely so ordained by Him
Who “doeth all things well,” whose love seeks to
restore
And gather to the fold of peace and rest,
That we should taste of sorrow in this world,
And feel at times the pressure of affliction; that
Not unalloyed should be our pleasures here,
All flushed with hope and gladness; but that life
Presents the varied hues of light and shade—
The intermingling tints of joy and grief,
Of trials and delights—to discipline the mind
For action in its field of duty here,
Its high pursuits in virtue, goodness, truth;
And teach the soul, the never-dying soul,
The instability of earthly hope, and every joy
That “perisheth with the using,” and prepare,
Aye, fit it to become, when done with time,
A saint, and member of the living church
Triumphant, to be numbered with the just
Made perfect, with the pure in heart

Of former generations, and to walk
 With these upon the holy hills of Heaven,
 With praises unto Him whose throne
 Is there, whose love worketh deliverance
 From the bonds of death, singing aloud,
 "This is my rest-forever."

Is there not, then,
 In such a thought, comfort for the afflicted? that
 Which can assuage the keenest pangs of grief,
 And calm the waves, the troubled waves,
 Of sorrow and affliction, and impart
 A cheering consolation, which the world,
 With all its blandishments, with all its smiles
 And subtleties, hath neither power to give
 Nor take away. And thine, my dear companion, thine,
 I trust, I doubt not, in its fulness has become
This glorious rest—for thou didst not,
 Though early summoned to the world of spirits,
 Unprepared take thy departure. Thou wast
 Of the chosen of His flock. He who sees meet
 To gather to His garner ripened fruit,
 And delicate buds of promise, to adorn
 And beautify His kingdom, needeth also flowers
 Expanded into loveliness—and He had need of thee.
 Faithful and true to life's important trust,
 Thy duties well performed, thy work well done,
 The solemn call, the language to thy spiritual ear,
 "Steward, give up thy stewardship, for thou
 Shalt be no longer steward," did not come

To shadow thy meek spirit with sad thoughts,
Painful and gloomy thoughts of death, and shroud
Thy mind with fear,—thy peaceful mind
Made clear with heavenly hope,—but gently came
As a sweet message from the Throne of Heaven,
And the response, in accents full and sweet,
Unflinching went up, “I am prepared to die.”
Yes, in that solemn hour, when the pure streams
Of love and warm affection, deep and strong,
And made more strong in the full gush
Of feeling, flowing forth from thy pure heart,
Commingling with their kindred streams
In minds congenial with thine own—
Thou couldst resign all of earth’s charms,
Its fairest prospects, all its hopes and smiles
Benignant, all life’s tenderest ties
And fond endearments, which around thee shed
Their sweet and happy influence ; and when life—
This transitory life—fast to its close
Onward was hastening, and Eternity—
That endless state of being whence the soul,
Admitted once into its vast domain,
Returns no more—opened upon thy view,
Thy mind was stayed upon a power divine ; for He
Who had been with thee in thy earlier years,
Was with thee still ; and thou couldst look
With confidence unshaken to the end,
Fully impressed that when the “silver cord,”
Binding to earth, “was loosed,” His goodness and
His love

Would still be with thee, and His hand,
His all-sustaining hand, safely conduct
Through the "dark valley" of the shades of death,
Thy spirit to its home of rest in Heaven.
Clothed was thy countenance with a heavenly calm,
And more than earthly sweetness, which bespoke
Tranquillity within—a mind at rest,
And entire resignation to His will :
And in that solemn hour, when thou wast led
Calmly and sweetly to review the past
Of thy departed years, fell from thy lips,
Gently as falls the dew distilled from heaven,
The sweet and cheering language, "*All is peace.*"
Happy and blest as thou art, sainted soul !
In this severe bereavement shall I then
Bewail thy early exit? Steeped by the tears
Of sorrow and affliction, shall my heart
Bow down unto despair, and must I now
Go mourning on my solitary way,
Under the feeling sad that life to me
Henceforth must be a drear and lonely waste,
Darkened by clouds of sorrow? Rather, shall I not
Feel that my sorrowing should be turned to joy,
To gladness and rejoicing ; that no more
Sickness and pain, and the severer pangs
Which parting nature feels, can harm *thee* now,
Or mar thy happiness ; and that no more
Thy gentle spirit shall be fettered down
To earth, but as the ransomed bird,
Well plumed for flight, mounts upward to the skies,

Breathing the free, unbounded air of heaven,
Even so thy spirit, now unchained and free,
Soars in an atmosphere of love divine,
Cloudless and pure, where sunshine ever reigns.
Still must I feel thy loss ; and in my lonely walks,
And in the silent chamber, when my thoughts
Turn from the world and its perplexing cares,
To meditate on hopes, withered and lifeless now,
And joys with thee I shared, drawn from the fount
Of thy enshrined affections,—it is then
I feel the aching void—that loneliness of heart
Which saddens all around—and through the deep,
Still chambers of my soul, like a subduing wave,
Resistless as unsought, courses the feeling sad,
“Thou canst return no more !” and still more keenly
felt,
As sadness to a deeper shade, the thought
That he, whose infant slumbers thou hadst watched
With sweet solicitude and ceaseless care,
For two revolving summers, and the third
Entered upon with gladness and joy,
In all the smiles and promises of hope,
That he thy precious child, whose tender heart,
Untaught by life’s experience, was too young,
Too youthful yet to know of aught
Of the beguiling influence of the world,
To mar the stainless beauty of his years,
Or lure his happy footsteps from the path
Of innocence and virtue,—can no more
Catch the soft accents of thy gentle voice,

And the sweet counsel thou wast wont to give
During his wakeful hours. Thou didst make
Upon his tender mind, even at such an early age,
Lasting impressions,—such that will, I trust,
Though “length of days” be spared him, and upon
The busy stage of action he may know,
In his allotment of the cares of life—
Its conflicts, something of its deep provings,
And its trials—yet they will remain,
These good impressions made by thee—
Those first instructive lessons to his heart,
The hallowed breathings of maternal love.
Though sad to feel that it indeed is true,
That thou to him canst never more extend
The pruning hand of culture ; never more
Upon his tender heart, as thou wast wont,
In their simplicity, with suasive power,
Impress the truthful lessons of thy love ;
Yet may thy presence be around him still !
Oh ! may thy gentle spirit, now arrayed
In the white robe of saints, be with him still !
A minister of light and love henceforth,
To guard him from the waywardness of youth,
That he may shun its snares and disappointments.
And in riper years, armed with the truth
And right, go forth, an instrument of good,
Into the world, to teach as thou hast in the light,
And by the brightness of example taught
That truth and virtue can alone conduct
To sure and lasting rest.

Yet may I not repine.

He who confers upon us life and health
With their attendant blessings, and the earth
Causeth to yield, in his appointed time,
Fruitage to crown the year, and maketh, too,
The wilderness and desert to rejoice
And blossom as the rose, He sendeth not
Afflictions unforewarned. but for our good,
To make us know our end—the measure of our days
And what it is, that we may know how frail
We are ; and to remind us that on earth
There is for Hope no safe abiding place,
No covert where securely she can rest
From the careering whirlwind and the storm,
Threatening to overwhelm, only in Him.
Then may I not repine, but unto Him
Turn, with a heart sincere to know his will—
In humbleness of soul turn unto Him,
Whose promise yet remains, “ Mine eye shall be
Upon the faithful—they may dwell with me,
And he that walketh in the perfect way
Shall serve me.” Be it then my aim,
Though in my path long-cherished hopes and joys,
Touched by the icy breath of sorrow now,
Like withered flowers have fallen, and I may feel
Henceforth, whether in solitude’s retired haunts,
Or ’mid the busy scenes of active life,
Ofttimes a desolate and stricken heart
As my allotment, and an aching sadness sweep
Mournfully athwart my spirit—still, Oh ! may it be

My highest aim, whilst a sojourner here,
To strive with greater diligence to know
A closer and a holier walk with God,
To look upon the afflictions of this life
As blessings from the Fountain of His love,
Vouchsafed to us in mercy, and to seek
In deep humility that blessed state,
Wherein the language of the soul becomes,
In all its varied trials, "Not my will
But thine be done!"

And thou, dear sister,
In thy keen bereavement thou hast felt,
And deeply felt, by this afflictive stroke,
The poignancy of sorrow, yet the thought
That she, whose heart by many a strong
Endearing tie was closely linked with thine,—
For side by side, in fond affection's light,
Kindred in thought, in spirit, and in all
The tenderest sympathies of filial love,
Through childhood's happy season ye grew up
Rejoicingly together, and had known
The outpouring of life's blessings, as a stream
That in its course doth gladden, to refresh
Your tender spirits in the gladsome way
Of guileless youth, of innocence unmarred,
And call forth gratitude to Him,
The Author of each good and perfect gift,
From whose beneficence is life ineffable,
And heavenly joy, whose bounteous hand

Conferreth every blessing, and had felt,
Even in affliction's hour, the sweet'ning balm
Of mutual sympathy to soothe and heal,
And softly shed around your spirits then
The genial influence of its love, and solace by
Its hallowed ministrations,—yet to *thy* mind,
E'en in the saddest hour, how sweet the thought,
And how it hath consoled, *that she is now in Heaven!*
That her pure spirit dwelleth now above,
Where all is happiness and love, where virtuous joy,
Begun on earth, yet not perfected here,
Is consummated in unmingled bliss.
Cheered by her peaceful and triumphant close,
Strengthened in hope, that hope which looketh to the
 life
Beyond this brief existence, and renewed in faith ;—
Nor that which, drawing from the springs
Of earthly joy its substance, inclineth to the light
Of the alluring world, yet as the fragile reed,
To the rude wind that sweepeth fitful by,
Maketh obeisance to the blast, the rough
And sweeping blast of keen adversity,
Yieldeth till it is broken, but *that faith*,
Well grounded in the truth, which not the world,
With all its potent eloquence and strength,
Hath power to overcome—may this be ours,
The only certain anchorage of the soul,
Rocked on life's rolling billow, and assailed
By the world's chilling winds and cheerless storms ;
We who are left to mourn our early loss,

O may we follow on, our trust alone in God !
A few more fleeting years, then will that hour,
That solemn hour, arrive, when Death shall come
Gently to loose the ties which bind us here,
And kindly point us to our final home :
Then is the work accomplished ; and if joy
And peacefulness attend, *that* spirit then,
Whose presence now is felt, whose love,
In accents sweet and unmistakable,
Speaks to the inward ear, *that* spirit then,
A saint of light and beauty, will become
Our angel-watcher at the gate of Heaven.

AUTUMN.

THE Summer is over, and faded
The flowers that early were spread ;
And in field or wood thickly shaded,
They now may lie withered and dead ;
But Nature so wisely hath blended
The changes around we behold,
That Autumn comes in as intended,
Its various charms to unfold.

We see by the rivulet coursing
Through the meadow its devious way,
O'er by the cleft rock where 'tis forcing
Its waters in circlets so gay ;

While the sun yet with magical powers
Its sway as in summer assumes,
Ope the asters, the rich cardinal flowers,
And bright solidagoes their blooms.

We may gather them now on the hillside,
By the way, in valley or wood,
Or where erewhile by the rill side,
The lovely Spring Beauties had stood ;
Bright blooms with delicate fringes,
Looking upward, as if to the sky.

Though the frost king, no longer delaying,
Presents in the path of its tread
The semblance of death and decaying,
In flowers all scattered and dead ;
Though skies wear an aspect oft vapory,
And dim to o'ershadow the day,
Yet how bright and how gorgeous a drapery
The woods nigh to winter display.

The woodlands yet vocal with singing,
The fledged ones, now nestled no more,
In the gladness of Nature are winging
Their flight as the old ones before ;
They leave us ere long, but the parting
Is only thro' the cold Winter reign ;
We may hail their return at the starting
Of the buddings of Spring-time again.

Then may we behold all around us,
There are for each passing hour,

Still smiles and bright charms that had bound
us
To the past as with magical power ;
And learn that our Father has given
The seasons their varied display,
And assurance at last that in Heaven
There is naught that can know of decay.

A MORNING WALK WITH YOUTH.

COME !

Let us have a walk, it is a pleasant morn
In Autumn time ; the mild October sun,
Now risen high above the hills, sends forth
His slanting rays that yet exert a power,
And they have drunk the dews, the pearly dews,
That through the still and cool, clear night,
Strange transformation ! had been changed
Into a hoary mantle, covering all
The herbage of the fields and of the woods,
Even the rich foliage, for the leaves
Of variegated hues thick falling 'round,
For every wind that blows, fully attests
What has been done ; but with the rising sun
These pearly gems have vanished, save along the
fence rows,
In retired nooks, or on the floating gossamers,

Amid the thicker shade, where his slant rays, as yet,
Have ventured not to go. The fields still wear
A livery of green, and here and there
Are blooming asters, and beside the marge
Of wander-winding stream, profusely now
The golden-rods are bursting into beauty, heeding not
The chill wind or the frost, and their bright plumes
Gracefully nodding to the passing breeze.

Unto the eye

That loves to gaze upon such rural scenes,
Or ear that catches with delight the sound
Of Nature's voice, where'er it may be heard,
There is a pleasure in the morning walk
That may refine and oft improve the mind.
Nature hath many sounds, varied indeed,
And many stringed instruments, and she can play
With varied touches, play upon them all
Whatever tune she pleases ; and they fall
Each softly on the appreciative ear :
And in the heart, the teachable heart, are stirred
Accordant harmonies, ennobling thoughts
And feelings, which the unthinking passer-by,
Or he who seeks enjoyment in the vain pursuit
Of sordid wealth, ambition, low desire,
Hath never known.

Let us go forth

To yonder wood, for *there* are trees of ancient
growth,

Ay, venerable trees, that have withstood a century or
more

The roughest blasts of Winter. Who may tell
The story of their years? Or in their infancy,
While the young plant, yet tender in its growth,
The careless foot that might, unheedingly, have trod
upon

And crushed it to the earth. Ah, who may tell
What scenes transpired when upon this spot,
Or give the history of a race that peopled all those
hills,

These valleys fair, who now have left
No trace of their existence, save alone,
As in these fields, the plowman, with his share,
Turns up the sod and finds, perchance, a *dart*
Of curious form, the work of other hands
That fashioned it with skill? But now the occult
art,

Lost and forgotten, and the hands, the cruel hands,
perchance,

That formed the deadly missile, gone,
Gone to the common dust. A momentary thought
He gives it—wonders whence it came,
Then dashes it away, unmindful of the race
To which it had belonged; unmindful, too, that here,
Perchance, even in this very spot, gathered the
tribes

Around their council-fires, to plan the cruel war,
Or hold the friendly interchange, and smoke
The calumet of peace.

See yon majestic oak ;—

As we approach, survey it in its grandeur, and behold,

Close at the root, that open passage, leading to the heart.

That large old tree may have apartments roomy enough

For all the varied forms of busy life

Inhabiting this wood at this far distant day,

And they may find a fitting home for each,

And find security from danger. Pause awhile,

Keep mute (we may be trespassers), and keep

At a respectful distance. Lo ! stealthily along

There comes a squirrel, bearing thence a nut

From yonder chestnut tree near by. It enters there,

But soon returns to gather more of this,

Its favorite food. Untiring in its work,

At last the treasure is all stored away,

Secure within that tree, an ample store :

So wisely nature teacheth to provide

For the long winter that must surely come.

I knew of one—it was not long ago—

That had selected for its winter home

The hollow underneath an old, decaying stump.

The spade was used to loosen the deep roots,

The axe relentlessly came next, and last, to make complete

The work I had begun, equestrian strength

From its fast holds tore that old stump away.

What think ye I saw there? A nest,

Well lined with leaves, and straw, and twigs,
To give it firmness, which a squirrel carefully had
gleaned,

And near it was a pile, an ample pile,
Of chestnuts, gathered at a neighboring tree.
The inmate had deserted by some way unknown,
For its own safety, and perchance now sought
Another spot where it could find a safe abiding place,
And it might gather up another store,
The harvest of its toil, to last the winter through ;
Or till the song of birds, the busy hum of bees,
Or genial airs of spring would lure it forth
Into the wide-spread fields of green once more.
How wonderful this instinct, that directs
Thus in these humble creatures to provide
For all their present needs, their future wants,
And suited, to their low degree, how wise !
How wonderfully wise, such law of adaptation !

Unto us

A higher faculty, called reason, hath been given
By the benignant Father of all good,—
A glorious gift,—and, if improved aright,
Will, by His fostering care, in the pure light
Of virtue's vestal beams, enable each and all
To gather perfect fruits, and timely, from the Tree
Of Life, meet for the heavenly garner, that,
When wintry Age comes on apace,
And the declining years point to a higher home,
Calmly we go unto the quiet rest,
Where chilling blasts and storms are never known.

THE STARS.

THE Stars, how beautiful they are !

Like glittering diamonds fixed on high ;
From their ethereal depths afar

Shedding their soft light down the sky.
Oh ! who with else than raptured sight,
Can gaze upon those orbs of light ?

They speak—an ever shining host

Of countless worlds, perchance as ours,
With brighter climes that mock the boast

Of man with all his gifted powers.
They speak to Contemplation's ear,
A wonder-working Power even here.

Our earth, with all its varied race,

Though but an atom world may be
In the immensity of space,

Rolls on in silent majesty,
Attesting in the grand design
The greatness of that Power divine.

The stars ;—without these beacons bright,

Attendants from Creation's birth,
Save when the Moon, with borrowed light

Diffusive, smiles upon the earth,
Night's sable clouds would break in vain
That universal gloom might reign.

In fadeless beauty shall they pour
 Their living streams while Time shall last ;
While we shall fade, as have before
 All generations of the past ;
They change not—types of Him, whose reign
Doth through th' eternal years remain.

We change ! But though the mouldering heap
 Proclaim that dust returns to dust,
Or, as with rapid flight, we sweep
 The cycle of our years, yet just
And ever true, are all the ways
Of Him, the Author of our days.

— — — — —
WINTER.

THE winter is upon us—stern and cold,
 Its chainless blasts sweep through the naked glades
Where late the foliage tipped with hues of gold
 And purple, and the intermingled shades
Of red, that gave to Autumn's closing hours,
Their parting tear o'er the decaying flowers.

The floral train has left. Naught is seen
 Of the bright blooms that deck'd the smiling wood,
The field, the upland or the meadow green,
 Where the bright gentians late in beauty stood ;
Those lovely flowers have faded from our view
Till spring and summer suns their life renew.

The closing of the year is drawing nigh ;
Fit time for calm reflection, and to dwell
Upon the past, while the swift moments fly,
As monitors, our teachers wise, that tell
How short is life, how soon is its career
Run through its cycle, as each passing year.

The dying autumn wind, it seemed to speak
Of melancholy change—still it hath spread
A calmness o'er the spirit ; and even the bleak
November blast an influence may shed
To harmonize our thoughts,—it hath a voice
That bids us in the varied change rejoice.

Though winds may in the elemental strife
Blow keenly, and the newly-fallen snow
The last faint trace of vegetable life
Shroud from our vision, or bedeck the flow
Of rushing stream or gently-flowing rill,
Winter hath charms that may delight us still.

The snow bird and the winter wren have stayed,
And chirping sparrows round our dwellings steal :
We watch their agile movements ; undismayed
About our doors they seek their scanty meal ;
Their simple notes of joy seem to proclaim
Presiding Goodness cares for all the same.

Around the evening fireside we throng,
With smiling Plenty at our social board,

And pass improvingly the hours along,
With all that books and converse sweet afford;
How should we then recount these blessings given,
Since all our blessings are the gifts of Heaven!

How should we now in our calm moments turn
With thought and feeling to the "sore distressed!"
The suffering poor, who rightfully may earn,
Thro' anxious toil, the comfort and the rest
Too oft, by Luxury and heartless Pride,
Thro' winter's sterner reign to these denied.

How should the helping hand be proffered now,
And the full heart its richer blessings share!
To cheer the sorrowing, soothe the aching brow,
Relieve the child of poverty and care.
If this our mission, then how great our gain!
Nor shed we then the pitying tear in vain.

The Father of all good is ever nigh,
Each act of duty to approve and bless,
And wills that all, if earnestly we try
Early to seek Him, and his name confess,
Be gathered, when Life's wintry time is past,
Into His fold of rest and peace at last.

THE FATHERLESS BOY.

I CHANCE along the street one day,
One wintry day, to pass,
When, 'mid the un pitying throng, I saw
One of the lowlier class:
A child of poverty was he,
Bare-headed and feet bare ;
But the cheerful look his visage wore
Bespoke contentment there.

I called him from the heartless crowd
His simple tale to hear,
And learned that he, a fatherless boy,
Lived with his mother dear ;
That she was poor, infirm, and old,
And that their home near by,
Of fuel and food for the winter cold
Yielded a scant supply.

The fare was scarce, yet much did they
Enjoy the simple food,
And heartfelt thanks could offer up
To the Author of all good.
And they, contented with their lot,
Found shelter for the night,
And the fagots he gathered through the day
Kept up their fires so bright.

He told his tale so cheerfully,
And from his lips there fell
No murmuring or complaining word
Of their lowly life to tell.
Instruction here for you who live
In affluence and pride,
In luxuries that life may give,
To poverty denied.

Instruction, then, for you in this
Simple and artless tale,
Told by the child of poverty,
Misfortune's winds assail.
And ye, dear children, who have all
The blessings of a home,
Where want and cold, Misfortune's blight,
Untimely have not come.

Think, while around the cheerful fire,
Where Plenty smiles serene,
To spread the blessings of the hour
And beautify each scene,
Whose tender hearts are light and gay,
By warm affection bound,
And in its fulness day by day,
The cup of joy goes round.

Think ye, that He whose watchful eye
Guards you by night and day,
Cares for the fatherless in need,
And blessings in life's way

Metes out in all their varied lot
Of being here below,
Where sympathy of humankind
With duty deigns to go.

Go forth, then, seek the fatherless,
With love's o'erflowing cup,
Speak the kind word, if nothing more,
It may their hearts cheer up ;
Go forth, and with a liberal hand
Be ministers of love,
That ye may find, when done with Time,
A rich reward above.

OUR TREASURES.

WHAT are the treasures of the soul ?
Truth, justice, mercy, love divine ;
If these our every act control,
Brighter thereby our lives will shine.

The earthly treasure—'t is a need,
Life's varied wants must be supplied,
And, rightly gaining, thence proceed
Blessings and comforts, else denied.

But be the heart by mammon moved
Till life's best energies are gone ;
Hope fails at last—it shall have proved
A broken reed to lean upon.

But the good seed, if early sown,
In golden fruitage may appear,
While that which is of earth alone
Must perish with its using here.

The wavering mind hath hopeless stay,
But in true wisdom Faith's increase ;
Choose then thy own this better way,
Ever the path of joy and peace.

A path of safety, intervene
What may to bring increasing care,
“The vulture's eye hath never seen,
Nor lion's whelp” hath trodden there.

“Deep calleth unto deep”—the soul,
Withdrawn as from the worldly fold,
Finds in its depths within control,
A treasure more of worth than gold.

Truth maketh free from all alarms,
Justice responds to Mercy's call—
Mercy with wide-extended arms—
While love divine encircles all.

VERSES

ON RECEIVING A LEAF FROM "ABRAHAM'S OAK," ON THE PLAIN OF
MAMRE, FROM T. F., WHO, DURING A VISIT IN PALESTINE,
GATHERED ACORNS AND LEAVES FROM THIS TREE.

SYMBOL of age ! the tree * that bore
This leaf, of interest now possessed,
Brought from afar—that distant shore,
The land by hallowed memories blest.
A leaf: no healing power within,
No virtues from its tissues spring ;
Then wherefore should attention win
So seemingly a trifling thing ?

The parent tree, how long and well
It marked the centuries passing by ;
Ah ! who among the living tell,
Or to reveal its history try ?
Though but a leaf, it points to years
Whose annals credence still maintain,
Culled by his hand, as now appears,
From Abraham's oak on Mamre's plain.

* This is an evergreen oak (*Quercus Ballota*), with oval-shaped spiny-toothed leaves ; tree 26 feet girth at the base, branching into three forks six feet from the ground ; branches and branchlets extending nearly fifty feet from the tree, and with the thick foliage forming a canopy horizontally more than ninety feet in diameter.

Owne'd still as, with devout regard,
That ancient, honored tree of old,
Where oft upon its shady sward
The patriarch watch'd his bleating fold ;
Where (gray Tradition testifies,
Though from the distant ages dim),
In cadences as from the skies
Angels had ministered to him.

And now the Hebron Jews repair
Thither, in earnestness the while,
Hopeful to find some token there,
Some sign of Heaven's approving smile.
A simple faith, yet if sincere,
Regarding this, his pilgrim-shrine,
The still believing Jew may here
Find peace to stay at life's decline.

A glimmering hope thro' prayer and fast,
As may his lingering doubts dispel,
Of promise to restore at last
The scattered tribes of Israel.
His prayer invokes the Power divine,
The same Eternal we must own,
And as our hearts to Him incline
All duties here are clearly shown.

In form and faith devout, sincere,
Or Jew or Moslem unto death,
Though owning not as Teacher here
The lowly one of Nazareth.

Oh! may they strive in ardent prayer
 Aright, with Him acceptance gain—
 May in their humble measure share
 His love, nor shall they seek in vain.

“Obey my voice—thy soul shall live ;”
 Herein true faith—all else obscure ;
 Our hearts in trust to Him we give,
 For “calling and election sure ;”
 Thus ministers for good are nigh,
 Anthems their angel voices bear—
 Beyond, the Promised Land may lie,
 And Israel’s Shepherd guide us there.

TO E. H. S.

ON PRESENTATION OF A SPECIMEN OF GENTIAN (GENTIANA ANDREWSII)
 TO BE REPRODUCED IN PAINTING.

No lack of judgment and no lack of will,
 On this trite subject then, show now thy skill ;
 A favorite flower, the *Gentian*, autumn’s pride,
 None more attractive thro’ the country wide ;
 In field or wood, of all the floral train,
 In its full bloom, thro’ mild October’s reign,
 Gathered to please thy own admiring eye ;
 Accept it then as such, and, further, try
 With careful hand to prove the pleasing art
 May reproduce and all but life impart.
 Trace with thy pencil every part correct,

Leaves, flower, and all, improving each defect
That Nature by mishap perchance had made
(Called but a sport of hers, in form or shade,
Or in abnormal growth assumed the cause,
Some slight departure from established laws.)
The graceful form preserve, the upright flower,
The bright green, as if chastened by the shower;
Give all the lively tints—the shade of blue
Blending in softness with the purple too,
Even so exact that Nature owns it true.
The limner's art so exercised with care
No critic's eye finds imperfection there;
Then shall thy effort well rewarded be
For the painstaking workmanship; and he
Who now indites, may, in a simple phrase,
Award at least the "pepper-corn of praise."
And it may be—who knows? or who deny?
By long experience as thy powers try,
To emulate the painter's highest skill,
The many colored art to turn at will,
And catch the summer and the autumn shade
Nature in rich profusion has displayed.
It may be, this thy aim, there shall ere long
More than my pen confers in simple song,
To thee be given *substantial* aid, to bless
Thy labors fully and thy life no less.

LINES

ON THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE FOX OAKS, AT FLUSHING, WHICH DIED
DURING THE SUMMER OF 1861.

'Tis dead ! 'tis dead ! that noble tree,
That centuries had withstood
The whirlwind's sweep, the winter's blast,
The tempest fierce and rude.
'Tis dead ! 'tis dead ! and never more
Shall we behold with pride
That patriarch of the olden time,
Whose arms, extended wide,
Sheltered a pious band whose trust
Unflinching centered here,
That God, our Father, sought aright,
Is to the faithful near.
Whether in temples made with hands
Their offering be made,
Or 'neath those shadowy arching boughs,
In Nature's garb arrayed.
That He who sees with equal eye,
Whose light in all hath shone,
Calls not unto Gerizim's mount
For worshippers alone ;
But as the heart is turned within,
4 Touched by the Father's love,

So shall its faith grow strong in years,
Its hopes in heaven above.
What though that stately oak has gone,
Survivor lone, at last !
What though it crumbled, and ere long
Shall unto dust have passed ;
What though we vainly thither turn
By sacred memories led,
To consecrate the spot with tears,
By fond affection shed !
What though some work of art be reared
Upon that spot held dear,
And heedless pass the crowd, and feet
Unhallowed trespass near.
And in the march of Time, though fall
Our friendships, one by one,
And faltering step to us proclaim
Life's journey well-nigh done.
They, who were wont in former days,
To meet with one accord,
Long since were gathered to receive
On high, their rich reward ;
And in the solemn gathering met,
In spirit one, in praise and prayer ;
He who was wont with reaching power
Truth mightily to proclaim,
He in the vigor of his years
Was called to join that throng,
In heaven assembled and to whom
Unfading joys belong.

And we, if faithful in our day,
 And to the selfsame Power
 Turn, in the faith that strengthened them,
 In sorrow's darkest hour,
 We, too, may feel that heavenly glow
 Which soothes the troubled breast,
 To be our beacon light below,
 Our guide to peace and rest.

THE NEW YEAR — 1867.

FROM their far-off haunts and solitudes
 Where late they had been sleeping,
 Over the fields, and through the woods,
 The wintry winds are sweeping ;
 And the howling blast may now begin,
 In its fury rage without ;
 Yet the New Year welcome is heard within
 In merry childhood's shout.

The New Year, ay, the bright New Year,
 It comes with smiles as ever,
 Though snows descend and winter drear
 From rural charms dis sever—
 Beside the fire (a pleasing sight)
 May loving children find

Some pure and innocent delight,
Instructive to the mind.

O happy hearts! in your joyousness
And the glow of youthful feeling,
While truth and love your thoughts possess,
Their finer tints revealing,—
Seek ye, while Time upon his scroll
Records each passing year,
And numbers as the seasons roll,
Life's varied pleasures here,

Seek ye to learn the better way
Now in life's lovely morning ;
That when shall come its closing day,
Its brightest, best adorning
Shall be a spirit meek and calm,
That over doubt and fear
Triumphs at last, and finds a balm
For every sorrow here.

Keep then in view, while in his flight
Unwearied Time is speeding,
That better way, the pathway bright
Of virtue, heavenward leading ;
Then shall, at each New Year's return,
Your joys more brightly bloom,
And yield the fruit ye well may earn,
Possessed beyond the tomb.

THE OLD SPECTACLES.*

OF all the old familiar things
Mine eyes may gaze upon,
The fond remembrances that point
To days and years now gone,
There is not of those relics dear,
One I can prize the more
Than the old spectacles now mine,
The ones my father wore.

They speak of eyes they well had served
And long, through many a year ;
They speak of many a kindly look
To early childhood dear ;
The pleasant smile, the peering look,
And when the instructive page
Was opened for the household band,
Befitting youth and age.

They point me back with memory's wand
To scenes forever fled,
To bygone pleasures of my youth,
The lost and early dead.

* Presented to the writer in 1867, about thirty years after the decease of his father.

But yet the inexorable Past
Rules not with power stern
The sweet remembrances of years
That can no more return.

Life then to me was in its spring ;
And though revolving years
Have brought, as ever they must bring,
Alternate hopes and fears ;
Yet memory speaketh from afar
(Sacred her trust, forsooth),
Not wholly evanescent are
The hopes and smiles of youth.

However varied life appears,
Whatever sense of ill
Betide us in the lapse of years,
They linger with us still ;
And whereso'er our footsteps roam
In the wide world's domain,
How sweet the memories of that home
Made bless'd in childhood's reign.

My home, my own parental home,
Where first the wayward heart
Was taught to shun the ways of sin,
And seek the better part,—
That part which, sought aright by all,
Guides safely to the shore
They gained at last—a heavenly rest
Where parting is no more.

In Him, who is supremely good,
Through faith if we rely,
It were not well we should lament
The gladsome years gone by ;
But ever cheerful, hoping on,
Though sorrow's paths we tread,
Since all redeemed from earthly dross
Through trials have been led.

And now since youth is fled, and life
Presents its toils and cares,
This dear memento may I claim
Of him whose name it bears ;
And shall I, for the donor's sake,
The treasure love the more—
Prize the old spectacles now mine,
The ones my father wore.

“KNOW THYSELF.”

“KNOW THYSELF,”—a maxim given
 By the wisest of the sages ;
 Thales, immortal child of heaven !
 Thine for all succeeding ages—
 Precept—aye, the golden rule
 Accepted in the famed Ionian school.

Wisdom’s law—had man been wise,
 Ever its requirings heeded,
 What for him the paradise
 To make below were needed,
 Only to yield his will in love
 Trusting with faith alone in God above ?

So wisely planned the human will,
 Pliant to act with freedom ever,
 To choose the good by shunning ill
 That peace might ever crown endeavor ;
 That there is here upon life’s stage
 For man an Eden—joy and goodly heritage.

“Know thyself !” If wise to-day,
 Unawares though cometh sorrow,
 Virtue richly will repay
 With her treasures for the morrow,
 Ever leading on to bless
 And strew life’s paths with flowers of happiness.

OUR (FRIENDS') PRINCIPLES.

OUR principles? No mystic veil enshrine them!
Truth, justice, mercy, love, embracing all;
And for the common good ours to assign them
Each to a sphere to act at Duty's call—
No creed of man's devising to confine them,
No power inquisitorial to enthrall.
Truth as the pole-star all our footsteps guiding,
Justice with equal balance ever nigh,
Mercy in love's expanding power confiding—
That love whereon our surest hopes rely;
Thus by example prove a trust abiding,
Thus by our works the Christian's life to show
Whereby our purest, highest blessings flow
Of heavenly peace on earth, good will to man
below.

DIED,

AT SHARON, NEAR DAREY, FIFTH MONTH 8TH, 1842.

SARAH H. JACKSON.

IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HER AGE.

The following stanzas were written the day previous to her interment.

AND can it be, my sister, now
Those eyes of thine are closed for aye?
Those marble lips, that pallid brow,
Now blanched by Death, no more display
The radiant glow of pleasure bright
That used thy countenance to light?

And can it be thy voice no more
Its tuneful cadence can resume
In strains familiar as before,
Ere death pronounced thine early doom,
When life was in its opening spring,
And health waved bright her rosy wing!

'Tis even so—and in mine eye,
As on thy pallid corse I gaze,
While pensive memory hovering nigh,
Cons o'er the scene of former days—
The big tear gathers—'t is, for me,
Affection's tribute due to thee.

Yes, I do feel within my heart
The breathing sigh of sadness swell ;
And nature cries, “ *Oh, must we part ?*
And *this* to be our *last* farewell ? ”
Affection’s self now lingering near
Drops on thy cheek her warmest tear.

But though now gone, thy spirit blest
Hath passed to happier worlds than this,
Upborne by angels heaven-confess’d,
To blend with holier scenes of bliss—
Again long-severed friends to meet,
And hold with them communion sweet.

We give thee up, and should not weep,
Though strong the ties that hold thee dear,
For calm and peaceful is thy sleep,
And, sister, thou no more canst hear
The tempest beating o’er thy head,
For thine’s the slumber of the dead.

Approach of death thou didst not fear—
Thy spirit striving to be free
Would oft exclaim, “ O, is it near,
My Heavenly Father ! when to thee .
From this frail tenement of clay,
My ransomed soul shall soar away !

“There’s no continuing city here,
My soul then soon, O wilt thou bear
Up to yon bright and glorious sphere—
For my loved parents now are there ;
There do they dwell in that pure clime,
Far, far beyond the bounds of time.

“And when the closing scene draws nigh,
Make firm my confidence in thee,
That, dying, I may breathe no sigh,
But meekly yield at thy decree ;
And grant, O Father ! to appear
Within my breast no dreams of fear.”

Thy prayer was heard—voice from above
Shed Hope’s fair sunshine in thy breast ;
An angel came on wings of love
To bear thee to thy lasting rest—
Death came enrobed in silvery light,
And thy sweet spirit took its flight.

We stood beside thee till the last
Expiring ray of life was fled—
When Resignation sweetly cast
Her glorious halo round thine head,
And o’er thy features stole serene
Tranquillity’s effulgent beam.

Then should we mourn that soul like thine,
So fitted and prepared, should leave ?
O no ! we ought not dare repine.
When Heaven decrees, how wrong to grieve—
How wrong to wish *thee* back again
Here in this world of toil and pain.

And though 'tis hard to give thee up,
And wrap this form of thine in dust,
Yet, bitter though may prove the cup,
It must be so—then may we trust,
When earth-bound tie of ours is riven
Our spirits may meet thine in Heaven.

Another sun may pass us by
Ere we commit thee to the tomb,
And though its beams fall round thine eye,
They cannot chase the solemn gloom ;
And though they gild thy features o'er,
The slumbering smile can wake no more.

When in the narrow mansion laid,
How peaceful and how calm thy rest !
No care will pierce the cloistered shade
To incommode thine heaveless breast—
And O ! may flowers of beauteous bloom
Long shed their fragrance round thy tomb.

How oft, when eventide draws nigh,
And warm Affection lingers near,
Will Memory point to scenes gone by,
And drop the tribute of a tear—
And from her radiant pinion shed
Sweet incense o'er thy halcyon bed.

Farewell then, sister ! Heaven is thine—
Then may the muse suspend her song,
And her *now* plaintive lyre resign,
Its strains hereafter to prolong,
When Time's brief day with us is o'er,
In higher notes, to sleep no more.

To sleep no more—yes, deathless strains
More worthy thee by far than these—
Chanting through Heaven's celestial plains
For aye harmonious melodies ;
And seraphs there with us will raise
Their songs of everlasting praise.

MARY H. CHILD.*

OUR mother! to that name—that precious word—
What hallowed memories ever fondly cling!
How in our hearts by tenderest feelings stirred
Opens affection's pure and living spring.
Thy precepts now no longer may be heard
From lips that spake as Wisdom gave them might.
No lingering sickness was it thine to share—
Quick as the twinkling of an eye thy flight,
Leaving serenely, calmly, every care.
Quick the translation thine to realms of light,
Since here thy mission ended with "Well done,"
And though now vanished from our earthly sight,
There hath for thee arisen a brighter sun—
Well shall it be like thine, if we our course shall run.

Eleventh Mo. 6th, 1881.

* Sonnet expressive of the feelings of surviving children.

MY FATHER.

(HALLIDAY JACKSON, OF DARBY.)

My father ! in that name as now rehearsed,
At this far period of my passing years,
How memory turns with sadness to the first
Sad word that told of many sorrowing tears !
Told that the parting hour was drawing nigh,
And how I felt alternate hopes and fears
With anxious watch to see the closing eye
In death—since death the threshold crossed before
When a loved mother left for heaven on high.
Though all my childhood years not traversed o'er,
I realized then fully how they fly,
The fondly cherished hopes, as Time rolls by,
The impress of thy teaching still doth live,
And now at this late day a soothing comfort give.

Twelfth mo. 27th, 1882.

MY MOTHER.

(JANE HOUGH JACKSON.)

THOUGH I was young in life when thou wert called,
Still memory turns with freshness to that day,
Far distant, when thy spirit, disenthralled,
Left cold in death thy form, and passed away.
My heart was stricken then, with fears appalled,
At sorrowing thought those eyes were closed for aye
That watched my infant days with anxious care ;
And O ! what sobbings ! and what tears I shed,
At the last rite that chilled me with despair !
Still I remember, tho' long years since fled,
A closing scene in peace was thine to share ;
And while prostrated on the dying bed,
Ejaculation from thy lips arose
In accents low, yet sweet, nigh to the final close.

1882.

A REMINDER.

“By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.” The same Divine gift that dwelt in fulness in our Saviour, Jesus Christ, is freely given us in measure sufficient to enable us to work out our salvation, to glorify God the giver by meek submission to his will as revealed by his Holy Spirit. Rich in goodness, boundless in mercy and lovingkindness, he follows after the transgressor to bring him back to the fold, mourning over the rebellious as the holy and just one, weeping over Jerusalem because she would not be saved and turn in the day of her visitation. Her desolation came, and she had to accept it; so it will ever be. May the visited children of to-day take warning by the past, and “Turn unto the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near! O that my people were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end,” and the high responsibility connected with the right use of time, the beauty of a life of holiness, and the blessedness found in the Council Chamber with Deity, listening to the still small voice, undisturbed by outside commotions. May the Society of Friends hold fast to the faith once delivered to the saints, the same now as in Apostolic times.

—SARAH HUNT.

A PARAPHRASE.

(In response to “A Reminder.”)

By yielding to that grace which is divine—
 A gift of God—our lives to Him incline;
 This, all-sufficient, if our faith we prove
 By works in deeds of kindness and of love,—
 A gift that in its fulness was assigned
 To Him, the great exemplar of our kind;
 And in our measure of the same possessed—
 His name above all other names confessed—

We too attain ; thro' watchfulness fulfil
Our mission here : *to do the Father's will.*
In goodness rich, in mercy unconfined,
In lovingkindness still, the wavering mind,
Though doubts assail, yet as the truth is sought,
Back to the fold of peace and rest is brought.
Turn then to Him while yet he may be heard,
Then to thy earnest call the answering word
Hath no uncertain sound, but ever clear,
In language suited to thy mental ear.
Harkening to wisdom minds will ever tend
Well to consider each the latter end ;
So, rightly used, is time—we know, confess
The beauty of a life of holiness,
And in this quietude no worldly noise
Disturbs the peaceful tenor of our joys.
Then in the goodly heritage we claim
Hold fast our faith, and to the glorious name
Of Him, the Searcher of all hearts, then raise
Anthems acceptable in prayer and praise.

SIXTY-FIVE.

THIS day I number sixty-five,
And yet from labor still derive
 The blessing health alone bestows
To give to varied life its zest—
Its equanimity of rest,
 Sweet relaxation and repose.

Labor is right—'t was said of old
And through successive ages told,
 That man should earn by sweat of brow
His daily bread,—if truthful then,
Still needed, say, why not on *men*
 Imperative and binding now?

In ages distant (so 'tis said)
Men lived and earned whereon they fed,
 And hardly knew of fell disease;
A hundred years or more rolled on,
Health bloomed as in life's early dawn—
 Ah! not such palmy days are these!

Shall I complain? O, no! O, no!
Ungrateful 'twere indeed to show
 Such thought while others' onerous cares

Give haggard look and knitted brow,
With wrinkles deep, which even now
 My visage hardly owns it bears.

True, hairs of gray I need not try
Now to conceal, much less deny—
 In youth they come—what then the gauge?
This wisest precept own we can :
Wisdom is the grey hair of man,
 And an unspotted life old age.

I turn in thought to vanished years,
And while my journey thence appears,
 Compared with its preceding past,
As but a fleeting period gone,
And rapidly Time still rolls on,
 I feel the years are waning fast.

How many that my childhood knew,
With whom I mingled oft, and who,
 Though blest with health that seemed to give
Promise of lengthened years below,
Have gone ! and I am left, to know
 Only in memory now they live.

At times there seems a rugged path
Along life's checkered way—Alas !
 If here the heart begins to quail
The way is made more rugged still,
And end or purpose to fulfil
 Resolves grow weaker and must fail.

Then may it be my better aim
 And effort (nor relax the same)
 As the revolving years roll by,
 To shun the haunts of chill Despair,
 Its dark and pestilential air,
 That Hope, a constant friend, be nigh.

Dare I despond? Despondency
 Is not for man, if spirit-free,
 While Hope is his attendant here.
 Through weal or woe, his common lot
 Mutation, wheresoe'er the spot
 Or place in which he must appear.

Another decade mine to reach
 Some wiser lessons still may teach—
 Age progress will at least have shown
 By feebler step—perchance with ear
 Less keen of aptitude to hear,
 Or eye with greater dimness grown.

But thou who started life with me,
 My sister! still is life to thee
 Vouchsafed, and while in earthly care
 We still can find the labor sweet
 To make domestic joys complete,
 Repining will not be our share.

True, we have known the flow of tears,
 Of sorrows and appalling fears,—
 The destined lot perchance of all,

Yet have we lived to learn that here
There is, to bless and still to cheer,
 And “Come up higher” still the call.

Time doth not loiter on the way,
But bears us on from day to day
 With silent tread, but ever sure,—
With voice no outward ear hath heard,
Yet comprehended in the word
 “Prepare”—for that which shall endure.

Then let us trust there are, who will
Add comfort we are hopeful still,
 When life has well nigh made its round ;
And happily it be for us
The sentence at the close is thus :
 “ Well done ! with peace the end is crowned . ”

Twelfth month 27th, 1882.

TO CARRIE J. BELL.

DEAR Carrie! I must not forget her—

For one that is gentle and kind
As she is, deserves a long letter,
So now I will bear it in mind.

My inkstand with ink is replenished,
For the purpose I've mended my pen,
So I think they will do till it 's finished,
And perhaps till I write thee again.

Little "Halley" in cradle is lying,
Though asleep, on his lips is a smile,
And good little Edward is trying
His rocking horse "Mike" for awhile.
"Thomas H" at the dam has been fishing,
Caught nothing, though long he has tried;
And now he stands by me half-wishing
For a pony like "Aby's" to ride.

"Aunt Emily" too is quite busy,
At work with her sewing-machine;
Her needle works nicely and easy,
And so rapid it cannot be seen.
This machine I can tell thee works wonders,
Or can do it, if I do not mistake,
When well understood all its blunders,
For a few still it sometimes will make—

A dress it can work in a minute
Or more (I add this for a pun)
 From the time it does really begin it,
 Till the time it is actually done !
 Now I'll venture to say, though half knowing
 'T would provoke to a laugh or a smile,
 That the foot plays a part at the sewing
 Quite as much as the hand all the while.

Dear Carrie ! I think then thy mother,
 If she had such, and tried it a spell,
 Notwithstanding at first it might bother,
 She would soon become satisfied well.
 And thy father, who we know is no "dandy,"
 (As he is not afraid of the tools),
 And you all must confess him so handy,
 Would make it work well with the "spools."

Well, enough on this theme for the present ;
 A change then—I hope not for worse—
 A change then—it may be as pleasant,
 Rather dry though the detail in verse.
 A journey I have had, or *we* rather,
 For the family group formed the Co.,
 There were mother and children and father,
 As my story will very soon show.

A story I said ! Well, admit it,
 But the story I tell it is true
 If the facts of the case well befit it,
 As I certainly wish them to do.

Our journey was southward : in valley
And on hill-top enough pleased the sight,
So that "Ommy" and "Edward" and "Halley,"
All had their full share of delight.

The squirrel from tree to tree bounded,
The wood-birds their notes warbled clear,
And their music through green woods resounded,
Oft came floating soft to the ear.
The flowers of autumn bloomed brightly,
By the streams that flowed joyously by,
For the chill wind of autumn but lightly
Had breathed on their blossoms a sigh.

So, methought, if we each did our duty,
As on through Time's season's we go,
Through the autumn of years would be beauty,
And life's stream ever peacefully flow.
While journeying onward, thus musing,
As the mind into stillness was brought,
The volume of Nature perusing,
Some lesson instructive was taught.

Thus, Carrie, enjoyment is brightened,
The burthen of cares made more light,
And the pleasures of youth too are brightened,
As Nature is studied aright.
Well, again to the journey, dear Carrie,
For my pen seems inclined some to dodge,
For the night we concluded to tarry
At our cousins, the Hadleys', to lodge.

On the morrow our travel resuming,
With a reasonable speed we pushed on,
The end of our journey presuming
To arrive at ere daylight was gone.
Well, at last we arrived—then the greeting
With “how-do’s” and kisses went round,
And the children, so joyous their meeting,
Seemed with ecstasy almost to bound.

The children, one moment’s attention—
The pen seems to make the request,—
Their names one by one I will mention,
In the order of age seemeth best.
Now imagine, for I think thee can do it,
These little folks varying in height,
All arranged in a row, and review it
A minute or so while I write.

Their names then, with “Thomas” beginning,
Then a “Carrie” with eye dark and clear,
Then “Joseph” whose manner so winning,
And “David” with charms that endear.
Then “Edward” who has many a dido,
And “Walter,” the flaxen-haired boy,
Lastly, “Halley,” the least of the trio,
With an eye that can sparkle with joy.

All seemed to have felt in full measure
Affection to gladden their hearts,
And the older partook of the pleasure
Commingling with childhood imparts.

Our journey now ended, so ends now
 My story, already too long,
 For its length I will not make amends now,
 Or for efforts so feeble in song.
 Then will thee, dear Carrie, forgive me,
 If my efforts prove fruitless and vain all
 To instruct or amuse, still believe me
 As ever thy attached uncle "Hal."

POSTSCRIPT.

A verse more including this promise,
 With two plain requests I shall quit,
 Give our love to the household of "Thomas,"
 And write when thy health will permit.

THE TWO SOCIETIES. *

EACH claims the title, FRIENDS— a goodly name
 If owned in purpose, faith, and love the same,
 But if some secret dissonance appear
 To prove their outward actions insincere ;
 To show that either failing to possess
 The charity without fictitious dress,
 And in the secret workings of deceit
 With stern rebuff the faith of others meet ;

* The two branches of Friends, caused by the Separation of 1828.

Or if example fail to prove the force
That leads to truth, of good the only source,
What then the hoped-for end, and how to bless
Thus wrapt in mantle of self-righteousness?
Not so the Christian mind that looks abroad
With admiration on the works of God ;
And sees in all beneficence and care
Alike bestowed, alike that all may share ;
And irrespective of the creed to show
A love of common brotherhood below.
The great Exemplar said : “ Ye are my friends,
If ye love one another,”—and commends
This declaration to mankind where'er
A heart receptive for his love and care.
What better test than this our need to prove,
We are his children if we own his love ;
Walk in accordance with the precepts given,
To be our safeguards, as the gifts of heaven,
To lead us in the straight and narrow way,
To give the needful food from day to day,
That which sustains and nourishes the soul,
Vouchsafing strength and faith that maketh whole ?
His grace accessible to all if found,
Not by the thralldom of tradition bound,
But willing to receive, though it may chide
For some untoward act or lurking pride,
Some false, presumptuous step that needs the test
To prove allegiance to the name confess'd.
What are our duties ? They are well defined ;
To know, none are so dull, to see, nor blind—

Do justly, mercy love, and humbly walk,—
No obstacle in doing these should balk
And lead unwarily our feet astray
While in our hearts the Light illumines our way—
A universal Light that shines afar
To bless his children, wheresoe'er they are ;
Whether in lands we claim as Christian here,
Where men profess to hold their tenets clear,
Or at earth's farthest bounds, He still is near,
And willing souls that would embrace His love,
Find the full recognition from above.
My brother has a faith, admitted strong,
Perhaps sincere, but, not like mine, is wrong,
To whom the condemnation then belong ?
On his standpoint may fall the heavenly rays
To waken in his heart the prayer and praise ;
His actions upright, all his dealings just,
No flaw in morals leading to mistrust,
Then to denounce his faith I am not free,
As Charity with eye to scan may see,
But through presumption rash the wrangling dart,
Intolerance, sways and ill directs my heart.
Without the boon of charity, in sooth,
How vain is all profession of the truth !
As "sounding brass," as "tinkling cymbals" they
Who shun this virtue in its bright array,
And all that tongue can utter, words though fine
To please the ear, cannot to truth incline.
Zealots coercion as a means may use—
A vain prerogative—to shape our views,

But what avail such power, that ne'er can give
The surety by which true Christians live,
To bring, as into one harmonious whole,
To prove our actions are at Truth's control
And hope and faith are with us to assuage
With consolations through life's later stage ;
If to become the heirs of joy above
All need below th' expansive power of love ;
Its widening influence, as from sea to sea,
Embracing all mankind, to all is free.
For the wise precept* then assign a place,
Deeply, that no device of ours erase ;
" Sure 't is much nobler, and more like divine,
T' enlarge the path of heav'n, than to confine."'
Grant then sectarian bias be repress'd,
Whate'er our name, whatever faith profess'd,
And the pure love which gathers to one fold
As badge of true discipleship is told ;
Is the best proof that each is in the right,
Acknowledging one faith—the *Truth* and *Light*,
And in the common fellowship to own
We would His loving children all be known :
The way is plain, so manifest to all,
No formula dogmatic to enthrall ;
And it hath been proclaimed in every age,
In characters of Light on Wisdom's page,
That all who seek aright may find true peace,
The evidence of conscious love increase.

* Dodsley's

And flowing towards His children everywhere
His tender mercies and His loving care ;
'T is thus a life of godliness defends,
Clear of all falsity, our name as FRIENDS.

TO M. A. S.*

“ THANKS to thee now ”—so says the “ little boy ”
Who once found pleasure in the little toy ;
But having passed the age of striplings, he
To manhood grown, and now less lithe and free,
And life advancing onward—as appears,
It shows the wear and soberness of years.
Then toys which satiated to the full,
Cheering many a childish mood that else were dull,
Now in these latter days for hand to try
Finds e'en *blank paper* pleasing to the eye ;
And opportune it comes, for thought can find
Expression here, whate'er the turn of mind,
And even if in rhyming mood, methinks,
May find some jingling in the rusty links :
So double thanks to thee ; and may I share
Still, as we journey through this life of care,
A measure of thy love in word and cheer
To keep Affection's chain untarnished here,
However short or long our varied career.

* On receiving a quantity of writing paper. 1884.

LINES

OCCASIONED ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF SARAH WHITE, WHO, WE
ARE ASSURED, MADE A HAPPY AND TRANQUIL END.

“Thy work hath well been done!
So thou mayst rest!”

—HEMANS.

SARAH, with thee 't is past! Life's transient dream is
o'er,
And thou canst feel the pangs of death no more.
Of earth-born cares and trials dispossessed,
How sweetly 'neath the green turf dost thou rest!
The voiceless mansion is thy lowly tomb,
O'er which the wild flower shall with sweetness
bloom,
And crystal drops of falling dew will steep,
While pensive memory lingers o'er to weep;
O'er which shall friendship, in her wailing mood,
Breathe forth a sigh in hours of solitude.
Yes, they will oft assemble 'round thy bed,
The tributary tear o'er thee to shed;
O'er thee to pay the requiem they owe,
For thou wast friendship's friend while here below,
And she was thine,—around thy brow she twined
Her amarantine wreath by thee condigned.
And what though now immured from mortal eye,
Beneath the sod to moulder thou dost lie;

What though thy pilgrimage on earth be o'er,
And we thy form as erst behold no more ;
What though that form shall back return to dust,
We still have hope, we confidently trust ;
Thy spirit hath on wings immortal flown,
Where sorrow and affliction are unknown.
Beyond the clouds and mists that circle earth,
Thou hast attained a high, an heavenly birth,
Where virtue—heaven-born virtue, spreads profuse
Athwart the soul, pure and celestial dews.
As the once captive bird doth wing the skies,
So did thy soul emancipate arise,
Nor deigned to rest its wings beneath that clime,
Where perfect harmony and concord chime,
Where sing the white-robed choir the hallowed
 songs
Of praise to Him to whom all praise belongs,
But spurning all the fading pleasures here,
It rose to a sublimer, holier sphere ;
And now made pure with His all-chastening rod,
'T will flourish in the garden of its God.

Eleventh month 22d, 1838.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF REBECCA CLAPP.

“Thou art numbered with those who can know
 Neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain;
 From whose bright eyes no tears ever flow;
 And whom death cannot conquer again.”

THOU art gone! thou art gone! to thy mansion of
 rest,

The home of the righteous, the land of the blest,
 Where virtue refreshingly vents her perfume,
 And Joy's brightest flowers eternally bloom.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and in thy life's
 prime,

To a holier than this, a more hallowed clime;
 Thy spirit on pinions immortal did soar,
 To the realms of delight and can sorrow no more.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! evermore to reside
 In the temple of God where the sinless abide;
 Thy homage to Him, thy praise to renew,
 Whilst Shiloh's waters thy spirit imbue.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and the dayspring
 above,

Now sheds o'er thy soul the soft beamings of love,
 Its radiance benign, as softly as o'er
 The throne of thy Maker, whom thou dost adore.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and tho' back unto
clay,

Thy reliques unseen moulder slowly away,
Thy soul pure, unblemished, unspotted, refined,
Exulting, through paradise soars unconfined.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and of thee tho'
bereft,

For the mourner a bright ray of hope there is left,
That, entered approved in the joy of thy Lord,
Fruition divine is thy spirit's reward.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and to thee is now
given,

By a bountiful giver, pure blessings of heaven.
The waters that flow (where true pleasures are rife)
From the fountain exhaustless of bliss and of life.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! and as 'neath the
smooth verge,

Unclouded, serenely, the sun doth immerge
When a calmness prevails, so, placid, did thine,
But in heaven arose with more brightness to shine.

Thou art gone! thou art gone! to that blissful
abode,

Encompassed by glory, the lustre of God,
Illumed by the bright beams of joy evermore,
From the Pharos of bliss on eternity's shore.

IN WINTER FEED THE LITTLE
BIRDS.

DEAR children! feed the little birds
 That chirp about your doors,
 If ye would have them gather round
 Your pleasant homes in scores,
 To pipe their notes in chorus sweet
 With merry voices clear;
 Though winter reigns severe, withal,
 Their notes like silvery music fall
 On happy childhood's ear.

With liberal hand the little crumbs
 That from your tables fall,
 Judiciously dispense to them,
 For they may need them all,
 Since garden, hedge and wood but yield
 Only a scanty fare;
 And the snow mantle, covering now
 Low herbage, bramble, leafless bough,
 Give them your kindly care.

In their approaches, sly at first,
 Yet as by instinct led,
 Their wants they seek to satisfy
 Where bountifully fed.
 The snow-bird first perchance appears,
 And soon its numerous train
 By signs—their own peculiar speech—

Are taught (not human skill may teach)
 To come and come again.

Then others of the feathered race
 Soon join the friendly throng,
 And in harmonious concert join
 To swell the gladdening song ;
 The ground-bird, with familiar chirp,
 Thither may now repair,
 With twittering nuthatch from the limb
 Watching the dainties strown for him,
 In numbers gather there.

The little birds ! O, what were wood
 With all its waving green,
 Or field, or meadow, or parterre,
 'Neath summer's glorious sheen
 To gladden in our daily walks,
 To gratify and cheer,
 If we had not the melody—
 The visits and the warblings *free*—
 Of the sweet songsters here?

With what refined, exquisite skill,
 By an Almighty hand,
 To catch the sweet, mellifluous sounds
 The human ear was planned :
 How much more than *the mind*, when all
 Its cords are rightly strung,
 Is fitted for those higher strains
 From the celestial hills and plains
 By Heavenly voices sung !

The little birds—do they present
 A fitting type for all?
 No discord here, no strife of tongues
 From them may ever fall:
 Disdain not then to feed the birds
 That flit about your doors;
 While yet with icy fetters bound
 The snow lies mantling all the ground,
 Give of your ample stores.

They well a part beneficent
 In Nature's wondrous plan
 Perform, nor this the least, to be
 A blessing unto man.
 Our Father! He hath sent them here
 For purposes benign,
 They therefore are, as we (the lip
 Of Truth proclaims), the workmanship
 Of hands that are divine.

To Reason's eye with vision clear,
 To Reason's ear refined,
 Such sounds, such scenes bespeak the care
 Of a presiding mind—
 Of Him whose ever-rolling year
 A bounteous good displays,
 And, strung to many voices, gives
 'Mid all His works, for each that lives,
 Full utterance of His praise.

BALLAD OF THE CANAL BOY.

Supposed to have been sung or soliloquized by the youthful Garfield * while plying his vocation on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal in 1847. The name of the boat was *Evening Star*. Intending, if possible, to procure a situation on one of the lake vessels, he applied to the captain of a craft, who, in a rough manner and with profane reply, peremptorily denied the position. Undaunted, however, by this refusal, he proceeded to the canal and was recognized by his cousin, Amos Letcher, the captain of the *Evening Star*, who at once gave him a situation as driver on the tow path.

WITH wistful looks on Erie's strand
Its wide expanse I sought to try,
The captain who essayed command
In chiding gave profane reply.

With look repelling to the young
And inexperienced, at one blow
Of profanation from his tongue
He sought my hopes to overthrow ;

And treated thus with foul disdain
The smooth canal my steps drew near—
I gazed, not hopeless nor in vain,
A kinder voice broke on my ear.

My kinsman, Amos Letcher, hailed
In tones I well could understand ;—
O blissful hope that had not failed !
To be my constant friend at hand.

* James A. Garfield, of Ohio, now (1880) candidate for the Presidency.

He spake and called ; assigned for me
The towpath, suited for my thought—
My kinsman ! gratitude to thee
For signal favor thus unsought.

Experience here might well prepare
For scenes ambition sought in ease,
The perils of the Lake to share,
Or brave rude storms on billowy seas.

How young ambition fired my brain
In earlier boyhood when I read
Of thrilling scenes on Ocean's main
When doubts and fears around were spread !

When tempests lashed the rolling flood,
Threat'ning a gallant crew to whelm,
How in the strength of courage stood,
Safe guide, the pilot at the helm !

The wild romance rings in mine ear,
Loud shrieks from hearts, yet nobly brave,
And now, e'en now, methinks I hear
The dirge-like murmurings from the wave.

A helmsman in such needful time
Dare I to hope for on Life's stream,
When youth has passed to manhood's prime,
Or this illusive Fancy's dream ?

Though but a lad of sixteen years,
I leave my home, my peaceful home,

With childish hopes and childish fears,
Abroad henceforth the world to roam.

My father died—our means were small—
I've started on my new career,
A lone canal boy, yet withal
My mother's bless'd words I hear :

“Go thou, my son, where duty leads ;
Though clouds may sometimes overcast,
Let true and upright be thy deeds,
The crowning honor comes at last.”

Sweet was my mother's parting kiss !
Those living words—they cannot die ;
And should my footsteps stray amiss,
Still do they linger, linger nigh.

Faint and aweary I may be,
Some sweet recall makes courage strong,
And in these solitudes to me
The birds are sweeter in their song.

The solitary path I tread,
Thro' woods and vales, from early sun
Till dusky eve : her mantle spread,
Proclaims the day's long toil is done.

And then, ere chains of slumber bind me,
How turn my thoughts to that loved cot,
To counsel that can now remind me
How checkered here life's common lot !

With struggling toil I long may cope,
And thus, perchance, through many a day,
But Oh ! the cheering beams of hope
Fall glimmering on my destined way.

The gates of knowledge opened wide,
All, all may enter of our kind ;
Be then, whatever may betide,
My motto : " Seek and ye shall find."

These quiet moments tears may roll
While busy thought essays to greet
With cheers the yearnings of my soul
Life's exigencies now to meet.

And if the future opens bright,
With many a varied hue it seems,
And fancy wakens a delight
Half mingling with my wakeful dreams.

There is a White House looming far,
And Perseverance points the road :
O shed thy light, my guiding Star !
And lead my steps to that abode.

A longer path than this I go,
And rugged steps may cross the way,
Between the threat'ning floods may flow,
And rising storms well nigh dismay.

Long strides there are to intervene,
And many a hopeful thought suppress,

But cloudless skies there be I ween
 Our later years below to bless.

Such thoughts arise, and when they break
 In utterance thus (I know not why),
 These words affection early spake
 Again revive—*they* cannot die:

“Go thou, my son, where duty leads ;
 Though clouds may sometimes overcast,
 Let true and upright be thy deeds,
 The crowning honor comes at last.”

West Chester, Pa.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MARK! The bells are sadly tolling,
 Sorrow's wail breaks on my ear ;
 Clouds are gathering, darkly rolling
 Through the dim, chill atmosphere !

What can be the dreaded warning ?
 Hath our nation's flag been furled ?
 And in deepest grief and mourning
 Must this nation now be hurled ?

Hark ! the tidings come, enshrouding
 Every loyal heart with grief ;—

Oh ! what thoughts are swelling, crowding,
Seeking, but in vain, relief !

He, our chieftain, now has perished
By the assassin's murderous hand ;
And fond hopes the nation cherished
Prostrate o'er our bleeding land !

Can it be that voice, outspoken,
Fearless, bold, unfaltering, strong,
Still is hushed in death—ah ! broken—
Theme now for elegiac song !

Lincoln ! how our hearts deplore thee,
As we feel that thou art gone
In the noontide of thy glory,
Just at Freedom's opening dawn.

Lincoln ! Oh ! what inward burning,
Anguish pen cannot portray,
That to sorrow we are turning
From all joyful scenes away.

Over all a sadness stealing
Through our country's wide domain,
Who can measure now the feeling
That must at our hearth-stones reign ?

Thou hast won a name enduring ;
And thy guerdon, nobly won,
Is the passport clear, insuring
Peace for deeds so wisely done.

Yes, wisely done ! for thou hast given
Blows that wakened Slavery's knell ;
And its galling chains now riven,
Hopes the hearts of millions swell.

Written as on living pages
Shall thy name and deeds remain,
While through long succeeding ages
Virtue, justice, freedom reign.

Thou, like him whose highest favor
Was the " Promised Land " to view,
With a faith that did not waver,
Safely led thy people through.

Thou, like him, as on the mountain
Saw the smiling scene around,
And at every rill and fountain
Freedom's glorious vantage-ground.

Hearts deplore thee ! But the parting
Wakes, as in the inmost soul,
Stirring thoughts, though keen and smarting,
While we feel thy mild control.

And the generations tending
Downward on the stream of Time,
Will be found long years defending
Truths of thine, pure and sublime.

And as household words endearing,
Binding with cementing power,

Shall those utterances be cheering
In our nation's darkest hour.

Now our aching hearts assailing,
Doubts and fears around us spread,
For alas ! how unavailing
Are these tears of sorrow shed !

Farewell ! Oh ! thy spirit near us
Yet may be to guide us on,
Yet to greet us, yet to cheer us,
Though the mortal now is gone !

Gone ! and though to dust descending—
To the confines of the tomb—
Thou art gone where joys unending
In Eternity shall bloom.

Mourn we then ? We *must* deplore thee,
For the life that now has fled ;
But would not recall the glory
Now that crowns the martyred dead.

Fourth Month 15th, 1865.

SONNET.—VIRTUE.

VIRTUE ! thy promises are all-enduring,
 Accessible to man if he were true,
Did he, by actions shaping and maturing
 For noble ends, in faith thy ways pursue ;
Walk in uprightness ; never lend an ear
 To voice of Error seeking to betray,
But onward for a high and bright career,
 Only as Truth directs in Wisdom's way ;
And while Humility keeps low the mind
 To sympathize with suffering everywhere,
Aid the distressed, the lowly of our kind,
 And in affliction with the afflicted share,
O then ! thy omen is—the dawning nigh
Of peace, and rest his sure reward on high.

OLD JAKE, OF DARBY.

NEAR the outskirts of a village,
Hemmed in by a garden rude,
With wild vines trailing around it,
A quaint log cabin stood.

At the door-top hung the horse-shoe,
Beside were the sickle and rake ;
And the occupant bore the sobriquet
Of crazy old black Jake.

He dwelt alone, yet not alone,
For he had thoughts within ;
And perchance was taught in those lonely hours,
How to meet and conquer sin.

His face wore the Ethiop's darker hue,
With furrowed and sombre mien ;
And a grizzly beard had he, and an eye
Deep-sunken, dark and keen.

A prophet he claimed to be, and owned
His skill in the magical art
Of telling the fortunes of all who came,
And freely to all would impart.

And oft, when by his fagot fire,
While the winter howled without,

He kept his orgies with the sprites,
As the village boys lingered about ;—

Village boys that peeped thro' cranny and crack
Of shutter or door hard by,
To list to his strange soliloquies,
As he watched the embers fly.

Old Jake, well known the country round,
Had a jocund word for all ;
And how oft gave he the leering look
At prattling childhood's call.

No idler he, nor laggard lout
In him could find a friend,
But help in need his goodly heart
Prompted him ever to lend.

Through honest toil his scanty fare
Was earned, and a grateful soul
In smiles for meed thus nobly earned,
O'er his dark features stole.

When memory leads my footsteps back
To trusting childhood's years,
As then, methinks, with furrowed lines,
His visage once more appears.

I see him beside the kitchen fire
In my early childhood's home ;

Where oft to earn his daily meal
Old Jake was wont to come.

As the open fire, whilst blazing high,
And the bright sparks upward flew,
Glowed cheerily, in the old arm chair
He sat, and around we drew ;—

Around we drew, a loving band
Near by with childish smile ;
And listened long to some quaint old song
In his tuneful strain the while.

Not Runic rhyme in strains sublime
Might more delight the ear
Than the songs old Jake gave for our sake,
As we mutely sat to hear.

He would tell how life, with its varied shades,
Had its type in the curling flame ;
And its motley hues thro' our years would be
As we viewed it here the same.

In simple verse would he oft rehearse,
And our credulous hearts were stirred
With joy or fear at the thrilling song,
Till the summons " To bed " was heard.

How fresh in memory is the day
Of a summer long since fled,
When the reapers, each with sickle in hand,
To the waiting harvest sped.

Old Jake, with a martial air, led on,
And his voice was lifted high
In a thundering tone, "Come, hurry, my boys!
There are threat'nings in the sky."

Their sickles were thrust into the grain,
And rapidly down it fell;
But of all the harvesters that day
Old Jake did most excel.

When the clanging horn told of dinner-time,
And rest from the noontide ray;
Their sickles laid down, *his* girded on,
All wended back their way.

Unwearied he, while the reapers did
Their rich repast partake;
Mounted on steed, with flaunting flag,
Came rushing by Old Jake.

A stalwart form had he, and a pair
Of lungs well-tried and strong;
And lustily he cried outright
To startle the reaper throng.

As with stentorian voice he cried,
"Hurry, clouds, hurry up!"
All, as with simultaneous spring,
Dropped knife and fork and cup.

They rose, and laughingly looked out:
Old Jake had a sterner mien,—

The sky was clear, save overhead
Some scudding clouds were seen.

That afternoon to the field returned,
And the reapers all in array ;
The grain was cut, the sheaves all bound,
But gathered not in that day.

All hands dispersed, the sun went down,
Behind a cloud it passed ;
And as night rolled on, that ominous cloud
The bright sky overcast.

Midnight came on, the winds grew loud,
The fitful lightning flame
Played through the heavens, the thunders rolled,
And the rain in torrents came.

It poured—but rain was heeded not,
Save by a faithful one ;
The morning came and smiled again ;
The work was well-nigh done.

In that big harvest-field there stood
A huge, great stack of grain ;
Old Jake alone in the night had toiled,
Though crazed had seemed his brain.

O noble soul ! though long since dead,
How memory loves to trace
The good that dwelt in thee, long years
Perchance could not efface.

Thou sleepest ! Though we know not where
 In yonder graveyard lone,
 As erst the sighing winds sweep now
 With solemn, dirge-like moan.

Though toilsome years and long were thine,
 And oft with doubtings passed ;
 Yet goodly aim and generous deed
 Met their reward at last.

Thou sleepest ! and the silent dust
 Be all to tell of thee,
 Thy unpretending deeds, well done,
 Remembered still may be.

And I may learn from humble worth
 And honest toil like thine,
 That time well spent, the *Angel* sent,
 Brings rest at life's decline.

THE OLD WALNUT TREE.*

SPARE that old tree, Chief Burgess, spare !
 And with the timely caution stay the hand
 Of waiting woodsman, till the stern decree
 Of the wise Council (wise professedly)
 May be revoked, that else might raze
 In one brief hour prostrate upon the earth,

* South High Street, West Chester, Pa.

And shattered in its form, that noble growth,
A landmark for the passing years,
Which there has stood braving the wintry blasts
A century or more. The aged in our midst,
Who hither oft repaired in early years,
Even in childhood's reign, hold, fondly hold,
In memory still, how, on the grassy sward,
Beneath its waving branches, screened from heat
Of Summer's potent sunbeams, they were wont
To con the instructive or romantic page ;
Or if in languid mood to while away
The passing hours in quietness and ease.
Here lovers too for converse sweet had found
By mutual assent this meeting-place ;
Fitting resort, sequestered from the noise
Or stirring scenes of ever-busy life ;
And while the rich primeval woods around
Were vocal with the varied notes of song
From the wing'd choristers, how
In that fond retreat, while Hymen tuned—
In numbers sweet and of a lofty strain,
Heart answering heart, reciprocated love,—
Vibrating harmonies to every chord
In an unspoken language ; whilst o'erhead
The foliage forming a rich canopy, as now,
And waving gently and as gracefully
To every passing breeze. And there were passers-by
Who here might linger to invigorate
For the protracted journey ; and here, too,
The merry children in the nutting time

Sought this, their choicest spot, to gather up
The proffered treasure that was free to all.
Trace to an earlier period :—it may be
Hither, perchance, the Indian hunter came,
Emerging from his toilsome devious path
Through tangled forests, then a wilderness,
To stretch his weary limbs beneath its shade,
And, peradventure, wait till to the marge
Of plashy spring half-hidden from the view
Came forth the timid antlered deer,
After the long pursuit to slake its thirst near by.

A hundred-years ago !

The hum of industry was scarcely heard
Within these borders then, and where
The few sparse cottages appeared
For the first settlers here, while slowly spread
The graceful branches of this Walnut tree,
Now, in our bright and more auspicious day,
A town, populous and beautiful,
Has risen : and the hand of Art,
As Science lent her aid, hath changed
The forests into teeming, fruitful fields ;
Hath mellowed down the wildness of the scene ;
Caused, too, the grim old wilderness to smile,
And the waste places blossom as the rose.
Yet the old tree is here : so let it stand
For others who succeed when we,
The living of to-day, shall one and all
(Thrice joyfully if our waiting be serene)

Have gathered to the common goal of rest.
Then let it stand, deep-rooted there,
The monarch of the soil ; environ it with care
And tastefully ; and give the gentle slope around
A bright artistic border, beautifully decked
With varied blooms at each return
Of spring-time ; and the green plat
Guard well as a long-favored spot
Attractive to the eye, and to the mind
A fitting theme for sober contemplation.

In the years

That follow may this venerable tree
Find that protection from the spoiler's hand
It now demands from high authority ;
So coming generations on the stage
Of busy life shall gaze, as we do now,
With pride in pleasing memory of the years
Long numbered with the Past.

SONNET—ON SONNETS.

MILTON wrote sonnets; so did bards before him,
Who long had antedated Milton's day;
And Avon's bard in many an amorous lay,
Whilst as the Muse on airy wing waved o'er him,
Beside his favorite stream his joy to stray,
Warbled forth sonnets in such pleasing strain
That sage Philosophy would pause again
And yet again with rapture at his songs.
Sonnets then have a plea; and they have found
Fixed limitation which to them belongs;
The mystic *Seven*, but doubled to include
The thought condensed within that narrow bound,
That yields its all of intellectual food,
Where dull Prolixity dare not at all intrude.

Aged 104 Years.—Aunty Graham, the oldest resident of West Chester, will be 104 years old Sunday next, March 20, and in view of the event coming on Sunday, the friends of our aged citizen propose to celebrate the day on Saturday—the day previous. Notwithstanding Aunty Graham's great age she still retains all her faculties, and to see her straight form move so quickly along the street, any one not knowing her age would take her to be a person of not more than seventy years, at the very most. We rarely hear of her being sick, frequently see her upon our streets, in bad weather as well as in good, and it is but very seldom she is not found in her customary seat in the Presbyterian church, West Chester, every Sunday morning. Such remarkable activity in a person over a hundred years of age is very rare indeed.

TO "AUNTY GRAHAM."

NOW (1879) IN HER 102D YEAR.

WHAT tho' our bard of "Miner Street,"
 Touched by the mystic Dorian reed,
 In flowing numbers soft and sweet,
 Bestowed for thee, of praise, his meed ;
 May I, an humble rhymster, dare
 Approach the altar of the Nine,
 To lay my simple offering there,
 In unpretending votive line ?

A stranger I ? Not wholly so :
 For since hath passed thy hundredth year,
 My privilege it has been to know
 The *pressure of thy hand*, and hear

Thy voice in gentle accents fall
By friendly word that ever cheers ;
As I beheld thy figure tall,
Not bending to the weight of years.

Life had with thee its spring-time fair—
Blossom its flowers as brightly now
As when some hand, with thine to share,
Formed garlands to adorn thy brow ?
Those years have fled—long since have fled !
And early loved ones, then so gay,
Now numbered with the silent dead,
Are still in memory dear to-day.

How joyful life well-spent to trace !
To feel there *is*—that can refine
Nor Time's vicissitudes efface—
A love unfailing and divine,
That strengthens thro' the varied years ;
And in its amaranthine bloom
Whose beauty shines through sighs and tears,
Whose fragrance shall survive the tomb.

One hundred years ! What changes wrought
By art, invention, genius, mind !
And how has nature's aid been brought
To benefit and bless mankind.
Science hath shed her light abroad ;
Truth owns her sway in every clime ;
And praises now ascend to God
As in a world-embracing chime.

Mankind have not receded then ;
The march of mind must still go on ;
Reason and right shall govern men,
And truth point upward to the dawn
Of that more bright, auspicious day,
When but *the universal faith*
(All creed and ritual passed away)
Shall bless, and triumph over death.

Tho' sorrows may have crossed thy ways,
And thine alternate hopes and fears,
The even tenor of thy days
Has crowned with peace thy lengthened years ;
And shedding now a lustre bright
Along the yet untrodden way,
Hope, as the glorious beacon light,
Shines to reveal the " perfect day."

"THE LOAVES AND FISHES."

"THE loaves and fishes"—'t is an ancient phrase
Still apposite, with meaning in our days,
Since human nature arrogates the claim
To human, now as in the past the same,—
Nor yet on spiritual ground alone,
But for the temporal it has claims we own.
To see how holds this aphorism true
We must perceive its meaning through and through.

Take, then, one case, though glaring it appear,
To serve our purpose essay makes it clear :
With business tact, for ends that should require,
Phipps sought position ; got it ; all seemed right ;
An office such no alderman's seemed better,
And its full pay was certain to the letter.
He went on swimmingly year after year,
While public confidence would give the cheer,
And when that confidence established seemed,
No strides advantage took too great he deemed.
He sought for men (always at hand, you know,
To truckle in for wrong, or high or low),
Such without principles, or with, so base
They cared not for the virtues of their race,
That in his bold achievements by their aid,
They to be partners in the spoils were made.

His coffers filled, and more, to overflowing,
 His wily plans were broader, bolder growing,
 Until Suspicion, now no longer blind,
 Wrought for a purpose on the public mind,
 Saw the betrayal of the public trust
 And greed for gain his overpowering lust.

Phipps knew—of moral sense enough possessed—
 Its living embers glowed within his breast,
 Yet gathering strength thro’ his abettors’ aid,
 Still reckless in his course and undismayed,
 Till Error, anaconda-like, held fast,
 Unlooked for, with its fatal coil at last.
 Exposure came—through secret channels traced—
 And Law now seeks for confidence misplaced,
 Seeks, as it should, that Justice shall have sway,
 In hot pursuit the fugitive astray.

He flies afar. Stern Justice on the track
 O’ertakes at length—remands the wanderer back.
 What next (the pen withholding now to draw)
 Shall be defined by interposing law?
 What! is there aught that ever can suffice
 In circumstance to palliate a vice
 Here in a Christian land where men profess
 To hold the standard high of righteousness?

Truth keeps from Error watchfully aloof—
 You cannot weave them in the self-same woof—
 Truth in our nature forms the better part,
 And cannot work deception in the heart;

And while the one through treachery suborns,
Truth is all fairness and with flowers adorns ;
Such blooms from Wisdom's garden she derives,
Always to bless and beautify our lives.

Alas for Phipps! had he but found content
With honest living, and not rashly spent
Means at command entrusted to his care,—
Ungodly gains disclaiming as a share,—
Well had it been—well for the goodly name
By honor reached, not at the price of shame.
But nay, he wanted more of savory dishes—
Beside the proffered loaves, withal the fishes,—
A grasp too great! Let others, then, take heed
That tendencies to evil-doing lead
The votaries to lust for gain and power
(Unheeding there may come a darkening hour),
But to entangle, lastly to embrace ;
And keen remorse embittering, no retrace
Of false steps taken may again restore
To the full confidence enjoyed before.

How then, ye office-seekers, how with you?
Look well unto the motive, safe if true ;
Query, as every honest seeker should,
Whether the end is for a public good ;
Or whether ye are making anxious stride
For all the loaves, the fishes too, beside.
Be these your aim, why, in an honest mind,
No sympathizing helper can ye find.

But manly all your traits, support is sure,
 And prospect of success that shall endure
 While factions threaten to invade the power
 That rules for good however dark the hour,
 There have been such and still are such in shame,
 They who incur dishonor to the name,
 Assumed as honorable men, who stand
 To hail the *mass* with language smooth and bland,—
 Hail Tom or Dick or Jack—no matter who—
 “How fares your health?”—reply, “And how are
 you?”

And so with lively jokes and hearty shakes
 Adroitly given, the adulation takes.
 O how such tickling sounds in fluent speech
 Minds thus prepared so easily can reach!
 Mellifluous words then follow with a tact
 Not always choice, nor truthful, nor exact,
 But for a special purpose Flattery knows—
 “All things for all men”—so their adage goes.
 Men there are, too—names Prudence shall withhold
 To save their reputation yet unsold,—
 Who cannot now forget their childhood years
 When fond Affection shed for them her tears,
 And watched in all the tenderness of love,
 Their innocence as symbolled in the dove;
 Smiled at their guileless sports from day to day
 And by example led to wisdom’s way;
 Prepared them, hopefully, and not thro’ fear,
 To rise with honor to a high career.

A parent's watchfulness and guardian care
Demands full recognition everywhere ;
For youths have slippery paths and ways that lead
Too oft astray from counsel most they need ;

Taught by that counsel all should surely know
Vice has its pitfalls—ruin lies below.

With all this care advancing years have shown
Ambition has secured them for her own,
And spread the board, invited as the guests
Of Opulence at Vanity's behests.

Now principles are bartered for the prize
Expectant, and the secret only lies

Where Strategy can work behind the screen
To stretch its grasp beyond the *golden mean*.
Such we ignore—their actions in the lust
For power—no safety there secure for trust,
Whate'er of other posts be theirs to hold,
Through paltry means or in effrontery bold ;
Whether it be displayed in stately mansion,
Where seeming greatness finds at most expansion,
Or in the low and unpretending cottage,
If sold the birthright for a mess of pottage.
It matters not—such have their sordid wishes
To gather all—all of the loaves and fishes.
But where is our Horatio? In the rear
Unsmirched, untrammeled, undismayed by fear?
Response breaks not upon the listening ear.
His cogent arguments, persuasive, broad,

Ne'er yielded in connivance to a fraud ?
 Then grant on equitable grounds the right
 To measure all his actions in the light ;
 And if some failings haplessly appear,
 We bear in mind that Charity is near,
 Long-suffering and kind, and covereth well
 A multitude of faults we may not tell.

Full well I know the pungency and smart
 Reproof not gently given will impart ;
 The keenness of rebuke—why, what beside
 So hard to bear, more cutting to our pride ?
 Poor human nature ! Its besetting sin
 Seems conscious Error thus entrenched within.
 “Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,”
 Be then the motto if the pen reprove.

So to the point, while Prudence, just and fair,
 Stands monitor—and always debonair,
 Dare I presume—ah ! dare I now inquire
 To what uncertain heights didst thou aspire ?
 Fired by Ambition, has the clamorous tongue
 Of Flattery on thine ear her wild notes wrung ?
 Or did the enchantress, Vanity, awhile
 With Pride thy unsuspecting heart beguile,
 And lead unwarily and far astray
 Thy footsteps from the straight and narrow way,—
 From that bright path wisdom and virtue own,
 Where thorns and thistles never yet have grown ?
 If so, with manliness thy steps retrace,

Fix all resolves with dignity and grace ;
Weigh every motive, action, without fail,
While even-handed Justice holds the scale.
Thy steps Reproach no longer may pursue,
And thine shall be encomiums justly due.
Unsought, for thee come honors as they should,
Since all true honor springs from doing good ;
Some struggles, yet with patience these endure,—
Achievement then makes triumph doubly sure ;
Then thou, Horatio, safely shall have pass'd
Over the threatening Rubicon at last.

Ye, then, not emulous for "Stalwart" power,
That seeks the public virtue to deflour ;
Not envious for the gains that might outweigh
A full requital as your honest pay ;
Remembering, too, weak efforts are in vain,
But through persistent effort to restrain
From vain ambition—all that may entice,
Lead to dishonor and to shameless vice,
Plying the pruning hand by generous deeds,
Check the rank growth of all pernicious weeds ;
Wisdom stands sentinel to sound the alarm,
And shut her gates against encroaching harm.
Guard well the salient points where keen-eyed Self,
Quick at discernment, first espies the pelf,
When surreptitiously for sordid ends,
Waiting its chances Perfidy attends,
And draws, while almost patent to your eyes,
By sleight-of-hand, the wished-for glittering prize.

The avenues are many—watchful care
 Demands strict scrutiny be everywhere.
 Guard well the ways—protect the common weal,
 Lest thieves, not hopelessly, break in and steal—
 Steal from the coffers, and to crown their wishes,
 Though lavishly bestowed the savory dishes,
 Steal as their claims *all* of the loaves and fishes.

SONNET—FRUGALITY.

“A PENNY saved is two pence got,” so spake
 The immortal Johnson : truthful in his day,
 And truthful now Frugality would say,
 If man in his pursuits the effort make,
 While the rich blessings health on him bestows,
 Watchful, unless unheeded, to protect
 If Temperance doth his movements all direct
 And hand-in-hand with Industry she goes.
 His earlier years thus tutored they, will bring
 Pleasure with profit for advancing years ;
 And when the call from active life he hears
 The future still will brighten ; and the spring,
 Life’s youth-time, show its verdure still, its bloom
 And freshness through his journey to the tomb.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF
PAXSON AND JANE J. PRICE.

IN the blue arch that spans the sky
 Yon orb rolls on its destined course,
And as the years go flitting by,
 Unfailing its life-giving source.
Type of the Infinite! whose power
 Gives beauty for each closing day,
And sheds for all, in every hour,
 Rich blessings on the heavenward way.

Childhood had passed ; its numbered years
 Were brief when youth succeeding on,
Alternate with the hopes and fears
 That pointed to the future dawn.
With youth no longer now we strive,
 Its shifting scenes though lost to view,
Yet pleasing memories still survive,
 And wayside blooms start up anew.

Though rolling years with *them* have passed,
 Admonishing of life's decline,
Yet may their setting sun at last
 In undiminished lustre shine ;
That so those last retiring beams
 Their cheerful brightness still retain,

And shed, of light, still brighter gleams
On vast Eternity's domain.

Eternity ! Whose ocean laves
For aye the wearing shores of Time ;
By gently-undulating waves
Casts up its gems of truth sublime,—
Of worthy deeds achieved to bless ;
Memorials, that thro' ages hence
All generations shall confess
As theirs, a governing Providence.

TO SAMUEL S. AND SARAH J. ASH.

TWENTY-FIVE years have swept their round
Since ye in Hymen's chains were bound,—
Since Love, the angel of the skies,
Revealed to you her Paradise,
Her Eden, where the fairest grow
Of amaranthine flowers below.

Hearts blended into one, as yours,
Must gather these as life endures,
And strew along life's way their bloom,
Still lovelier nearing to the tomb ;
While joyous Hope, with golden wand,
Points beatific scenes beyond.

Responding to the social call,—
Mere invitation is not all,—
We gather now with thoughts elate
(Affection prompts) to celebrate
The silver wedding, yours to share,
And with the vanquished years compare
The present, showing “Progress” still,
That watchword, ever heeded, will
In measure bring thee peace and joy,
Nor time nor circumstance destroy.
No cloud but hath the edge to show
Reflected beauty in its glow ;
Nor grief so deep but sends a gleam
Up from its dark and turbid stream ;
No sorrow but hath chastening power
To soothe in sad bereavement’s hour,
If, though a treasure loved is gone,
Blest duty leads your footsteps on.

Press onward, then,—the prayer and praise
In one acclaim ascendant raise ;
The fields are white for harvest now,
The laborers how few that bow
Submissive to the call when given,
As faithful laborers till life’s even.

Yours be the mission, then, to bear
United in the work a share,
That brings its blessings day by day
Whilst taught in Wisdom’s better way,

Press onward, then—the end in view ;
No airy phantoms ye pursue ;
No devious paths nor doubtful goal
Can lure the heaven-directed soul.
The Christian's warfare ; it doth bring
Freshness and beauty, blossoming,
Ay, crowning laurels of perennial spring,
When earthly toil, that all should know
As health's restoring power below,
Hath ceased its mission, not with fears,
And smoothly rounded up the years ;
While Memory stays with undimmed eye
Fond to retrace the years gone by,
And in her soft, benignant ray,
Still catch bright lusters as they play.

O Memory ! in thy favored reign
Afresh the Past awakes again,—
Awakes, whilst age its goal nears,
The sweet remembrances of years,—
The early loves, the plighted vow,
The joys with golden fruitage now,
And tinges as with silver light
The swift-winged moments in their flight ;
Ay, soothes the mind in every care,
And sheds a hallowed influence there.
Hope, too, whose sphere in brightness rose,
Be full-orbed even till life's close ;
Then Love's rich legacy be yours,

The crown of glory that insures,
And for eternity endures.

11th mo. 6th, 1884.

LITTLE CARRIE.

SPRIGHTLY, active little Carrie,
Early riser like the lark ;
When the first streaks of the morning
On the clear sky make their mark,
We may hear her like the songster
Pealing forth its matin song,
And how sweetly rolls the chanting
As her simple notes prolong.

Through the day her little playthings
Yield her many a true delight
Unalloyed, for care and sorrow
Have not cross'd her pathway bright ;
And as blithesome as the lambkins
We may see her on the hill,
Or with footsteps tripping lightly
By the gently flowing rill.

When the joyous spring-time coming
Starts the field and woodland flowers,
Thither she will be repairing
'Mid the sunshine and the showers.
And when evening spreads a mantle
O'er the smiling face of day,
Carrie then comes in aweary
Of her wonted round of play.

Supper over, as the songster
Gladly seeks its downy nest,
Nought to her is so inviting
As the pillow and the rest ;
And when ruddy streaks betoken
In the east the dappled morn,
To the wakeful eye of Carrie
Seems a new creation born.

Thus each day serene and brightly
To our Carrie now appears,
Seeming to unfold the future
Far adown the vale of years :
Oh, that life in all its stages
Might unruffled onward flow,
As the stream whose crystal waters
Smoothly, gently seaward go.

Then this world of beauty smiling
From the first throughout all time,
Might present a glorious Eden,
With its bright, unsullied clime ;

Where nor sin nor strife could enter
 To lay waste or to destroy,
 But a happy, child-like freedom
 And a Paradise-like joy.

6th mo., 1867.

"TO BE GOOD IS TO BE HAPPY."

DEAR mother ! it is spring-time now,
 And I am four years old ;
 Oh, may I go out, then, mother ?
 I'm sure I'll not take cold.

I'll go into the garden
 With my little wooden spade,
 Which father with a shingle
 For me has nicely made ;

And I'll dig a little bed there,
 Where thee can plant thy flowers,—
 Oh, how nicely they will grow, mother,
 With sunshine and with showers !

The little birds, so busy, too,
 Will hop from tree to tree,
 And I'll listen to their pretty songs
 They sing so merrily.

O mother! why so beautiful
The singing birds that fly
From tree to tree; the pretty flowers?
Say, mother, tell me why.

My child! our heavenly Father made
This wondrous world of ours;
He gave us life, the pleasant days,
The sunshine and the showers.

The birds, in varied colors dress'd
With all their winning ways
He gave, and sweet the notes they chant
To Him of love and praise.

In every little flower that blooms,
He watches it with care;
However small it seem to be,
His hand protects it there.

How much more to the dutiful
And loving child will He,
Who careth for the humblest flower,
A kind protector be!

Learn then this lesson now, my child,
That “to be good” while here
“Is to be happy” through thy youth,
And every coming year.

SONNET—HOW TO WALK.

A FRENCHMAN, erudite, was wont to say
 (An author he) “Few men know how to walk.”
Where Nature could her handiwork display,
 And with her face to face delighted talk,
There pleasantly the hours he whiled away;
Oh, how might man, if so inclined each day
 Thus to fill up the vacancies of time,
Derive those joys she ever gladly yields
 To gratify her votaries—joys sublime
Scattered along her paths, in flowery fields,
 For all who shun, in every age and clime,
The strife, the turmoil, and their power that yields
 For selfish ends—perhaps but for the name,
 “Passing away” his fleeting years proclaim.

SONNET—TO “JOHN PLOUGHSHARE.”

 PLOUGH deeper, John ! or is thy “share” now rusty,
 Or *point* become so dull it serveth not
Where fallow ground is stony, hard and dusty ?
 Still other irons well sharpened thou hast got :
Then these apply—with energy renew
 Thy noble efforts which are needed now ;
No half-way measures from thy pen will do
 To stir up mental soil and show us how
 By that experience we should hold the plough,
To cover up the weeds so rankly growing.
 Vice worse than all the rest demands again
Thy vigilance untiring ;—Virtue sowing
 Her good seed then, we trust and do maintain,
 Thy honest labors shall not be in vain.

OUR POLITY.

1882.

REPUBLICANS ! What left now in the name
If the handwriting on the wall is SHAME !
If erst the advocates of Freedom's cause
Maintained as yet her salutary laws,
Upheld her ensign with protecting power,
But sought, when opportune an evil hour,
To bring it down thro' aggrandizement's lust
For sordid ends low trailing in the dust !
Men owning still Republicans to be,
Yet captive to a *few*, no longer free,
No longer willing freedom to assert,
Their principles and platform now desert,
Stolid to hearken to the public will
For paltry ends that might their coffers fill ;
And thus, however base their schemes, retain
In brief authority ill-gotten gain ;
This then the portion in their fatal leap—
Death as the wages sin must ever reap !

Here then the "Independent" move arose ;
Its purposes were wise, and sought to close
The avenues where Vice as contraband
Usurps the throne of Virtue in our land.
They saw the growing evil, widely spread,
And, trusting to reform as Duty led,

Called honest minds wherever such might lend
Their aid, and nobly Freedom's rights defend ;
And the result—a great achievement gained,
Checkmating “ Stalwart ” power that held, profaned,
The forum where th' untrammelled, searching word,
Proclaimed by Justice, should alone be heard—
Achievement, in the sequel shall be known :
The self-intrenched usurper overthrown.

Democracy !—no terror in the name ;—
Why not in pristine beauty shine the same
As when a power that might the world reclaim ?
Once as a blessing which, if but restored,
What more could truth and honor now afford ?
The “ fortune of the field ” 't was hers to win
In former days 'mid war's tumultuous din ;
And now her claim, advancing to the van,
True in her leadership when she began
In earlier days, ere Faction's vague designs
Broke up the unity for party lines ;
When discord entered amity to send
In bifurcations for the special end ;
And since, no reconciliation won,
Confusion wildly through all ranks has run.

True in her cause, and for the public good,
Through cruel war by truth and virtue stood,
She then, of comely mien, in halls of state,
Loved, honored by the wise, the truly great,
Adorned with virtues, in these latter days

Demands regard and worthy of our praise.
 O may ye then, as erst in Wisdom's school,
 Taught by her precepts wise and just to rule,
 Now in our land the common weal sustain,
 Protect our interests, all our rights maintain,
 As shall become a people sore and tried
 Thro' arduous struggle—yet the sway denied ;
 As shall become a people who are free,
 Safe from the galling chains which Tyranny
 Of the old world had forged and placed upon
 Ancestral generations years ago—
 On them whom ye, whom all should emulate
 For virtuous ends, nor good resolves abate ;
 Ye now on whom the sceptre soon must fall,
 Be firm, be vigilant, united all.

For the arch-demon, Vice, by specious deeds
 In waiting now the unwary step misleads ;
 Your counsellors, if wise, of judgment sound,
 May speak glad tidings to the world around ;
 Since good resolve succeeds, its end is sure,
 And maze of doubt and “ palpable obscure ”
 Are re-illuminated by reflected rays
 From council chambers and their guarded ways ;
 Then comes the wise decree which cannot harm :
Inaugurate retrenchment and reform.
 Then shall we hope, nor be that hope in vain,
 Prosperity shall bless our vast domain,
 And generations hence arise to share
 Blessings secured that have engaged your care.

My Country! no misnomer shall it be,
“ Bless’d land of Freedom,” if assigned for thee,
Where distant friendly nations of the earth,
Whate’er their lineage or whate’er their birth,
Find sheltering safety from despotic sway
Beneath thy mild, thy peaceful power to-day ;
And now thy mountain ranges dare explore,
Where Nature still rich treasures hath in store,
Else gather from thy plains, once wild and bare,
Now clothed with verdure by the tiller’s care,
Nor ask the fabled Ceres bless the plain
Yielding rich harvests of the golden grain—
The proffered blessings of thy vast domain.

The Golden Age!—it may arrive at last,
My Country! when the strife for power is past,
When Virtue, that rewards for doing good,
Error’s encroachments shall have all withstood ;
When Justice sways our Councils in his might,
Ordained to rule, ordained to guide aright,
And thy extended hand can keep afar
The rolling surges of aggressive war,
And waves thy pennon, as from sea to sea,
Peace surely comes—no better claim for thee :—
While Truth and Wisdom thy own standard raise,
Surrounding nations in accord shall praise.
This then the *polity* by us confess’d,
It hath a base where firmly it can rest,
Then, O my Country! truly we are bless’d.

OUR TIMES.

1882.

UNTUTORED in the Cameronian school,
Where the imperious "boss" holds potent sway,
I choose for self the "Independent" rule,
Let others take whatever course they may;
Haply the game of chance be not my play,
Nor mine to yield with an obsequious bow
To such as arrogantly claim to say
Who shall be chosen for high office now,
Or who the laurel wreath shall wear upon his brow.

O ye who are aspirants! aim to rise,
Despite of succor from the selfish clan,
Their bent for venal purposes despise,
And re-assert the dignity of man
As just and only so on wisdom's plan;
Then shall your ends be answered in the right,
Then shall ye ever shun, as well you can,
The deeds of darkened minds that bear the blight
Of ills, uncounted ills, then loathsome to your sight.

O ye who, aiming for a high career,
For usefulness and honor—if no more—
Pursue a course while fawning Flattery near
With vials of debauchery stoops to pour
By lavish hand seductive draughts before

The warning may be heeded, O beware !

That timely caution shall again restore
To firmer footing, dignity and care,
And by ennobling deeds your earnestness declare.

The man whose sordid wishes have their lust

For power in low self-aggrandizement's plane
All at the expense of public virtue, must,
Like Janus, double-faced, essay to reign
By strategy ignoble ends to gain ;
Who strives to conquer minds of better mould,
That else would their integrity maintain,
But once to trenchant wrong their birthright sold,
Alas ! how soon of such their downfall is foretold !

Go not for such—turn wisely from that “ ring ”

As from an adder in your path concealed,
Lest unawares it give the fatal spring,
Or else the virus such contagion yield
That all control which Effort's hand can wield
Prove unavailing to arrest its course ;
The wounds inflicted may not then be healed
Only by long, persistent moral force,
Since public good alone can come from Virtue's
source.

I hail the *Mind* for these propitious days,

While Genius and Improvement so agree
That man their blessings to all climes conveys,
And Commerce spreads her sails on every sea ;
That Mind I hail that owns these blessings free,

Acknowledges that good thenceforth must flow,
And strives for useful ends, where'er may be
Man's varied lot in life, or high or low,
To prove good deeds all worthy actions ever show.

Such and such only in this day and time,
Ambition for preferment not his aim,
By sycophantic smiles unused to climb
The ladder Fame would rear to win a name,
But loftier heights so reach as to reclaim,
Through Reformation's cleansing power, the way
Too oft obstructed by the clods of shame,
And so where Chance cannot its scheming play
Justice in equipoise shall firmly hold the sway.

In former days how was our nation blest,
When for the public good—the common weal—
Men girded on the armor with that zest
Which Truth alone could give them—fired with
zeal
Worthy the cause they honored—their appeal
To every sense of right resistless stood :
Such was Charles Thompson* then—so may we
feel
That there are such in this our day who would,
Like him, find adequate reward alone in doing
good.

* Charles Thompson was chosen for the office of Secretary of State in 1774, a position which he occupied for fifteen years in the faithful and satisfactory performance of his duties, and declined any compensation for his services therein. What a noble example of the self-sacrificing character of man !

Hope smiles on such in these our favored times
 Who nobly can espouse our country's cause,
 Fearless to crush her sins and flagrant crimes,
 And advocate her just and wholesome laws,
 Nor seek in duty's line the world's applause :
 There are, and Virtue these to Wisdom draws
 To hear her dictates—hearing to obey—
 That calm Determination wisely pause,
 And with Discretion act without delay ;
 Then shall be ushered in for all the bright, auspicious
 day.

THE SLANDERER.

VITUPERATION is the slanderer's trade ;
 His boisterous words like poisoned arrows fly,
 And with his cohorts, by Inflation's aid,
 Scarce fifty-tongued old Stentor could outvie.
 He may be man in "figure and in name"
 Who doth such ends subserve, and thus apply
 The gifts conferred by Nature to defame,
 But all true manhood here is lost in shame.
 My fellow-traveler ! On life's journey here
 Shun as thy enemy, where'er ye meet,
 Such who by vain dissembling would appear
 A friend confiding, but in heart deceit
 Is rank'ng there to lead astray thy feet,
 To show, alas ! too late, perfidious is the cheat.

LINES TO ———.*

THANKS for the present, though it came
Just in the evening's sober gray,
Without the modest donor's name,
Bespeaking the approach of May.

A floral cluster neatly grouped—
The flowers with rich and varied hues,
As if some fairy form had stooped
To bathe them in her crystal dew.

The Pyrus flaming red supplies ;
Our favorite Claytonia there ;
The violets with their bright blue eyes,—
All to delight have equal share.

Artistic taste is thus made known—
A skill such taste alone can show :
Thanks, though the donor still unknown,
Unfeigned as ours, then we bestow.

Fifth month 1st, 1886.

* On receiving a floral tribute the evening before the first of May, from an unknown hand.

NICOTIANA.

NICOTIANA ! what its claims
With all its strange, fantastic names—
Names that its votaries fain impart
(Skilled in the plauditory art),
Who find (they think they find) a joy,
For tastes its virtues cannot cloy,
And spurn the thought that harm can come
(Though possibly it may to some)
To make up ills for common woe
In moral turpitude below.

Two hundred years have passed or more
Since England's voice, from shore to shore,
Rolled fulminating thunders down
Through country wide on every town ;
Resounded o'er the mighty wave
In condemnation stern and grave,
And who so bold to advocate
Its merits, called from Church and State,
In prose or in poetic line,
The frown of punishment condign.

Our infant colonies foresaw
The stern necessity of law,
To rule with strict, coercive sway,
Such evil tendencies to stay ;

And the fierce "counterblast" derived
From old King James was now revived
With burning epithets that spoke
As erst "vile weed" and "Stygian smoke ;"
And who the hardihood to dare
Charge with its fumes the ambient air,
And, law-defying, venturous go
Boldly within five miles or so
Of habitation on the road
(Howe'er sequestered man's abode),
Quickly (for vain were all appeals)
Law, swifter-footed, tracked his heels,
And, with an iron grasp, forsooth,
Made sure a victim for its tooth.

Abstemious in every way,
A stalwart, sturdy race were they,
Well fitted for those northern hills
With purpose which could brave the ills
That few but pioneers may know,
Whose trials from privation flow—
Well fitted for the time and soil
Where thrift rewarded honest toil ;
What Hunger gaunt had once denied
Now virtuous Industry supplied ;
Till Plenty came at last to bless,
And crown our labors with success.

Indulgent Heaven ! thy claims denied,
Oh, what has man, frail man, beside ?
Of thee bereft, thy watchful care,

His the wild labyrinth of despair,
Along whose mazy windings play,
E'en in his soul at noon of day,
The lurid phantoms of dismay ;
But hope and trusting faith assured,
Life's richest gifts by thee secured,
And thus their guide to peace and rest,
These sons of honest toil were blest.
Their virtues many, vices few,
Praise then where justly praise was due,
And, while their vices we condemn,
Respect the virtues shown in them
That won their glorious diadem.
Dear then to Thought those good old times,
So oft rehearsed in rustic rhymes,
Whose ever tuneful numbers still
Reverberate from hill to hill
Like household words ; the lapse of years
In sweet remembrance still endears,
And points us backward to survey
Those good old times now passed away ;
Yet men have risen there to shine,
Poet, philosopher, divine,
Whose names on their historic page
Should stand revered in every age.
Abstemious though their lives, and taught
At Wisdom's gate, *their* wisdom brought
The pabulum of life, rich food—
The consciousness of doing good,
Whereby they nobly, firmly stood.

Now emulous to rise like them,
Though strong the current ours to stem,
While popular assent prevails,
And fills, for good or ill, our sails,
And Luxury with lavish hand
Scatters broadcast o'er all the land
Temptations to unwary minds,
Seductive, in a blaze that blinds,
And luring seemingly to bless,
Wake fell Disease in their finesse.

Nicotiana ! hath it claims
To minds that hold superior aims
Centered here, their only plea
In the strong argument " Q. E. D. "
To prove with soberness and zeal
Thus to advance the common weal.
How Melseus, Science' favored son,
Far-seeing plumes of honor won,
When to the world what he conceived
A truth, and as a truth believed,
He found—at least asserted so—
A proper means all men should know,
By some new process to disarm
The " weed " of noxious powers to harm,
And thus to open eyes (once blind)
To see what blessings wait our kind.
As benefactor of the race
His name in glory would ye trace?
Pause yet awhile—the proof not clear

Demands some demonstration here ;
I, therefore, doubting, have preferred
The admission—Melseus may have erred ;
But tho' grave doubts assail, yet still
(Not so inflexible the will)
I yield the point if once made clear
By modern Esculapians here,
And grant, if Justice so declare,
Of praise to Melseus his share.

But is this all? Must we resort
To mooted questions of this sort
That shall be proof conclusive, based
On that which panders to the taste,
As if no higher aim were ours,
Than thus employed our varied powers?
And to this end were Nature's call,
Our sensual wants embodied all.
Nay ; Life hath nobler ends to serve,
And if from Virtue's paths we swerve,
Digression marks the downward course,
And cometh with resistless force
The truth, in every heart sunk deep,
“ Such as ye sow, such shall ye reap.”

How with our youth? Shall some device
To hide our faults from them suffice?
Thus feed the cravings of desire,
And, by our precept stern, require
A different course they should pursue,

And ever keep our precepts true ?
Alack ! Example louder speaks—
We sow the seed, and he who seeks
In after years, all truth declares,
Or gleans the wheat or gathers tares.

Is life a pantomime ? and *we*
The actors on its stage to be ?
Grant it were so—our thoughts engage
One scenic picture on life's page ;
One view sufficing, if but true,
Lift then our curtain for review,
And ere the shifting scene flits by
We may in passing glance descry
The pitfall, couchant folly's lair,
In reflex of our actions there.

Lo ! in yon street a ten-year-old,
Now buffeting the winter's cold ;
See how he boldly trips along,
Threading the disregarded throng,
And with a gusto (we confess
In riper years boys show it less),
Facing you fearless, as he can
(Such his ideal of the man),
To question if aught said to mar
The pleasure found in his cigar.

“ What claims have ye to interfere
With rights your law has sanctioned here.”
He knows, nor can it be denied,

How plain the reasoning on his side ;
 Quick to retort with flippant speech,
 Though brief, a lesson it may teach.
 Hear his intelligent reply,—
“ My father smokes, why may not I ? ”
 His habit early formed is strong,
 Yet owns it useless and a wrong ;
 Condemns the practice in his son—
 But here my father is outdone.
 If men but practice what they preach
 Some good might come from what they teach.

See, in your walks along the street,
 How many gladdening sights we meet.
 Those glittering signs mine eye invite,
 Stirring within some strange delight ;
 How quickens in my heart the throb
 When I read thus,—“ Come, smoke old Prob ; ”
 Or blazoned full in view is seen
 The comely form of “ Indian Queen,”
 Statue with tinsel trappings fine
 And proffered hand for clasping mine ;
 Where jolly laughter shakes his sides
 And all who will not take derides ;
 And puffing thro’ the live-long day
 Thus whiles his time in ease away ;
 Or farther, sure you know the rest—
 I name it, though—“ Chew Jackson’s best.”

With such allurements, who withstand
 The pressure felt on every hand ;

When men of high position known
By daily actions of their own
Connive—eh! start ye with surprise?
There, it is there the danger lies.
While thus paternal teaching rules,
What modern ethics in our schools
Can, thro' the slippery paths of youth,
Lead on to temperance, virtue, truth?
Let moral force have potent sway
And good example point the way.

All precept, how so well defined
And only given in words, to bind,
Fails in its vain attempt to prove
A monitor the heart to move;
Like darkened counsel, all the cost
Of ill-directed effort lost;
Example works the better part
And rules with power the yielding heart;
Stands by, a safeguard in the hour
Temptation fain would overpower;
And childhood thus preserved from wrong,
Their love of virtue grows more strong.

True, we have need in all this care
Ourselves the watchword of—Beware!
And cherish, undissembled, each,
The principles we aim to teach.
But youths there are (none will deny)
The devious paths from Virtue try,
By adverse circumstances driven,

Run counter to all counsel given ;
Still, *do our part*. The good seed sown
May, till the youthful years have flown,
Lie dormant, yet the favoring shower
And sunshine of some heavenly power
Will, though withheld in seasons past,
Yield peace, and joy, and bliss at last.

O ye who by experience know
The chains of Habit stronger grow,
And have (good resolution) tried
To cast those iron chains aside,
Strive on ! yet longer you resolve,
A purpose *fixed* will then evolve ;
Our long-continued habits take
Strong and determined will to break,
Like manacles that bind the feet,
Yet still the severance is complete,
And, strengthened by supernal powers,
The victory as sure is ours.

No longer then in bondage held,
The vanquished foe henceforth expelled ;
Break up the fallow ground, prepare
For seed-time, and, with timely care,
Till and guard well. The mental soil
Of childhood needs unceasing toil
To bring forth fruit in after time,
Whether in youth or manhood's prime ;
Thus, if for good our efforts tend,
A rich reward may crown the end.

Our reckoning sure, the favoring gales
Filling our ready-woven sails,
Insure a passage safe and free
O'er popularity's broad sea,
To spread, without discordant jar,
The joyful tidings near and far ;
Then in a solo be our aim
To swell the song in loud acclaim.
And Poesy, fair Nature's child,
From wayside paths or flowery wild,
May gather blooms and weave *that* song
In numbers sweet, and clear, and strong ;
Then shall we hail, as well we may,
Not distant that auspicious day,
When " Wood " and " Ploughshare,"* hand
 in hand,
Join in this good work for our land.

*Two persons in controversy on the use of tobacco.

ONWARD.

WRITTEN FOR FRIENDS' LYCEUM, WEST CHESTER, PA., AND READ AT THE
CONCLUDING MEETING FOR THE SEASON, HELD FIFTH MONTH 2D, 1866.

STAY, traveler! Whither art thou bound
With measured step and slow,
Up yonder steep with wild flowers crowned?
Whilst in the plain below
A path threads winding in its way
By shaded rill, through flowering mead,
Where listless ease maintains her sway,
From Toil, life's dullest cumberer, freed.

“In doubt thou quierest thus?” he said,
“To sage Experience bend thine ear,
Whilst Hope, whose smiles diffusive shed
A sunshine round the heart to cheer,
Points to the future, to that rest
Whither our highest yearning turns,
And gives to life, though here unblest,
A joy not worldling ever earns.

“Thy watchword ‘Onward!’ and though steep
The path, and rough the untrodden way,
With steady step thy progress keep,
Though short or long the eventful day;

Then mayest thou gain the empyreal height,
Where skies serene more brightly glow,
Beyond the range of wasting blight
That falls alike on all below.

“ Before thee, in the distance dim,
Though intervening hills may rise,
And doubts and fears like spectres grim
Come as the clouds of threat'ning skies—
Before thee is life's journey fair,
With buoyant hopes and smiles begun ;
Thine it must be to know its care,
And thine its duties not to shun.

“ Look to the world with eyes to scan
Thy being in its varied phase,
And learn in wisdom thou the plan
That most ensures life's happiest days.
See Justice with her outstretched hand
Restraining Vice in its career,
While Virtue firm, at Truth's command,
Stands, guardian angel, ever near.”

There is, the learned Sage hath shown
As truth,—and truth it still remains,—
“ No royal road to learning known,”
Only through toil success obtains—
Only as mind exerts its power,
Though latent oft for good or ill,
The insignia of its prosperous hour
Are symbolized by the acting will.

The world moves on, the common mass,
The multitude of human kind—
As wave succeedeth wave, may pass
Onward and leave no trace behind ;
And though to man all nature speaks,
One common destiny is ours,
The mind, that gift immortal, seeks
A rest with heaven-directed powers.

A rest—a home with cloudless skies—
A brighter and a happier clime
Earth's loveliest Eden that outvies,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time ;—
Thither its aspirations tend,
Its highest hopes of future bliss,
Till Life's eventful journey end,
And fade a world of change like this.

The songster of the lonely wood
In the deep shade pours forth his chants,
Save some rude visitant intrude
To break the stillness of his haunts ;
The worm that crawls at evening hour
Along thy path may cheer the night,
Whilst, by a strange, mysterious power,
Yielding its phosphorescent light.

The flower that, modest in its mien,
Blooms in retirement alone,
In quiet dell or wood unseen,
Scarce to the passer-by made known ;—

Despise them not—they all perform
A part in Nature's plan assigned ;—
The care bestowed in calm or storm
Bespeaks an All-presiding Mind.

Then if the worm, that humble thing,
That noiselessly may creep along,
Or tuneful warbler of the Spring
To solitude breathe forth its song,
Or flower in unseen bloom expand —
If each claim Heaven's indulgent care,
How much more by a bounteous hand
Shalt thou the richest blessings share !

Go forth then, and be resolute,
Thy watchword, " Onward ! " keep in view ;
So shalt thou reap the golden fruit
Of years well spent at life's adieu—
Say rather life of change and care,
For to that future guideth Truth—
The good, the just, the blest are there
They live, as in immortal youth.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BEAUTIFUL BIRD ! I love to watch thee
Gliding along o'er the billowy crest,
Daily and nightly hovering round us—
Where, oh where ! is thy place of rest ?

They call thee Petrel because thou walkest
Upon the wave of the rolling deep ;
Dost thou for the lonely mariner, nightly,
To cheer him onward, thy vigils keep ?

The flowers may bloom on earth's green border,
But not for thee is their sweet perfume ;—
Thine are the varied sea-weeds floating,
And 't is thine to carol 'mid ocean's gloom.

I hail thee, bird of the briny ocean !
Thy gentle trilling notes to hear ;
And thy music low with the sea moan mingled,
Falls, softly falls, on the listening ear.

When the shades of even gather around us,
And the stars in their wonted brightness appear,
And the moonbeams play on the crested billow,
Thou art nigh, little wanderer, still to cheer.

Though ofttimes the darkness of night o'erspread
thee,
Careering alone in thy devious way,
Yet the Power that ruleth the tempest and billow,
Directeth by night as well as by day.

To *this* I must look on Life's perilous ocean,
Where billows like these are never at rest ; —
To *this*, as my guide to the haven of Promise,
Land of the peaceful and home of the blest.

Bark Amy, 7th month 12th, 1856.





