

THE POEMS OF
MARY
ARTEMISIA
LATHBURY

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POEMS





Mary C. Lamburn.

POEMS

OF

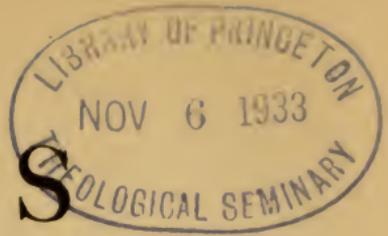
MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY
CHAUTAUQUA LAUREATE

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT
CHANCELLOR OF CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY

AND
W. GARRETT HORDER
SACRED ANTHOLOGIST

ALSO
A SKETCH OF HER LIFE BY
MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD

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WILLIAM F. FELL COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

*Through the long levels of the land
Life leads two pilgrims by the hand.*

*And ever as they walk, the eyes of one
Turn backward to the setting of the sun.*

The other eastward, towards the hills of dawn,

Urges the steps of Life,

Who, steadfast in the strife,

Though ever eastward, ever westward drawn,

Binds each to each with bands

Her soft, insistent hands;

Recalls them to the bird-songs near and sweet;

*The plants of use and beauty springing
round their feet.*

Life leans and listens to the tale, thrice told,

The creed, the song, the legend of the Old;

But towards the east, the sunrise, and the dew,

Her heart leaps forward with the radiant new.

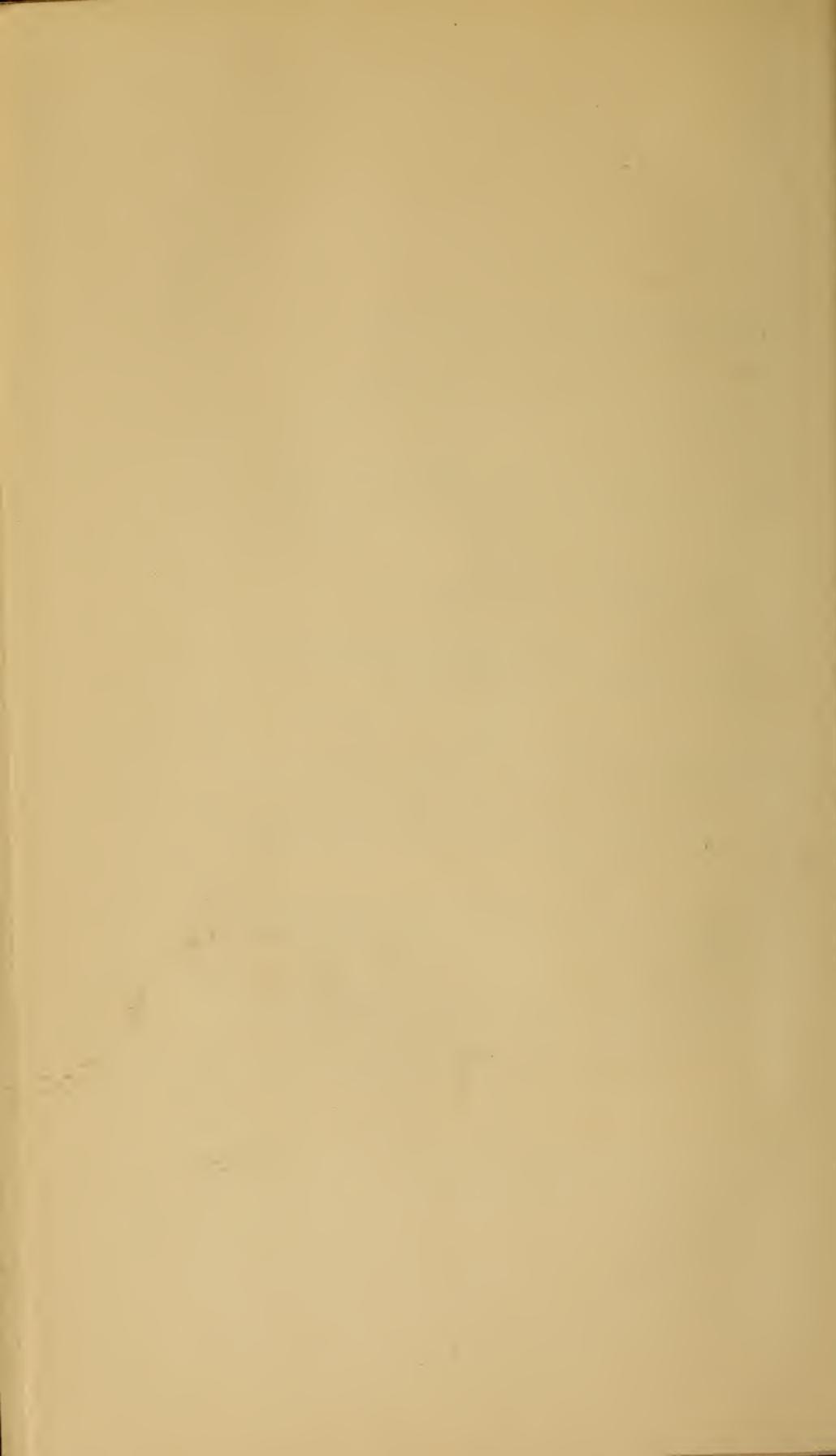


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NEXT thing to being a gifted, self-forgetting, devout spirit is to know and be enrolled as a friend of such a favored personality. And how difficult it is for a friend of such a friend to do full justice to one so well known, highly honored, royally endowed, who passing from earth leaves a reputation not only unsullied but radiant and full of inspiration, a reputation that in itself is a benediction to be repeated while books are read and songs are sung. One of the most charming illustrations of such perpetuated influence we have in the career of Mary A. Lathbury who will long be accounted as the Poetess of Chautauqua, the writer of "Day is Dying in the West," "Break Thou the Bread of Life," "Join O Friends in a Memory Song," "The Song of Welcome," on the occasion of President Grant's visit to Chautauqua in 1875 and many other immortal hymns.

It is not easy to write worthily with the

memory of Mary Lathbury burning in my heart. I believed in her, loved her, in a justifiable way worshipped her. How lovely she was! how true! how gifted! When the divine Light and Life enter and dominate a personality God does, in a measure, re-incarnate Himself. As the glory of the sun may shine like a diamond in a drop of water, and as in a diamond the sun may flash and tremble and dazzle the human eye, so may the Divine Spirit enter, possess and dominate a human soul. She lived in the spiritual world, recognized the beautiful harmonies between the realm of matter and that of spirit, not failing to interpret the one in the light of the other. She had visions, deep subjective experiences, was in constant communion with heaven, knew the deepest, sweetest feelings of a spirit that had with closed eyes looked into the very face of the invisible God.

She was both poetess and saint. Hers was a rare spirit. Some things she wrote will last for ages. Chautauqua on its broadest, deepest spiritual side appealed to Mary Lathbury. She entered and led

many others into the Sanctum Sanctorum, the Place of Surrender and Covenant of Peace. The Old Chautauquans will never forget her and the new Chautauquans as they sing her songs will inbreathe her devout, sweet spirit and thus be led into the deeper, richer life that Chautauqua seeks to represent and to inspire.

JOHN H. VINCENT

5700 BLACKSTONE AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILL.

I AM delighted that the poems of Mary Artemisia Lathbury are at last to be gathered into a volume and made accessible to the lovers of devout poetry on both sides of the Atlantic. When she was still with us I strongly urged her to collect and issue her verse, and thought I had succeeded, but I suppose her beautiful modesty stood in the way. Now that she has passed from us the way is open and I rejoice that her like-minded and like-hearted brother is doing the work. It would have been shameful if verse so distinctive, graceful and spiritual had not been gathered and made accessible in a volume. To an editor who has had to go over vast collections of sacred verse, most of which are echoes and not voices, it is a perfect joy to light on verses with such individuality of thought and style. And I never experienced this more fully than in the case of Miss Lathbury. Perhaps I may tell of the curious way in which I became

acquainted with what is probably her finest hymn, "Day is Dying in the West." One day a parcel of books reached me wrapped in old sheets of printed matter. Among these was an order of first lines of some hymnal issues in America. My eye lighted on the first line of the hymn to which I have referred. I said to myself, "Surely this must be a fine hymn," but whose it was, or where it could be found I did not know. Not long after Miss Willard sent me some recently published hymnals, and in one of them I found the hymn I desired to see, and found that it was all and more than all I expected. Indeed in my judgment it is one of the finest and most distinctive hymns of modern times. It deserves to rank with, "Lead Kindly Light" of Cardinal Newman for its picturesqueness and allusiveness, and above all for this, that devout souls no matter what their distinctive beliefs can through its voice their deepest feelings and aspirations. Miss Lathbury was an artist who produced pictures that the eye could see, but she was no less an artist through her

verse as the ear could hear. But deeper than the artist in her was the spiritual element, and so it came to pass that she gave to the world verse as spiritual as it was beautiful. "Too many writers of devout verse forget that the wings of devotion should also be wings of thought," as my dear departed friend George Matheson, "The Blessed Preacher of Edinburgh," who had eyes, used to say. The Chautauqua Laureate never forgot, and therefore the world is not likely to forget her verse.

The collection of her verse will be placed on my shelves by the side of other dear departed friends who left a like precious legacy of song: "The Rose's Diary," of Henry Septimus Sutton, "A Pageant," of Christina Rossetti, and "Sacred Songs," of George Matheson, and as I look upon them I shall think of the lovely lives lost to earth but which have entered the land beyond the veil.

W. GARRETT HORDER

THE MANSE, EALING. W.
LONDON, ENGLAND

A GROUP of missionaries was standing at sunset on a beautiful mountain in Japan looking down upon the city of Kyoto and as their hearts rejoiced in the delightful landscape and soft evening air they broke forth into singing that matchless evening hymn which Edward Everett Hale told a Chautauqua audience would be loved and sung "as long as Chautauqua shall endure"—"Day is Dying in the West." Of its author he added, "She has marvellous lyric force which not five people in a century show, and her chance of having a name two hundred years hence is better than that of any writer in America today."

Thus have the spiritual songs of Mary A. Lathbury gone to the ends of the earth; but to hear them at their best one must join in the grand anthem in the amphitheatre of beautiful Chautauqua where almost all of them have first been sung. Her name has been as closely linked with that great summer camp as are those of

Lewis Miller, Bishop Vincent and Edward Everett Hale; indeed she is the poet laureate of Chautauqua. In the centennial year of the Republic, 1876, the hymn furnished by her for the Fourth of July

“Lift up, lift up thy voice in singing,
Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice,”

has always seemed to me to be the most complete and pathetic utterance of that sublime period; her autumn hymn on page 66 of Anna Gordon's White Ribbon Hymnal entitled, “The Sunset of the Year,” is sung at firesides in a hundred homes. My first knowledge of Miss Lathbury was in 1874 when on a visit to New York in search of Bishop Vincent whom I did not find. But I did find a tender gracious woman of remarkable refinement in the editorial office. From that day we were like sisters and I can never tell the good she has done me in all things pertaining to Christian character and work. We had planned summer trips together several times only to have the hope deferred by reason of the constant calls that came to me for work.

When she was still young, Mary A. Lathbury—the child of devoted Christian parents, who never in her life had known the temptations of the great world, felt a special call in her heart to dedicate herself to God, and she has told me that as she knelt in the performance of this holy vow, something seemed to say to her, “Remember, my child, that you have a gift of weaving fancies into verse, and a gift with the pencil of producing visions that come to your heart; consecrate these to me as thoroughly and as definitely as you do your inmost spirit.” This she did then and there.

Mary A. Lathbury was born in Manchester, N. Y., in 1841; as a child she was fond of reading, writing, picture-making and illustrating her own poems. When eighteen years of age she went to an art school in Worcester, Mass., where she enjoyed exceptional advantages. A year later she went to Newbury, Vt., where in the Conference Seminary she taught drawing and painting and the French language. Some time after she went to Ft. Edward

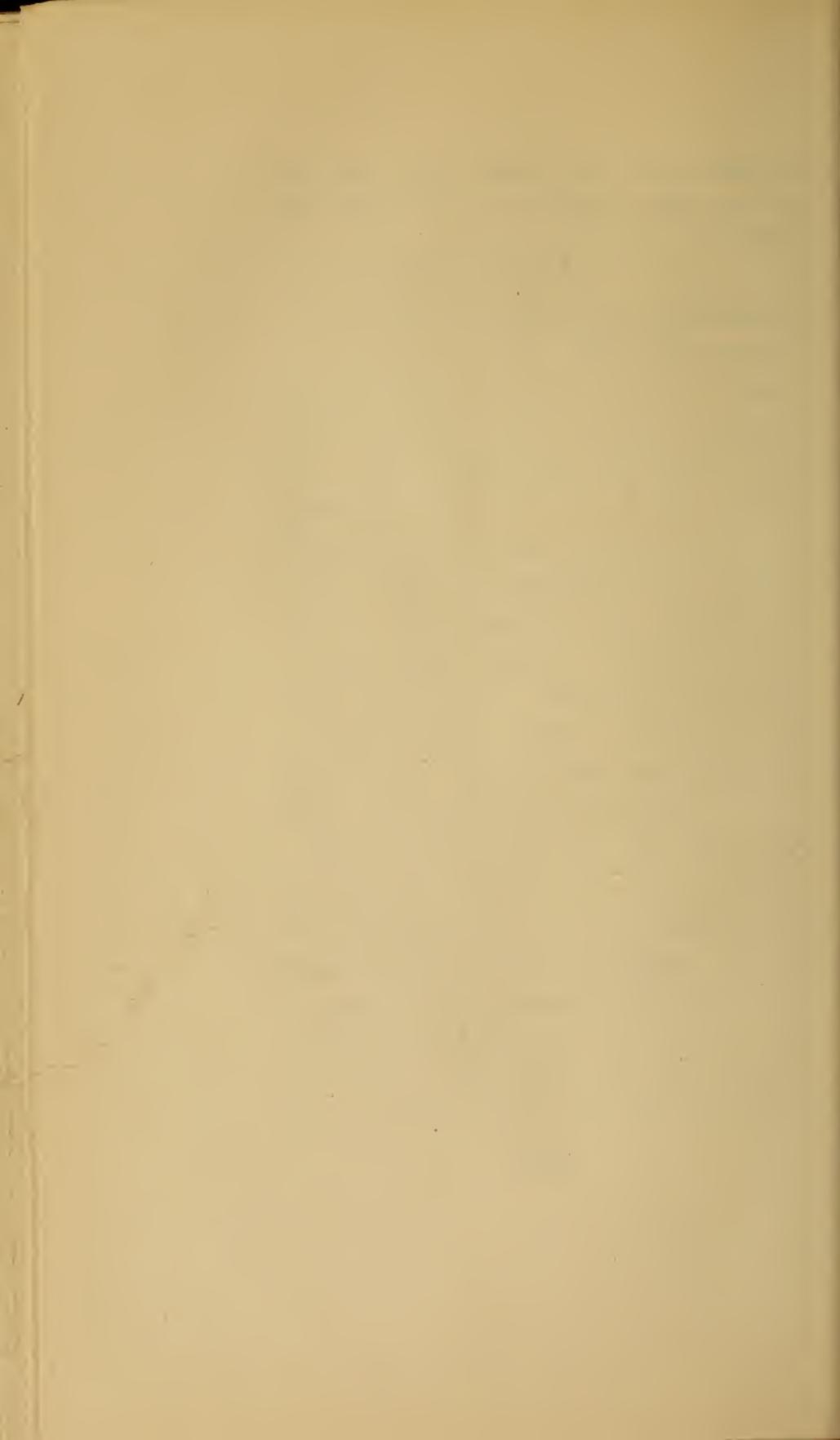
Institute where she taught five years, and still later to Drew Ladies' Seminary, Carmel, N. Y., where she spent six years doing faithful work and growing in literary and artistic knowledge. She was connected for some years as contributor to St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, and Wide Awake. "Fleda and the Voice," a book of exquisite fairy tales, illustrated by herself, was published about this time. Other books followed both in color and in black and white, "Out of Darkness into Light," "From Meadowsweet to Mistletoe," "Seven Little Maids," "Ring-Round-a-Rosy," and others. She has written many hymns, of which "Day is Dying in the West" and "Break Thou the Bread of Life," are perhaps the best known.

Miss Lathbury had not only the poet's pen and the artist's pencil but the eye of the seer and an ability to put her wise thoughts into clear and convincing English. A high, courageous faith, a loyalty to the best ideals, a self-forgetfulness that was sublime, and a devotion to the truth that gave inspiration to all with whom she came in contact,

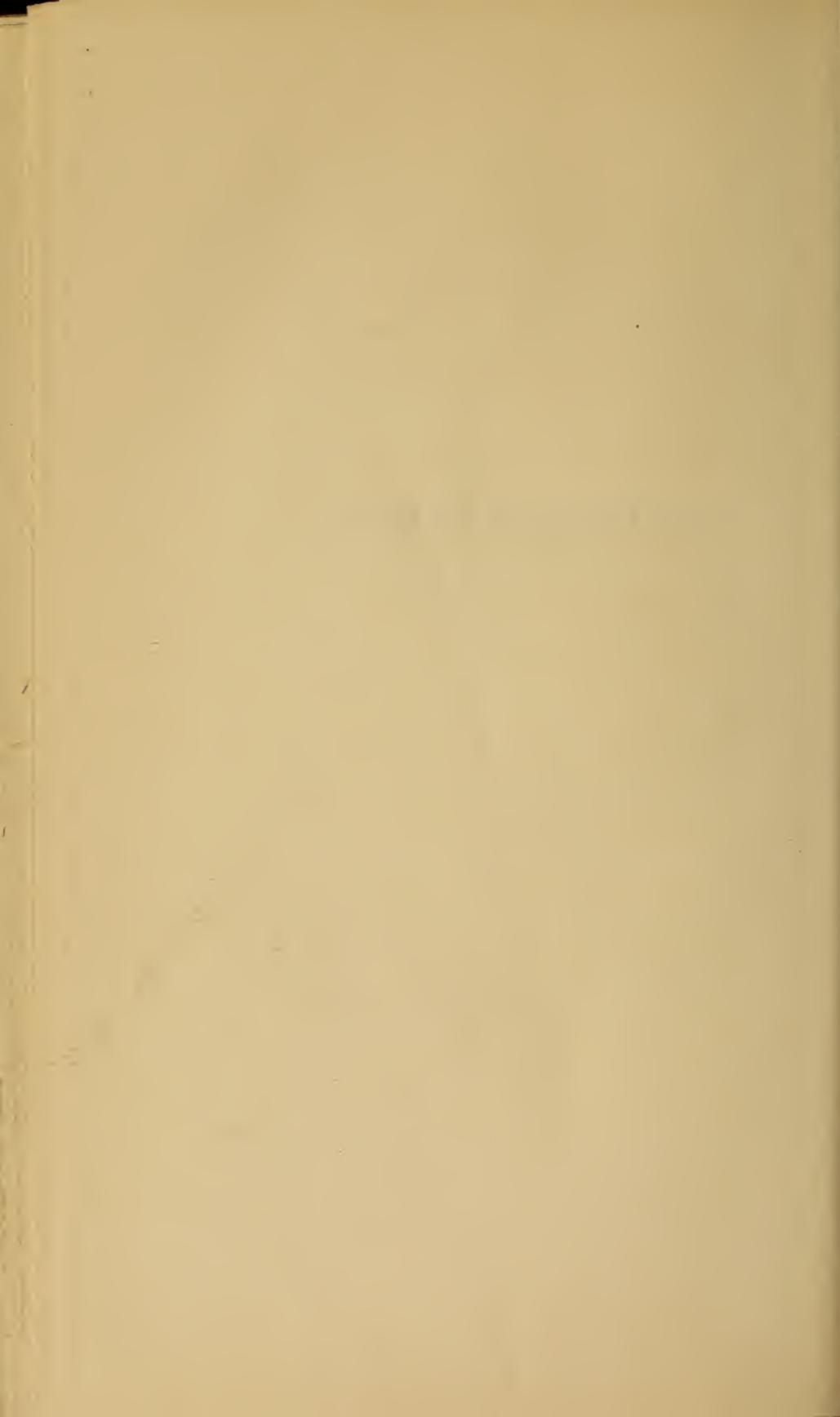
characterized "our Mary" from the beginning and will do so in ever increasing measure.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

EAGLE'S NEST, TWILIGHT PARK,
NEW YORK



CHAUTAUQUA CAROLS.



THE FEAST OF YEARS.

1874-1899

FAIR Chautauqua! sacred fane,
Lift thy leafy gates again!
From the limits of the land,
Hope and Memory, hand in hand,
Come with songs, and smiles, and tears,
Come to keep the Feast of Years.

Fair Chautauqua! years have sped:
Heaven-born, and forest bred,
Grown to greatness, beauty, strength,
Thou hast proved thy birth at length.
Through thy human grace is wrought
God's eternal love and thought.

Fair Chautauqua! these are thine,—
Builders of thy early shrine;
Keepers of the seals are these,—
Bearers of the sacred keys;
These thy prophets, sages, seers,
Gather to the Feast of Years.

Fair Chautauqua! always ours,
Count thy camps, and tell thy towers.
From a hundred hills they rise,
Under gray or orient skies;
O'er a hundred gates has fame
Carved the letters of thy name.

Fair Chautauqua! spread thy hands,—
Call us through the listening lands;
Bid us rise and build with thee
Highways through the Century.
We are ready at thy call,—
Gracious Mother of us all!

ARISE AND SHINE.*

LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,
Dear land, with strength lift up
thy voice!

The kingdoms of the earth are bringing
Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!

CHORUS

Arise and shine in youth immortal,
Thy light is come, thy King appears!
Beyond the Century's swinging portal,
Breaks a new dawn—the thousand
years!

Yet who renowned in state or story,
Shall enter while the Kingliest waits?
What star attracts thee when His glory
Shines through the half unfolded gates?

—CHORUS

* Chautauqua Centennial Year Hymn.

Through wave and wilderness He sought
thee,

For thou wast precious in His sight;
Shone on thy night of blood, and brought
thee

Through pain and peril to the light.

—CHORUS

And shall His flock with strife be riven?

Shall envious lines His church divide,
When He the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim His bride?

—CHORUS

Lift up the gates! bring forth oblations!

One crowned with crowns a message
brings.

His word, a sword to smite the nations;

His name—The Christ, the King of
kings!

—CHORUS

He comes! Let all the earth adore Him!

The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The Life of life, the Word of God!

—CHORUS

May 19th, 1897.

Along all ways, within, without,
All paths through earth and sea,
Our song divine o'ermasters doubt:—
“The best is yet to be.”

Beside the roar of restless feet,
The clamor and the strife,
A voice is crying, clear and sweet:—
“The only wealth is Life.”

JOIN, O FRIENDS, IN A MEMORY
SONG.

JOIN, O friends, in a memory song,
A song of service, of faith, of praise;
Of love that gathers its fiber strong
From forest soil and Chautauquan days.

CHORUS

Sing, O sing! for the Word shall spring
From seed to scion, from bud to bloom,
Since life immortal the Lord did bring
From the Seed that fell in an open
tomb.

Join in a hymn of hope, O friends,
The Lord is coming His own to bless,
And tried and true is the band He sends
To open a way in the wilderness.

—CHORUS

After the brier, the thorn, the weed,
Shall spring a plant of a wondrous birth;
And Love—the flow'r of a heavenly seed—
With bloom and beauty shall fill the
earth.

—CHORUS

EVENING PRAISE.

DAY is dying in the West;
Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Thro' all the sky.

CHORUS

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Thro' the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

When forever from our sight
Pass the stars—the day—the night—
Lord of Angels, on our eyes
Let Eternal Morning rise,
And shadows end.

FOREST SONG, EVENING.

SOFT thro' the fading light
Falls the twilight's purple veil;
Far o'er the waters bright
Flits a sunlit sail.

Hush! while the daylight dies;
Evening sounds thro' all the air
Soft on the silence rise,
Like an angel's prayer.

Arms of the folding trees
Rock the restless winds to sleep;
Silent the birds and bees
Sink in slumber deep.

"Rest," sings the forest, "rest,"
Listen to her lullaby;
Rest on the Father's breast,
'Neath His watchful eye.

Fold, then, your weary wings,
 Troubled heart and busy brain,
"Rest, rest," the forest sings,
 Rest from care and pain.
"Rest," sings the woodland still,
 While the silent shadows fall,
Rest, rest from ev'ry ill,
 God is over all.

THE NAMELESS FOLD.*

O SHEPHERD of the Nameless Fold,
The blessed Church to be,
Our hearts with love and longing turn
To find their rest in thee;
"Thy kingdom come," its heavenly walls
Unseen around us rise,
And deep in loving human hearts
Its broad foundation lies.

From out our low, unloving state,
Our centuries of strife,
Thy hand, O Shepherd of the Flock,
Is lifting into life;
From all our old divided ways
And fruitless fields, we turn
To Thy dear feet, the simple way
Of Christian love to learn.

* Chautauqua, 1881.

O holy kingdom, happy fold,
O blessed Church to be,
Our hearts in love and worship turn
To find themselves in thee!
Thy bounds are known to God alone,
For they are set above;
The length, the breadth, the height are one,
And measured by His love.

A HYMN OF LIFE.*

LORD of all life, the near, the far;
From the low glow-worm to the star;
Within Thy works Thyself we see,
And with all angels worship Thee.

In age-abiding rocks that bear
An elder scripture written there;
In the red hearth-glow, and the flame
Of countless suns we read Thy name.

The crystal and the daisy grow
From heavenly types the angels know;
And every weed and common clod
Is crowded with the thoughts of God.

O heavenly Teacher! Saviour dear!
To thought so far, to love so near!
Tho' lost in Thy immensity,
Our hearts have found a Home in Thee.

* Chautauqua, 1894.

A CRADLE SONG OF THE SOUL.

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
In Thy shadows soft and deep,

I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.

I lay me, Lord,

Among Thy shadows soft, and dark, and
deep.

I pray Thee, Lord,

A helpless soul that leans on Thee to keep.

If I should die before I wake,

For Thy unfailing mercy's sake,

I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

If I should die

In some deep dream and never here awake,

If I should die,

I trust Thee, Lord, my sleeping soul to
take.

BREAK THOU THE BREAD.

BREAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Within Thy sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, O Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

ARISE, ALL SOULS, ARISE.

ARISE, all souls, arise!
The watch is past;
A glory breaks above
The cloud at last.

There comes a rushing, mighty wind again!
The breath of God is still the life of men;
The day ascending fills the waiting skies,
All souls, arise!

It comes—the breath of God—
Through all the skies!
To live—to breathe with Him,
All souls, arise!

Open the windows toward the shining East;
Call in the guests, and spread a wider feast,
The Lord pours forth as sacramental wine
His breath divine!

It comes—a larger life,
A deeper breath;
Arise, all souls, arise,
And conquer death!

Spread forth the feast—the dew and manna
fall

And angels whisper, “Drink ye of it, all;—
Drink of His truth, and feed upon His love,
With saints above!”

Arise, all souls, arise
To meet your guest!
His light flames from the East
Unto the West.

The Lord of earth and heaven is at the door,
He comes to break His bread to all His
poor;

Arise and serve with Him,—His moment
flies;

All souls, arise!

C. L. S. C. ANNIVERSARY POEM

Written for the tenth anniversary of the founding of
the C. L. S. C., held at Chautauqua on August 11,
1888.

A RIPPLE rose upon a lake
And left a circle there.

“A pebble from the shore,” some said,
“Sent singing through the air.”

But one whose vision sometimes falls
Beyond our common ken
Looked up and said,
“A thought of God has fallen among men.”

O WONDROUS WORLD.*

O WONDROUS world within a world,
How beautiful thou art!

What high desire, what holy fire

Lie glowing at thy heart!

What beauty, silent as the stars,

Hangs ever o'er thy brow;

What youth, as old as Paradise,

Springs deathless in thee now!

When did we learn to love thy face,

The music of thy name?

A leafy door beside the shore

Was opened,—and we came.

Our lost ideals, grown more fair,

Thronged back through all thy ways:

Another life,—a real life,—

Filled all our empty days.

* For C. L. S. C., 1903.

The world smiled, saying, "These are they
Who live among the trees:
Whose thoughts rise higher than the stars,
And soar beyond the seas.
They do not weigh their wealth with gold,
Or measure it with fame,
They speak a language all their own:
They bear a hidden name.

So weighs the world its own true life,
Nor knows it as its own,
While, Life of life, above all strife
God waits upon His throne.
He waits until the world of things
And the world of thoughts shall be
Blent in that perfect thing they call
The new humanity.

What joy is thine, O world within,
To bear thy banners out,
And then to claim in God's dear name
The last and least redoubt.
The earth is His,—the heavens are His,—
He stooped to make them one
When that great mystery was wrought
That gave us God the Son.

The world without is blind to thee,
 Thou world of the within,
Yet through the years thy saints and seers
 The oracles have been.
Still trust them with thy prophecies,
 Still through them breathe thy breath,
Till honor blossoms from the dust,
 And life springs out of death.

THE CHAUTAUQUA DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE, praise, praise,
Thou Man of lowly birth;
The hosts of heaven praise Thee.
We praise Thee from the earth!
King of men and angels,
Thy reign shall never cease;
O everlasting Father,
O holy Prince of Peace!
Lord over all, Lord over all,
And blessed for evermore!

AMEN.

LYRICS OF NATURE.

I WONDER WHY.

I WONDER why

The white clouds stay up in the sky!
The birds light low that fly so fast;
The downy thistle falls at last;
But the fair clouds are always high.

I wonder why!

I wonder how

The little bird clings to its bough!
Sometimes at night when I awake
And hear the tree tops moan and shake,
I think "How sleep the birdies now?"

I wonder how!

I wonder why

We leave the fair earth for the sky!
I wish that we might always stay;
That the dear Lord might come some day,
And make it heaven! Yet we must die.

I wonder why!

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.

ARISE and possess the land!
Not one shall fail in the march of life
Not one shall fail in the hour of strife,
Who trusts in the Lord's right hand.
Arise and possess the land.

All hail, all hail to the New!
The future lies like a world newborn
All steeped in sunshine and dews of morn,
And arched with a cloudless blue.
All hail! All hail to the New.

The Lord shall divide the sea!
And open a way in the wilderness
To faith that follows, to feet that press
Into the great To Be,
The Lord shall divide the Sea!

A BUTTERFLY.

UNFOLD thy wing,
Thou trembling radiant thing,
Slow breaking, like an Amazonian flower,
To life and light in this thy natal hour,
Thou needst not fear the Sun's eye, or the
dome
Of infinite air above thee. Thou art come
Unto thy home.

Give to the air
Thy life without a care!
Rise—but thou canst not rise! A broken
wing—
Torn in thy struggle to be free, poor thing!
Makes thee a prisoner still. Couldst thou
not wait
Until His hand who fixed thy low estate
Unbarred the gate?

My soul, lie still,
Cradled within God's will.
Perhaps this two-leaved book, all deftly
wrought
Like a fair missal, bears the Lord's own
thought
And message to thee. Read the rent page
through:
"Be still, till He who maketh all things new
Hath made thee too!"

EASTER WINGS.

TAKE wing, my soul, take wing!
The promise of the Spring
Fills all the balmy air and budding earth;
All sleeping life is springing to its birth,
And art thou slumbering?
My soul, take wing!

Unfold, my soul, thy wings:
The tender, growing things
Break from their tomb and to the sun
aspire.

The Lenten lilies feel his heart of fire,
And, though the cold earth clings,
Unfold their wings.

My soul, unfold thy wings
Above the clod that clings
Around thy feet to root thee in the earth;
Thy life is drawn from Him who gave thee
birth,
And from His nature springs
Thine untried wings.

My soul, take wing—take wing!
The happy, sun-bright thing
That floats unburdened in the blessed air,
Went down to death thro' darkness and
despair,
And won, thro' pains untold,
Its wings of gold.

Take wing, my soul, take wing,
And waken with the Spring!
The winds of God thro' all His heavens
blow;
The heavenly streams thro' all His pas-
tures flow;
And art thou slumbering?
My soul, take wing!

THE SUN GOD.

HE sits upon the circle of the earth
At morn a moment's space,
And Nature, waiting for a new day's birth,
Adores, with radiant face.

He sits upon the circle of the earth
Again, when day is done;
Then Nature and her children, hushing
mirth,
Worship the passing Sun.

GOD'S BIRDS.

A BLUE-BIRD—blue as an Easter
sky—

Sang from a beech bough, brown and dry,
A little song that was half a sigh.

She sang to heaven—as pure souls do;
But the only heaven she ever knew
Was the sun-filled air, with its roof of
blue.

“Dear heaven,” this was the soft refrain,
“Let the trees laugh out into leaf again;
Let the earth grow green with the spring-
ing grain.”

She sang in faith, then she ceased to sing,
And hid her head 'neath a soft blue wing,
And waited for what the morn would
bring.

Alas, and alas! ere the night was o'er
The east wind rose with a mighty roar,
And the rain through the beechen boughs
did pour.

And the blue-bird—who can tell the rest?
The fears that fought in her little breast,
While there was no sun, no spring, no nest.

Three days, three nights, of the wild
March rain,
And the great sun smiled on the earth
again,
And the blue-bird piped to the sunlit
plain.

“Dear sun in heaven, for days of grief,
Let the trees laugh out into tender leaf;
Let the fields grow green with the coming
sheaf.”

And the great sun answered, “My little
bird,
You sang to God and your song was heard,
The stormy wind, fulfilling His word,

“Was one of His deep and sweet replies;
For up through the budding beech will
rise
The rain that fell from the clouded skies,

“To weave the roof of the forest fane
That brings the birds to their own again,
In the clear shining after the rain.”

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE LORD.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Clothed in sweet silence, wrapped
in golden dreams

Their feet forever in green pastures held
By silver threads of softly flowing
streams.

My Lord, my Shepherd, lead me to Thy
hills!

Through these green pastures, spring-
ing with Thy love;

By these still waters, brimming with Thy
life,

Draw Thou my soul to those calm
heights above.

The Mountains of the Lord! Far in the
East,

Beyond the hills, I sometimes see them
lift

Their brows of light—their breasts of
heavenly calm,

And then a cloud is blown across the
rift,

But when upon Thy hills my feet stood
fast,

What if a day should dawn that brings
that word,

“Arise—depart, for this is not your rest,”

And I should see the Mountains of the
Lord!

Then cometh open vision “in that day,”

Not clear—not dark, yet known, dear
Lord, to Thee

“Nor day, nor night,” but “at the evening
time

It shall be light” and I shall clearly see.

POOR PUCK!

THE young moon hung in the purple
west,

Where the sun had an hour since gone to
rest,

And the stars and the fire-flies, one by one,
With a stolen spark from the vanished
sun,

Went glinting and glancing here and there,
Playing bo-peep through the dewy air,—
When Puck, the dear little vagabond elf,
Came whistling a whip-poor-will song to
himself.

“’Twill be dark as a pocket, I know,” he
said;

And he looked at his lantern and shook
his head.

“So here’s for a light!” and then with a
jump,

On a broad-backed toadstool he landed
plump;

Then he whistled out gayly, and very soon
The fire-flies gathered to hear the tune,

But only to find themselves deftly caught
In a net of the twisted cobweb wrought;
And then, with a pinch, to make them
shine well,
He shut them up tight in his lantern cell.

Queen Mab, who was flitting across the
stream,
Saw through the tall waving reeds a
gleam;
Heard a low laugh and a tricky shout.

“Ah! Puck and the fire-flies now, no
doubt.”

Then said the fairy, “This quickly shall
end!”

(For to each fire-fly she was a friend.)

So sailing low o’er the close knotted grass,
That straightened its tangles to let her
pass,

She found the frolicsome, mischievous
sprite

Waving his net with a savage delight.

Then whispered Mab: “What a beautiful
chance!”

And she measured the bank with a venge-
ful glance.

A splash! and where is the poor little
Puck?

Was there ever before such deplorable
luck!

Over and over, and down and down;
Bumping his dear little hairless crown;
Tangling his toes in the vines, and Oh!
Right into the mire she saw him go!
For he never stopped in that dreadful fall,
His cobweb net, his lantern and all,
Till he touched the mud of the streamlet's
bed!

As for the midget, Queen Mab, she sped
Over the meadows and fields of brake,
With many a fire-fly spark in her wake,
But never a pang in that vacant spot
Where her heart should be for the hapless
lot

Of the poor little rascal, scrambling about
In the mud and the dark; and his light
put out!

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

A LITTLE brown mother-bird sat in
her nest,
With four sleepy birdlings tucked under
her breast,
And her querulous chirrup fell ceaseless
and low,
While the wind rocked the lilac-tree nest
to and fro.

“Lie still, little nestlings! lie still while I tell
For a lullaby story, a thing that befell
Your plain little mother one midsummer
morn,
A month ago, birdies—before you were
born.

“I’d been dozing and dreaming the long
summer night,
Till the dawn flushed its pink through the
waning moonlight;
When—I wish you could hear it once!—
faintly there fell
All around me the silvery sound of a bell!

“Then a chorus of bells! So, with just
half an eye,
I peeped from the nest, and those lilies
close by,
With threads of a cobweb, were swung to
and fro
By three little rollicking midgets below.

“Then the air was astir with humming-
birds’ wings!
And a cloud of the tiniest, daintiest things
That ever one dreamed of, came fluttering
where
A cluster of trumpet-flowers swayed in
the air.

“As I sat all a-tremble, my heart in my
bill,—
‘I will stay by the nest,’ thought I,
‘happen what will’;
So I saw with these eyes by that trumpet-
vine there,
A whole fairy bridal train poised in the
air!

“Such a bit of a bride! Such a marvel of
grace

In a shimmer of rainbows and gossamer
lace!

No wonder the groom dropped his dia-
mond-dust ring,

Which a little elf-usher just caught with
his wing.

“Then into the trumpet-flower glided the
train,

And I thought (for a dimness crept over
my brain,

And I tucked my head under my wing),
‘Dearie me!

What a sight for a plain little mother like
me!’”

IN THE HIGH VALLEY.

I KNOW a high valley—
A flower-jewelled cup
That the hills to the heavens
Forever hold up.

Each night in this green cup
The good fairies brew
(The sly little moonshiners!)
Honey and dew.

And, morning by morning,
The sun comes and fills
Brimful with fresh sunshine
This cup in the hills.

Ah, then the flowers waken!
The yellow bees hum!
From hive and from hollow
And tree-hole they come.

The sun drinks the dew, but
Each flower in her cup
Is holding her honey
For wild bees to sup.

And then the good fairies
Cry lustily out,—
“O pretty Flower-ladies,
The bees are about.

“Beware, Lady Lily!
Sweet Clover, beware!
The buzz of the wild bee
Is filling the air!”

But O the Flower Lady
Knows never an art;
She hoards not the honey
That lies in her heart.

Today and tomorrow,
And all summer long,
The wild bee will ravish
Her heart with his song.

AN OPEN SECRET.

“ANEMONE! Anemone!
Who cleft your pretty leaves in
three,
And grouped them round your little feet
In three again? Who left the sweet,
Faint breath of Spring upon your lips,
Her flush upon your petal tips?
Who brings you on this April day
From far-off Sun-land, beams of May,
And warms the shivering baby shoots
That hide among your tender roots?
And, when the north wind came last week,
Who deftly pierced his puffy cheek,
And turned the flying frost he blew
Across the hills to balmy dew?
And who?”—She shook her dainty head,
(Or did the wind pass by?) and said:
“The ‘frail Anemone’ has friends.”
“And who?”—But there the story ends!

THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR.

THERE'S an undertone of sighing,
There's a hush in all the air,
And the face of nature dying
Wears a glow divinely fair:
If you listen,—listen,—listen,—
In the quiet woodland ways,
You will hear the forest singing;
You will catch the breath of praise.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, O field and forest:
For His glory draweth near;
He is in His holy temple,
In the sunset of the year.

O the glory and the gladness
Of a life without a fear;
Of a death like nature dying,
In the falling of the year:

“For she is not dead but sleepeth,”

Till the early robins sing,
And the bells of Easter wake her,
For the coming of the spring.

—CHORUS.

O for such a blessed falling

Into quiet sleep at last,
When the ripened grain is garnered,
And the toil and trial past:

When the red and gold of sunset
Slowly changes into grey,

O for such a quiet passing,
Through the night into the day!

—CHORUS.

TO AN OAK.

HOW firm thy hold,
Despite the wrestling winds and
cruel frost,

Upon thy little hoard of last year's gold,
Grown dim and old!

Drop thy last leaves

Into the wide and waiting lap of earth,—
The kindly mother-soil that gave thee
birth;

Her hand forever weaves

Anew the tissues of the trees of God,
Where'er His rain and sunshine melt the
sod.

Drop thy last leaves!

Be comforted!

The great auroral tides forever rise
And fall in rhythmic silence o'er thy head,
Untouched by dread.

When rose leaves fall,

Or fruits for very ripeness, who sheds tears?

We only—thou and I—are filled with fears

Because we hear the call:

“Loose from your anchorage, and catch the
breeze
That springs to waft you o'er the un-
known seas
That wait for all.”

In this thy state—
And mine—the viewless winds still wage
their strife;
Here is the battle ground of love and
hate—
Of death and life.
But “in that day”—
Thy Spring and mine—when the slow
swelling flood
Of life has risen and touched the sleeping
bud
That holds the perfect May,
The leaves shall fall; the dying loves and
fears,
The hoarded hopes of our beleaguered
years
Shall “in that day,”
Be loosed and drift away!

THE WIND HARP.

BENEATH the singing pines I lie,
Safe anchored on the awful rocks,
And dream, between the sea and sky,
Of maids with wind-blown locks.
They tower in virgin majesty;
They spread their white arms to the
skies;
They hold a harp above the sea,
Through which all heaven sighs.
Their long hair, lifted to the gods,
Must nerve, perhaps, a Punic bow,
But through its vibrant strings the floods
Of prayer and passion flow.
I hear it,—hear it in a dream,—
The battle chant, the votive prayer,
The twang of bow strings, and the scream
Of arrows in the air!
I hear the songs of centuries,
The sirens on the rocks I hear;
The rhythmic sobbing of the seas,
The captives' cry of fear.

The lark's song, winged with gladness,
floats

To heaven's gate, and disappears;

But these low, heart-alluring notes

Forever tell of tears,—

Forever, for the heart-strings feel

With soft wind-fingers, and at last,

Like longing, homeless souls, they steal

Back to the shadowy past!

O great Wind Spirit from the sea!

The mask is done; the white mists move

Across the pines, but leave with me

The old magician—Love!

THE MOON MAID.

HAVE you seen her, have you seen
her—

My moon maiden,

Fair moon maiden?

When the lulling winds are low,

And the meadow grass, dew-laden,

Sways a-dreaming to and fro,

And the white clouds sail like barges

Past the moon's face, still and slow,

You may see her as she passes

Like a white gleam o'er the grasses—

Glowing in the misty masses—

Or a shadow, or a sprite,

Dark and bright by turns, to vanish

Into night.

What is she—my fair moon maiden?

She is shadow,

Glim'ring shadow,

She is light, and dew, and air;

And she flits across the meadow

When the clouds drift white and fair

Past the moon, the dews a-glinting

From her cloud of dusky hair.

Would you follow, would you find her?

Naught on earth may stay or bind her,

All the earth she leaves behind her.

See! the robe of filmy light

And the cloudy hair have vanished

Into night.

DAYBREAK.

HOW, do you ask me, was the New
Day born?

Come forth and stand with me at break
of day

Among the vineyards, when the dew of May
Pearls all the sunward slopes to meet the
morn;

When the last shadows that the night has
worn

Slip down the western hills and drift away
Before the light, fast following, ray by ray;
When, with the rapture of the birds, is
borne

Through the crisp air the scent of flowers
o' the vine—

An essence, wavering with the wind; a
breath

Of primal Nature, fragrant with the wine
Of coming vintages. So, in very faith,
Came sweet perceptions of a Truth Divine;
So dawned my Day from dark—my Life
from death.

RISE, FLOWERS, RISE!

LITTLE children of the sun,
Wake and listen, every one!
Hear the raindrops as they fall,
Hear the winds that call, and call,
“Rise, flowers, rise!”

Children, little sleepy-heads!
It is time to leave your beds,
Snowdrop and hepatica,
Pink spring-beauty, lead the way;
“Rise, flowers, rise!”

Tell the grasses and the trees,
Tell the bluebirds and the bees,
Tell the ferns, like crosiers curled,
It is Easter in the world,
“Rise, flowers, rise!”

Waken, tardy violets;
Waken, innocent bluets;
Waken, every growing thing,
It is Easter, it is spring!

“Rise, flowers, rise!”

Rise, for Christ the Lord arose,
Victor over all His foes;
Rise, with all the souls of men,
Into light and life again;

“Rise, flowers, rise!”

A WHITE VIOLET.

I NEVER looked for flowers here,
Where sunshine rarely melts the
mold,
Until I found, one genial year,
Some purple pansies dashed with gold.

Last Spring I came and round my feet,
Blue violets raised their dewy eyes
With timid grace my own to meet ;
My heart still holds the sweet surprise.

This year a violet saintly white,
Gold at the heart, and purple veined,
Lifts up its meek face to the light
Like childhood, trustful and unstained.

Dear flower, half human, half divine,
A triple thread of mystery
Has bound thy little life to mine,
And wakes both fear and hope in me.

Dost thou indeed from common earth
Draw thy pure life as pansies do?
Or didst thou draw it at thy birth
From utmost heaven beyond the blue?

I shut my eyes to natural law
And read,—the words are writ in air,—
“As ye have borne the earthly, so
The hue of heaven ye shall bear.”

Dear prophecy of coming grace!
I also, springing from the sod,
Shall bear upon my spirit's face,
The very image of my God!

IN A GARDEN.

MY lilies, led in white processional,—
My acolytes beside the garden
wall,—

Were swinging censers full of sweets to all
When June was here.

They wrought their white and gold with
joy of living,

They gave themselves for very love of
giving;

They waked, and lived, and slept, and
felt no fear.

They slept as children sleep—in dreamless
rest—

When the light fades along the quiet west,
And the All-Mother folds them to her
breast

With lullabies.

A flash of wings—an early bluebird call-
ing—

And now, their robes of night around them
falling,

All dressed in tender green, the lilies
rise!

My Lord within a silent garden lay,
The rock closed round, relentless, cold and
gray,
And still flowed on the warm, sweet tide of
day,
The starry night.
Till life unfolded in the narrow prison
Swifter than dawn, and, lo, the Lord had
risen,
And His white angels filled the tomb with
light!

My soul, fear not God's holy night that
flows
Out of His heaven o'er thy garden close.
Day goeth away; his shadows bring repose;
Then breaks the morn,
When, from the foldings of the night up-
springing,
Clothed with the day, thou shalt hear an-
gels singing
In sweet processional, "A child is born!"

THE LESSON OF THE TREES.

“COVER me? It cannot be
Christ will never cover me
With His own white righteousness.
In that spotless, seamless dress
I should still a sinner stand
With this stain upon my hand;
With the dark defilements spread
From my proud, unbending head
To my wayward, wilful feet.
It is neither right nor meet
That I cover from the light
All my blackness with His white.”

I was greater than my Lord;
I was true above His word,
As I brushed with hasty tread
Past the dwellings of the dead
Out into the air of May
From the church that Sabbath day.

“Clothed upon? A monarch’s ring
Cannot make his jester king;
Nor the royal ermine’s white
Hide a leper from God’s sight.
Give me, Lord, O give to me
Something from Thy purity
That shall make me clean again
From the clinging, deadly stain
That has dyed my nature through!
Make me wholly pure and true
In my being’s inmost; there
I Thy righteousness would wear.”

Nature’s hand fell cool and sweet
On my brow’s untempered heat.
“Hush!” she said, “What words are these?
Learn a lesson from the trees.”

Softly penciled, faint of hue,
Like a film against the blue
Stood the trees—the green of May
Flushing through their tender gray.

“Soon,” I thought, “the trees will stand
Clothed in green through all the land.

Clothed? That haunting thought again!"
And a subtle sense of pain
Roused again the restless mood—
Fed the fever in the blood.

"These—God's creatures—clad in life,
Are rent not with inward strife
Being clothed," I mused at length,
"They are filled with draughts of strength
From the fountains of the earth
Where their rooted life had birth;
And the sun, with touch divine,
Turns their water into wine;
Sends it coursing like a flood
Through the tissues of the wood,
Mounting richer, warmer, higher,
Like an unconsuming fire,
Till at the appointed hour
Springs the bud, the leaf, the flower—
Robes of living loveliness!

"Lord, if I Thy righteousness
Have rejected in my need,
And have missed Thy love indeed;

If through blindness, and a will
That is self-deluding still,
I have scorned Thy Holy Word;
Still pursue me! Teach me, Lord,
All the lesson of the trees;
How my naked life, like these,
May be clothed upon with Thine,
As the tree, the flower, the vine,
Bear the color, grace, and fruit,
Springing from the living root.

“Give me, trees of God, your dress,
Symbol of His righteousness.
Clothe me, lilies, in your light,
Hold me—fold me in your white!
Let me wear, O vines, your crown,
Weighed with final fruitage down,
And my only life shall be
Christ, my Righteousness, in Thee!”

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

O WANDERING Will-o'-the-wisp,
Will you never find the way?

I watch the wavering spark
Of your lantern, down in the dark,
And I think I hear you say,
 "Lost! lost! lost!"
For a thousand years and a day!"

O, tell me, Will-o'-the-wisp,
Are you a spirit astray—
An angel-child? Did you fall
Over the jasper wall
Of Paradise, that you say,
 "Lost! lost! lost!"

Dear little Will-o'-the-wisp,
Come up from the fens, I pray;
For heaven is not so far
As the very nearest star,
And the song we sing always
 Is "Saved! saved! saved!"
Forever and a day!"

“THY WAY IS IN THE SEA.”

(Psalm lxxvii, 19.)

“**H**IS way is in the sea.”

How shall I follow Him?
His waves like shifting mountains move;
His sun and stars are dim.

I did not ask for life;
He launched me on my ways.
When sunshine laughed from morning
skies,
And tides dropped down the bays.

I floated with the fleet;
I hailed the springing breeze.
And sung across the harbor bar
Songs of the open seas.

But now—what is my life?
Its blue has turned to gray;
And mounting sorrows, cloud on cloud,
Have blotted out my day.

And, surfing o'er my soul,
The bitter waves of strife
Force from my lips the coward's cry:
"I did not ask for life!"

"Thy way"—Thou art the Way!
My Lord, I am at rest;
The seas are circled by Thine arms;
Its billows are Thy breast.

"The Way—the Truth—the Life—"
How can I miss Thee, Lord?
I thank Thee for the gift of life;
I thank Thee for Thy Word.

A DEEP SEA DREAM.

O MOTHER, mother, hear the sea!
it calls across the sands;

I saw it tossing up the spray, like white,
imploring hands,

Last night before the moon went down;
and when I fell asleep,

I saw it crawl and kiss my feet—I heard it
moan and weep!

It cried, "O little maid! come down, come
down! nor say us nay!

There's not a soul in all the sea to think, or
love, or pray!

Come, that our lower world may see the
shining of God's face;

He lives in loving, human hearts, and not in
seas and space."

And so it drew me down and down, below
the restless waves,

Through leagues and leagues of still green
depths, through arching coral caves,

And fairy gardens set with flowers,—the
like were never seen

And feathery forests, tint o'er tint, of rose,
and gold, and green.

And there were plants like plummy palms,
that melted into gray,

Or mists of gold, or clouds of rose, they
were so far away;

And there were flowers, like garden pinks
and poppies, in the sea,

And, mother, they were all alive, and waved
their hands to me!

And shining fish and dolphins came to
gaze in still surprise;

And strange sea-monsters crowded near
with cold and hungry eyes;

And all grew dark, and then I called, "O
mother, mother, come!"

And, mother, mother, I'm so glad to be
with you at home!

“EARTH DELIVERED SINGS TO
GOD.”

“O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of the Lord.”
Jer. 22:29.

“Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust.”
Isa. 26:19.

EARTH delivered sings to God
 (“Easter! Easter!”)

From the brown earth’s softening sod,
 “Easter!”

Lo, a bud is bursting through,
 And a bird is in the blue,
 Winter’s past
 At last, at last!

Sing to God, thou doubting heart,
 (“Easter, Easter!”)

Lift thy voice, and bear thy part;
 “Easter!”

Lay thine ear unto the earth:
 Life is struggling to its birth,
 Winter’s past
 At last, at last!

Hark! an angel's voice I hear,
 ("Easter! Easter!")
Heaven to earth is bending near,
 "Easter!"
Lo, our Lord in death was laid;
He is risen, be not afraid;
 Death is past
 At last, at last!

Sleeping soul, awake, awake!
 ("Easter! Easter!")
Round thee all the heavens break,
 "Easter!"
Life leaps upward from the sod;
Man, delivered, sings to God,
 "Easter! Easter!"
 Death is past
 At last, at last!

ABOUT OUR APPLE TREE.

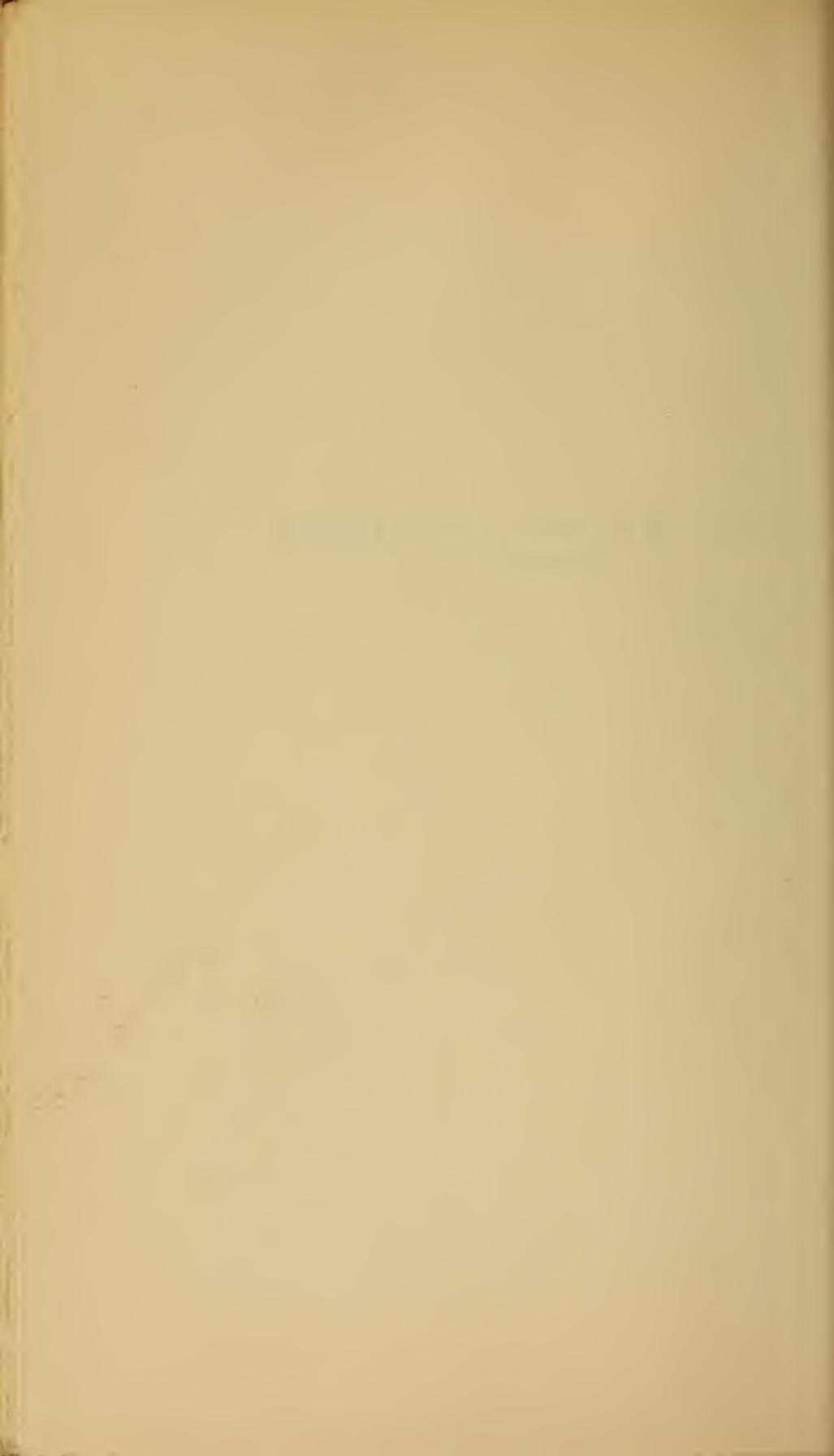
LIKE some fair saint in flowing white,
That bends above a child at night,
It stands beneath the moon of May
And broods above my nest till day.
But when with dawn the sleeping world
awakes
Into full light and bloom the vision breaks.

NOX BENIGNA.

ANGEL of the Shadowing Wing
In the pale East hovering,
While the vesper thrushes sing,
Lift the flood gates of the West!
Earth is weary, light oppressed,
Let the dusk fall—she would rest.

Let the glory of the day,
Gold and opal, ebb away:
Lap her gently in the gray!
Banish with the ebbing light
Thought and feeling, sound and sight:
Leave her in the lap of Night.

SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER
POEMS.



SONG OF HOPE.*

CHILDREN of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving?

Labor and sorrow?

Look to your looms again.

Faster and faster

Fly the great shuttles

Prepared by the Master,

Life's in the loom,

Room for it—

Room!

Children of yesterday,

Heirs of to-morrow,

Lighten the labor

And sweeten the sorrow.

* \$1000.00 Prize poem.

Now, while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up, and be at it,
At work with the Master;
He stands at your loom,
Room for Him—
Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow.
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it, and—lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom;
Room for Him—
Room!

THE WHEEL IN ART.

THE Poppybuds live in the world of
Art

And I am their guest. We are far apart
From the plain old world I have known so
long,

And which now turns out to be made all
wrong.

My optical center is not yet fixed,
And the old and the new are a little mixed.

But Art and Nature, my friend affirms,
Are altogether different terms.

He puts in magazines—posters—books,
Just his idea of how it looks

From his point of view in the world of Art.

I look and listen, but haven't the heart
As a guest, you know, to assume the right
To a world adjusted to my sight.

In his studio—spacious, and under the
tiles—

You can travel for hours thro' miles and
miles

Of curious country, and under skies

Too truly awful for common eyes.

I'll lift the curtain. Now—under the
rose—

What can it all mean, do you suppose?

Here's a cart-wheel moon, and a cobble-
stone sky,

And pasteboard starlets, and clouds that lie

Like spilt spaghetti, or bleaching bones

Of dragons dead on the cobble-stones.

That's not a wheel with a hundred spokes;

It's the sun that rises on artist folks.

And this is a river meandering down

Through daisied meadows; and this is a
town

All stiff with steeples; and these are trees,

Like tufts of cotton, or pineapple cheese.

But Poppybud's woman! My spirit grieves
At her swirly skirts and her whirly sleeves,
Her Gorgon locks, and Egyptian eyes,
And her step—cyclonic or serpentwise.
There's nothing human in all those whorls
And spinning spirals that make his girls;
But once you get them inside your head
And they whirl and whirl till you're nearly
dead!

Look at those ink-spots;—shadows cast
From ghouls and ghosties swift sliding past
To their yawning graves. No,—stay; he
said

That these were the children going to bed!
Even the babies are in the race,
And roll and bowl at a scorching pace!

Ah, mercy me, and alack-a-day!
What in the world does Ruskin say?
What's up with Art now, that no one knows
The meaning of that rare word repose?

Where, O where, did the first seed fall
That grew the fad that pursues us all?
I have a notion (my own idea),
And—right or wrong—I will file it here.

A Vision caught from the work-a-day world
Into the ken of an artist whirled.
It turned and burned in his busy brain,
And out at his finger-ends whirled again.
The Vision? The siren was one of those
things
(Modeled, no doubt, upon Saturn's rings)
Light of body, but nerved with steel,
That all creation now calls THE WHEEL.

THE RUBAIYAT.

A FEW plain people would like to find
A point of rest for the average mind
On the question of tramps, How shall we
think

Of the genus "Hobo"; his love of drink,
His easy morals, his calm repose
(Except when the mood is on, and he goes),
His love of the open, if not of air,
Of wide horizons, and generous fare;
His human freedom, his right divine
To his neighbor's crust (with the loaf)
and wine;
His liberal creed and life, that we
Have called irresponsibility?

How does he differ,—now there's the
rub,—
From old Diogenes in his tub,
Or Omar, prince of idlers all,
Who lounged inside his garden wall

'Mid dropping roses, while maids divine
Provided nectar, in other words—wine?
Astronomer? The magnificent whole
Of the heavens was but an inverted bowl
Drained of its wine, he lay at night
Studying stars with the long delight
Of pure inertia. Now and then
He wrote, with a peacock quill for a pen,
On a palm-leaf scroll, or a lily pad
(It isn't certain what Omar had),
Some bad things said in a beautiful way
For the world to fiddle about some day.
“Wouldst have the world at thy feet?” he
cried,
“Then drink, and toss the old world aside.”

We've tried to think in the hazy way
That others do at the present day;
We've read the “renderings” o'er and
o'er,
Then talked with tramps at the kitchen
door,

Yet deeper and deeper the wonder
grows,—

How does old Omar under the Rose
Differ from Dennis under the edge
Of the Railroad Shed, or the Mayor's
Hedge?

And why do men—there's another rub—
Read the Rubaiyat at the Khayyam Club,
Then, down at the Charities, lend a hand
To hound the Hobo out of the land?

And why do our poets—the lesser lot—
Find truth and beauty in heathen rot?
Why do they carry their own good grist
To the mills of the Persian pessimist,
And afterward give us an ounce of grain
With a pound of chaff? And why—
again—

Is vagabondage (with tousled hair,
And creeds decadent) in all the air?
And why do people, where'er it's rife,
Live, like Omar, the "strenuous life"?
Are we under an evil star?

We really don't know where we are.

LOST—A CHILD.

LOST!—in the shadow of the street;
Lost! on the highway or the moor,
A child of God. His aimless feet
 May halt beside your door;
His poor marred form,—a derelict of time,
Dismantled, drifting with the tides of
 crime,—
His clouded eyes may haunt your sleep
 at night
With dreams of lost suns,—dead and
 ashen white.

If you should meet him at your door,
 O meet him with your eyes,—your
 hand,—
Your voice, that so the sunken shore
 Of that lost Mother-land
He knew long since, but knows no more,
The heaven of his infancy may rise
Holding enshrined in calm his mother's
 eyes,

The room, the home, the garden, and the
gate

From which he wandered far, and long,
and late.

His nerveless hand has dropped the clue;

The thread of gold lies in the dust;

The gleam is lost,—he sees its hue

Dull iron,—red with rust.

But take the hand he cannot give, and you

May lead him to the door of that dim
room

Wherein his mother's eyes light all the
gloom,—

(Hark!—through the years long dead!)

“Thou little child of God,” she crooning
said,

“I bind thee—bind thee with this golden
thread,

And angels wind and wind the ball that
brings

The children home from all their wander-
ings.”

A SPINNING SONG.

THE little spinners of the world
Are spinning! spinning!
Their round cocoons of shining silk,
As soft as down, as white as milk,
Through all the night and all the day
They wind, and wind, and wind away.
We'll spin with them thro' dark and light
The thread that weaves the ribbon white.

The little weavers of the world
Are weaving! weaving!
Our hands are weaving all day long,
Our voices, too, in word and song,
The silken net that binds in one
All lands that lie beneath the sun,
The silken mesh, as white as light,
To wed the lands with ribbon white.

The great round world is spinning on,
 Spinning! spinning!
And not a thread of shining white
Is lost from out our Father's sight.
He holds them all within His hands
And weaves redemption for the lands.
We'll work with Him thro' dark and light,
Till all shall wear the ribbon white!

THE END OF THE STREET.

(From the Clock Tower)

*O*NE—two—three—four—five—six—
seven—eight—nine—ten!

Beat—beat! O heavy feet!

No matter where, along the street.

Beat out the hours till night is past;

Beat out the hunger-pain at last.

Beat—beat!

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven
eight—nine—ten—eleven!

Beat—beat! O rest is sweet!

But nobody rests upon the street.

Beat down the manhood that remains;

Beat down old memories—bloody stains!

Beat—beat!

*One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—
eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve!*

Beat—beat! The fields were sweet
When I was a boy. O the long green
street

Where I hoed the row in the dewy morn,
And whistled among the springing corn!

Beat—beat!

One!

Beat—beat! How cool and sweet
Was the soft brown earth to a boy's bare
feet!

But here it is stony, and cold, and—O,
For the furrowed field, and the corn to
hoe!

Beat—beat!

One—two!

Beat—beat! There's bread and meat
In the old farm house for the hands to eat.
They are the servants, and I am the son;
Some one's to blame, and—I'm the one!

Beat—beat!

One—two—three!

Beat—beat! The end of the street,
And water,—a wide, black winding-
sheet!

God—if a God be overhead—
Pity a fellow! The river bed
Is deep—deep,—
But a place to sleep!

THE GOLDEN AGE IS COMING.

O, THE Golden Age is coming,
It's dawning everywhere;
Its light is on the hill-tops,
Its breath is in the air.
The hopes of men in bondage,
The promises of God,
Are written in the rainbow
That's springing from the sod.

O, the Golden Age is coming,
When each shall live for all,
The workman in the cottage,
The statesman in the hall.
"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Shall never then be said,
But, "I'm my brother's brother,"
Shall all men say instead.

O, the Golden Age is coming
 When men and women, wed
In heavenly love and wisdom,
 Shall bruise the dragon's head;
When parents to their children
 A noble name shall give;
When all that's base shall perish,
 When all that's good shall live.

BY THIS WE CONQUER.

HARK! in the air a song,
With an undertone below
Like the marching of a mighty throng;
What coming host hath so
Sent Hope a-singing through the land,
Her wings with light aglow?

The children are a-field!
They march to meet their King
Each bears a standard and a shield,
And each an offering;
And all the air is ringing with
The songs of faith they sing.

What shield is this they bear?
What standard doth the Lord
Uplift beside the waters, where—
According to His Word—
The fierce incoming floods are stayed,
The breath of Heaven stirred?

A lifted cross I see,
And, in a sacred sign,
The flag, in holy unity,
Enfolds its form divine;
And from its floating blue the stars
Forever shine and shine.

HYMN FOR HOME MISSIONS.

LAND of our love, thy daughters meet
In love and worship at the feet
Of Christ, the Lord of lands, to claim
Redemption for thee in His name.

The ceaseless tide of human souls
From either sea that o'er thee rolls
Grows dark with ignorance and shame,
We ask redemption in His name.

Thy simple children of the sun,
From bitter bonds so dearly won,
Stretch forth their hands with us, and
claim
A new redemption in His name.

For homes of poverty and woe
Where love upon the hearth burns low;
For holy childhood, born to shame,
We ask redemption in His name.

Lord over all, as through the years
We plant with joy, or sow with tears,
Help us to serve, 'mid praise or blame
"For love of Christ, and in His name!"

HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS.

COME, O CREATOR!

COME, O Creator, Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
O highest gift of God most high!
O fount of life! O fire of love!
Send sweet anointing from above.

* * *

Not in the upper chamber,
But at the cross alone,
The lowest depth was fathomed
Between Thee and Thy throne.

THE LATTER DAY.

TO meet the ascending Lord
The Heaven of heavens came down,
And angels bore above
The Victor to His crown:
He rose to stand before the Throne,
And plead forever for His own.

Within the mystic veil
Forever rent in twain,
The Holy Presence shone
Upon the world again,
When God, the Holy Spirit, came
To crown His own with tongues of flame.

O Christ! unseen till now,
Though passed from human sight,
Thy words, Thy life, Thy death,
Stand, clothed in living light:
Thy saints grow strong beneath the ray
That ushers in the latter day.

LIFT UP, O ZION.

LIFT up—lift up—O Zion,
Your everlasting gates!
Before your tardy portals
The Lord of glory waits.
The Lord hath chosen Zion,
He cometh to His own;
Prepare the way before Him;—
Prepare the crown and throne.

He cometh with a promise—
A covenant of grace;
The brightness of His coming
Makes glorious the place:
“Here will I dwell forever,
And here shall be my rest;
And, blessing, I have called thee
Henceforth forever blessed!”

Go forth, my heart, to meet Him,—
 Go forth, without the gates;
For thee, in holy patience,
 The world's Redeemer waits.
Go forth unto Him, bearing
 His cross, reproach, and shame,
And thou shalt bear forever
 The beauty of His name.

WHEN THE BILLOWS.

WHEN the billows, dark and deep,
Gather round my pilgrim feet;
When my way is in the sea,
Jesus, Master, stand by me.
Lo, I come to do Thy will;
Let me hear Thy "Peace, be still!"

As the holy martyrs stood
Far above the hungry flood,
Glory in their lifted eyes,
Kindled from the opening skies;
Lo, in death's supremacy,
Christ, be magnified in me!

Whether mine be life or death,—
Living voice or passing breath,
Jesus, Word of Life within,
Speak thou to a world in sin;
Speak, and this my joy shall be:
Jesus lives and speaks to me.

DOOR OF HOPE.

LIFT up thine eyes unto the hills,
O watcher on the walls!
A glory on the lands afar—
On sea and mountain falls.

A thousand, thousand fettered hands
Are lifted heavenward;
And one by one the kingdoms rise
To meet their coming Lord.

Behold the open door of hope!
The prison gates unbarred!
Lead forth the saints to all the lands,
O angel of the Lord!

For God the Lord hath spoken it,
The little one shall stand
A holy nation, strong and fair,
A light to every hand.

KEEP THY HEART.

KEEP thy heart, O keep thy heart,
Lest the Holy Dove depart;
Seal its avenues with prayer;
Let no evil enter there.

Look not on the ruddy wine;
Deeper, purer draughts be thine;
Thine the Spirit—thine the Word;
“Drink ye of it,” saith the Lord.

Keep thy heart, yet from its door
Turn not thou the suffering poor;
Let the law of kindness win
Sinning, sorrowing souls within.

When for thee the golden bowl
Breaks, and frees thy prisoned soul;
When the silver cord is loosed—
Dust returneth unto dust,

He who dwells within thy breast
Evermore shall be thy rest.
Keep thy heart, then, keep thy heart,
Lest the Holy Dove depart.

I HEAR THEE CALLING.

I HEAR Thee calling me, O Lord;
Fain would I follow at Thy word;
My stricken, helpless nature take
In Jesus' name,—for Jesus' sake.

I cannot tell Thee all my woe,—
Its springs are deeper than I know;
But healing from Thy hand I take
In Jesus' name,—for Jesus' sake.

O Name above all names to me!
In which I stand delivered free;
One plea henceforth my soul shall make—
In Jesus' name,—for Jesus' sake.

My doubting heart is filled with song;
My nature, at Thy touch, is strong.
What shall I fear to undertake
In Jesus' name—for Jesus' sake.

HEART OF JESUS.

HEART of Jesus, rent in twain
By Thy dying passion's pain,
I to Thee for refuge run,
Lifeless, loveless, and undone.
From myself, and from my sin,
Heart of Jesus, take me in!

Arms of Jesus crucified,
To the ages opened wide:
To Thy fold I fainting flee,
From the foes that compass me.
From myself, and from my sin,
Arms of Jesus, take me in!

Love of Jesus, wider far
Than the widest heavens are:
Deeper than my sin can be,
Who shall separate from Thee?
Safe from self and safe from sin,
Love of Jesus, shut me in!

“I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.”

HUSH,—hush! O children of the world,
O hush,—it is the Lord!

He comes to break the Bread of Life,
And see—it is the Word!

He broke it to His chosen few,
In accents sweet and low,
Among the hills of Galilee,
Long centuries ago,

Within the pillared temple courts,
On Holy Olivet,
Along the dusty highway side,
By blue Gennesaret.

From Bethlehem to Nazareth
Our Lord and Master trod
Among the paths and homes of men
To give them Bread from God.

And then upon the cruel cross
He yielded up His breath,
That sin and strife through all the world
Might yield to Love in death.

But Love in Life—Eternal Life
Sprung upward, angel-wise,
On that third morn—that Easter morn,
That saw the Lord arise.

So, hush,—O hush! Our Lord is here
Within this Holy Place;
He lives, He breaks His Bread to us,
And veils His shining face!

THE COMING OF THE KING.

O H, make ready for the King,
And prepare your offering;
For His coming, swiftly dawning,
Breaks around us like the morning;
And our eyes may catch the grace
Of the glory of His face,
Bringing light unto the world.

In the pathway of the King
All the world is wakening;
Like a wind among the mountains,
Like a breaking forth of fountains,
Sweeps a tide—the Holy Breath—
O'er a thousand fields of death,
Bringing life unto the world.

In the temples of the King
Stand His daughters worshiping.
But each heart the summons heareth,—
“Child, come forth! Thy Lord appeareth!”
And their robes of vestal white
Grow more lustrous with the light
They are bearing to the world.

Alleluia! Christ is born!
And the world rolls past its morn,
Heaven pours the tender glory
Of Redemption's wondrous story,
With its deeps of love and pain,
With its heights of loss and gain,
Through a woman to the world.

Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Angels at His rended prison,
Radiant with His passing glory,
Send the resurrection story,
Winged with peace to conquer strife,
Bearing everlasting life,
Through a woman to the world.

Alleluia! Christ is King!
Wide His palace portals fling!
Forth in fair procession flowing
Come the royal daughters, going
Where the King Himself may send
Love and life that have no end,
Through a woman to the world!

EASTER CAROL.

LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of Glory,
And worship at His feet.

CHORUS

O sing the blessed story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen as He said,
Is risen from the dead!

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison
Since Christ Himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

—CHORUS

Ring, all ye bells of Easter,
Your chimes of joy again;
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign!

—CHORUS

BENEDICTION HYMN.

THE Lord be with thee in the flush of
morn,

When life springs new, and holiest thoughts
are born,

When earth would draw thee, may the
heavenly way

Shine more and more unto the perfect day.

The Lord be with thee, in the height of
noon,

When hours of action vanish all too soon,

Through all the heat, the burden and the
strife,

The Lord refresh thee with eternal life.

The Lord be with thee, in the twilight dim,

The sweet home-coming, and the evening
hymn;

His dews upon thy thirsty soul descend,

His peace abide with thee, unto the end.

The Lord be with thee thro' the silent night,

His arms thy refuge, and His face thy light,

When foes arise, the Lord thy keeper be

Until the day dawn, and the shadows flee.

MY SOUL FLING WIDE THE GATES.

IT is the Master's voice
That falls upon my ear;
Why should His word, "Be perfect," fill
My soul with sudden fear?

Why should I choose my way,
Or seek myself to bless,
While Christ unto my soul is made
Wisdom and righteousness?

If, Lord, this house of clay
Thy holy temple be,
Enter, and let Thy perfectness
Be magnified in me.

My yielded spirit bends
Thy mercy seat before;
Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest,
And dwell forevermore!

O miracle of love!

The Lord, whose majesty
The heaven of heavens cannot contain,
Stoops even unto me!

My soul, fling wide the gates!

Let holy incense rise!
The Holy Spirit comes to claim
The living sacrifice.

O FACE OF LOVE.

O FACE of Love, once turned to man
In grace divinely sweet,
What are these lightnings round Thy brows,
That smite me to Thy feet?

Before the dread revealing light,
My spirit shrinks away.
What wilt Thou have me, Lord to do?
Teach me Thy path, I pray!

I bend to bear Thy easy yoke,
Thou bearer of my shame;
As, list'ning, through the outer dark
I hear Thee call my name.

I hear Thee, and I follow, Lord,
But—O Thy grace to me!
The scales are fallen from mine eyes,—
The face of Love I see!

EASTER BELLS.

LIGHT in the darkness,
Melting its gloom;
Life in the sepulchre,
Rending the tomb.
Morn after midnight,
Peace after pain,
Sunshine of Easter
Bringeth again.

CHORUS

Holy bells, Easter bells,
Silence all strife;
Holy bells, Easter bells,
Tell, O tell us of life.

Woods into leafage,
Bourgeon and break;
Fields into verdure
Silently wake.
Light of our darkness,
Lord over death,
Shine on us—touch us
With sunlight and breath!

—CHORUS

Voices of Easter,
Words of the Lord,
Ring through our memory,
Sound from the Word;
Listen! the holy words
Tenderly blend,—
“Life everlasting,—
World without end.”

—CHORUS

THE CHILD AT THE DOOR.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”—Rev., 3:20.

THERE'S a child outside your door,
Let him in.

He may never pass it more,

Let him in.

Let a little wandering waif

Find a shelter sweet and safe,

In the love and light of home,

Let him come!

There's a cry along your street

Day by day;

There's a sound of little feet

Gone astray.

Open wide your guarded gate

For the little ones that wait,

Till a voice of love from home

Bids them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet
 Calls to-day;
Will you let these little feet
 Stray away?
Let the lambs be homeward led
And of you it shall be said,
"You have done it faithfully
 Unto Me."

We shall stand some solemn day
 At His door!
Shall we hear the Master say
 O'er and o'er:
"Let the children all come in
From a world of pain and sin!
Open wide the doors of home;
 Children come"?

THE HOLY HOUSE.

(The Measure of a Man, That is, of an Angel)

HAST thou, taught to look within,
Seen the house of Life begin,
Molded from the Mother earth
In the miracle of birth,
Yet, like Israel's early shrine,
Duly bright with the divine?
Hast thou seen the life aspire
Like a tree, a fane, a fire,
Lifting from the parent sod
Strength and beauty back to God?
Hast thou marked the service done
Hour by hour, from sun to sun,
By the lowly Levite band
Swift of foot and skilled of hand?
Hast thou heard all voices come
To the niches 'neath the dome,
Human cry, or song, or call
Seeking a confessional?
Hast thou seen the stars that rise
In the heaven of the eyes,

Or the glory of the dawn
When the starlight is withdrawn?
Hast thou seen the temple veil
With the glory glow and pale,
Or beneath its seamless white,
Half concealed from human sight,
Heard the rhythmic murmur low
Where the crimson rivers flow?
Hast thou heard the harp that holds
In its soft and vibrant folds
All the songs of all the birds,
All the silver sandalled words
That the players will who wait
Far within the temple gate?
Dost thou know the two who sit
In the Holy Place of it,
Thought and Feeling, born above,
Of immortal Truth and Love?
Then thine eyes have seen indeed
Him who bears the golden reed,
Holds the height, the breadth, the plan
Of the Angel in the Man.

IN TIME OF FAILURE.

(St. Mark iii. 5.)

STRETCH forth thy hand: Stretch
forth the hand:

Dost thou not see the Lord Christ stand
Where thou—dust crumbling into dust—
Wouldst hide from Him, the Pure—the
Just?

Dost thou not hear? Dost thou not see?
At thy heart's door, He waits for thee.

He shared thy struggles day by day;
He saw thee sink beside the way:
He saw thy good right hand—thy pride—
Fall withered, lifeless, at thy side;
He let thee lie a helpless clod
Tho' thou wast born a son of God.

Thou hast no life, Thou couldst not move
Without the influx of a Love
Stronger than death; but death must die
When Love, its Conqueror, stands by.
As of thyself stretch forth thy hand,
And God in thee shall rise and stand.

Thou hast no will? Let His be done
From sunrise to the set of sun
Then shall thy new-born will arise,
And like an eagle sweep the skies,
And where thy hand is set shall shine
The sign and seal of the Divine.

A LEGEND OF ST. JOHN.

ST. JOHN stood in the dusty mart,
Before a careless throng,
Christ's light upon his lifted brow,
Christ's name upon his tongue.

With arms spread wide with longing love,
Like Christ's upon the cross,
He preached the life that springs from
death,
The gain from earthly loss.

"He is the Way, the Truth, the Life,
The ever open Door;
The Bread, the living Water—drink,
And ye shall thirst no more!"

Three dark-faced men drew nigh, and
one,
Who bore a brimming cup,
Shrank from the light of holy eyes,
Yet held the goblet up.

And cried, "Dear master, quench thy
thirst;

The noon is hot and high;

The burden and the heat are great—

Drink, master, lest thou die."

The saint, whose crown of martyrdom

Hung ever just above

The holy brow, yet never touched,

Turned with a patient love,

And took the cup. No word He spoke,

But gazed with eyes divine,

That glowed and kindled into fire,

And flamed upon the wine.

Until, upspringing from the cup,

A serpent, waving high

Its crest and coil of tawny gold,

Fell to the ground—to die.

"A poisoned cup!" "A miracle!"

The people cried, and thronged

To touch the robe of one to whom

A charmèd life belonged.

They knew not that the Holy Dove,
Hid in his heart that hour,
Was the "consuming fire" of God—
The "kingdom" and the "power."

O, friends, whose will and work it is
To exorcise the wrong,
The race is never to the swift—
The battle to the strong.

"In quietness shall be your strength,"
In trust your victory,
And they whose eager hands will touch
God's work, must lose thereby.

But blessed be the eyes that hold
The power of patient love;
For them the serpent's crest shall fall
Before the Holy Dove.

EASTER WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

INTO mine own this sacred hour
Sweet eyes are lifted up,
Each little face a lily flower,
Each heart a lily cup.

My Easter lilies! Risen Lord,
I offer them to Thee,
Each heart a chalice for Thy life,
Thy love, Thy purity.

Like Mary by the garden tomb,
With lilies round her feet,
I kneel among my little ones,
Who lift their faces sweet,

And say, "Dear Master, take Thine own,
We give ourselves to Thee,—
I and the children, Lord of life,
Whom Thou hast lent to me."

THE PRODIGAL.

MY Father—if these lips defiled
May call Thee by that sacred
name,

A weary wanderer—still Thy child—
Comes burdened with his years of shame.
A wrecked and wasted life to cast
Upon Thy love at last, at last!

From years of pain and poverty,
From barren wastes of dark despair,
I stretch my helpless hands to Thee,
Deny me not a refuge there!
Deny me not the one retreat
For peace and safety at Thy feet!

I cannot ask Thee to restore
The years of canker and of blight,
For Thou hast called me o'er and o'er,
And sought me thro' the long, dark night;
I can not ask it, Lord, but see—
I bring a broken heart to Thee!

My Father, though my heart be dead,
A look from Thee shall bid it rise;
I feel upon my bended head
The holy pity of Thine eyes;
The wastes and wilderness are past,—
My Father's house at last—at last!

OUT OF THE EAST.

OUT of the East the wise men came,
Out of the North, the South, they
rise;

Out of the West with hearts aflame,
The light of a star in their lifted eyes,
From heart to heart with a quickened life,
From eye to eye through the land afar,
The message flies with a whispered joy,
“He cometh! He cometh! Behold His
star!”

Not as a babe to Bethlehem,
Not to a cradle, but to a throne;
Crowned with glory, and not with thorns,
The Lord is coming unto His own!
Eyes that see Him the vision tell!
Hearts that love Him awake and sing!
The holy kingdom within has come,
The poor in spirit behold their King!

THE TWO WATCHERS.

TWO sat beside a wide unresting sea
(The twofold nature—Human and
Divine)

While trembling on the faint and far-off
line

Of sea and sky, a ship, with sails of light,
Glowed like a winged planet, softly bright.

These strangely bound within one sphere
of life,

Yet sought their separate ends with eager
quest;

But this one good both sought with mute
unrest;

As then upon the ocean's rim afar

It paled and brightened like a mist blown
star.

“It drops below, 'tis gone,” the Human
cried,
And laid her tear-wet face upon the sands;
“It sails to seek its own in other lands,
And hope is dead”; but the Divine with
eyes
Uplifted toward the heaven lies, angel
wise.

Eyes shining out beyond the opal seas,
As if two angels through a vision trod,
Cried—smiling full into the face of God
“All ways lead to Thee,—every shore is
Thine;
It saileth surely to Thy port—and mine!”

BETHLEHEM.

IN the world's springtime thro' the virgin
land

Came Israel leading flocks, and following
them,

Young children as a flock, with one Be-
loved,

And journeying, "They came to Bethle-
hem."

Later, two women out of Moab's land,

God's pity as they went o'ershadowing
them,

Passed slowly over the Judean hills,

And journeying, "They came to Bethle-
hem."

Last, when God's time had rounded to its
full,

Two pilgrims journeyed to Jerusalem,

One was a virgin holding in her heart

A lily, "And they came to Bethlehem."

O Bethlehem! least of Judah,—triple
crowned,

Where Rachel, Ruth, and Mary meekly
trod.

One gave a nation to thy care, and one
A King of men; and one The Christ of
God.

IN BETHLEHEM.

LITTLE town, O little town,
With a star's light falling down
Like a veil of rosy light
Through the soft, blue Syrian night,
What within thy walls can be
That the star has come to thee?

It has led the Eastern kings
Through their long night-wanderings,
Until now its glory falls
Softly o'er thy still, white walls;
What hast thou to show to them,
Silent little Bethlehem?

Thou hast opened now thy gate
Where the kingly wise men wait,
And along a lowly street,
See, the star still guides their feet,
As the kings of Orient bring
Gifts and worship to their King.

Who in little Bethlehem
Wears the world's first diadem?
Look again; His baby brow
No sign-royal beareth now,
But—a mother's arms His throne,
Earth and heaven are His own!

ASPIRATION.

WINGS—wings;
To leave the level of earthly things,
The dust of the under-world; the din
Of law and logic; the ghost of sin;
The eyes of prisoners at the grate;
The voice of beggars beside the gate;
The sense of something averse to good,
A warped intention,—a vicious mood
In the face of Nature; a sense more keen
Of lapse and breakage, and death within;
The self that stifles, and clings, and stings;
Wings—wings!

Wings—wings:
To touch the hem of the veil which swings
As moved by the breath of God between
The world of sense and the world unseen;

To swoon where the mystic folds divide,
And wake a child on the other side;
To wake and wonder if it be so,
And weep for joy at the loss of woe;
To know the seeker is sought and found;
To find Love's being, but not His bound.
O for the living that dying brings!

Wings—wings!

RESURRECTION.

“O life that we cannot lose without so many deaths!
O death, that we cannot have but by the loss of so
many lives.”

(Madame Guion)

I WAS a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground
Out of the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices, and the song of birds
Yet in the damp and death I heard the
words
One spoken in the dark, and now more plain
“Ye must be born again.”

“O earth, earth hear,” I cried
“The voice of the Lord
Open every prison wide
Fulfill His word!”
But denser, darker round me closed the
earth.
It was a day of death, and not of birth;

And crushing human feet passed o'er the
sod

That shut me out from God.

There was no way, no choice,

No night, no day,

No knowledge, no device—

Only decay!

Yet at my heart a little flickering life

Remembered God and ceased its useless
strife,

Remembered the command it could not
keep

And fell asleep.

When life began to dawn

The song of a lark

With subtle sense of man

Thro' my dark

And tender sounds of happy growing things

Or the soft stirring of a chrysalis' wings

Thrilled all the under world sunless and dim

With an Easter hymn.

Then the great Sun leaned low

And kissed the sod,

Ah, what was I, to know

The touch of God!

The dumb earth melted at His voice and I
Stood face to face with Him beneath His
sky.

And all around, below, above,

Was life and love!

FILLED.

I BORE a vessel to my Lord,
And trembling, laid it at His feet;
I knew the weak untempered clay,
For holy service was unmeet.
I cried, "O master, take my heart!
Its spots and flaws are known to Thee;
My hands have marred Thy work divine,
But Jesus, Master, pity me!"

He wrought no miracle, to turn
The frail, imperfect clay to gold;
But filled it with the richest gift
The human heart can ever hold.
And more than mighty in its flow,
And more than measureless and free,
The strength that fills my weakness up,—
The Holy Spirit came to me.

O paradox, that faith and love
Interpret to my heart in song!
I live—yet 'tis not I that live;—
In perfect weakness I am strong!
I triumph—yet not I; I stand
Upon my strongest foe and sing;
My soul hath come to dwell at ease
Within the palace of the King.

THE LIFE.

“**W**HERE is the Life,” a maid-child
said,

“The Life that went away?
It blossomed along my garden bed,
Then fell like the fires of day.

“Over the west gray shadows lie;
Over the garden, snow.
Where is the Life? Does it sing on high,
Or sleep in the earth below?”

An angel spoke, and the garden shone
As a young May morning shines:
“The Life is higher than all the suns,
And lower than all the mines.

“The Life is far, and the Life is near,
It hides from the eyes of men,
But comes when the chill and dark are
here
To burn in the soul again;

“For Life is God; He came one night
As a Babe to a little town,
While over Him hung the rosy light
Of the heavens that came down.

“He lived as man—as man He died,
But He rose again—as God!
And He gave us on that Easter-tide
His body and His blood!

“He lives, in heaven and earth adored
By angels and by men;
His name is Jesus Christ the Lord!

* * *

When Easter comes again,

“Come out into your garden bowers,
And hear the blue-birds sing;
And find your little last year’s flowers
All waking with the Spring.”

THE INNER SANCTUARY.

"Yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary."

Ezk., 11:16.

ARISE, my soul, fling wide
Thy gates to greet the day!
See the "clear shining after rain,"
The gold above the gray!

This day thy Lord arose:
The cloudy bars of death
Grew bright before His glorious face,
And scattered at His breath.

List to the happy bells
That call to praise and prayer.
List to the distant flowing tide
Of feet that hasten there.

Listen and be content,
For He—The Holy Guest—
Hath built within thy prison walls,
His holy House of Rest.

Forget the wilderness

Through which thy feet have come,
And bless the rod that comforts thee,
The staff that bears thee home.

Forget pale grief and pain:

Thy desert days are past;
The labor ends; the rest is come;
The Sabbath dawns at last!

Lay down thy pilgrim staff;

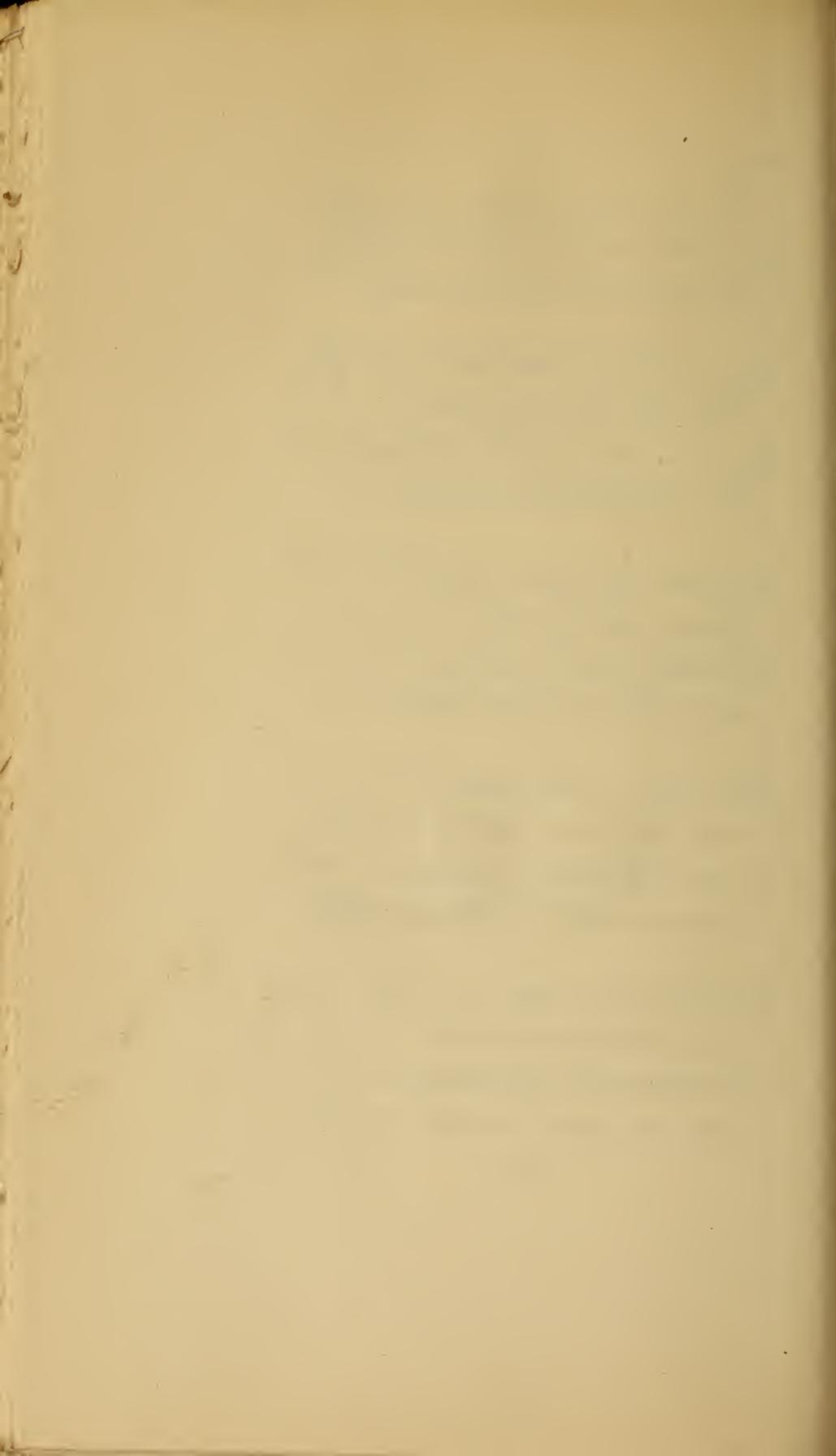
Return unto thy rest,
Thy desert leads to Paradise
"With milk and honey blest."

The Lord is in this place!

And angels come and go
In the broad glory of the gate
Through which the Heavens flow.

Be silent, O my soul,

And worship and adore!
The sun of thy Sabbatic rest
Has risen to set no more!



OUT OF DARKNESS INTO
LIGHT.

MY LIFE.

"Behold, God is great, and we know Him not."

—Job, 36:26.

WHAT is my life? I only trace
My being backward, through its
birth,

To the low level of the earth—
The birth and death bed of my race.

I live—fast rooted in the clay;
Yet I, in my allotted hour,
Shall vanish like a storm-swept flower
That lives its own fair, fleeting day.

And yet, if I may feel—not know,
This sentient seed beneath its clod,
That lifts its infant face to God,
Hath other air wherein to grow!

What is my life? I can but wait
The springing of a deathless germ,
Or the fixed fate of flower and worm;
God may be good as He is great!

DAWN.

"The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another."—I. Cor., 15:40.

THERE is a dying in my days,
As when the moon grows faint at
morn,
And stars die when the day is born;
So wanes the world o'er all my ways.

Its hours of brightness are not bright;
Its golden lamps, a-bloom with flame,
Its altars to the unknown Name,
Burn with a false and fitful light.

Though Pleasure sits a siren there,
And lifts the voice that lulled me long
To airy altitudes of song,
It dies upon the heedless air.

Lo—from the heavens, one by one,
The stars are sinking; and my life—
Mute witness of the unequal strife—
Thrills with the promise of the Sun.

WITH BOOKS.

"But where shall wisdom be found?"—Job, 28:12.

I STRETCH my hands as blind men do,
And grope for paths that lead to God;
But men less blind these ways have trod,
And found but "figures of the true."

Far down the misty aisles of eld
With all the wise and good I walk,
And in their silent language talk,
And question of the hopes they held;

Of old philosophies, long dead,
Whose shuttles, plying in the shade,
A dark and tangled web have made,
With no upleading golden thread

Of preacher and apologist,
Who change their cruel creeds at will,
Till infinite good and endless ill
Upbraid each other in the mist.

Like a tired insect, overborne
 With honied weights that are not food,
 I turn to thee thou unseen Good,
And wait, and wonder till the morn.

ALTAR-BUILDING.

"For I desired mercy and not sacrifice."—Hosea, 6:6.

FROM books, I turn me to the Book:
As pilgrims read the legend o'er
Upon a temple's carven door,
To this unveilèd Word I look.

Forever—so the Fathers taught—
Behind its quaintly lettered gate
Pure presences of spirit wait
To lead the seeker to the Sought.

I read—and all my spirit faints!
"Be holy—perfect—pure and true;
Love God, and his commandments do,
If thou wouldst stand among his saints."

Thee only, Source of good, I seek,
Yet naught of good, no holy thing,
Have these unhallowed hands to bring,
These lips no fitting word to speak.

Perhaps, if years of yearning lift
My life above its earth, to be
A soul that suns itself in thee,
Thou wilt accept the humble gift.

Perhaps—yet, Lord, forgive the thought!
I stifle in an air made dense
With sacrifice that breathes offense
To Love, whose gifts are all unbought.

IN SHADOW.

“And where is now my hope?”—Job, 17:15.

THE clouds hang low above my life,
And mingle in a murky gray
That gives faint hope of that blue day
Of sun and calm, the end of strife;

While in the closing gloom I hear
Dread voices from the holy Book;
And from the years my sins do look
With eyes that smite me through with
fear.

Into a land whose shadowing wings
Are doom and death my soul is led,
Bound like a prisoner to the dead—
The heavens are filled with thunderings!

O strength of God! I faint for thee,
For I my worthless girdle spun
In Egypt, singing in the sun,
And in my need it faileth me!

“Not to the mount that burns with fire,”
 (So sings an angel in the dark,
 And all my soul springs up to mark
His voice with infinite desire)

“But unto Zion are ye come—
 Fair city of the living God,
 By holy men and angels trod,
And henceforth your eternal home!”

WAITING.

“Until the day dawn.”—II. Peter, 1:19.

I HEARD, far up some heavenly height,
A prophet-angel sing, and though
No word in all his song I know,
I know that somewhere all is light.

Doubt, like a shadowy shape of wrong,
Pursues—appalls me; but I hold
A little leading thread of gold;
Therefore, O doubting heart, be strong!

“Through sunless seas, through cloud and
chill,
The Lord from Egypt calls his son,
And Love in darkness knows its own;
Therefore, O doubting heart, be still.”

O helpless human heart of mine!
Unweanèd from thy mother earth,
Wait thou in quietness the birth—
The glad release of the Divine!

DAYBREAK.

“We are saved by Hope.”—Rom., 8:24.

“**L**OOK up, thou waking seed of God,
Celled in the prison-house of Hope;
Shall spirit, born of Spirit, grope
In dust when Easter suns the sod?

“The Lord, thy Life, hath entered in
Through the rent veil of human woe,
Making complete atonement. Lo,
What canst thou offer for thy sin?

“No longer, then, a servant be
To Law, for thou art under Grace:
Enter with Christ the holy place
Beyond the altar, and be free!”

* * *

That voice (from mine own heart, the
Book,

Or heaven, I know not) through my
night

Dropped its divine "Let there be light!"

And, listening, earth and heaven shook

As with removal. Cloud and clod

Broke into glory—burst with life;

Peace touched the jarring chords of
strife,

And all the silence thrilled with God!

SUNWARD.

"He that hath the Son, hath life."—I. John, 5:12.

STRONG Elder-Brother—Son of God!
I kiss thy glistening garment's fold,
And follow where its hem of gold
Transfigures with its touch the sod.

I marvel at the Love that laid
Upon itself the nameless woe
That broke thy human heart to know,
Yet, knowing, left thee undismayed.

But more I marvel that the Love
Which yielded to the touch of death
Still lives—of all that lives the breath—
The Life of life below—above.

O Life, how limitless thy day!
I float upon the blessed air
A mote—yet conscious of thy care,
While earth and shadows drift away!

PERSONAL.

IN MEMORY OF LUCY WEBB HAYES.

O FRIENDS, who sit in silent grief
Before her vacant place
And seek, through blinding mists of tears
The loved and vanished face,
Lift up your eyes, though mists lie low
Upon the path she trod,
She walks transfigured in the light
That crowns the Hills of God.

We know the sweet and sacred spring
Of love beyond all art
That gave her smile the potent charm
That won the Nation's heart:
We saw the halo and the crown
By other eyes unseen
That placed upon her rightful throne
The woman and the queen.

We saw,—yet dimly did we see—
That where our Leader stood
The Heavens were bending down to meet
Her growing angelhood.
Then from the heights there fell a voice
Upon her inner ear
So heart-alluring, low and sweet,
That now—she is not here.

“He giveth His beloved sleep,”
He also sends the morn,
Into that rare and radiant day
A child of earth is born.
The Lord be with us all till we sleep
And then—all labor done—
Into the light of that long day
Receive us every one.

TO F. E. W., 1839-1889.

My friend.

TEN thousand call thee by that name,
They share thy thought, thy work,
thy fame,

They build beside thee day by day
The fair ascents of God's highway;
They bear the burden and the heat,
They follow on with willing feet
Where ways are rough and long,—still I
With folded hands stand idly by
And call thee friend!

My friend.

They also call thee so who stand
For truth and freedom in the land;
The sage, the poet, the divine,
The statesman offer at thy shrine
Each from his own fair laurel crown
A spray to weave into thine own
While I, not having bays to share,
Stand mutely by, and smiling, dare
To call thee friend!

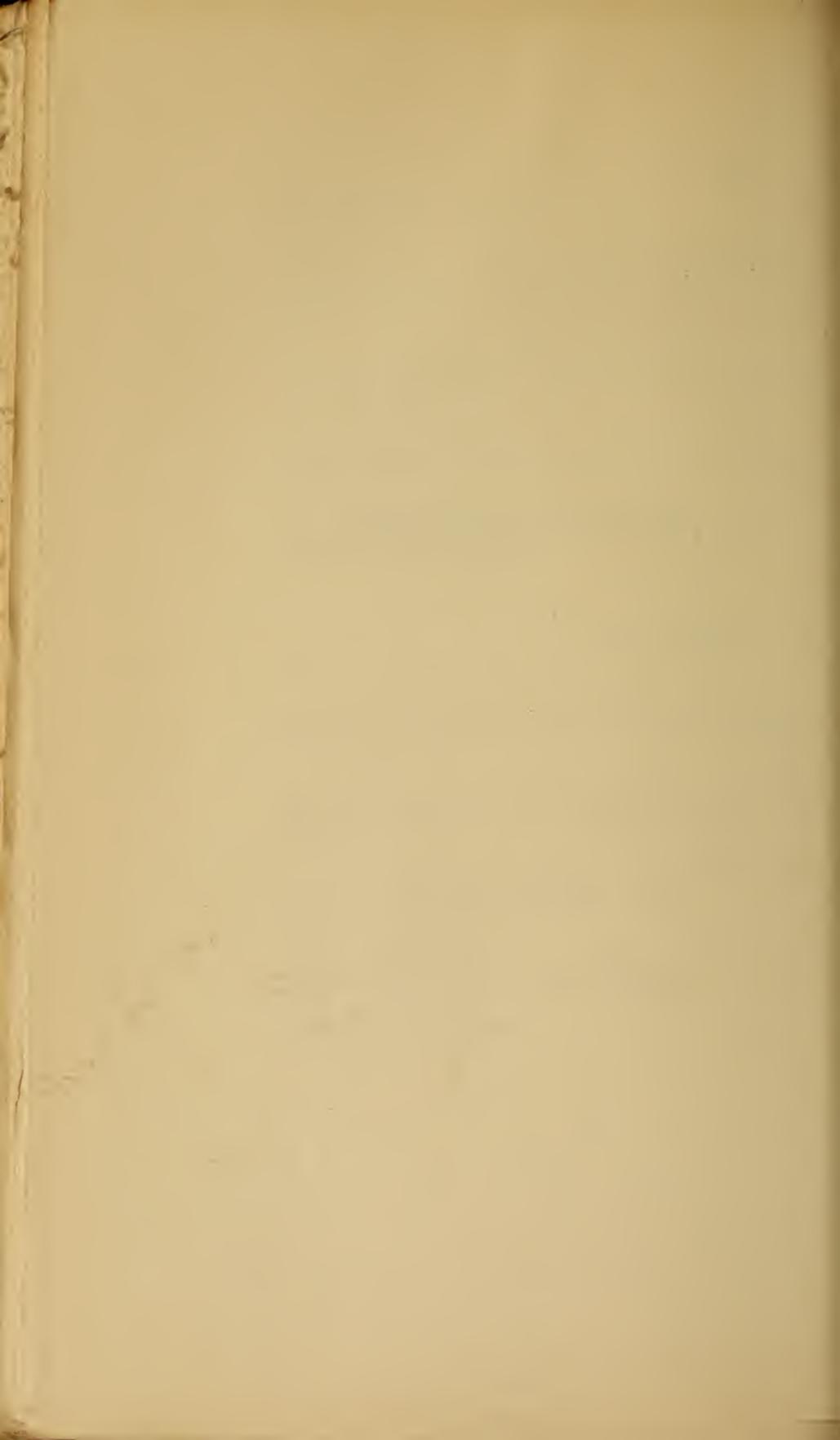
My friend.

A round of years ago we stood
And looked at life, and truth, and good,
Until the place grew dim and strait,
But as we looked the Eastern gate,
Swung heavenward and we faced the morn,
The Old Day died,—the New was born
Since when, beneath that broadening light
I only bear the same birthright
And call thee friend.

Dear friend.

Thy year-glass runs with golden sand,
And thousands greet thee through the land,
Yet in this little soul-space where
We saw the light—we breathed the air
Of the New Day that glows and grows
In silence, like an unfolding rose;
In this small space of vantage I
Stand heart secure as they pass by
And bless my friend!

AMONG THE CHILDREN.





May C. Lamburn.

A DREAM OF FAIR CHILDREN.

THE little Kings and Queens of old,
The baby Princes fair,
Drift like a pageant through my dreams,
As down a palace stair;
They lift their wise or wistful eyes,
Then melt away in air.

A child above a missal bends,
Beside his mother's knee—
Fair Alfred, always great and good—
And just behind I see
The six boy Kings of Dunstan's time
Pass swiftly—three and three.

And Arthur, child of fate; and she
Of Normandy the flower;
And Joan of Arc, the mystic child;
And the Princes in the tower;
And sweet Jane Grey, the martyred maid,
Who reigned her little hour.

And see! along the vales of France,
And through the Saxon lands,
The children of the holy cross
Flow past in chanting bands;
The shade of doom is on their brows,
The cross is in their hands.

Oh, little children of the past,
Your tender smiles and tears,
Your royal rights, your cruel wrongs,
Your childish hopes and fears,
Still melt our hearts to love and pain
Through all the dust of years.

THE HOSPITAL COLLECTION.

WHERE are you going, my little
maid?

“I’m going c’llecting, sir,” she said;

“But not for me,”— she added; “it’s all
For the poor sick folks in the hospital.”

I followed her down the garden walk;
I saw her smile, and I heard her talk.

“Pansies, have you some seeds to spare?
Thanks! How happy and good you are!

“Poppy, your box is full, I see,—
Plenty for you, and enough for me.

“And Oh, you ’Sturtiums! Sure’s I live,
You’ve two, three, four—seven seeds to
give!

“No seeds in your pocket, O Fleur-de-lis?
Why should you hide them, dear, from
me?”

“Sweet Peas, you darlings, you never hide;
You carry your pockets of peas outside.

“Next May I will scatter them, here and
there,
And hit-or-miss in my garden square;

“And after a while the flowers will call:
‘We’re ready to go to the hospital.’”

SEV-EN LIT-TLE COOKS.

SING a "song of sev-en"—

Of sev-en lit-tle cooks,
Who made a feast at Christ-mas
With-out their cook-er-y books.

Be-fore the feast was end-ed

The guests cried out for more
And ev-er-y lit-tle cook put on

Her lin-en pin-a-fore

And served the aunts and un-cles,

Till all be-gan to sing:

"Isn't this a din-ner fit

To set be-fore a king!"

When the feast was o-ver,

The aunts be-gan to cry:

"O lit-tle cooks, pray give us

The rec-i-pes to try!"

List-en then, and cop-y them;

Ba-by Bess can make,

With her dar-ling dimp-led hands,

This de-li-cious cake.

“Pat a cake—pat a cake—pat a cake, man!
So I will, mas-ter, as fast as I can.
Roll it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
And toss it in the o-ven for Bessie and me.”

Lil and Fan-ny, mer-ry cooks,
Stir-red the pot of peas,
With a rid-dle rhyme that ran
In-to words like these:

“Pease por-ridge hot—
Pease por-ridge cold—
Pease por-ridge bet-ter still
Nine days old!”

Kate and Carrie made the bread:
How they tum-bled over,
Sing-ing like a happy pair
Of bob-o-links in the clover:

“My father and mother have gone to bed,
And left me alone to make co-coa-nut
bread,
So, over I go, and when they awake,
They’ll see what nice co-coa-nut bread I
can make.”

Here are two young der-vish-es
Whir-ling on their toes;
When the puff is light e-nough,
Down the der-vish goes!
Nell and Ber-tha sing no song—
Quiet little mice—
But the aunt-ies call their cheese
Ver-y, ver-y nice.

THE ONE MOTHER.

(Cunningham Orphans.)

TOTSY and Tootsens, Tommy and
Ted,

Each has a queer little thought in his
head;

If it could say itself plain it would be,

“Which is the mother belonging to me?”

Mothers and mothers, all gentle and
bright,

Loving and serving from morning till
night;

First it is this one, and then 'tis another,

“But which,” thinks poor Ted, “is my very
own mother?”

Dear little innocents, seeking your own,

God knew the day you were left all alone;

Brought you by ways of His choosing to
rest

Here where His children had made you a
nest.

God knew some beautiful mother-hearts
too,
Childless, but loving and longing for you.
These he brought also, from here and from
there,
To live in the nest and its duties to share.

O Totsy and Tootsens, O Tommy and
Ted;

Here is a new thought for each little head:
Love is your mother, and Love cannot die;
Wait till you're older, and you will know
why.

Love is your Father, for God's name is
Love;

Love is around, and below, and above.

Many dear mother-hearts glow with its
flame,

But there's but one mother, and Love is
her name.

LITTLE BROTHER BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY, who made your wings?
God, I s'pose; He makes such
things.

Brother says you were a worm
Only fit to sleep and squirm.

Yes, you were; but now you are
Like a flying flower, or star;
Like a spirit taking flight
Through the sunny Land of Light.

And your wings wave to and fro
Like a fan, so soft, so slow,
Like a fan, all gold and brown,
Set with jewels up and down.

These are rubies, pearls, and gold
Dropped upon a velvet fold;
These are tiny plumes that rise
Just above your beady eyes.

We're all worms,—God made us so,—
Waiting for our wings to grow;
And we, too, shall fly away
To the heavens some sweet day.

You're already in your sky,
Little Brother Butterfly.
Mamma says your "work is done;
Death is past, and heaven is won."

That is all too deep, too true,
For a fairy thing like you;
So forget it; fly away
On a long, long holiday.

THE SHADOW.

THE sun is the brightest,
The morn is the clearest,
The burden's the lightest,
The friend is the dearest;

The flowers are all waking,
The way is not long,
The birds are all breaking
At once into song;

That morn is the gladdest
From May-day to Yule,
When happy Allegra
Is going to school.

What is the secret?
Wherever you find her,
The shadow of little
Allegra's behind her;

The sun's in a cloud,
The morn is so dreary;
The way is so long,
And the feet are so weary;

The friend is not kind,
And smiles are not shining;
Roses and robins
Are paling and pining;

That hour is the saddest,
From May-day to Yule,
When little Dolores
Is going to school.

What is the reason?
She turns from the light,
And walks in her shadow
From morning till night!

WORK AND PLAY.

WHAT did the idle fairies say
To Kitty, sewing her seam one
day?

“Kitty, you are so tired,” they said,
“Drop your needle, and hide your thread,
And come,—the gate in the garden swings
To let you pass, and the robin sings
Among the alders about a nest
And five little—well, you will know the
rest
When you hear her sing by the running
brook,
And bring your doll, and the fairy book.”

Naughty fairies! Why need you go
To a little girl with a seam to sew,
To twitch her needle, and knot her thread,
And tangle up in her curly head
Your cobweb fancies, until she dreams
Of ferns and fairies instead of seams,
Until the stitches are all awry,
A knot gets into the needle's eye—
And like a butterfly down the lane
Flits careless Kitty, at play again?

RELEASE.

FLY away, birdie, birdie!
Fly away, east or west;
To the shade of northern pines—
To the southern palms and vines—
To the land thou lovest best.

Fly away, birdie, birdie!
Fly away, high or low;
There's a flight to heaven's gates,
There's a rest at eve that waits,
That the wild birds only know.

Fly away, birdie, birdie!
Fly away, birdie, here or there;
Only, hour of liberty
Send a little song to me,
Through a thousand leagues of air.

LITTLE CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.

(Off Etaples, coast of France.)

PETIT oiseau, it's a far first flight;
It's a long way out from the safe
home nest,

What would the baby give to-night
To lay his head on his mother's breast?

Hark! Who's rocking thy cradle now?

The dark is creeping across the sea!

Dost thou hear the birds in the chestnut
bough?

It's the creak of the rigging, pauvre
petit!

The cradle that rocks thee is deep and wide,
And rocks forever from shore to shore;
And babes that out on the sea will ride
Sometimes fall out and are seen no more.

Captain Courageous, thy heart is strong,
And, like thy mother's, thy head is high.
The sea is rough, and the night is long,
But mother and morning come by and by.

DOROTHY.

(Recitation for Children's Day.)

HER eyes were blue as flowers of flax
Beneath her ruffled bonnet:
Her face was like a fresh wild rose,
With morning sunshine on it.

One arm was round her "Bible-book"
And one held fast her roses,
I said, "Where are you going, dear,
With all those pretty posies?"

"Why, don't you know it's Children's
Day?"

She said, with look of wonder,
"And there's our church—that pretty one
Beyond the elm trees yonder."

"Your day is beautiful," I said;
The Lord of children made it,
He sent the roses for this day,
And not a cloud to shade it.

“And will your friend, the children’s Lord,
Be in the church this morning?”
She looked between the great green elms;
Her smile was like the dawning:

“Why, yes—it is His house, you know;
He wouldn’t go away
When we are bringing flowers to Him,
And it is Children’s Day!”

I thought, as down the long church aisle
With Dorothy I trod,
“How blessed are the pure in heart,
Who always see their God!”

TWO PICTURES.

FRAMED in the oriel under the eaves,
And hung just over the linden leaves,
Behold my "Guido"—three cherubs fair,
Astray from heaven and prisoned there!
What need have they of the bits of wings,
The dainty, fluffy, impossible things,
That science says may be found as high
As the paradise in a painter's eye,
But never higher? My darlings need
No flimsy winglets, unless, indeed,
They lean too far—"O, dear me! Lou,
Hold fast to Bertie and Dot—all three,
Go into the attic and wait for me!"

A "Guido" hung on the parlor wall
Might be more practical, after all;
For attic windows are unsafe things
As frames for cherubs that have no wings.
I hear them laughing, the merry elves!
They're doubtless plotting among them-
selves

A chimney raid, or a sudden scare
To greet me just at the attic stair.
They know no terror from haunting fear
Of ghosts and goblins that peep and peer
From out the darkness, with thrilling eyes
At us, who have lost our paradise.
And what a chance, in that attic room,
With sunbeams slanting through golden
gloom,
To find a "Rembrandt"! I see it now,—
A ray just lighting the hair and brow
Of Dot, the dainty, and sifting down
Across her cheek, and her soft white gown,
To lay its gold on the dusty floor!
But here am I at the attic door;
I see the midgets, I see—O me!
Have I a thing that I do not see?
The treasures rare in my cedar chest,
The green brocade, and the broidered vest,
The precious Leghorn, so quaint and old,
That cost my mother its weight in gold,
And, O my patience! The satin dress
In which I figure as good Queen Bess

On rare occasions; and lying there
Are grandpa's sermons, I do declare!
"Lou and Bertie, what's this—O! what?
The medicine case? My darling Dot,
You've thrown me into a dreadful fright!
Here's belladonna, and aconite,
And—O! you haven't been tasting dear,
The poison pillets? Well, leave me here,
And go and play on the lawn below,
Until I call from the parlor—go!"

SEVEN LITTLE MAIDS
OR
THE BIRTHDAY WEEK.

FAIR OF FACE.

O LITTLE maid of many moods!
The dimples in thy face
Flit in and out like tricky elves,
With soft and sudden grace.

And when I search thy face, the smiles
And blushes come and go,
Like little drifts of gold and rose,
Across the sunset snow.

Some day thy mirror, or thy friends,
Will tell thee thou art fair,
And fairy folk will fill thy head
With dreams as light as air.

Some day—but, Ah, believe them not
Who praise thy pretty face!
But trim the little lamp within
That gives the outward grace.

FULL OF GRACE.

UPON thy birth-morn, little maid,
The swallows' airy flight
Led past thy window to the wood
Where fairies danced at night.

And since thy little feet began
To patter to and fro,
The rhythm of the fairy-ring
Is felt where'er they go.

What is the secret of the grace
That runs like songs of birds,
Or like their flight in air, through all
Thy merry ways and words?

I fear me thou hast unseen wings
That may—alas, the day!—
Unfold some sunny Easter morn
And carry thee away.

A CHILD OF WOE.

BLUE eyes—true eyes, but full of tears!
Some shadow o'er thy tender years,
Like rain clouds on a morn in May,
Shuts out the sunshine of thy day.

Perhaps some dear, accustomed face
Has strangely faded from its place
On earth, but leaning from the skies,
Has won thy wistful, dreamy eyes.

But the "clear shining after rain"
Will turn the gray to gold again;
And love, grown rich with long delay,
Will come in other guise some day.

Some day—some day when ships come in,
And those who lost at last shall win,
Then blue eyes—true eyes, wet with rain,
The sun shall fill thy skies again.

FAR TO GO.

I KNOW a little wilful maid
Who swings her hammock in the shade,
And swinging, sings a roundelay
As wild as a bird's,
And all the words
Are "over the hills and far away!"

Sometimes, among the sea-rocks gray,
She counts the passing sails all day,
And sings—or sighs, which can it be?—
A little refrain
Again and again,
"My heart, my heart, is over the sea!"

How shall we charm the restless mood?
Is there a drop of gypsy blood
In those blue veins? Ah, we must wait,
For woe and weal
Are under a seal,
Fast folded in the Book of Fate.

LOVING AND GIVING.

LITTLE loving, giving maiden,
Freighted, weighted, overladen
With the love that finds in giving
All the joy and end of living!

When she has no gift for blessing,
“Only love!” she sighs, caressing;
Ah, she knows not all her treasure!
Love is more than gifts can measure.

Can it be that days are coming
When some princely beggar, roaming
On a quest of love and daring,
All her sweetness will be wearing

For a day to deck his armor?
Lest some loveless love should charm her,
Angels call her—love her—woo her!
Open Heaven’s gates unto her!

A LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

WHY is your work-song over,
Honey-bee mine?—I call.
There's surely a cloud on the clover;
I fear me rain may fall!

“O the work-a-day world is spinning
Forever a dull, brown thread,
With never a fair beginning,
And never an end!” she said.

O blind little spinner! believing
Is sight for the eyes that see,
The Lord of thy life is weaving
A wonderful web for thee.

His hands have wrought ever beside thee;
The work of thy days they hold,
And the dull, brown threads that tried
thee
Are turning to white and gold!

WISE, AND BONNY, AND GOOD,
AND GAY.

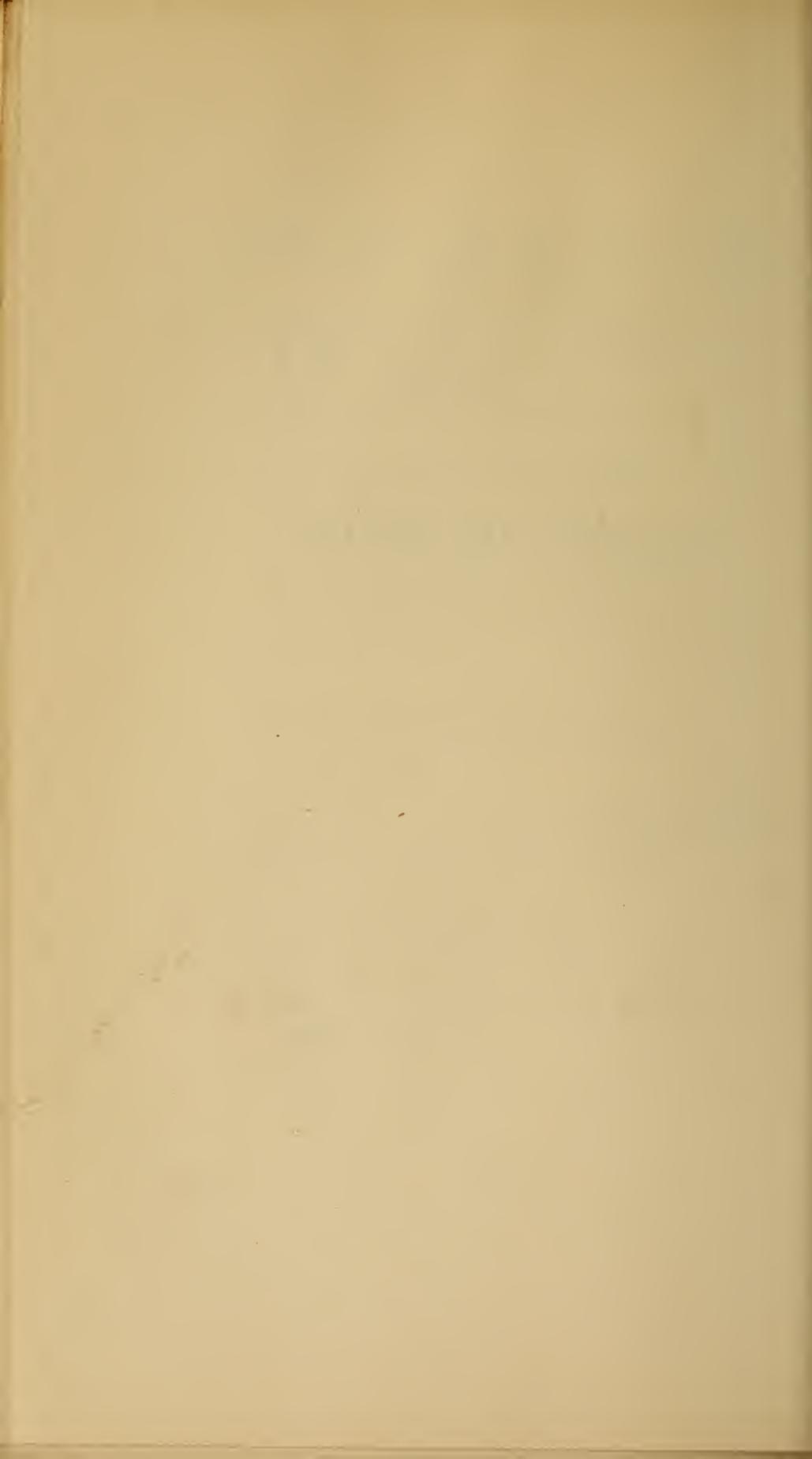
DO you ask me of my maidie—
Is she wise?

Like the flowers, the bees, the birds,
She has wisdom without words.
She is like a rose unfolding,
Love, and life, and death beholding,
With a slowly waking wonder
In her eyes.

Is she good, and gay, and bonny?

Like the air
Breathes she goodness, sweetness, truth,
With her simple, guileless youth?
Like a lily, or a morning,
She is gay in her adorning,
And to all who know and love her,
She is fair.

IDYLS OF THE MONTHS.



PARADISE, O Paradise!
Is it in a maiden's eyes?
Yes, for Heaven's sun and dew
Fell in them as she came through,
Borne of Angels to the earth
On the morning of her birth.
From its skies of shadeless blue,
From the stones of wondrous hue
Builded in its shining walls
Fell the light that sometimes falls
From the inner Paradise
Far within a woman's eyes.

JANUARY.

January—faithful, constant,
True to one—
Claims the gleaming garnet
As her own.

AH, rare, sweet eyes, that grow so grave,
When the Young year comes in!
“Wilt thou keep faith?” she cries, “or be
As other years have been,—
True for a summer day,
False when the skies are gray?”

Ah, rare, true eyes—too true to trust
The young Year’s silent smile!
Keep faith,—though all the days be gray,
Keep faith,—keep love the while,
For the true Prince rides this way
In the dawn of a summer day.

FEBRUARY.

February—free from passion,
Care and strife,
If an amethyst she cherish
All her life.

WHAT if the fields are white with
snow?

Within her heart the lilies grow ;
And the low singing of a psalm
Fills all the listening air with calm ;
While doves descending, morn by morn,
Mark the low room where peace was born.

Once on a fateful time there rose
A tempest where the lily grows,
And pride and passion wept and strove
Above the dead white face of Love ;
But the long night drew near its morn,
God sent His doves, and peace was born.

MARCH

March—so strong, and wise, and willful,
Firm and brave—
Wears a bloodstone through all danger
To her grave.

AS wild and willful as the wind,
Yet wise in all her daring,
I mark her many moods, yet sigh
For the wild rose she was wearing
When first I saw her, stooping o'er
A wounded robin near her door.

I love her in her queenly moods;
I love the graceful daring,—
The free, unconscious poise—but O
For the wild rose she was wearing,
Which, in its tender, dewy grace,
Was like another flower—her face.

APRIL.

April—innocent, repentant—
(Sun and shower)
Wears a diamond, or a sapphire
As her dower.

SKIES of April, dashed with rain,
Are those sunny eyes again,
Clouding with a vain regret,
Shining—showering—dewy wet?
Alas, and alas!—we say—
Love is an April day!

Though she tear in twain with tears
His unworthy doubts and fears,
Love and trust will come again
Like the sunshine after rain.

Love—though on April day—
Bringeth the bloom of May.

MAY.

May—the happiest wife and mother
In the land—
Wears an emerald shining
On her hand.

SPRING at Christmas-tide lay dreaming
With the flowers;
Spring at Easter-tide sat weeping,
Waked by showers;
But through wood and field to-day
Spring's at play.

Ah, dear heart, where Love lay sleeping
Many a year,
Sun, and song, and apple-blossoms
All are here!
Love is come, and Love will stay
Many a May!

JUNE.

June—with health, and wealth, and many
Happy years,
Wears an agate, lest her sunshine
Turn to tears.

“**M**Y Love is like the red, red rose;”
Around her heart the petals close
In soft volutions, fold on fold.
What strange, sweet wonder do they hold?
My Love is queenly, fair and strong,
But will she keep her secret long?

“My Love is like the red, red rose;”
No wandering wind her secret knows;
No nightingale—no love-lorn bee
Has shared the tender mystery:
But at the Sun’s touch, fold by fold,
She yields her royal heart of gold!

JULY.

July—loving, doubting—only
Finds her rest
With a ruby glowing
On her breast.

A ROYAL rose fell down at her feet
On a day in June.

“If Heaven rain roses” (with laughter
sweet)

“I shall wed me soon!”

Later she cried, “It has pierced me sore!
Roses and lovers I trust no more.”

The rose is dead, but the poppies glow
In a midsummer dream;

The languid lotus rocks to and fro
In the sleeping stream:

God’s visions wait for the eyes that weep;
To His beloved He giveth sleep.

AUGUST.

August—loving once and always—
Wears—if wise—
Sardonyx, and her home becomes a
Paradise.

WHEN May was white with apple-
blooms,

She heard a robin sing,

“The spring is sweet with promises,

But O for the ripening

Of the red wine in the cherry’s heart,

The gold that the apples bring!”

“The red wine and the gold of love

Are mine,” I hear her say;

“And still the orchard boughs bloom on,

And life is sweet with May;

For love lives on for me and mine

Forever and a day!”

SEPTEMBER

Chrysolite on sweet September's
Brow we bind,
Lest some folly or enchantment
Cloud her mind.

“SO fair—so fair!” her lovers say;
Her friends,—“So true and loving!”
But like a wandering butterfly,
Through field and forest roaming,
Her merry fancy comes and goes
With every willful wind that blows.

She winds her jewels round and round
Her pretty head with sighing,—
“If I were wise, and strong, and good—
But there's no use in trying!”
Ah, more than wise and strong is she
In love's divine simplicity!

OCTOBER.

Fair October wears the opal's
Frost and fire,
Hope and courage in misfortune
To inspire.

“LEAVES of Autumn, loose your hold;
Nature's heart is growing cold
'Neath her royal red and gold.

“Flame must turn to ashen gray;
Leaves and hopes must drift away:
We have had our summer day!”

So she mused till sweet and strong
Rose the voice of Hope in song:
“Life is love and love is long!

“Love may sleep and leaves may fall,
But God's Easter comes to all—
Love shall waken at His call.”

NOVEMBER.

Firm in friendship is November,
And she bears
Loyal love beneath the topaz
That she wears.

TWO eyes with constant question full,
Beseeching—deep with tender
grace,

In silence follow where she moves,
And seek an answer in her face.

The home feast waits; what simple art
Shall veil, and still reveal her heart?

“To say him yea with eyes or lips
I cannot now,”—she softly said;
“To say him nay”—’twere false!—but see,
These flowers shall stand my heart in-
stead.

Dear violets with eyes of blue,
Tell him I love him—love him true!

DECEMBER.

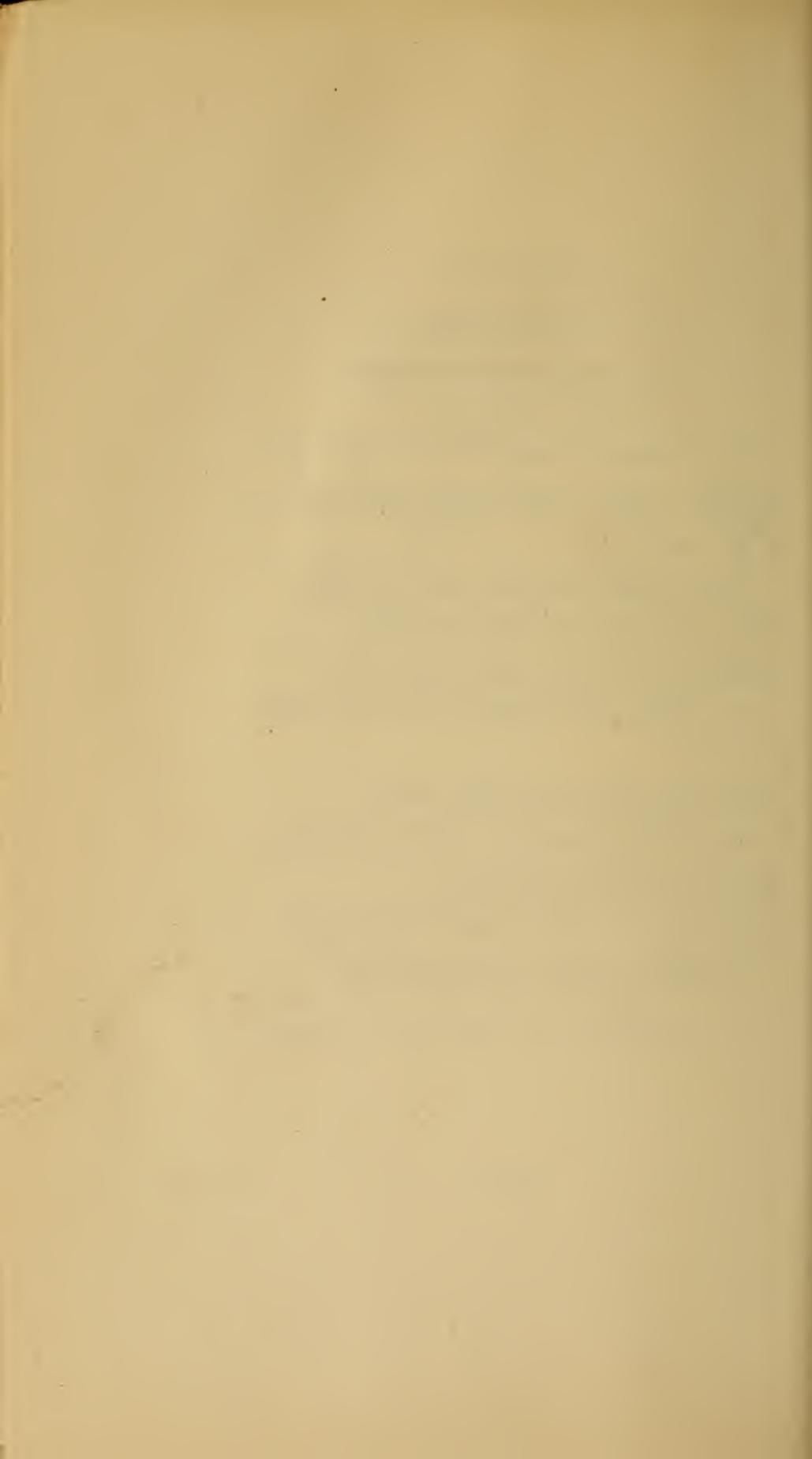
Friends and lovers for December,
Fortune—fame,
If an amulet of turquoise
Bear her name.

SHE stands where childhood's feet have
found

The woman's kingdom opening wide,
Her soul—rapt in a sweet surprise,
Looks out through timid, happy eyes,
And greets the world at Christmas tide.

And will she miss the Holy Star?

Shall lovers, fortune, friends untried—
A round horizon of delight—
Shut close—too close this happy night?
Ah, life is sweet at Christmas tide.



APRIL SKIES.

SHOWER and sunshine, smiles and
tears;

Love-light chased by sudden fears;

Frowning, dimpling, sleeping, waking,

Cloudy brows to sunshine breaking,

Sweet as April's tender skies

Are the little children's eyes.

AFTER SLEEP.

BLUE eyes—blue eyes, like April skies,
Or April violets' early waking;
The dew of morning in them lies,
The morning sunshine through it break-
ing.
Is there on earth a sweeter thing
Than baby at his wakening?

Though clouds arise in those blue skies,
And tears fall fast like April rain;
Yet all is bright when mamma's eyes
And sunny smile have dawned again.
And waking, tears and smiles together
Make baby's April morning weather.

IN WONDER-LAND.

THE baby's gone to Wonder-land—
A garden full of growing things,
Of lady-bugs, and butterflies,
And humming-birds with golden wings,
And there—the long, bright summer hours,
He babbles to the birds and flowers.

What do the blue-eyed larkspurs say,
And what the laughing troops of pansies?
I wonder if the robins stay
To listen to a baby's fancies?
And if he'll ever journey where
The world seems wider, or more fair?

IN THE MEADOW.

SWEET sunny locks—but three years
old—

Is searching all the meadows over
To gather dandelion gold

Among the daisies and the clover.

“What can you buy, my little maid?”

“Plenty of butter, sir,” she said.

But see—the little spendthrift strews

The meadow with her hoarded money;
And, like a singing bee, she goes

To gather now the clover honey.
To gain, to lose—to lose, to win—
So does one little life begin!

A LITTLE KNIGHT.

A ROYAL-NATURED little Knight,
A true and loyal heart is Willie;
The armor of his soul is white,
And in his hand he bears a lily.
So armed—with Innocence and Truth—
What foe shall harm his knightly youth!

Some day when sirens sing to him,
And dragons bar the way to Heaven,
May holy angels bring to him
The good gifts in his childhood given;
The silver armor of the truth—
The lily—badge of stainless youth.

IN DREAM-LAND.

THE fringed lids of two blue eyes
Fall soft and slow her bright cheeks
over;

As little clouds float down the skies,
And shade a field of rosy clover.

Good-bye, sweetheart!—and bring to me
A rainbow dream from the Dream-land tree.

Where does she walk in Dream-land now—
Her little dreaming puss beside her?

Hangs there bright fruit from every bough?
And is there aught that's fair denied her?

Come home, sweetheart, but bring to me
A golden dream from the Dream-land tree.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

A LITTLE rain-cloud in the skies,
A little shower as it passes;
A little grief in two sweet eyes,
(She lost her way among the grasses.)
A tear or two—but there, in sight,
Is home again, and all is bright.

Dear heart, there comes, perhaps, a day
When thorns may bar the heart's home-
coming;
When ways grow strange, and skies grow
gray,
And naught is sweet but rest from roam-
ing.
When walls of doubt arise—then, dear,
Look Up, for Home is always near.

PUSS.

COUNT the kittens? One—two—
three—

How they run, like pigs in clover!

Four—one more? How can it be?

Now they're down, and up, and over;

Where's the fourth one? Ah, I see!

You're the puss that bothers me!

When there's mischief anywhere,

“That is Puss,” says mamma, sighing;

When there's quiet in the air,

“Where is Puss?” we all are crying,

After all, what should we do,

Little girlie, without you?

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BO-PEEP! Bo-peep! Your eyes are
deep,

But love and fun are bubbling in them;

Your merry glances none may keep,

But honest smiles are sure to win them.

Come, tell me—tell me truly, why

A little girl should be so shy?

And, dear Bo-peep, where are those sheep

That in the story-book went straying?

And did you truly fall asleep,

Like poor Boy Blue, in time of haying?

But see!—a tease can bring a tear

To laughing eyes,—Forgive me, dear!

BY THE SEA.

BLUE above and blue below ;
Seas of sunshine ebbing—flowing ;
And the kindest winds that blow
Sails for little folks, are blowing.
Come across the sands with me ;
Sunshine sends her ship to sea.

Little Sunshine,—so she plays,—
Sends her ship the blue seas over,
Searching every land, she says,
For rare gifts for those who love her.
What's your wish?—"A quiet mind?"
Ah, 'tis very hard to find!

IN A GARDEN.

TWO merry creatures drank their tea
All in a bower in summer weather;
And like two gossips, in their glee
They sipped the same blue cup together;
Until one said, "Sweet maid, good
day!"
And sailed on yellow wings away.

And then the other wept and said
"If I were but a butterfly,
My wings of golden gauze I'd spread
And touch the blue walls of the sky!"
But we who watched the merry things
Thanked God that only one had wings.

IN FAIRY-LAND.

A SWEET dream-child with twilight
eyes,
Learned in the lore of fairy creatures;
At one with nature's harmonies,
With woods, and rocks, and trees for
teachers;
The friend of all the elfin crew,
Dear heart, what shall we do with you?

We cannot let you stray, my dear,
With only fairy folk to lead you,
A fairy-ring to keep you here
We'll make of all the folks who need you.
And then we'll love you long and true,
And that is what we'll do with you.

IN SHADOW.

HER eyes are brown as woodland
brooks

That hide their eddying pools in shadow ;
Like wood-birds' are her shy, bright looks ;
And like a sunny, wind-tossed meadow
The smiles and dimples come and go
Upon the rosy face below.

O skies of sunshine crossed with shade,
And childhood's heaven just within them ;
God keep them peaceful, unafraid,
When night and tempest rise to dim them.
God keep them, when the skies grow
gray,
Unto the dawning of His Day!

FROM MEADOW-SWEET TO
MISTLETOE.

PREFATORY SONG.

LIST to a song of the Meadow-Sweet:—
“Spring is dainty, and dear, and fleet,
But O, the glow of a Midsummer morn,
When Poppies are tossing amid the corn,
And the honeyed breath of the Meadow-
Sweet
Is filling the fields where the children
meet.

Light and heat for the Meadow-Sweet,
While Midsummer mornings come
and go;
But let good cheer run round the year,
From the Meadow-Sweet to the
Mistletoe!”

And here is a song of the Mistletoe:—
“Autumn is rich and rare, I know,
But O, the bliss of a Midwinter night,
When the fields are dark, but the homes
are light,

And under the Holly and Mistletoe
Love and merriment come and go!
High or low hang the Mistletoe,
Where children gather and lovers
greet;
But let good cheer run round the year,
From the Mistletoe to the Meadow-
Sweet!"

“SWEETS FOR THE SWEET.”

O ROBIN, go sing in the meadows,
Go, carry the message, I pray;
The Princess is making a progress,
The Princess is coming this way.

She rides through the midsummer morning,
She rests in our castle to-night;
O, what shall we gather to greet her
Of all that is lovely and bright?

Blossom out, lowly flowers, by the wayside,
And lilies, bloom statelier—higher!
Let poppy and marigold scatter
The corn-fields with flakes of their fire.

And meadow-sweet—“queen of the meadows”—

Fairer and sweeter than all,
Come into the vestibule, darling,
Be throned in a vase in the hall;
And when the young Princess shall enter,
And smile at the flowers that greet
The Flower of the Land with their incense,
I'll whisper her, “*Sweets for the Sweet!*”

A SEA SONG.

O LISTEN, my darling, to me;
A sleepy-time song of the sea
I'll sing till you float
Far away in a boat,
The children of Dream-land to see.

Three babies went floating away
In a pretty round sea-shell one day,
Away to the Moon,
To come back very soon,
If nobody asked them to stay.

And the Moon rose and said, "Come to me,
While I sit on the rim of the sea,
And I'll give you more gold
Than your shallop will hold."
But fickle and faithless was she,

For when the three babies got there,
The Moon had sailed up in the air,
And all the gold lay
On the waters away,
A thousand ship-loads and to spare!

KATRINE'S WINDOW GARDEN.

SUNSHINE falling from blue skies,
Sunshine falling from blue eyes,
Make the Pansies laugh outright
In the merry morning light.

When she makes a mimic shower,
Every leaf and every flower
Shows a shining drop of dew,
With her image shining through.

All night long the Lily keeps
Happy vigil while she sleeps,
And the Morning Glory breaks
Into greeting when she wakes.

She is simple, she is poor,
But the wild-birds seek her door;
And her touch, her smile, her voice,
Make all growing things rejoice.

IN THE DAISY SNOW.

HEIGH-O!

There they go—
Knee-deep in the daisy snow—
The cosset lamb and a girl I know.

A little tinkle of bells a-ringing,
A little sound of a maid a-singing,
Coming once and coming again
Over the clover, and down the lane,
Draws me close to my window-pane
To see the girl that I know a-bringing
The cosset lamb with a daisy-chain.

“What will you do, my pretty maid?
For the daisy-chain will break,” I said.
“O, yes,” she cried, “but I should not
care,

For Nan will follow me anywhere.”
“Ah!” I answered, “’tis very plain
That love is under the daisy-chain.”

And—Heigh-O!

Away they go—
Knee-deep in the daisy snow—
The cosset lamb and the girl I know.

ANGELS.

I DOZED one day in the arbor,
And waking—O what did I see
Against the blue of the autumn sky,
And the gold of the maple tree?

A flight of angels! I wondered
If Heaven could be so near,
And closed my eyes, scarce knowing
If I were there or here.

A ripple of song and of laughter,
The sweetest I ever heard;
And, waking, I knew that dearer
Than angel or singing-bird,

Were Edith, and Willie, and Winnie,—
The merry and mischievous crew,—
Swinging under the maples,
Against the gold and the blue.

A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

DAISY is a dreamy child,
Sweet as sweet can be;
Daisy sees a thousand things
Others never see;
Here's the latest, brightest thing—
A five o'clock tea.

“There were seven butterflies,”
Said the little maid,
“Waltzing round and round an oak,
In the sun and shade;
They wore gowns of daffodil
Very simply made.

“Soon I heard a tiny voice,
And—what did I see?
Why, a little fairy girl
Standing in the tree;
And she called—‘Come, Butterflies,
It is time for tea.’

“She'd a gown of golden green,
And an air of grace,
From her little slipper-tips
To her merry face;
Queen and serving-maid in one,
Standing in her place.

“Ah, the pretty thing! She served
In a dainty way
Honey in an acorn cup,
On a tiny tray;
And the guests all took a sip,
And danced away to play!”

THE PEACH UPON THE WALL.

“O TOMMY, there’s a lovely peach
Upon the garden wall,
And, Tommy, if you touched it with
Your finger it would fall.”

“O naughty, naughty Nannie Bell!
The fall would be for *me*,
If I should eat forbidden fruit,
Like Adam—don’t you see?”

“Nobody told you *not* to, Tom,”
Said Nannie, with a tear;
“But One has said, ‘Thou shalt not steal,’
To you and me, my dear.”

“O Tommy, Tommy, take the peach
And toss it o’er the wall!
And then I shall not want it so,
And then we shall not fall!”

A kindly face leaned o'er the wall,
And smiled. "My little Eve,
If peaches make your Paradise,
I pray you, do not grieve."

And then betwixt the smiles of Tom,
And tears of Nannie Bell,
Six peaches, fairer than the first,
In Nannie's apron fell.

BUBBLES.

O BUBBLES, my beautiful bubbles!
You're all little worlds—we'll play,
And I'll be the sun, and shine on you
By night as well as by day.

And you must roll round me slowly
This way—O, I didn't intend
To break that one! There's another—Ah,
My worlds have come to an end!

More bubbles! Those good-for-naught
planets

Weren't half so pretty as these!
These are my ships I am sending
A-sailing over the seas.

Another, and now another,
And in every one I see
A sweet little girl looking backward;
She looks very much like me!

And where, little girls, are you going?
To London, or China, or—Oh!
My ships are all wrecked in mid-ocean,
And the little girls drowned, I know!

THE "TICK-IT" MAN.

HOW many miles to Christmastown,
O tick-it man, O tick-it man?
How many miles to Christmastown?
And which is the way to find it?

It's over the hills, not far away,
My little maid, my little maid;
Too steep a road for the old, they say,
But the children never mind it.

What is the fare to Christmastown,
O tick-it man, O tick-it man?
What is the fare to Christmastown
For Freddie and me and Molly?

Here's your ticket, the fare is free,
My little maid, my little maid;
You're rattling over the road to see
The mistletoe and the holly.

And why do you grow so very small,
O tick-it-man, O tick-it man!
When Fred and Molly and I grow tall
With every stroke of the clock?

O, I am the servant of Time, you see,
(Tick—tock—tick—tock!)
While you belong to Eternity,
(Tick—tick—tock!)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

“O MAMA, Christmas never seemed
So real as to-day;
The Mother and the Holy Child
Are not so far away.

“For when I took the dinner down
The lane to Mary Lee,
She sat so pale, and sweet, and held
Her baby on her knee,

“And said some words about the Lord—
His tender love and care—
It seemed as if He heard her, too,
And that He must be there.

“It may be, mama, that the Lord
Looked like that little child;
That when the wise men brought their
gifts
The Mother sat and smiled

“Like gentle, patient Mary Lee.”

“My dear, the Lord was there;
Not only at the cottage door
And filling all the air,

“But in His little child. His Word
Says—‘Inasmuch as ye
Have done it to the least of these
Ye did it unto Me.’”

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

IT was Christmas Eve at dear Grand-
ma's,

And Tommy and I were there,
And O, the fun when the dinner was done,
And the lights shone everywhere!

When the walls were bright with the holly,
And the hearth was all in a glow,
And aunts and cousins, by tens and dozens,
Passed under the mistletoe.

All but Katie—the cousin
Whose home was over the sea—
Who was smiling there by Grandpa's chair,
As sweet as sweet could be.

Then the postman came with letters,
And one with a seal of red
Was Katie's, and—"O for the mistletoe!"
Mischievous Tommy said.

“A letter—a foreign letter—
Is offered, and very low!”
And the seal of red gleamed over his head,
And under the mistletoe.

Then Katie came, and we caught her
In the snare of our arms—like this,
And we sold the letter for something better
Than gold—’twas a double kiss!

LITTLE APRIL.

LITTLE April—little April!
Are you bringing in the Spring?
Are the showers and sunshine coming?
Are the birds upon the wing?
Are the flowers almost ready
For the Easter christening?

“I have brought the flowers and sunshine,
And the early birds are here,
But the baby-flowers lie trembling
In their little beds for fear,
Lest old March, the surly lion,
Who went roaring out, appear.”

Little April—little April!
It grows warmer every day;
Have the Pussies yet come creeping
Out upon their stems to play?
Have you waked the sweet Arbutus,
And the blue Hepatica?

“They are here—the very dearest
Little children of the Spring—
All in dainty furs and wrappings,
Bright and brave—but shivering.
But we long for blessed Easter,
And the sunshine it will bring.”

TWO WHITE VIOLETS.

WE found them nestled in a nook
Beside a softly flowing brook,
Two gold-eyed Violets—creamy-white—
And shrinking from the morning light.

“See! all the Violet-folks wear blue;
There were white gowns for only two,”
Said thoughtful, tender, little Grace;
But Alice turned her gentle face

With sudden radiance upon ours:
“Why, these,” she said, “are angel-flowers
Come down some blessed thing to do
Among these violets dressed in blue!”

Upon another morn in May
We wandered down the brookside way;
But Allie’s angels, sweet and lone,
Had spread their dainty wings and flown.

RUNNING AWAY.

“**W**AIT a minute, dear Brook, I pray;
Where are you going?” “I’m
running away.”

“Yes, but where?” “O, down the hill,
Brooks, you know, can never stand still.”

“But, listen—listen! You chatter so,
You’ll never hear what I say, I know.”

“Never, never! I’m off, you see,
And whoever talks must run with me.”

“Tell the flowers—O, stop and hear!”

“Come and tell them yourself, my dear!”

“Tell them I am so glad ’tis May.”

“So the robins and blue-birds say.

“The early blossoms are gaily dressed
In dainty colors—their very best.

“But I must hurry! The little looms
That weave the silk for each flower that
blooms

“Will all move slowly and then stand still,
To wait for the water that runs the mill.”

BEES IN THE CLOVER.

“**A**RE you the real ‘Busy Bee’?
You’re such a slow and lazy fellow;
You hang on buzzing wings in air
To show your rings of black and yellow;

“Or tumble in a dizzy way
To find the honey-cups of clover,
While butterflies flit here and there,
On graceful wings the whole field over.”

“Dear maidie,” buzzed the Busy Bee,
Beside her on the clover swaying,
“We carry burdens all day long
While heedless butterflies are playing.

“Just peep beneath my wings and see;
You’d never wear, for love or money,
So many pockets, deep and wide,
And every one filled up with honey!

“Oh, dear! I’m hungry, tired, and cross,
And, more than that, I’m almost crazy,
Because the little girl I love—
Just think of it!—has called me lazy!”

THE SHIPWRECK.

'T WAS in the merry month of June,
As I remember well,
When Polly Dolly Adaline
Amelia Agnes Bell
Set sail with flying colors in
The good ship Annabel.

“Sit *very* still, my dear,” said Tom,
“For if you run about,
The ship will lurch, and you'll be sick,
Like any girl, no doubt;
Or else you'll tumble in and drown,
Unless I fish you out.”

“O, Polly Dolly, love,” I said,
“The day is bright and clear;
You must not mind a boy's remarks,
For boys are very queer;
And yet—and yet you must sit still,
Just as he says, my dear.”

Then Tommy towed her down the stream
And I walked by her side,
And Polly Dolly Adaline
Looked lovely as a bride;
But O, a cruel wind came down
And dumped her in the tide!

Then Tommy tried to rescue her,
And save the Annabel,
But while I cried and held him fast,—
O saddest thing to tell!—
The cable cracked,—the ship went down
With Polly Dolly Bell!

THE WATER-MAID.

LITTLE people, if you'll rise
While the stars are in the skies
Waiting for the day to break,
And the sleeping world to wake;
If you'll go, while yet the day
Only blushes through the gray,
Down the hill and through the brake
To the misty mountain lake,
Maybe you will see the daughter
Of the Sunshine and the Water.

Lili is a water-maid,
And she loves both sun and shade.
Dew and sunshine are her eyes,
And she loves the mists that rise
To the Sun, and loves the light
Flashing through the raindrops bright;
Loves the rainbow, guards the ground
Where the rainbow gold is found;
Loves the flowers that love the Sun,
Rocks them when the day is done,

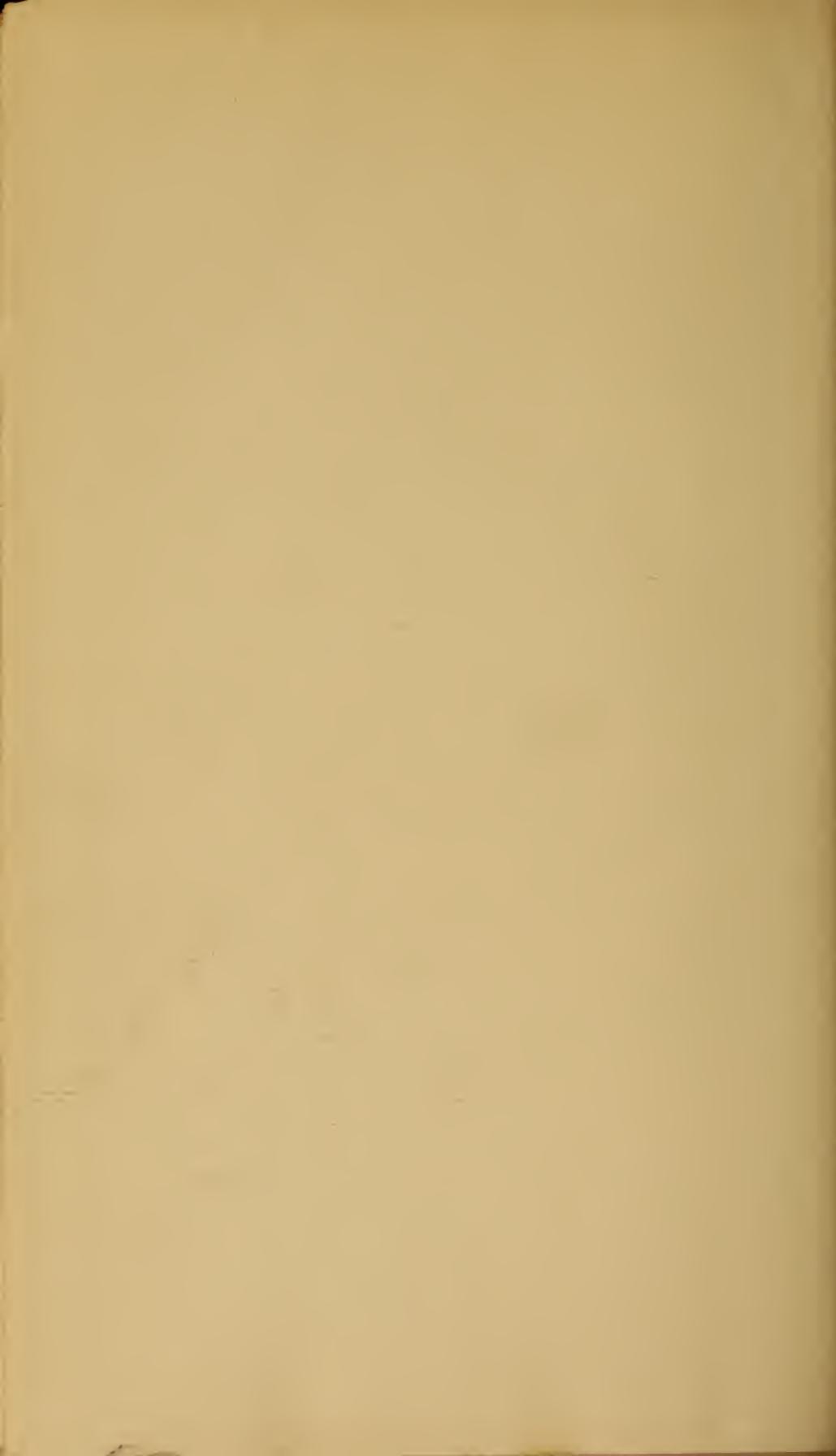
Wakes them early, makes them new,
With a bath of early dew.
When the Sun, ascending high,
Eyes her with too fierce an eye,
Lili, laughing, runs away
With the water-sprites to play
Where the lily gardens grow
In the water-world below.

She's my water-maid—the daughter
Of the Sunshine and the Water.

SUMMER sunshine,
Autumn gold,
Blessed Christmas,
Bright and cold;
Flowers that follow
April rain,
Good-by all, but
Come again—
Oh, come again!

FINIS

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