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# P O E M S

FOR

# THE TIMES:

DEVOTED TO

WOMAN'S RIGHTS, TEMPERANCE, ETC.

BY MRS. FRANCES A. ROWLEY.

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*Dedicated to the Many Great Workers in the Cause of Reform.*

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CINCINNATI:  
MIAMI PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.  
1871.

75-1000  
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**MIAMI PRINTING COMPANY,**  
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WEST EIGHTH ST., NEAR MAIN.

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MT.  
29-500-28



## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**N presenting this work to the public, I have endeavored to take a practical view of the surroundings of all at the present time, and have tried to express my thoughts and ideas in plain and simple language, bringing them down to the capacity even of children.

I have chosen this form of giving you my thoughts on the various subjects so frequently discussed at the present day, because I have felt it the best mode for me to pursue.

I have tried to touch upon the most, if not all of the great evils of the day, and have placed the language in poetic form, thinking that perhaps in this way I might reach the minds of those of my sex that would not be as well pleased with practicabilities in prose; though I may, perhaps, at some future day, come before you again in that form.

The greatest desire I have is, that this may be the cause of accomplishing some good, and my labors will not be entirely fruitless. If there are errors, you will consider that to err is human.

With merely this, I leave it with you to decide whether or not this will fulfill my wishes; and all of you who may think the book of sufficient interest for your perusal, will secure the heart-felt thanks and best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.



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# POEMS FOR THE TIMES.



## Address to Woman.

---

**W**OMAN! live to aid thy sex!  
And lead her gently on!  
And strive to do your *all*, to bless  
And teach them to grow strong!

O, woman, you 've not known your place—  
Your power has ne'er been felt!  
O, come at once! come fill that space  
That vacant has been left!

Do n't say you have no mission here—  
Do n't longer be a tool,  
But take your place upon this sphere,  
And learn from Wisdom's school.

The field is wide, the harvest ripe,  
Then why thus waste your time?  
Behold! the grain already white,  
Why stand ye and repine?

Look all around—on every side—  
Behold the sin and shame!  
See vice stalk openly and wide  
O'er all this earthly plain.

With such a picture here spread out,  
Can you remain at ease,  
And see your sisters all about  
Subject to man's caprice?

You may have plenty at your hand,  
If so, do all you can  
To help the fallen in our land  
Caused by our brother, man.

O, let us strive, by work and toil,  
The outcast to redeem;  
And never fear our hands to soil  
Making the filthy clean.

If we but keep our motive right,  
Pure thoughts we have within;  
We'll never fear the darkest sight,  
Or drink with them in sin.

How glorious the work to save  
Our fallen sister here!  
'T will bless us onward to the grave,  
And after us appear

We 've worked but slowly, in the past,  
But ere long shall we find  
That fierce and hard will blow the blast,  
E'en harder than the wind.



When we shall take our place marked out  
Beside our brother, man,  
Then will we raise one long, loud shout,  
With ballot in our hand.

O, glorious time! we see the dawn  
Of that most glorious day!  
We 'll hail, with joy, the welcome morn  
That takes all bars away!

Then let us, sisters, stand up *free*—  
Equal with brother man;  
Then will our minds unfold to see  
What 's needed at our hands.


O, let us never, while we live,  
Remain contended here—  
Until our rights to us they 'll give—  
Until we gain our sphere.

Our brother, too, will feel our power,  
In all our great reforms;  
Intemperance meets its doom the hour  
The franchise to us comes.

Then can we sit with ease, and say,  
“We 've all the rights we want?”  
We 'll see our work before us lay,  
And pray for ignorance?

O, God! forbid that this should be!  
But let us rise, with might—  
Stand up—be noble, and be *free*,  
And battle for our rights.

### Woman's Work.

 CAN we now describe it—our great work?  
 Our pen we find inadequate the task,  
 The magnitude so great. We ne'er commence,  
 Ere we soon find no words can half describe  
 What comes before our eyes. No Poet, Sage,  
 Or Prince of high degree, can ever pen  
 The language to express the thought so grand,  
 Brought forth to light, to live far, far beyond,  
 To all eternity. No work of man  
 Can ever vie with that of woman-kind.  
 Man reaches out. The great and mighty laws  
 Of the Supreme—has watched the lightning's play  
 Within the heavens—and, with his puny hand,  
 Has intellectual laurels won. From depths  
 Almost unknown, he will supply the wants  
 Of all humanity. With one foot on  
 The sea, the mighty depths of ocean span.  
 He can withdraw the forces of the wind,  
 And with the law of gravitation, find  
 Two worlds in one. But is his great, broad mind  
 Now equal to the task that *woman* has?  
 She, toiling, daily, hourly, with so small  
 Reward? *Her* work stands out in bold relief.  
 Man's work, as in the future, let us see.  
 O, take a peep! Where do we see the works  
 Of man? All going to die, and that so soon.  
 We see here written, or engraved upon  
 The tablets of the mind of man, these words—  
 “*Passing away.*” Is this what we behold

When e'er our gaze is fixed on woman's work?  
 Methinks when e'er we view *her* labor great,  
 Although in silence to be wrought, we find  
 Endurance there—the great and noble work  
 Of woman. Who can tell if she may do  
 It wisely, or how well? It lives beyond,  
 Beyond, to all eternity. Then can  
 Her brother man compete with her? She molds  
 The human *soul*, for weal or woe. Then let  
 Her place be made befitting for the great  
 Responsibility that she must bear.  
 We have the men of state, that carry forth  
 This great and powerful nation with success;  
 But view the molding—thought—embodied in  
 Those great and noble sires—the work, so grand,  
 Of *mothers*, who may thus transmit to earth  
 Those minds, so rich with knowledge, good and true.  
 Then let the *mother* stand beside her son:  
 Then can she work; you 'll find her work *well done*.

---



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Musing.

**M**Y mind has been wandering now for awhile,  
 My thoughts seem so sad this bright morn,  
 I'm thinking of those that I knew, when a child,  
 That played by my side on the lawn.

How happy were we, how little we thought  
 What a future in store had for us;  
 So blithsome and gay in our sport, we had nought  
 But to live in the future, and trust.

But some have gone down to the cold, silent grave,  
 And others stand out for the right,  
 And others have fought for their country so brave,  
 And others—O! spare me the sight.

The rum-shop has led down to sorrow and tears  
 One that just comes to my mind;  
 She bore it so nobly, these many long years,  
 With a heart so good, loving, and kind.

She gave to that man so noble, so brave,  
 Her hand and her heart, long ago:  
 He fell,—and now sleeps in the cold, gloomy grave,  
 And she is just *waiting to go*.

Her hopes are all blasted, her form is now crushed,  
 She is dying of care and of grief;  
 Although his poor form lies low in the dust,  
 She finds here no rest, no relief.

God pity that woman! O help her to bear  
 Her lot, so unhappy, so sad!—  
 O, Father! just show her that thou hast a care  
 For all. It ne'er matters how bad.

O when will destruction be swept from our land!  
 O when will man learn to be wise!  
 O help in this hour! Show thy strong, mighty hand!  
 Help, Lord, these poor mortals to rise!

Speak out with thy thunders, O break every yoke!  
 The captive forever set free!  
 Show forth to the people, that they may take note:  
 Thy power, O Lord, may they see!

The Fifteenth Amendment.

THE Fifteenth Amendment! hurrah! hurrah!  
Sound it aloud o'er the earth afar!  
Right takes the place of the tyrant's wrong  
And makes our great nation more firm and strong.

From Atlantic's coast to Pacific's shore  
Slavery's chain can be heard no more;  
The clanking of iron, the clashing of steel,  
No more will the colored man e'er feel.

He is free! he is free! we repeat it again!  
Can tread o'er God's earth, as other men,—  
Can seek for employment every-where,  
Nor think he a master's burden must bear.

The war brought to light this blessing true,  
That made the poor colored men citizens too;—  
It gave them a right their all to control,  
Pertaining to both their body and soul.

America, dearer thy name sounds to me,  
Since *all* of thy sons forever are free.  
We bless thee for all this improvement so great,  
That for the poor slave hath opened the gate.

Now, that Africa's sons can stand up and be free,  
My country's name sounds all the sweeter to me;  
Yet more would I wish of freedom of mind  
For the woman,—Ay, more than we will now find.

*Another* amendment, O give to us now!  
To lift off the weight from woman's fair brow,  
And place her beside and equal with man,  
And aid in unfolding our great Maker's plan.

Freer and freer, each day we become,  
Giving more rights to every one:  
Soon may we hail with rapturous delight,  
An amendment that gives to woman her right.

God bless our Republic! O may it e'er stand  
Like a bright beacon light to all other lands!  
May despotic governments, over the seas,  
Behold with delight this land of the free.

May tyrants all tremble upon their grand thrones;  
May freedom e'er rule, and freedom alone  
Be the all-ruling power henceforth in our world;  
May all that will crush down forever be hurled.

Come forward, accept what is given to thee;  
Henceforth let the world behold thou art free.  
Show forth to the people, wherever they stand,  
That *Sambo* the *ballot* hereafter commands.

O, sisters, remember what I do here say,  
The time surely comes—O, hasten the day!  
That we can live up to our mission so true,  
And show an amendment in *our* favor too.

I had hoped, before *Sambo*, we'd open the gate;  
But no—we could not, we must still stand and wait.  
But the Fifteenth is passed—the colored man's *free*:  
The *Sixteenth* must come, if *last* it must be.

All hail the Fifteenth Amendment, then!  
That places the African beside other men.  
In prospect, we hail the Sixteenth, too,  
That places the *woman* right there beside *you*.

O, liberty! sweet does that word sound to me!  
The watchword of truth must thou ever be!  
The Fifteenth Amendment we hail with delight!  
Enjoy what it brings, O sons of the night!

---

### Manners on the Street.

GO into any town of size,  
And note what meets your wandering eyes;—  
What habits, customs, will you meet,  
As you pass along the street.

See vanity displayed in dress,  
And sense—but little some possess—  
Vulgarity stares you in the face  
In every corner of that place.

Perhaps you take a walk,—you turn  
Toward the house of God, to learn  
Of truth and wisdom, given to man;  
And of our Father's great commands.

Stepping before you there, not far,  
Walk two young men, puffing cigars;  
The smoke is blown into your face,  
Your olfactories feel disgraced,

By coming right in contact there,  
With odors that pollute the air;  
You feel a suffocating smell,  
In what way you can scarcely tell.

One thing is sure: you would not wish  
To cause others to feel like this,  
If you cared aught for others' rights,  
And had not lost your manners quite.

If this is manners on the street,  
I think that persons are n't replete  
With true politeness, that controls  
Each one that seeks for good of whole.

The odor of tobacco flies,  
And fills the air where'er it rise;  
We breathe the breath, polluted—filled,  
And through our clothes is it instilled.

If young men—old men—all who smoke—  
Would not our sense of smell provoke,  
Please put the filthy thing away  
As you are treading our highway.

Do n't trouble *others* in the street  
That follow, or perhaps you meet;  
Do n't punish *them* by this—your vice;  
But show your manners,—Mind advice.

Another, and a careless thing,  
Which I before young men must bring,  
Is this—'T is seen from time to time,  
I think it not a worthy sign:



Of studied manners quite complete,  
Those chaps that ladies often meet,  
Are standing on the corner there,  
Making remarks about the fair.

As passing on quite leisurely,  
She runs the gauntlet patiently;  
On either side, filed right and left,  
A steady column there is kept.

It is disgusting to the mind  
Of ladies, who may feel inclined  
To take their exit through our street,—  
These idle men they all must meet.

Some of those dandies feel quite smart,  
People oft call them small upstarts:  
Upon the corners of our streets  
This class we often have to meet.

They're evidently standing there  
In observation to take share,—  
To make remarks on those who pass—  
A lady, young, old, or a lass.

Manners like this is not genteel,  
And many, many persons feel  
Chagrined, while passing, as they see  
Eyes fixed on them in scrutiny.

Don't loaf around the corners there,  
If of politeness you have care;  
But go about some business, not  
Be loafing, like some drunken sot.

O! don't disgust those you may meet,  
 By impoliteness on the street;  
 But try, like sensible young men,  
 And not repeat the like again.

Much more we might at this time say,  
 But will defer till another day;  
 But don't these practices repeat  
*While you are walking on the street.*

### Nature's Lesson.

**S**WEET notes the little songsters carrol,  
 In their beautiful retreat;  
 Their little hearts are light and happy,  
 Their little voices, O how sweet!

Free to go where'er they listeth,  
 Free to choose from life their part,  
 Teaching us each day a lesson  
 That should bless each human heart.

Birds and flowers are Nature's offspring,  
 By a Being, good and wise,  
 Teaching us through all earth's suffering  
 To listen to the feeble cry.

Every bird, and plant, and being  
 Hath a place upon our sphere,—  
 Every child of earth that's living  
 Has a place allotted here.

Those that have great talents given,  
Much of them will be required ;  
All below will be receiving  
Of these powers we must divide.

Thus the chain will be completed ;—  
We humanity reclaim,  
By becoming thus connected  
Through the mighty human chain.

Let us strive to do our duty,  
Acting well on earth our part ;  
We will show to all true beauty,  
That adorns the noble heart.

Let us strive to give our brother  
What to us is freely given ;  
Teaching love to one another,  
Thus to work our way toward heaven.

If we find a feeble brother,  
Or a fallen sister, we  
Should be willing hard to labor  
Till we set the captive free.

Then we'll fill the place allotted,  
As the birds and flowers have done ;—  
Then we'll leave a life unspotted,  
And our God will say, "Well done."

Look to Nature for example,  
Striving always to be wise ;  
Here we find conditions ample,  
If we open wide our eyes.

Ants, and bees, and birds, and flowers,  
 Teach dependence from above :  
 If we work, and use our powers,  
 God will guide us by his love.

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Labor.

**W**E look abroad, o'er all our land  
 Where God has planted, with his hand,  
 Tall trees, the oak, the lofty pine,  
 And made the sun on them to shine.

Flowers, too, that grow beyond the hill,  
 The spring, the smoothly running rill,  
 The birds, the bees that fill the air  
 Are objects of our Father's care.

And when we read from Nature's book,  
 And o'er this great creation look,  
 There we behold the great and small,—  
 And our great Maker made them all.

He loves to work for us in love,  
 He sends us blessings from above.  
 With all the gifts he's given to man  
 Labor, a blessing, fills the plan.

Our Father labors for our good,  
 And gives to all our brotherhood  
 Whate'er their nature stands in need :  
 Why will we not his lessons heed ?

If you, my brother, work for me,  
Then I must labor here for thee;  
Then this will fill our Father's plan,—  
Each one to help his brother man.

If we enjoy God's blessing here,  
And wish in good health to appear,  
Then must we labor for our bread,  
And not have others in our stead.

For exercise we all must take  
If in the future we would make  
These bodies healthy, firm, and strong,  
Or wish to future life prolong.

All have to labor with us here,  
Both great and small, upon our sphere.  
The little ant, from day to day,  
Toils on to store his food away.

All nature labors, morn and night,  
And thus unfolds to us the sight  
So beautiful, so charming here,  
As day by day it does appear.

The birds, the bees, the flowers that live,  
And unto us rich blessings give,  
All labor faithfully and well;  
And doth each day a story tell.

Then will we shun this blessing given,  
And strive to make our way to heaven?—  
We ne'er can reach the longed-for goal  
Without we strive good to unfold.

Within our being here on earth  
We show, in truth, our real worth ;  
With laboring hands—no other way  
Can we go forth to light and day.

If we would wish to gain the rest  
Among the happy and the blest,  
Then let us do what good we can  
To help our erring brother man.

We'll labor hard, dear Father, here,  
That we before thee may appear,  
With garment spotless, pure, and white,  
And hear thee say, "Thou 'st done aright."

We'll take the erring by the hand,  
And point them to the better land ;  
We'll labor with God's creatures here  
While we remain upon this sphere.

We'll strive the drunkard to reclaim,  
The outcast, all the poor, the maimed,  
All, all with us shall share a part :  
We'll work for *all*, with hand and heart.

It matters not how low they 're trod,  
They hold the image of their God ;  
They have a place upon this ball,—  
God is the father of us *all*.

If we stand higher in the scale,  
We neither bad or good bewail ;  
But let us thank our Father—God—  
That we are not beneath the rod.

That we are not as others *here*—  
No thanks we give *ourselves*, 't is clear ;  
But all depends upon our state ;  
For some, we know, meet a sad fate.

If others placed in higher sphere,  
Look down upon their brothers here  
And scorn him, as we often see,—  
How foolish such an one must be.


Your place has fitted you to work,  
And clear away the dross and dirt  
That 'round thy brother oft is seen—  
That makes him look to thee so mean.

Then work to elevate thy race ;  
You never will yourself disgrace  
By striving thus the lost to save ;  
But stand up firm,—be truly brave.

Within thy bosom thou shalt see  
Work has a blessing been to thee.  
Bright stars within thy diadem  
Will tell of what thy deeds have been.

## Controversy.

MAN.


 WOMAN to vote? Pray tell me, my friend,  
 Where all of this *spouting*, in future, will end?  
 Where all of this *speech-making*, writing, and talk,  
 Will end? It's all *nonsense*—a *meaningless mock*.  
 You know, if she *votes*, of course she must *fight*,  
 For in no other way will her voting be right.  
 Then let her sit down, and forever keep still,  
 As she has not all power to enforce her own will.  
 If a law, for herself, she should *happen* to make,  
 To enforce it she 'd try, and then find her mistake;  
 For, as Grant once did say, in regard to our laws,  
 'If they can 't be enforced, why, what are they good for.'”

WOMAN.

“Now brother, we have just one word here to say,  
 Let me speak now, right here, for I deem it fair play.  
 There are many who vote, are not able to fight,  
 And many, there are, if they *would* fight they *might*.  
 Now, how do these brothers get rid of their part?  
 We 'll tell you, right here, ('t is a weakness at heart,)  
 They furnish a *substitute* then, in their place.  
 O, the loss of a tooth, or an eye from their face,  
 Or a finger or two—they disabled have been,  
 For a very long time—as can plainly be seen.  
 Do n't talk about fighting, preparing to vote,  
 We think this objection scarce worthy of note,



So study away, for one better than this,  
 And soon let me know just what other there is.  
 Though the women did go, many times, in disguise,  
 And fought by the men; husbands fought by their wives.  
 But what was *then* done when they found out the case;  
 Without pay they were sent, and dismissed in disgrace.  
 ‘Don’t talk about *fighting*,’ we women now say,  
 ‘Until you have given these women their pay.’  
 We will tell you that woman, through all the past wars,  
 Has ever done much for the dear ‘Stripes and Stars.’  
 Her great, noble heart must find something to do,  
 To her country, you ’ll find she ’ll ever prove true.  
 In all great reforms, you ever will find  
 She is always at work with her strong, noble mind.”

MAN.

“What good will it do for a woman to vote?”

WOMAN.

“This question we hear from persons of note.  
 We answer this question as others oft do,  
 ‘What good,’ we here ask, ‘does the ballot do *you*?’  
 My brother, the vote helps you nurture your plans,  
 Much good has it done to you, brother man.  
 You regulate all the great questions, you see,  
 That come between you and your own liberty.  
 If questions of wrong come, at once you will take  
 The ballot, and try this *wrong right* to make.  
 The ballot gives power and force to the mind;  
 This power we ne’er find in the woman-kind.  
 The reason of this we already see,  
 Because, unlike you, no ballot have we;

You make us dependent, and then keep us so,  
And think we 're inferior beings, you know,  
Without any power to decide for ourselves,  
Like a toy or a plaything that lies on the shelf.  
This is the condition that often we find  
The women here placed, as society binds.  
Her fetters upon her, no wonder she 'll say  
I 'll dress up in *chignon*, I 'll flounce and be gay ;  
You make her think this, 't is her business to please  
You men in the nation, that live at your ease.  
Then think not that all the great and strong minds  
Are satisfied here, when the true case they find ;  
They see what has given their dear brother man,  
This power over all on the earth, here, we scan ;  
And feeling their lonely condition in life,  
He has made woman rise, take a part in the strife.  
Then give her the ballot, and soon you will see  
She will right all her wrongs, and help to right thee.  
She will work, then, in all of the fields of reform,  
And all of the rum-shops she 'll take as by storm.  
This all of our hope for the future, you see,  
For our great temperance cause—the hope of the free ;  
For woman has suffered through all the past years,  
From this great moral evil, we see very clear,  
O give her the ballot, and stand by her side,  
And work for each other with honor and pride.  
Now, brother, we think we have answered you here ;  
The question of good, for the ballot, is clear.  
Now ask you another, if still you have one,  
For we think—we believe that these others are, some.”

## MAN.

“Dear sister, wilt thou thy sister unsex?  
This is a great question which makes me perplexed,  
To think that an angel, so lovely as thou,  
From thine own dear position should willingly bow.  
To mingle with politics here, in this life,  
And mingle with filth, in political strife.  
Wilt go to elections, and mingle in here,  
With drinking and smoking, and get thy clothes smeared  
With juice of tobacco, ejected from men,  
At all our elections, as always have been?”

## WOMAN.

“Dear brother, you never have need to be vexed,  
For never, on earth, can we be unsexed.  
Our great heavenly Father has made us to be  
A *woman* forever to stand beside thee.  
He gave you to us, he gave us to you,  
We must work out his plans, and ever be true.  
He made me a woman, He made you a man,  
We never can change our great Father’s plan.  
Do n’t worry one moment; ‘Our Father is good,’  
And all of his works are well understood.  
About tending elections, where men go that drink,  
No trouble you need to have, o’er it, we think,  
For time will unfold, in the future, we think,  
From future elections they banish the drink.  
When wives, sisters, mothers, their place occupy,  
And the ballot to them, you can not deny;  
Our brother will feel, then, their presence will tell  
As in church, or at socials, in election as well;

In the use of tobacco they careful will be,  
 To not smear o'er the dress of the lady, you see.  
 Her presence her brother will help to refine,  
 Wherever she goes, she thus lets her light shine;  
 The place will be made befitting, you see—  
 A clean place to vote, both for you and for me.  
 Then do n't feel so bad about our stooping down,  
 Do n't look with suspicion—do n't cast such a frown,  
 Let us strive for the good of each other in life;  
 What *you* have, here below, is as good for your *wife*.  
 Go on with your questions, let 's hear what you say—  
 Object to our voting, we do n't care what way,  
 We 'll answer all questions you see fit to make,  
 So now, go ahead—your questions here state.”

## MAN.

What, then, will become of the children at home,  
 When the mother a citizen then shall become?  
 She will leave the dear baby at home—it will cry—  
 When she goes to election, she lays her work by.  
 O tell us, we pray thee! what will then be done  
 Whenever this day to the woman shall come—  
 What then is in store, in the future, for *man*?  
 She will shirk all her duties in life, if she can;  
 She ne'er will a mother be ever again,  
 Unless, as she now is, she still will remain;  
 For when she will mingle with us in the strife,  
 She 'll ne'er be a mother again in her life.”

## WOMAN.

“O do not feel bad about what you will do,  
 The future, in time, unfolds here to you;

That your wife, to elections can go, just the same,  
As she went to her church, before her vote came.  
She can leave her dear babe for awhile, you well know,  
And to church or a lecture, with you, she can go.  
Or if she, perchance, should be gone half a day,  
She does that *now* often, you *tell* her she may.  
Then can she not go out an hour or so when  
The franchise she has, beside the dear men.  
You need never fear for the future in life,  
When you go there to vote by the side of your wife;  
But go like a man, and a brother, indeed,  
And stand by our women—their cause nobly plead;  
Respect their true rights, and they 'll respect you,  
In this you, my brother, will prove yourself true.  
Be willing to give what you 're willing to take,  
And soon you will find that the wrong, right will make.  
Go on with objections, as fast as you can,  
We 'll answer them quickly to you, brother man."

MAN.

"Supposing my wife should vote different from me,  
'T would bring discord and tumult at home, do n't you see?  
No harmony here in our household should dwell,  
Our heavenly home would soon be a *hell*.  
I never could give my consent for my wife  
To take, here, the opposite part in the strife;  
She should vote as I did, and told her to do,  
If not, we 'd go *singly* all life's journey through:  
And a house that itself is divided, you know,  
Such can not long stand, on the earth, here below.  
Such discord and misery we 'll see in this life,  
This ballot will bring 'twixt a man and his wife.

O never! no never! may dawn such a day,  
 To take from our homes this pleasure away.  
 Do n't take such a step, if you do, we must think,  
 That all of our people dark waters must drink."

## WOMAN.

"Dear brother, methinks you do vote as you please,  
 If you could not, methinks your voting would cease;  
 Or you would at once stand up for the right,  
 And we would look on, with joy, at the sight.  
 Do you love that dear wife, as any man should?  
 If so, would you force her, that is, if you could,  
 To do just what you, in your wisdom, thought best?  
 Or say, 'let your judgment, my dear, be the test  
 Of what your own actions in politics are,  
 We'll study all points, and both vote with care.'  
 No marriage ought ever to be, on this land,  
 Where woman's own views are controlled by the man;  
 Our great, all-wise Father has made them to be  
 Two beings on earth, with two minds, do n't you see?  
 In matters pertaining to mutual affairs,  
 Let the husband and wife both join in each share;  
 Let them act here in concert, in temporal things,  
 But each should be careful—not try to be *king*.  
 Let the man be obliging and good to his wife,  
 No matter in what, or how hard the strife:  
 Let the wife to the husband act noble and good,  
 And, generally, then, you'll be well understood.  
 Let her go to the church where'er she likes best,  
 You may do just the same, or at home stay and rest.  
 How many are there now, who now stand apart  
 In churches, and feelings regarding the heart;

We hear no contention, concerning the case,  
Of where each should go, what church or what place.  
Why could not each vote as their conscience tells how,  
And not strive to make the other one bow;  
But willing both be, to both disagree,  
And not be a tyrant; as some that we see.  
Now, brother, if you can feel thus in this life,  
All right, but if not, you should not *get* a wife.  
If you wish to control—to tyrannize here,  
And prove to your wife, like some, so severe,  
God pity the woman! wherever she stands;  
She's in bondage, obeying a tyrant's commands.  
She's nought of herself, but merely a *tool*,  
And that is where some of our women are *fools*.  
You keep them dependent—their rights take away,  
And then they will try and *another* part play.  
If you meet with some trouble when women do vote,  
Just look at the *past*. Your conduct *then* note;  
And see what *you've* done to make things so sad,  
And not go and tell the women *they're* bad.  
If you will do right, and act right, you see,  
Your home to you, then, will a paradise be.  
The ballot will never retract from your home,  
But you'll both vote together, or each go alone.  
Act wisely and manly, and always act true,  
And we hope that your *wife* will act sensibly too.  
Now go on with objections, as fast as you can,  
We think we can answer for most any *man*."

MAN.

"Well, madam, the laides, I'd have you to know,  
Can do nothing, know nothing, but how to get *beaux*;

They have not been posted in matters like this,  
 If to voting they come, their work they will miss.  
 They never know any thing as to the needs  
 Of a nation like ours—they never will read—  
 They are not informed with regard to our laws,  
 If they *do* go to vote, they won't know *what for.*"

## WOMAN.

"You have *men* that now vote, that do n't understand  
 The laws, or the working throughout our fair land;  
 And many can't *read*, I would have you to know,  
 But all such can *vote*—to election they go.  
 You will find as much intellect here, let me say,  
 With the women, as men, if you give them fair play,  
 They will read, and will tell you what they're going to do,  
 And understand matters as well, then, as you.  
 Some women there are who now understand  
 Concerning your country, as well as the man,  
 And many there are, that sooner can see  
 The wrong that is done, much sooner than he.  
 You talk of their trying to get 'round the men,  
 We'll say now, just here, and over again,  
 She's no other way to get what she needs,  
 Without she works strategy—that is to plead  
 With man in some way—so she knows his weak points  
 And then goes to work, so cute and adroit.  
 You make her a citizen—give her the vote  
 And her actions will change very soon, you can note.  
 We think we have answered this great objection.  
 And soon may we hope we have had the last one.  
 Go on, never mind if we weary or tire,  
 We hope we may help you all out of the mire;



So where is another, we may just as well  
Answer objections, or time will soon tell."

MAN.

"The whole effect here, of this voting will be  
To demoralize woman in future, you 'll see  
And this is the whole amount of the plan,  
Deny this great truth—now try if you can.

WOMAN.

"Then you say that the ballot will cause us to be  
Demoralized here—just what we shall see.  
We would answer the man that would say to us this:  
That if woman was coming to this, we *shall* miss;  
But you see that if she was becoming thus doomed,  
She had, in the past of her life, plenty room.  
She 's mixed with the men, all through her dear life;  
She is mother, and sister, and housemaid, and wife,  
If this, the result of the ballot would be,  
I should think we 'd *now* sadly demoralized be.  
Ah, no! brother man, we know what you mean,  
You do n't want them to have their rights—this is seen.  
You think she would strive to live for herself,  
And all that she needed she 'd get—nothing else.  
You want her to live, (and this is no joke,)  
Like the ivy, to twine 'round the great, mighty oak;  
But this will not always her wants here supply,  
For sometimes the oak falls down and must die.  
She must stand up—be free, her own wants supply—  
Upon her own merits must ever rely.  
Go help her, and try, as a good brother should,  
And not kick her down, or try, if you could.

O, give her thy hand, as a brother in life,  
 O, let her stand by you through all of the strife;  
 Let's council together, and work for the good,  
 Until all humanity are well understood.  
 Then, truly, we'll stand up and say we are free,  
 Great good for each other henceforth we may see.  
 Our Father will bless us—all over the land,  
 As we go, heart to heart, and work hand to hand.  
 Then will we all do what we see, with our might,  
 Then you—and then I—and then all—*will have rights.*”

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### Song of a Christian.

**I** SING of the love of the Christian true,  
 As he labors in sorrow or grief:  
 His life shows to all, that he is imbued  
 With love that will prompt to relief.

He gives of his treasures with freedom and cheer—  
 He ever speaks kindly to all;  
 He lives to do good to all on this sphere,  
 And listens to Charity's call.

Though others may differ in many regards,  
 From him they may turn with such scorn,  
 He cares not for that; he knows the reward—  
 The crown that his brow shall adorn.

He thinks of what good he may do while he lives;  
 All sorrows that come to his lot  
 Fall lightly upon him,—he is ready to give  
 Kind words to the poor, wretched sot.

These small minor questions ne'er puzzle his brain—  
He marks well the path he must go ;  
And if once he's wrong, ne'er goes there again—  
He will make a friend out of a foe.

He may live in a church, or may not, if he please,  
His heart will to him be the same ;  
He feels that his conscience is always at ease ;  
He cares not very much about name.

Then give me the Christian that's true at his heart—  
That stands for true principles here ;  
That never will act the hypocrite's part,  
But is always just what he appears.

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### *The Golden Age.*

**T**HE age of gold ! O tell us where  
Our eye may look to scan it ;  
The present, past, or future, there  
Show us the age of merit.

In ages long ago we find  
True sages, seers, and prophets,  
Men who had great and noble minds,  
That taught us lessons of profit.

A Socrates stood out a light  
To gladden every nation ;  
He firmly stood and taught the right ;  
He filled his place and station.

But in that age his life he gave—  
 Great truths he here defended;—  
 He drank the hemlock, sought his grave—  
 His teachings never ended.

Plato, another, wise and true,  
 Stood firm with words of love;  
 True spiritual thoughts and views  
 That come from God above.

He suffered in his age, we find,  
 To show his teachings forth;  
 His works were noble and sublime;  
 He's given real worth.

His place he filled while dwelling here,—  
 He's passed away with time;  
 The truths he taught upon our sphere  
 Sank deep within our minds.

That age was truly golden with  
 Those teachings, good and wise:  
 We speak with reverence when we lisp  
 The names of those great sires.

But later, we behold an age  
 That truth brought forth to view:  
 Grand, noble, good, marks every page  
 That comes to us so true.

And Gallileo—noble sire—  
 Brought forth this truth to all:  
 The earth is round and swings in air,  
 And turns like a great ball.

He suffered persecution too,  
 (As *other* great minds had  
 For truth revealed in might to you,)  
 And made earth's children glad.

A Newton, Morse, and Fulton came  
 In latter days and ages;  
 Truths shine through their great, noble names,  
 Are given through their life's pages.

All—all are golden ages, giving  
 Great truths to mortals here,  
 That banish clouds upon mind riven,  
 And show the truth so clear.

O ages—golden ages, blest  
 Are all thy truths we find  
 That make man free: those great behests  
 Thou givest to all mankind.

## Light.

**F**LASHING forth in splendor, gleams  
 Those rays supremely bright;  
 Upon our earth, in golden streams,  
 The sun sheds dazzling light.

All o'er are seen these brilliant beams  
 So beauteous to the sight;  
 They cast o'er earth a glorious sheen,  
 And make all Nature bright.

This the god of day we view,  
That 's over head enthroned;  
He gives *all* light—both false and true—  
But stands not there alone.

When'er his face is veiled from sight  
A lesser light is seen;  
The silver moon sails on at night,  
And casts its radiant beams.

Assisted, now, by planets—stars—  
In myriads springing forth—  
Lighting the heavens, near and far,  
From south-pole to the north.

Our physical—this earthly plain—  
Requires light from this source,  
To aid in bringing forth the grain,  
Unfolding all through course.

Light is the blending of the rays  
From distant bodies sent,  
To answer all our Father's ways,  
And teach all what is meant.

This earthly plain is crowned with light—  
Bright beams are pouring forth,  
To give to life a beauteous sight,  
And bring out all their worth.

But in the moral world we hear  
This cry: "More light! more light!  
O, shine—dispel this gloom and fear,  
Scatter these clouds of night!"

The cry is heard in distant lands,  
Where ignorance now blights;  
Man now is slaying brother man—  
We hear the cry: "More light!"

We hear this voice—this plaintive sound—  
Far out upon the sea,  
Where man upon his brother frowns,  
"More light, O give to me."

The Hindoo at his idol bowed,  
Cries out, with power and might,  
In voice, though still, to us seems loud—  
"Father, O give more light!"

Within the borders of our home,  
Our eyes behold a sight  
Of sin, and misery forlorn,  
Which saith to us, "More light!"

The light of Wisdom's glorious star,  
O brightly let it shine,  
Till Nature's children, near and far,  
May claim that power divine

That truth and love will shed abroad  
O'er all earth's sorrowing ones,  
Casting away all crime and fraud,  
And make earth's children one.

That light divine that Jesus shed  
Throughout his pilgrimage—  
That all his life, his footsteps led,  
And shines out in this age.

Light marks the history of the past—  
The light of genius rare,  
Brought forth in works that stand out, fast,  
And treasured up with care;

Yet still, "More light!" is all the cry—  
The moral light of heaven:  
To all the beings here that try  
To work may light be given.

The light of wisdom true, O give  
The sisters in our land;  
Help them to labor, while they live,  
With head, and heart, and hand.

Bestow that light upon earth's sons,  
O let it shine out clear!  
That they may bid their sisters come  
And stand beside them here.

Shine thou, O Wisdom's truthful light,  
In every secret nook;  
Quicken the mind—help every sight  
To read from thy great book

Of Nature, noble, grand and true,  
Each line upon each page,  
Till every child on earth we view  
May live up to the age:

May live and do to brother man  
According as he would  
That he should do to him again—  
Just as a brother should.



Then will our Master's golden rule  
 Be lived by all on earth;  
 Then Wisdom's light will truly school  
 All here to find true worth.

Light, physical, and mental, too,  
 Now shines out bright and clear;  
 And Wisdom's light, that shines so true,  
 Begins now to appear.

The more we have the beautiful sight  
 Of Wisdom's light so true,  
 Our cry will be for light—more light—  
 Its brightness may we view.

The cry of all will soon be made,  
 In all their strength and might—  
 In every nook, in every glade,  
 O give us—give us light.

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Cheek.

**W**HILE humanity we're viewing,  
 No two here alike we meet;  
 But of all that we may mention  
 Are those who will put on *cheek*.

There's the doctor, with his bottles,  
 As his patients he now greets;  
 Takes this pulse and notes the throbbing—  
 See him, as he puts on *cheek*.

There's the lawyer—now is pleading  
For his client. Talks so sweet—  
Right or wrong—he cares for nothing:  
He must *surely* put on *cheek*.

Then the minister is standing  
In the pulpit sacred there,  
As he pleads for human beings,  
Puts on *cheek* in humble prayer.

There's the banker in his office,  
Looks all smiles from head to feet,  
As he counts out all his interest  
See him! Do n't he put on *cheek*?

Then the editor so plaintive;  
He sends forth his weekly sheet—  
Talks "hard times"—of children many—  
Tell me, do n't he put on *cheek*?

Then the tradesman, always cunning,  
Now his trade here to complete;  
As his customer stands counting,  
Does his best to put on *cheek*.

Now our statesmen; see them striving,  
As they office try to seek  
Every way, while they are running;  
See them—see them put on *cheek*!

The wire-pullers of our nation,  
Talk so loud in every speech;  
Tell me, can you find a being  
Work so hard to put on *cheek*?

There's the miss, with scarce a shilling,  
Tries conditions to secrete;  
Puts on ruffles, lace and flounces,  
Paints her face to put on *cheek*.

And the dandy in tight trowsers,  
Steps so genteel on the street,  
With no money in his pockets;  
Now just see *him* put on *cheek*.

Now look at that whisky-seller,  
As behind that screen we peep;  
As he sells that cursed poison,  
Now puts on an *awful cheek*.

Then the drinker takes his brandy—  
Now must go that wife to meet—  
(Takes a clove to stop its smelling;)  
Don't you think *he* puts on *cheek*?

Now the lover talks so nicely,  
In a tone so low and sweet;  
Tells his sweetheart she is pretty—  
She can't see he puts on *cheek*.

There's the milkman slowly riding;  
Now he drives into the creek,  
Dips the water in his milk-can,  
Sells it all—and puts on *cheek*.

Now the farmer if you ask him,  
If great harvest he will reap—  
Just before 't is *time* for *shipping*,  
Says 't is *small*—and puts on *cheek*.

See the shoemaker, now fitting  
The best leather to your feet—  
One is good, the other damaged—  
So, you see, he puts on *cheek*.

The milliner will make your bonnet,  
So very small, but yet complete;  
The prices rise as hats grow smaller:  
Who says she doesn't put on *cheek*?

Every trade, to be successful,  
That with others must compete;  
All that carry on a *business*—  
*Every one*—must put on *cheek*.

All we see have got their failings—  
Try to cover them complete,  
That, to give a good impression,  
All work hard to put on *cheek*.

If a person is accomplished,  
And we chance of them to speak—  
We at once will call them silly,  
If they can not put on *cheek*.

'Tis the fashion in this nation,  
When we may each other meet,  
And we give a salutation,  
To stand up and put on *cheek*.

*Decoration of Soldiers' Graves.*

**T**HEY came out so bravely, in power and might—  
Fought nobly for truth and national right—  
Gave their lives to sustain this country of ours  
In the days of rebellion, that horrible hour.

They stood up for us firmly, in manhood so true—  
Those brave, gallant boys, all dressed up in blue—  
Gave themselves as a sacrifice here, to the shrine  
Of the great cause of freedom, here in our fair clime.

Rebellion came now, within our dear land,—  
Our brothers, in part, raised a treasonable hand,—  
Tore down our own flag, the dear Stripes and Stars,  
And raised in its place the Stars and the Bars.

Divided stood we in that terrible hour—  
We saw we had foes now invested with power,  
That were trying to crush beneath tyrants' heels,  
All freedom, and force us forever to yield.

Then up came our armies of volunteers true—  
For freedom they stood—those brave “boys in blue,”  
Gave freely their lives—were dyed all in gore:  
Such a sight our dear country had ne'er seen before.

Within all our borders was nothing but strife;  
And many a soldier gave up his dear life;  
And many a heart in deep sorrow hath bled  
When they heard of hard battles, and brothers shot dead.

Mothers, sisters, and wives in great agony cried  
When brothers, and husbands, and sons had there died :  
Naught could then console, in their hour of distress,  
But the great "God of all." He brought them redress.

Our land is now blessed with the angel of peace :  
From war's cruel scourge we have now found release,  
But where are those noble and brave boys in blue,  
That fought the hard battles and conquered the foe ?

*Some* have reached their homes, and friends that they love ;  
Many others have gone to that blest home above ;  
Some are buried in groups—their forms are laid low  
On the broad field of battle where fought they the foe.

This day will we meet, and a tribute we'll pay  
To the brave, who fought hard for this glorious day,  
When we, as a nation, united can stand  
Here under our flag—in Freedom's bright land.

Let us strew, then, bright garlands of beautiful flowers—  
Bouquets that are gathered from Nature's own bowers :  
Bright wreaths will we give to the venerable heads  
Of the brave, faithful soldiers whose forms are now dead.

Come one, come all, to the hallowed spot  
Of the mortals now gone, but that are not forgot  
We will scatter the flowers o'er each lonely bed :  
This tribute we'll pay to our honorable dead.

As we march to the spot where their forms are laid low—  
The forms of those ones that fought battles below—  
We say, May their spirits behold with delight,  
This tribute we pay to defenders of right.

Rest peacefully there, thy labors are done ;  
Great battles thou 'st fought—great victories won :  
We crown thee with laurels. We place on thy bed  
These emblems of love for thee, brave, gallant dead.

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*A Scene.*

**W**HAT sound is that which greets my ear  
At this dread hour of night?—  
Those moans so pitiful to hear—  
This horror-sickening sight!

What can it mean?—can some one tell  
Why all this hurrying strife?—  
I'm sure some evil has befall  
Its victim, here in life.

A stranger passed. Said I, kind friend,  
Please tell me what this means,  
That all my queries here may end :  
What causes this sad scene?—

Have you not heard the news so sad—  
The fate of one beloved ?  
A brother's form lies yonder, clad  
For his last rest below.

Intemperance dealt the fatal blow,  
And caused this dreadful crime,  
And caused these hearts to mourning go  
Throughout all future time.

A brother man, whose brain was fired  
By demon alcohol ;  
The work we see, is his desire :  
He works the same with all.

That brother had a noble heart  
When he was in command ;  
Stood ready, here, to do his part  
Where'er the suffering stand.

He feels in sorrow, deep and strong,  
The awful deed he's done—  
The crushing weight of this great wrong—  
The murder of his son.

The father o'er that form now stands,  
In sorrow, deep and wild :  
With streaming eyes he wrings his hands,  
Crying, " My child ! my child ! "

Why was my only help that's left  
In years of tottering age,  
Snatched from my side, and I bereft  
Of this, my last dotage.

Father, just take a step or so—  
Just look within those walls :  
You've just a step or two to go,  
To find the cause of *all*.

Look at thy brother man, and see  
What he is dealing out :  
That's what has caused this misery,  
And crushed that form so stout.



This work is going on, each day  
Some heart is made to bleed ;  
And we are passing on our way,  
Paying but little heed.

O, many, many hearts now ache  
Through this accursed means !  
Many an one has met a fate  
Like this one we 've just seen.

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*My Bower.*

I'M seated in this quiet bower,  
This calm and sweet retreat.  
Feelings of pleasure at this hour  
My soul doth now replete.

Here have I sat, ah ! many times,  
And listened to the strain  
Of the sweet nestlings' warbling chimes,  
As oft it gently came.

When sadness o'er my soul was cast,  
Like some dark, mournful cloud,  
Here have I oft my Maker asked  
For courage, while thus bowed.

How many plans for future life,  
Hath here, beneath thy shade,  
Been ripened, ready for the strife,  
And carefully been layed.

How many yearnings of the heart,  
    Beneath this arching here,  
Hath oft been felt, when friends must part,  
    That brought the bitter tear!

How much of joy within my soul  
    Have I enjoyed within  
This arbor, which I now behold,  
    Joy unalloyed with sin.

How many secrets have I here  
    Confided to thy care!  
Nor breathed to any mortal ear—  
    None with me hath a share.

How many castles have been built  
    In this secluded spot!  
How many thoughts of sin and guilt—  
    Of this part I know not.

Yea, many, many often sit  
    Within this arbor fair,  
With merry laughter, fun, and wit,  
    To all that gathered there.

How many blighted vows have been  
    Repeated o'er and o'er!  
How many lovers tried to win  
    The maiden's love of yore!

How many hours, at quiet eve,  
    Have I spent 'neath thy roof,  
Turning God's Book from leaf to leaf,  
    Finding there much reproof!

How many stories have I read  
    Within this leafy bower!  
Nor started e'er with fear or dread  
    At an approaching shower!

And letters from dear friends away  
    Have oft been read by me,  
And in my heart how much I'd say  
    Those friends I wished to see!

The forms of some that used to meet  
    Within that quiet place,  
On earth we never more shall greet,  
    Or see their smiling face!

For Death hath claimed them for his own,—  
    They've gone to their long home!  
The thought now comes, my heart feels lone;  
    Thinking of them, I mourn.

Cold, blasting winds are blowing fast,  
    Ere long this verdure green,  
All crisped, will on the ground be cast,  
    No freshness will be seen.

The chill of frost hath turned thy leaves  
    A color bright, like gold;  
My heart within me seems to grieve  
    At thy last story told.

But change marks all our walks of life,  
    From infancy to age:  
We can prepare for mortal strife,  
    And pass to our dotage.

I leave thee now, dear bower fair,  
 To fill another place ;  
 In other labors take a share,  
 And other scenes to trace.

I hope ere long, some future day,  
 To sit beneath thy shade ;  
 For now I go far, far away  
 From where I long have staid.

But time unfolds, each day and hour,  
 New objects and new scenes ;  
 Yet shall I long for thee, sweet bower,  
 And thy bright leaves of green !



### Prayer for the People against Monopoly.

**F**ATHER in heaven, O touch the hearts  
 Of those within our land !  
 That of their bounty they impart  
 Of what they may command.  
 O, give them light ! that they may see  
 The suffering ones of earth,  
 And feel for poor humanity,  
 That o'er our land had birth.

Those men of wealth, that wish to hold,  
 Within their mighty grasp—  
 That struggle on, so fierce and bold,  
 Are gaining ground so fast—

That hold the lands within this sphere,  
Monopolize the whole,  
And keep the poor ones poorer here—  
That sell their *all* for gold.

O, God! show them that in an hour  
Whene'er they least may think,  
That thou, in might, will show thy power  
O, help them, Lord, to think!  
Our congressmen, within our halls—  
The men that make our laws—  
Ere thy great power may on them fall,  
O, help them, Lord, to pause!

Lord, show thyself in latter days,  
As when in olden times;  
And may injustice flee away,  
And all be good and kind.  
O! help the weak! may each one see  
Some one beside himself;  
And may each, for humanity,  
Some good do with his wealth.

Then will the poor—the trodden down  
Stand up in manhood's might,  
All tyranny that o'er us frowned  
Shall flee away from sight.  
Then will Thy kingdom come on earth  
Just as it is in heaven;  
Our sorrow then will turn to mirth,  
True wisdom will be given.

And, Father, help the sick, the weak,  
The feeble lambs that cry ;  
O, make them patient, mild and meek,  
And feel that Thou art nigh.  
With eye of faith, make them to see  
The mighty God doth reign,  
To see their want and poverty,  
And noteth every pain.

O, may they put their trust in Thee!  
For, in Thy power and might,  
The future will unfold ; we 'll see  
That Thou doest all things right.  
If through the path of bloody strife  
The children must be brought,  
To teach thy laws, all good and right,  
Then let them thus be taught.

The iron chains of slavery  
Were sundered by Thy power,  
Now may this aristocracy  
E'er wait that fearful hour,  
When Thou in thund'rous tones shall speak—  
“ My people must be free,”  
I 'll break the chains that bind the weak  
All o'er this country.

*The Scourge of War.*

**W**HY is it lawful, if we kill  
Our brother man to show our skill?  
Why is it man must war with brother—  
Demolish and destroy each other?  
O, is there not some other way  
To make things right without this fray?

Here we behold, in every land,  
Man against man will raise his hand,  
And slaughter, in a single day,  
Thousands, whose lives are thrown away;  
And thousands more are coming on—  
Another day finds them all gone.

Then the distress—the misery  
That's brought to every family;  
Heart-rending grief, and blasted hope  
To mortals left with life to cope,  
The widow is bereft—forlorn,  
And orphan children left to mourn.

Brothers all taken—all—all gone!  
Sisters are weeping o'er their forms;  
Fathers here tottering with old age,  
Have lost the son—the last dotage;  
Mothers that can not be consoled  
For loss of that dear son, so bold.

Behold destruction all around—  
Poverty and wretchedness abound

All through this scourge of cruel war,  
That's sanctioned and sustained by law.  
Levitical, or Jewish times,  
Keep up these sad and mournful crimes.

It seems as though some *other* way  
Might be devised, without this fray;  
An arbitration of some kind,  
By different governments combined:  
Take peaceable and friendly means;  
Then might we stop these dreadful scenes

A nation has a little *pique*,  
They think revenge is very sweet,  
Will study, (that's the ruler great,)  
Some way neutrality to break,  
Then will declare to this, her brother,  
That they'll turn out and kill each other.

Now, if a trouble should arise,  
And nations learn to be thus wise;  
They'd call an arbitration there  
Of peaceful nations—choose with care;  
Those men of power should willing be  
To leave to this decision free.

Adjust the ways and cease the woe  
That cruel war brings where it goes.  
Give satisfaction on all sides,  
And mend the breach, however wide:  
Act wisely—nobly, like the man—  
The image of our Maker's hand.



Why keep the old Levitical law?  
And with each other be at war;  
When Jesus brought a *new* era,  
Of love to *all* where'er they are.  
Then let us walk beside our guide,  
Then by his teachings we'll abide.

All things, he saith, I make anew—  
Old customs, let them pass from view.  
If thou art smitten on one side,  
Turn thou the *other* one with pride;  
And if they take thy cloak away,  
Give thou thy coat to him, I pray.

You say, perhaps, that this was meant  
For individuals, and was sent;  
'T was given to people, that they might  
Teach love to all, and what is right;  
But *nations* are a different thing,  
They *must* have war sometimes within.

Nations are made, as you may see,  
Of individuals that agree  
To choose a ruler o'er the whole,  
And officers to hold control.  
The many people on the land  
Together, in one nation band.

Why can't the rule of love abound  
Where *many*, as where *few*, are found?  
Why not have international law,  
That does away with cruel war?

And difficulties all to settle  
Without the use of any metal.

When will our Master's words come true?  
When will this time be brought to view?  
When "spears are bent to pruning-hooks,  
And swords to plow-shares will be crooked,"  
And peace shall be proclaimed afar,  
And men shall have no scourge of war.

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### *The Rose.*

**S**WEET flower of earth, we love  
To look upon thy form.  
A gift from God above.  
Thy life has been through storm.

Thy perfume, O how sweet!  
As quietly thou givest  
Thy fragrance forth, to meet  
All other forms that liveth.

Divinely art thou made—  
With what diversity;  
Though growing in the shade,  
Which teaches modesty.

I take thee by the stem,  
And view thee o'er and o'er:  
I pluck thy leaves, and then  
Thy fragrance is no more.

Beyond this earthly sphere  
Thy beauty now has fled.  
Thy life is finished here,  
For now thy form is dead.

We learn from thee, dear flower,  
That life comes from the dark;  
Beneath us, every hour,  
Lies hidden life's bright spark.

We learn that if we strive  
To do what good we can,  
We shed abroad in life  
That good to brother man.

And when old age shall come,  
And we must pass away,  
Our race will then be run,  
And we have had our day.

Like thee, sweet, fragrant flower,  
We lay us down to die,  
And pass to other bowers—  
To realms beyond the sky.

O let us, like the rose,  
Shed goodness all around,  
And go to our repose  
With stars upon our crown.

## Clara.

“**M**A, may I go? The bell is now ringing,  
 And soon my dear school will have a beginning—  
 Wash my face, comb my hair; I want to look neat;  
 As the teacher looks 'round, I will be in my seat.

“My lessons are hard, so quickly I'll run  
 To get there and study, ere school is begun.  
 Those fractions do bother my brain all the time;  
 Not a moment can I keep them out of my mind.

“You know I must study if I want to rise,  
 For, ma, don't you see, we all want the prize;  
 And I tell you, mamma, how glad I shall be  
 If ever I get through that old rulê of three.

“I wish I was big as a woman, like you,  
 I tell you, dear ma, great things I would do;  
 I'd show all the scholars that I would be first,  
 If I studied so hard that my head would most burst.”

Little Clara said this that I have been telling;  
 And her brave little heart in her bosom was swelling.  
 Those beautiful orbs so brightly were shining  
 As she stood by my side, her arm round me twining.

A brave little girl, was this Clara so sweet;  
 Off to school did she go, so clean and so neat;  
 There trying to solve those problems with care,  
 And store away knowledge for life to prepare.

She grew to a woman, so firm and so true;  
She tried in her pathway sweet flowers to strew.  
She patiently labored herself to prepare,  
Grew wise in her childhood, escaped every snare.

See that noble and true, that womanly mind,  
Looking out on the erring where'er she may find;  
Speaking words that may guide them in pathway of right,  
And working for good—she labors in might.

Respected by all, by many beloved,  
She's doing the work of her Father above.  
Ere long she will be taken within the great fold;  
Her work is well done—she will reach the great goal.

Then study your duty to do while here,  
That out in the future your light may shine clear;  
No matter how hard the problem to solve,  
Or difficult task on you may devolve.

True courage will work all great problems in life;  
Prepare every one for great tumult and strife.  
Like Clara, the child, be cheerful at work,  
And never in life your task try to shirk.

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### *The Stripes and Stars.*

**H**NSIGN of freedom hung aloft,  
The glorious Stripes and Stars!  
All nations honor pay to thee,  
O'er lands and seas afar!

Our fathers fought through darkest storms  
This banner to defend ;  
Through many fierce and bloody fights  
Its course has often been.

Millions can point with glorious pride  
Up to the Stripes and Stars,  
And shouts of freedom—loud huzzas  
Are given for stars and bars !

No slavish power can rest beneath  
Our nation's flag to-day ;  
All bands are broken—all set free,  
To do whate'er they may.

We see thy folds now floating out  
Since eighteen seventy-six ;  
All nations honor thee to-day,  
We ask, now, why is this ?

Methinks I hear thee now reply :  
“ They see and feel my power,”  
Our chains are broken—we are *free*  
Since that rebellious hour.

Nations are looking now to thee,  
And years will then unfold  
That all the nations of the earth  
Will strike for freedom bold.

A model nation we now stand  
Beneath the Stripes and Stars,  
Freedom the tocsin sounds aloud  
Across the seas so far !

O, noble banner! thou art mine!  
My country, dear, I love;  
No despot's power can hold its sway—  
No Lord but God above.

Within my home help me to work  
To drive away all wrong;  
O, may my land still better be,  
And grow more firm and strong.

May all that tends to crush its sons  
Be driven far away,  
And all that holds its daughters down  
Take from us, Lord, we pray!

O, may our glorious land become  
So great, so good and free,  
That all the world will raise the shout,  
“Hail, glorious liberty!”

Ensign of freedom, hung aloft,  
We hail thee from afar!  
Forever let thy folds float out—  
These glorious Stripes and Stars!

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*Try to Do What's Right.*

**N**O matter where our lot be cast,  
Or what our trials are,  
\* Life's crosses will not always last,  
We all must have our share.

Through all conditions, let us strive  
 To get a ray of light ;  
 With steadfast purpose, let us rise  
 And try to do what 's right.

Though friends prove false and foes assail,  
 Still let us keep in view  
 That *right* must triumph and prevail,  
 Then let us all be *true* ;  
 If Wisdom's banner we would win,  
 Let 's struggle with our might ;  
 We 'll keep our motives pure within,  
 And try to do what 's right.

Our Father knows what sore distress  
 His children must pass through,  
 And he will guide us for the best,  
 And tell us what to do.  
 Then let us thank our Father, God,  
 Who leads us through the night,  
 And patiently we 'll bear the rod,  
 And try to do what 's right.

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Peace.

**T**HOU angel of love, O! take thy seat  
 And dwell with mortal man :  
 Reign thou through all this land complete,—  
 Cast forth thy powerful wand.



May mortals cease this war and strife—  
This carnage seen around—  
Scatter thy blessings—stop the blight  
Of discord's wasting sound.

Give man to see his brother man  
Stand near beside him here :  
Show him that 't is a murderous hand  
That deals with blows severe.

If must needs be that man will cast  
This pearl, so richly wrought,  
Before the fierce and bloody blast  
Of selfishness thus sought,

Then wilt thou let thy mighty voice  
Be heard in thund'rous tones,  
Deliv'ring the weak from forms of vice—  
Saying, " Let them alone!"

O! may this be as God thinks best :  
May vice be driven far down,  
And man rise up—be truly blest—  
And " peace on earth " be found.

Sweet bird of promise, perch thyself  
Upon those lofty domes :  
Sit quietly, as some small elf,  
Within each cottage home.

Thy law of love within each heart  
Implant so firm and strong :  
Give hope in weakness—faith impart,  
And make the feeble strong.

Teach men that love will truly give  
New life and light to all :  
Teach them that *hate* can only live  
As man may downward fall.

O! glorious messenger, draw near—  
Stand out in bold relief :  
To all the world wilt thou appear,—  
Dispel all gloom and grief.

Prosperity must mark thy path,—  
And industry abound—  
Hope lifts from thee the power of wrath,  
Where glorious *peace* is found.

Long may this glorious land of ours  
Sing this sweet song of peace :  
And other warring, foreign powers  
Be led this scourge to cease.

Soon let thy banner be unfurled  
And float from shore to shore :  
This war away be ever hurled—  
Be unknown evermore.

May all grow wise in future time,  
And try to others please ;  
And act the true and noble mind,  
And *try* to live in peace.

## Now and Then.

**I**N our grandmother's days, we often would find  
 A sweet, youthful lass with a sensible mind.  
 She would wear her large apron, so clean and so neat,  
 And help her mamma till the work was complete,  
 She would spin and would weave, with a very good grace,  
 And never once thought this could her disgrace;  
 She is dressed in "home-spun," with apron of check,  
 With nothing to hide the bare rounded neck.  
 With roses her cheek would be blooming all day—  
 With spirits as light as the nightingale gay  
 That sings at his task from morning till night—  
 With a fairy-like form, and a step quick and light.  
 With eyes sparkling bright, these lasses would go  
 To school through the winter, thro' cold and thro' snow.  
 A mile—perhaps *two*—would these daughters trudge on,  
 Nor think it a very long way they had gone.  
 Happiness beams from their faces so fair,  
 By walking this distance, and breathing pure air,  
 Health sat as a diadem on the fair brow—  
 But a vast change we see from that time till *now*.  
 A lass could *then* help in the kitchen, you know,  
 And milk Sunday eve's, if she *did* have a *beau*.  
 She'd wash all the dishes—the children undress,  
 And when all was finished, sit quiet and rest.  
 She would wear plainer garments—she plainly would twirl  
 Her hair up behind, or, perhaps it might curl

Around the fair head, and oft was it said  
As a romp on the green, the children she led.

How different now—in these new, modern times!  
Girls *now* have large *heads*, but very small *minds*.  
The most of the head is the *chignon* so large,  
She carries it well, though a troublesome charge.

In flounces she dresses, from her head to her feet,  
With *pannier* and bustle, to make all complete.  
The elaborate dress of the modern young lass,  
That she in society may decently pass.

High heels to her boots, in the center are placed,  
That she may step forth with a beautiful grace.  
She must stoop, for effect, a charm it will lend;  
Of necessity now, she puts on the *bend*.

Her hat, but a phantom, is perched on her head,  
She is small at the waist, as has often been said;  
Her *care* is about whate'er she shall wear,  
And "powder" completes her complexion so fair.

Disgraced is she now, if she's caught at her work,  
Her hand must ne'er suffer, or soiled be with dirt.  
She must learn to talk *German* or *French*, at her school,  
For this will accomplish this beauty to rule.

No part would she take in the *business* of life,  
Prepared she is not to face the sad strife.  
She hopes in the future to find a gay man,  
That has means to support her in style that is grand.

No labor is given for this one to do,  
Prepared for great labors she is n't, that's true.

She is fixing to *marry*, as that is the *end*—  
The height of her wishes it always has been.

What a dull, aimless life a person must lead  
Who imagines that *style* is all that she needs;  
Who spends all her time in fixing for “*beaux*,”  
Very little of life’s aims such person knows.

The difference is plain—the distance we scan  
From our present times, and our ancestor’s plans,  
Educated are we, to a certain degree,  
But not in those branches that *they* used to be.

Take those times and cull their many pursuits—  
Take those that will make woman noble—astute;  
Have our girls take conditions of *now* and of *then*,  
And prepare here to live independent of men.

Let us throw off those notions that serve to degrade,  
And act well the part which for us was made.  
Let us teach all our daughters themselves to sustain,  
Nor fear if we know they must single remain.

Prepare for the contest. In future we’ll find  
That woman must have greater scope for the mind.  
She must seek, in new avenues, labors in life  
Ere she be prepared for any man’s wife.

Let that soul that is full of that great power divine  
Rise quick from its lethargy—seek soon to find  
The mission intended; that it may expand  
And become a true light wherever it stands.

Let us women go on—take experience past—  
Apply to the present that part that will last;

Improve all our powers, then truly we'll blend  
The past and the present—see good *now* as *then*.

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To my Dear Father.

**I**N childhood, my steps by thy hand  
Were led in the pathway of right;  
Thou taught'st me ever to stand  
Up firm in my own strength and might.  
A father and mother, both these hast thou been,  
To lead my soul upward, and keep me from sin.

Bereft of my dear mother's love,  
While in childhood's most sensitive time,  
Your council hath led me above  
The pathway of dark, gloomy crime.  
Thy kind, noble principles ever will stand  
As a bright beacon star in a desolate land.

Time, with its unfoldings I find—  
My lot must with others be cast;  
But the precepts instilled on my mind  
Are placed there forever to last.  
In whatever station through life I may fill,  
The lessons thou taught'st, I treasure them still.

Thy love for thy children was deep—  
From the surface could never be seen:  
Through all my life I must keep  
My heart with remembrances green.  
In sickness and sorrow, the first by my side,  
With broad open heart, and purse open wide.

Consolation oft have I received

In the hour of affliction and woe;

An ear didst thou lend to my needs,

And help didst thou give me to go.

O, Father! dear father! what could I have done

When dark clouds were hiding all light of my sun.

O can I e'er thank thee enough

For kindness and love thus bestowed,

When I was thus facing rebuff

From mortals, through life's stormy road?

No, never! I ne'er can my father forget;

O may I in kindness remember him yet!

As thy steps are now numbering fast,

And soon, then, thy form must lie down,

May'st thou receive honors at last—

May laurels be placed for thy crown.

Good deeds to the needy so often thou'st done,

Will beam forth as bright as the warm, shining sun.

I love thee, dear father, so kind—

A pleasure to me has it been

To meet thee, and glean from thy mind

Great truths thou hast stored there within.

A pleasure 't would be to help thee, in need,

And all of thy wants and thy sorrows to heed.

Time passes so rapidly now,

Soon thou wilt be taking thy leave;

To the "grim monster," Death, must thou bow—

The thought fills my heart deep with grief;


Then motherless, fatherless, I may remain,

Never to hear thy good council again.

But over that river so dark,  
 May we all unite in that love  
 Which of the divine is a part,  
 Bestowed by our Father above :  
 And join with the angels in that blessed abode ;  
 Secure from all wrath, and free from life's load.

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### The Dying Outcast.


**A**LONE here ! friendless and alone,  
 With no dear place I can call home.  
 No word of sympathy for me—  
 No heart to beat with friendship free—  
 No one that I can fondly trust.  
 Dying alone ! and die I must.  
 No hand to close my eyes in death,  
 Or see me draw my parting breath.  
 No sister's sigh—no mother's tear—  
 No friends to stand beside my bier.  
 All—all is gloom before me now,  
 But I must in submission bow ;  
 For God is just, I always hear,  
 His punishment is so severe.  
 Why could I not have been a man ?  
 They would not thus my conduct scan.  
 I should not, *then*, thus lack for friends,  
 No matter *what* my deeds had been.  
 But there's the curse—I see it plain,  
 That caused me sorrow, grief, and pain,  
 Because a *woman* I must be,  
 And all this woe is heaped on me.



Where is that man that stole from me  
My name. My *all* that made me free;  
That placed that mark upon my brow,  
And has forever left me now.  
He is a business man, I know,  
Perhaps he *must* neglect me so,  
He can 't *forget* his vows to me,  
O, no! O, no! that can not be.  
He'll come to me—Hark! don't I hear  
A footstep falling on my ear?  
It must be him. Ah no! 't is gone,  
And I must linger on *alone*.  
O, sister, would that I could tell  
Thee all the woe on me befell.  
O that I could my heart unfold  
To every woman, young or old.  
Perhaps my story, told with care,  
Might teach all others to beware  
Of that vile monster they call *man*,  
That will work ruin where he can.  
O, God! I 'm dying! let me see  
Some mortal being cares for me.  
O, must I die alone? O, say  
I have *one* friend with me to pray.  
No—all alone—I 'm passing on—  
I feel my breath is nearly gone.  
O, for one drop to quench my thirst!  
O! O! my heart will surely burst.  
'T is almost o'er. I wish he 'd come.  
Father—mother—still no one!  
One drop of water on my tongue:  
O, can I not just have but *one*?

'T is growing dark. I am going now,  
 I feel the death-damp on my brow.  
 O, let me see if I can pray!  
 O, let me speak! What shall I say:  
 Father, forgive what I have done;  
 Give me a passport through Thy Son.  
 O, help me from temptation clear,  
 And evil, too, that's ever near.  
 O, give me grace to die alone.  
 Amen—amen! I'm gone—I'm gone!

### Shadows.

**T**HE screen is placed before all here,  
 No matter where they stand?  
 All nature seems to shine out clear,  
 So noble and so grand.

The day may dawn bright from the east,  
 Ere half its course is run,  
 Flitting before the sky of peace  
 Dark shadows often come.

No realm so beautiful or grand  
 Can boast of glory here,  
 But darkened shadows often stand,  
 Sometimes to chide severe.

No cot, though humble, or tho' poor,  
 But hath a cheery light;  
 No glen or parish, heath or moor,  
 But hath its day and night.

No cheery home, however bright,  
But, look behind the door,  
You'll find a shadow, dark as night,  
Cast there upon the floor.

No heart, however light and free,  
But may, at future time,  
Have shadows of adversity  
Cast o'er that cheerful mind.

In truth, a skeleton is hid  
Beneath each human heart.  
No power is given here, to bid  
It ever to depart.

Each one, in life, that walks or runs,  
Must cast a shadow down;  
As he or she in contact comes  
With rays of light thrown 'round.

Reflection brings the rays of light  
In raport with that form;  
The shadows contrast with the bright,  
And throws its shade thereon.

No shadow can there e'er be made  
Without these rays of light;  
Through joy, we often are repaid  
For passing through dark night.

Life is made up of light and shade—  
Of joy and sorrow here;  
The child of earth must often wade  
Through grief sometimes severe.

We learn this lesson in this life,  
 From shadows cast around :  
 That we must face a world of strife  
 That happiness be found.

Resigned, O let us all be here,  
 Nor wish to change our lot ;  
 Nor think *our* trials most severe—  
 That *others'* woe, hath not.

No—we all have our sunshine here—  
 All have our shadows too ;  
 Preparing us for other spheres  
 Just out beyond our view.

---

Ode to Charles Dickens.

**T**OUCH my pen with living fire !  
 Do thou now here my thoughts inspire !  
 While I shall sing of one, now gone,  
 That lived to bless the sorrowing one.

Can I show forth to mortals here  
 The real worth of one so dear ?  
 Can I, to you, in truth impart  
 What dwelt within that noble heart ?

The task is hard—it can 't be done ;  
 Nor take his virtues, one by one,  
 And give to mortals here below,  
 His greatness can we ever show.

His virtues reach beyond all time—  
 That great, benevolent, good mind,—

No mortal can with pen, e'er tell  
What power within that form did dwell.

The weak—the helpless ones, he gave  
True words of comfort. Helped to save  
The oppressed—the feeble—from those ills  
That all our social circles fill.

He never sought for ease in life,  
But ever ready for the strife,  
He girded armor for the fight,  
And always battled for the right.

All o'er our earth his name will sound—  
And, as each year may roll around,  
True wisdom we may always see  
Flowing along, in streams so free.

He's gone, in form—in spirit, near :  
He left his works behind him, here :  
In future, let us sing the song :  
“ Charles Dickens lives, and battles wrong.”

His works stand out, now, one by one—  
Not finished—no—but just begun ;  
The last on earth in form, he gave,  
And labored with true courage brave.

His latest task half done, we see,  
Ere God, his Father, set him free :  
Begun on earth—preparing, here,  
To *finish* in another sphere.

Labor did he, while dwelling here—  
Laboring, he went to other spheres :

With pen in hand, beside the river,  
He crossed—and stood in the forever.

England has lost a noble son :  
His noble name will long be sung  
By those—his kinsmen—o'er the sea,  
From time to all eternity.

We look, and surely we behold  
True courage in this man so bold :  
Much good can we accomplish here,  
If we will let our light shine clear.

Example given in him, we scan—  
This laboring, energetic man—  
A pattern of nobility,  
Charles Dickens, we behold in thee.

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### Midsummer Day.

**T**HE golden orb of day is seen  
Approaching from the east,  
This beautiful, majestic queen  
Gives forth her great behest.

“I come,” she says, “to herald forth  
To mortals on your sphere,  
That golden morn follows my course :  
O, mortals, dost thou hear?”

Ere long the sun in grandeur comes,  
And shines as in a blaze,  
Its rays are darted one by one,  
As round the earth it plays.

Midsummer! O, to bear the heat  
Of a bright, golden day!  
Insects around your head retreat  
In their accustomed way.

O, give me some secluded spot,  
Within some shady nook—  
Some place to shun those beams so hot  
That blind me as I look!

Ah! I have found the wished retreat—  
Beneath the old oak tree,  
Where gentle zephyrs round my seat  
Are whispering so free!

With fan in hand, I sit me down—  
(I brush the flies away)—  
I'm comfortable upon the ground,  
For *once*, this summer day.

Ere long I feel around my form  
The "sweet restorer," Sleep,  
Hath come to comfort one so warm,  
To bring me rest so sweet!

Enclosed within his sweet embrace,  
From outward sorrows free,  
I dream my soul goes out to trace  
In lands of mystery.

A form before me stood erect,  
Upon his brow I saw  
Written, "Behold upon this crest  
The coronet of war!"

There I beheld the jewels bright  
That told the story well ;  
Of many a fierce and bloody fight  
Each one could plainly tell.

Each told of some great battle deed,  
Some passion there subdued,  
Which caused his heart to fight and bleed,  
But there it plainly stood !

There diamonds, rubies, opals came,  
In great or less degree,  
As anger, vengeance, overcame  
And set that bound soul free.

The appetites were all controlled,  
All governed for his good ;  
There came the jewels forth that told  
And prominently stood.

There I beheld before my sight,  
So noble, great, and grand,  
A perfect and a living type  
Was shown me in this man.

I looked, and there was shining forth  
Bright stars from off that crown ;  
I saw their meaning, noble worth  
Was always shining down.

Good deeds of love to fallen man  
Came forth in blazing light,  
And on that brow traces I'd scan  
That told of many a fight.



Each, every action of his life  
    Stood forth in bold relief,  
Placed there to show how fierce the strife  
    With mortal pain and grief.

“Enough,” I said, “I’ll battle on  
    Through this eventful life ;  
Whate’er I can, I’ll do, in form,  
    Nor care how hard the fight.”

I’ll strive my passions to control,  
    My appetite subdue ;  
And thus will I prepare my soul  
    To render what is true.

Then will I work for good while here,  
    Nor care for grief or pain ;  
In future will I know and hear  
    I’ve labored not in vain.

The vision passed, and I awoke ;  
    The sun was pouring down,  
And still beneath that shady oak  
    I sat upon the ground.

Great beads of perspiration stood  
    All o’er my hands and face ;  
The heat oppressed, it seemed my blood  
    Had boiled while in that place.

I rose, and wiped from off my brow  
    The moisture all away :  
The heat ! I almost feel it now  
    As on that summer day !

But here have I a lesson learned,  
 To bear with fortitude  
 Whate'er may come to me in turn,  
 What God has given for good.

If summer's heat or winter's snow,  
 It matters not to me ;  
 'Tis for our good, our Father knows,  
 His love to us we see.

I'll govern all my passions here,  
 Impatience I'll restrain ;  
 I'll stand the test while on this sphere—  
 While dwelling on this plain.

Then will I see the good in all,  
 And live to work for good,  
 And try to heed my brother's call,  
 As every mortal should.

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### Every Bitter hath its Sweet.

**T**IME will unfold to all complete,  
 As we are passing, day by day,  
 Each in our own accustomed way,  
 That for each bitter there's a sweet.

Crosses in life we all must meet,  
 Which makes us firm, and true, and strong,  
 And teaches us the right and wrong,  
 And for each bitter brings a sweet.

Affliction comes—we can't retreat;  
We never can consider why  
We all must suffer here, and die:  
We think our bitter hath no sweet.

But time rolls on, we climb the steep;  
There we behold with wandering eye,  
Why we are called thus low to lie:  
We find our bitter hath its sweet.

Immortal life—joyous, replete  
With bliss beyond the lower vale;  
We look, and lo! this sight we hail:  
Here for our bitter there's a sweet.

While wandering here, the eye oft greets  
The flowers, so beautiful, sublime;  
Partaking fragrance, soon we find,  
Alas! a bitter in the sweet.

For often does the vision greet  
Flowers that are beautiful to view,  
Obnoxious fragrance hath imbued;  
There find the bitter with the sweet.

In every thing in life we meet,  
All hath, we find, its counterpart  
Which causes sorrow, pain or smart;  
But yet this bitter hath its sweet.

The good and wise may take a seat  
Beside the low and vulgar ones;  
Both in the race of life must run—  
One is the bitter, one the sweet.

In every being God completes,  
 That dwells upon this earthly plane,  
 Dwell both the good and bad the same;  
 Below the bitter is the sweet.

Dig down with love's bright weapon, deep  
 In every heart, though low 'tis sunk;  
 Of vice it may have often drunk,  
 Yet 'neath its bitter there's a sweet.

In Nature's works, and art complete,  
 We find these opposites both there;  
 And if we study well, with care,  
 We'll cull the bitter from the sweet.

Our toils in life bring lessons deep,  
 And cause us all to upward look,  
 And learn from life's immortal book,  
 To draw from bitter all the sweet.

Then let us take this life, replete  
 With joy and sorrow, charms and cares;  
 With others let us take our shares,  
 And 'neath its bitter find its sweet.

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### *Love of Nature.*

**T**HERE 'S the love of the beautiful, love of the fair,  
 That over our earth is seen;  
 The love of the songsters in the air,  
 The love of the beautiful stream.

The love of the forest, the love of the plain,  
Love of a cottage rare,  
The love of the moon in its wax and wane,  
The love of the flowers so fair.

The love of the cataract's mighty sweep,  
Down deep in its bed below,  
The love of the mountain's towering steep,  
The love of the valley below.

The love of a dog, in his trusty way,  
The love of the meadows green,  
The love of the lambs, that frisk and play,  
And the love of our dress is seen.

But there is a higher and holier love,  
That mortals should possess,  
That leads them higher and higher above,  
To the realms of perfect rest.

'Tis the love of *God*, in the human soul,  
New life and light will impart.  
Of all *other* love, this covers the whole,  
It happy makes the heart.

This love will lead us on in life,  
To deeds of kindness here,  
And cheer us on through battle and strife,  
And make our pathway clear.

We need not love less of the beautiful here,  
But more and more we will find  
That nature, so beautiful, shines out clear,  
And more beautiful to our mind.

Then let us love all we possess on earth—  
 Our brother and sister too ;  
 In all that we see, we'll study their worth,  
 And show that our love is true.

We see our great Father, in all he has made—  
 In the glorious sun and stars ;  
 The earth, we see, by his hand is stayed—  
 The planets all, Saturn and Mars.

The worlds on worlds that daily run  
 Their course through the shining heavens ;  
 The milky-way, in the heavens is hung,  
 And Pleiads-stars of seven.

O, glorious Father, we feel, as we look  
 At thy work, in heaven and on earth,  
 That we love to read from Nature's book,  
 And know and see thy worth.

O, help us to study, with all our might  
 To learn all we can from thee ;  
 To do whatever to us seemeth right,  
 And love whatever we see.

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### Two Pairs of Eyes.

**W**E wandered by the garden wall,  
 We gathered flowers together,  
 And listened to the thrush's call ;  
 ('T was bright and sunny weather.)

My eyes were black and her's were blue,  
We thought much of each other :  
Her heart was young, and trusting too ;  
We loved as sister, brother.

Children were we in early life,  
Our hearts were young and tender.  
Neither thought e'er of future strife—  
Of what we both must render.

But happy children were we two,  
Naught could our hearts e'er sunder :  
My eyes were black and her's were blue  
As the skies that we played under.

I was the eldest. She was fair,  
As fairy clouds at summer,  
Floating along through balmy air,  
More than our eyes could number.

O, those were happy moments then !  
I think of them with pleasure—  
When she and I played on the glen,  
And counted o'er our treasures.

Long years have passed since that bright time  
When we played there together ;  
We both had faced the piercing wind  
Of life's cold, stormy weather.

My eyes, so black, and wondrous clear :  
(And must I tell the story)  
Have many times, with drink been bleared,  
My face has oft been gory.

Those bright, yet melting eyes of blue,  
 Have sunken grown, by weeping.  
 I loved her, yet (I speak what 's true)  
 I've sowed tares for her reaping.

I think: O, could I now recall  
 The past! as I've been thinking,  
 Of sin and sorrow that befall  
 The victims of hard drinking.

O, could I speak in thunder tones  
 To those that cause this sorrow!  
 And could the sound all o'er be<sup>o</sup>blown,  
 With blasts that tell the horror

Of wretchedness, and woe, and crime,  
 Of rows that come to fighting;  
 Of tortures—death from time to time;  
 Of future prospect blighting.

And much—yea, every evil thing  
 We have, within our nation,  
 That 's caused by this terrific thing:  
 This plague, this great potation.

If by one sound, and that the last  
 That I should ever utter,  
 'T would stop this pestilence, this blast,  
 And lift men from the gutter.

I'd do it quick, and then lie down,  
 And take my final exit  
 To heaven above—to where I'm bound—  
 Say: take my life, accept it.



But no, I can 't recall the past,  
I must think all this over :  
Those eyes, that once on me were cast,  
Now lie beneath the clover.

She stood as firm and true to me,  
Through life's dark, stormy weather ;  
But, being frail, was soon set free,  
Thus gone to the forever.

Thank God! I'm *now* a sober man,  
And mean to stand so ever ;  
And in the bright and heavenly land  
O, may we ne'er be severed !

O, may those eyes of shining blue  
On me once more be smiling ;  
And may these black ones look up true,  
With naught their light defiling.

May she forgive me for the past,  
My love bind us together ;  
O, may my lot with her's be cast,  
And may no power e'er sever.

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The Mother-in-Law.

**W**ITHIN that circle comes  
A young and tender flower,  
Hereafter to become,  
Of this, thy house a dower.

The chosen of that son,  
She gives to him her all;  
The two become as one,  
His wife she is installed.

How do you here receive  
This tender being now?  
Into her ear you breathe  
Words that will make her bow  
Her head with grief and pain:  
Her heart sinks deep, deep down—  
It seems that ne'er again  
Will joys for her be found.

This plant, so sensitive,  
Feels keenly all you say;  
She feels she ne'er can live  
In this unhappy way.  
Complaint after complaint  
Is poured into the ear  
Of her dear husband, 'gainst  
This wife, to him so dear.

She bears, with fortitude,  
All that she hears from him;  
And shows you gratitude,  
And tries your love to win.  
But still you can not see  
In this poor child of earth,  
That 's dwelling now with thee,  
Naught that 's of any worth.

She lives here for a time—  
Has children—for them cares:

Perplexed and crushed in mind,  
Surrounded here by snares.  
Her husband now complains—  
She feels dejected—low ;  
She ne'er expects again  
Enjoyment here below.

With children young and small  
She 's left in this cold world,  
To care for these—her all—  
And hear what 's at her hurled.  
Her husband passes on,  
And she is left to mourn ;  
Death snatches up that form—  
He goes to his last bourne.

Do you draw near to her—  
Those little ones—apart  
Of your own life, as 'twere,  
A place find in your heart?  
Or do you turn with words  
To crush, and keep them down?  
Have they not often heard  
Harsh words, and seen a frown?

Did you encourage her—  
Left here to fill the place  
Of father and mother—  
A frowning world to face?  
Ah, no ! discouragement  
In every step she finds ;  
It seems that some one meant  
Those fetters strong to bind.

In every effort here  
To gain a livelihood,  
You gave your words severe—  
Also her little brood.  
God pity her while here!  
And friends, O wilt thou send  
Her lonely heart to cheer!—  
Assistance wilt thou lend?

She toils both night and morn—  
Her needle quickly flies ;  
She 's feeling sad, forlorn,  
As daily she supplies  
A small, small pittance now,  
For those beside herself ;  
Plainly the wrinkled brow  
Shows fast her waning health.

But GOD is watching o'er  
This poor, forsaken one,  
His promise overmore  
Unto the widow comes.  
A mate she chooses here,  
And he, in future time,  
Will help her way to clear,  
And soothe that weary mind.

The clouds are passing now,  
All gloom will soon dispel  
From that once mournful brow,  
Smiles of her pleasure tell.  
But, mother, have you been  
Whate'er she stood to you,

And have you tried to win  
That love from her so true?

Remember, God is just,  
And you may sometimes see  
That bow to him you must,  
And hear his great decree.  
O, mother-in-law, I pray,  
Be kind to those that come  
With thee to make their stay—  
The wife of thy dear son.

Or son, that e'er may take  
Thy daughter for a wife,  
O, ever try to make  
All pleasant through his life.  
Then wilt thou truly be  
A mother in thy heart;  
And they will prove to thee  
They're of thine house a part.

Frail mortals on our sphere  
Have impressions true,  
But kindness brings us near—  
Brings goodness forth to view.  
O, take that child of earth,  
And make her one with you.  
Love bringeth forth true worth,  
And maketh all things true.

## This Age.

**T**HE age, all so glorious, dawning we see,  
 When woman shall rise, stand up and be free;—  
 When she will able and willing to stand  
 Side by side, in the conflict, with her brother, man :  
 Her place, so long vacant, ere long she will fill,  
 And there do her duty, with hearty good-will :  
 Those discordant elements will pass away,  
 As the bright, shining sun turns the night into day :  
 O, glorious work ! O, glorious age !  
 That unfolds and brings forth to our country this page—  
 That prepares for a woman a way of relief :  
 From the wrongs she has suffered in sorrow and grief.  
 Her great, noble heart will work out some plan  
 To redeem from intemperance her dear brother man :  
 We scarcely can think of the good near at hand  
 When the woman shall have the vote at command.  
 O, welcome her then !—throw open the doors !  
 O, kindly receive her, and say nevermore  
 That it is not a place befitting her sex !  
 If her husband is *first*, then let her go *next* :  
 Wherever her husband and brother can go,  
 That place is befitting the wife, you must know :  
 Many brothers—good, noble souls, over our land,  
 Are stepping right up, and giving a hand :  
 A few will we name, in the course of our rhyme,  
 That are aiding the cause, by their labor and time :  
 There is Beecher—the noble, the tried and the true ;  
 And a Phillips, who stood by the colored man, too :

A Smith and a Stimson, who stands by our side ;  
 And a good brother Tilton, with heart open wide.  
 Many more might we mention in this, had we time,  
 Who are working with us—who let their light shine :  
 But this will suffice, for the present, we say,  
 Let us struggle with hope, for the glorious day :  
 That *equality*, social, political, too,  
 Will be given to *all*, both to me and to you.

### A Hint.

I WANDERED away o'er heather and glen,  
 My feet o'er the pathway often had been ;  
 By my side, were two bright eyes, azure blue :  
 Together we walked as most children do.

My dear little Katie now stumbled and fell—  
 How quickly I helped her to rise you might tell :  
 How gladly I stood by the side of this lass,  
 My arm round her waist I quickly did pass.

Did you hurt you, my dear? I quickly did say—  
 She answered:—O no—not much, any way :  
 If I'd been all alone, do n't you know, said this lass,  
 That I would not have tumbled down here on the grass.

If you'd been alone, do n't you think you'd have missed?  
 Your foot *might* have slipped, with none to assist :  
 You then might have lain there and suffered with pain,  
 And perhaps you could never have risen again.

This path here is narrow to walk in, you see,  
 So we, in this place, should go single, if we

Would wish not to stumble, fall down, and get hurt,  
And, perhaps, get our garments all covered with dirt.

But in the *wide* road we could travel together—  
Side by side we could walk and help, lead each other :  
But while in the path that is narrow, we find  
There is nothing to hold—no *contract* to find.

If you wish to assist, of course 't is your choice ;  
If not, you can pass without *lifting* your voice :  
You might leave me to struggle along in *disgrace*,  
While you could find *shelter* in most *any* place.

Let me learn to go on and care for myself :  
*Alone* let me try—not *asking* your help :  
If I learn here to walk, and bear my own load,  
Why when we get ready, we 'll walk in the road.

Do n't you know that sometimes we may walk side by side  
In the broad road of life, so long and so wide,  
And perchance you might *leave me*—how helpless I 'd be  
If I 'd not learn this lesson before. Do n't you see?

Let me stand like a *woman*, in the path I must go,  
And meet with what comes, as I go to and fro—  
And if you see fit to help, if I fall,  
I 'll be thankful to you, as a *friend*. That is *all*.

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### Creation.

**W**AY out in the past, long, long ago,  
There was a voice upon the mighty deep,  
Speaking in thundrous tones from out the great  
Expanse of space. And even now is seen



Chaotic matter, as it floats along,  
 Obeying the Almighty's great command  
 Which saith, O come together all ye lands,  
 And all the sea, and all that is thereon,  
*Take form.* The Great, great Maker saith to you:  
 "Show forth my great creative power to all  
 The planets, stars, and all that dwell in space,  
 That they in *thee* may see the Almighty's face."  
 There! now behold in space what now is seen!  
 Chaotic matter waves with force and might—  
 Along, around, above, on every side,  
 This mighty power, that now controls all law—  
 That governs and contralls all mind, now speaks  
 To life. Those elements, we see, obey  
 The great command that now is given to them.  
 Now can we see new forms arise from naught;—  
 The mighty deep is brought within our view,  
 And utter darkness is now seen thereon.  
 No ray of light is seen—all, all is *dark*.  
 We see great heaving forth without the great  
 Expanse of space,—great tumult from within.  
 We ask, And is this all—the final end—  
 The consummation of this mighty work—  
 This great confusion now that's going on?  
 Hark! do you hear that sound approaching now?  
 The same great trumpet speaks—we hear again—  
 These words we hear, have now come floating on—  
 And *loudly* spoken, "Let the sea divide!"—  
 What now is seen? Now take a peep away  
 Back, to those great, eventful times, that mark  
 The history of the great formation here.  
 What doth our eye behold? O, hear the sound!

As of a mighty torrent rushing past.  
And there, from out the great, broad, liquid fold  
We see the mighty continent of land.  
And as we further see, all dotted o'er,  
The islands, as they now appear to view.  
Still, darkness reigns supreme,—no light is seen  
Approaching ; still no moon, or star—though small—  
No silver light from aught beneath our feet,  
Or heaven above. But one long, black, and quite  
Impenetrable night. Silence completes  
The awful grandeur of the magic scene.  
But listen now! we hear that tone once more.  
What is the meaning of the great command  
That greets our ears, which says these words so loud :  
“Let there be light?” With one great, mighty crash  
The sun bursts forth, in all its splendor bright—  
The silvery moon and stars shine out there, one  
By one, to light creation, in its great  
And onward march of time. Now see the clouds  
Approach, as if to hide the great work of  
Omnipotence. But listen! hear the song  
Now wafted on the breeze. The chorus fills  
The air. The planets, sun, and stars all join  
The heavenly strain so sweet. The song they sing  
Of welcome now is given. Our soul is thrilled  
With joy. We listen,—soon we hear these words :  
“*Another world is born!*” Now dies the notes  
Away. The sun now goes to sleep awhile,  
And thus the day and night divides. The moon  
Walks on, the planets and the little stars  
All follow on, to cheer the earth with light.  
And can we yet behold whate'er the great

Design can be? what ultimatum will  
Be reached? What is the mighty Maker's wish?  
Why was this work commenced? We ask of him  
The question why. We hear a voice upon  
The deep, come sounding through the starry vault  
Of heaven. We hear these words, that saith, "Wait thou  
And see." We cast our vision o'er all this,—  
This mighty continent of land in view.  
We penetrate down deep beneath its crust,  
And there we find strata on strata lies  
Of solid rock. There we may see the great  
Almighty's work. Unfolding into life,  
Down deep imbedded there, formation we  
May now behold. The mighty God, the great  
Supreme, hath there ingrafted, deep within  
That marble bed, germs of immortal life.  
But is this all of life the earth will e'er  
Contain? This all the great unfolding here?  
Is this the climax reached? Nay, look upon  
These mossy sides. We see a something *now*  
Appearing like an animation there;—  
A something, breathing like a living thing,—  
A form, like those this world of ours is now  
Inhabited. Now comes the plant by which  
This being may subsist. And is this all  
Of life? This all the great, the wise design?  
The Alpha and the End? Does *all* end here?  
Nay, look! see what before us now we view.  
Another still of higher form now comes,  
And higher—more unfolded they become.  
Thus, as we view creation o'er and o'er,  
We must pronounce our Father's works all good.

Is all now finished? all completed now?  
 The whole in order? Is his wish fulfilled?  
 Ah no!—the council now is plainly seen,  
 Saying, "Let us make man, the last of all."  
 We'll make him in the image of ourselves,  
 To hold dominion over all the land:  
 Through him all earth will prove its maker here,  
 And go beyond to upper, higher spheres:  
 He took the potter's clay into his hand,  
 And moulded it there out, and into form,  
 And there it lay—a thing inanimate:  
 The Great Creator then looked o'er the whole—  
 All lower orders that he now had found—  
 Considered all the past, the present good,  
 And all the future that might still unfold:  
 And said, "This form—this man, that we have made:  
 That now before us lays—must hold controll  
 O're all the land, and sea, and all thereon:  
 Must have that power supreme—that wisdom true—  
 Must liken unto us, a being be:  
 He must become as one of us in life.  
 We make him God in man. And thus you see  
 That he must breathe our breath, that such may be:  
 And saying this—he breathed upon that form,  
 And it became a living soul." Now view the work:  
 Now see the swaying to and fro of that  
 New form that they have made. The nostrils now  
 Distend—the limbs to move—he stands erect,  
 And now we view Almighty power in man:  
 The great divine Creator now we see  
 Within the form of man. Now going forth  
 Within that garden fair. And is this now

The whole, all now completed—finished—done?  
Ah no! What do we hear *now* coming forth  
From out this being new—just brought to life?  
We see him sad, complaining of his lot:  
He seeks his Maker's face, and tries to tell  
The cause of all the sadness he now feels:  
He says, "O Father, now behold the birds,  
The beasts, and all—yea, every living thing—  
All hath a mate to help in all they do—  
All—all but me—the greatest thou hast made:  
I am *alone* within this place so fair:  
I know that *all* was made for me, so good,  
Yea, all beneath my feet, and o'er my head;  
But still I am alone. No one to see  
As I may see, or comfort or console:  
O, Father, make for *me* a mate, I pray."  
The Father answered, "Look, be not in haste:  
The mate, perhaps, that I may make, may not  
Be to thy liking. Do thou study well:  
And she may lead thee into wrong, and thou  
Māy'st sorry be at thy request now made;  
In future she may be to thee in life,  
A mate, perhaps, to lead thee far astray:  
But think. And when I see thee once again,  
And thou shouldst think the same as *now* thou dost,  
And willing be, to promise what I ask,  
Then I a mate, a partner, will thee make,  
To go with thee through all thy journey here."  
The man now thought upon this great request,  
And said, within his heart, "O give me her!  
I am so lone, so comfortless while here."  
Now when the Maker came within that place,

The man came forward—said, “O hear my mind!  
O give to me the one to make me blest!  
I am so lonely here, O, give her me!”  
The Maker saith to him, “Now hear me tell,  
Of what I liken her unto, and how  
That thou must act toward this mate for you.”  
The Maker saith to him, “Not from thy head,  
Nor even from beneath thy feet can she  
Be taken. Nay, she never here must rule  
The man—nor either must she e’er be crushed  
Beneath his weight—but side by side she must  
Go on through life, co-equal here with thee:  
She will be sensitive to ills in life,  
O, then be kind! and love this being dear,  
That her perceptive mind may not become  
Discouraged. Then, indeed, will she be what  
To you will make you happy and content:  
And dost thou ever promise to fulfill,  
Whate’er I here may ask of thee to do?  
If so, I then will now proceed at once  
To form the mate.” The man looked up and said,  
“I care not, Father, what for me thou make—  
O, any thing but such a state so lone!”  
The Father answered, “Then ’t is well for thee:  
I will proceed at once.” A sleep profound  
Came o’er that man—the sleep nigh unto death;  
The final sleep of death. And from the side  
Of this—the man—the Maker then did take  
From out the side of him a rib to make  
This woman. Now, we see, the work so great  
Is going on. Now note those eyes of blue,  
So heavenly and divine—that silken hair

So soft, and flowing round that comely head—  
Those lips of cherry red—that lovely form—  
And feet so small, that e'en a Crispin would  
Delight to fit. Her bearing, too, was grand:  
'T was finished. All was done—she stood erect—  
A lovely woman, there in Eden fair:  
The man awoke, and there before his eyes  
This woman stood, this beauty to his soul.  
He looked in mute astonishment, and said,  
“O lovely creature! whence, O whence came thou?”  
The Maker said, in answer to these words:  
“She came from out thy side, and near thy heart,  
Beneath thine arm. And now I tell thee why:  
Because beneath thine arm, that thou may be  
To her a great protector here on earth:  
And near thy heart, that thou mayst always love  
Her as thyself: and from thy side, that thou  
May both stand side by side, while here on earth,  
And equal be to all the task at hand.”  
And now the man addressed her thus: he said,  
“O bone of mine! O flesh of me! in thee,  
Why *can't* I love thee as myself through life,  
And cherish thee through all we both may pass!  
I give to thee the half of all I have,  
To do whate'er thou wilt. I love thee now  
With all my heart. O say! wilt thou be mine?  
And I'll be thine, to walk together on  
Through all this life. And wilt thou love me too?  
O say, fair creature, tell me—tell me true!”  
This woman answered, now, the man. She said:  
“So dear to me thou hast so soon become,  
I love thee better now than I can tell.

My heart is thine. O always do be mine!  
Mine now—henceforth—to all eternity!”  
The man now gave this woman one sweet kiss;  
And thus the pair were wedded here in life.  
But listen! Hear the music, as it comes  
Floating along, throughout the heavenly dome—  
These words of greeting come upon the breeze  
“O, glory be to God! the great, the good—  
For all that he has made in earth and sky!  
And for this *last*—this crowning work so great—  
This *gift* to man. She shall redeem for him  
The world. All glory to his name we say,  
For this great gift—*the last—the best of all*—  
Of all his great creation! Hers shall be  
To help unfold the good within the man,  
And make him what he e'er should be in life;  
And lead him up to God in works of love.”  
The music dies away, and, arm in arm,  
This man and wife, within that lovely spot,  
Go forth, to work for all they see  
Happy are both; each tries to do their part:  
Thus marching on, throughout all time to come.  
The great Creator, as he views his work,  
Says, “It is well:” the climax *now* is reached;  
And now, O for a while, I take my rest.



Prayer for the Young Republic.

**R**EPUBLIC of France, acknowledged right,  
Still struggling for the test:  
Prussia comes on with claims, through strife,  
Demands a great behest.

Alsace, Lorraine, are their demands,  
With Metz and Strasbourg strong;  
Demands like these France ne'er can stand,  
Although she may be wrong.

O give them peace! yes, *lasting* peace!  
Dry up those gory floods!  
O, God of mercy! we beseech  
Thee, stop those streams of blood!


Make that Republic, now so weak,  
Stand firmly to the last!  
The liberty they dearly seek,  
O plant it firm and fast!

Not as in days and years gone past,  
Let this weak nation die;  
But o'er this babe forever cast  
Protection; heed their cry.

Napoleon now is disenthroned,  
Ne'er let him rule in power;  
But let the people choose, alone,  
Their ruler from this hour.

God save the young Republic! Give  
Them wisdom, power, and might:  
O guide them on; and may they live  
Through this, their darkest night.

## Question,

UPPOSING I should try to skate  
 Upon the glaring ice,  
 And I should fall, O would you wait,  
 And help me soon to rise?

"Or would you just pass by me there  
 And leave me all alone,  
 Nor have a thought of me, or care  
 What dreadful thing I'd done?"

"Why, Nellie, I'd stand by you, dear,  
 And show you how to go;  
 And when you'd slip I'd stand right near,  
 And hold you up, you know.

"And if, perchance, your foot should slip,  
 As many often do,  
 I quickly o'er the ice would flit,  
 And help would render you.

"For I'm a boy, and do n't you know  
 That would be right for me;  
 T' would not be gallant for a *beau*  
 To leave you there, you see."

"Well, then, if I should grow up tall,  
 And you should be a man,  
 And I through circumstance, should fall  
 From holy virtue's stand:

“Would you then try to lift me up  
And show me courtesy?  
Or would you bitter make my cup  
Of sin and misery?”

“And then, perchance, if I should try  
To rise by my own strength,  
Would you not tempt, as you came nigh,  
In Ruin’s fearful bent?”


“I know that many poor, weak souls  
Would rise from that low state,  
If *man* would help, and not control  
Conditions till too late.”

Remember this: Where’er you find  
A girl that’s brought to shame,  
That *man* has first contrived to bind  
Her to him as he came.

Then, if a sister should slide down  
The path of virtue clean,  
Do n’t keep her there, but cast around,  
As brother should, a screen.

O, never tempt to what you know,  
Would ruin or degrade;  
But kindness and true goodness show,  
For God hath both you made.

## My Childhood Days.

O quietly I sit me down within my cottage home,  
I'm counting out the moments as I'm sitting here alone ;  
I'm feeling sad and lonely while thinking o'er the past,  
Which comes before my vision so very, very fast.

When we were little children, and living on the farm,  
We used to romp upon the hay, within my father's barn,  
Or go to gather hazel-nuts down by the roadside there :  
O, happy, happy children—so free from every care!

A merry little group were we—numbered children seven ;  
And while we all were little ones, mother went to heaven :  
She left us in our childhood, but ten years old was I,  
And when she went away from us, I felt that I must die.

I was the eldest of them all—they all looked up to me ;  
The youngest was a babe, but ten days old, you see.  
A little helpless brood were we, without a mother's care,  
Nor could we think a moment what burden *I* must bear.

Our father was as kind as most of fathers are,  
But many times his temper would get a little jar ;  
But this is *human nature*, and often it has been  
Of other mortal beings, the same with other men.

We lived as best we could—all lived together there—  
I had to take the head, the mother's part to bear.  
The little ones below me I loved with all my heart ;  
And always, like a mother, I took the children's part.

I think we lived as well as one e'er could expect;  
For you must know that children but little can effect.  
We stood for one another (as mother oft had told  
Us that we ever ought, if we were young or old.)

At fourteen years of age, my father took a wife.  
Ah! *then*, how changed the scene—how different my life!  
I then must go away from brothers, sisters, dear,  
And take my place with others, within another sphere.

I left the dear old home to dwell in a strange land;  
The labors of my life must be at strangers' hands.  
I prayed God, my *Father*, would kindly lead me through,  
And guide my wandering footsteps—show me what to do.

And many, many friends I found, where'er I went;  
And many kindly blessings upon my head were sent.  
I tried to do my duty where'er my lot was cast,  
And, trusting in the future, 't would come out right at last.

Five years of toil and hardships have passed away and gone,  
And still I miss dear mother, who left me so forlorn.  
O, more and more I feel that if I had her near,  
I'd pillow on her bosom my head without a fear.

I loved my gentle mother far more than did the rest;  
For I, the oldest, knew her—the good, the pure, the blest.  
These words she said unto me: My child, remember me.  
O, watch these little children—a mother you must be.

O, mother! loving mother! I tried to do for them  
Just as I tho't you wished, dear mother, might have been;  
And always, through my life, will I remember you,  
And to *myself* and *others* I ever will prove true.

*The Unfortunate.*

**S**HE came to me there, with her sorrowing heart;  
 The tears to her eyes, unbidden, did start;  
 Sad, sad and forsaken was wandering o'er,  
 To ask for a morsel at every door.

The cold winter winds with piercing blast,  
 All over her shivering form did cast  
 A mantle of sorrow, on this gloomy night,  
 As she paused to look 'round her, in her hasty flight.

“I'm starving!” she said, “O pity, not blame!  
 In mercy consider for what I here came!  
 A morsel to keep me from dying out here,  
 From the cold chilling winds of this winter severe.

“Do n't turn me away in the pitiless cold,  
 But the hand of charity out to me hold:  
 O, give me—just give me a bit in my hand,  
 For I am a wanderer over the land!”

“What brought you to poverty?” said I to her:  
 She answered, “I'll tell you my story kind sir:  
*Death* came and bereft me of all my kind friends—  
 All, all that I had from me has been rent.

“Alone in the world, I have tried to get work,  
 But thus far my efforts have all been deterred;  
 I have nothing to do—I've no friends—I've no home:  
 I've been wandering many a day all alone.

“O, many are there who on me would smile—  
 My steps in the ways of sin would beguile;

To supply all my wants have I yielded to sin,  
O, pity my feelings! I'm so sad within.

“Men came to me, then, and rewarded me well,  
When I gave them my virtue—my honor did sell;  
They lavished upon me those luxuries grand,  
And gave what I wished with a liberal hand.

“But soon, ah, *how* soon, did I fall low, low down,  
To the depths of such low degradation. I found  
Myself driven out in the pitiless cold,  
With no one to care for me—no mortal soul.

“O, pity me, sir! O, give me, I pray!  
Do n't drive me thus famishing, far, far away,  
Just give me a *little*, for soon must I die,  
And then will this poor, famished form low down lie.

“Kind sir, if that man that has led me astray  
Had been a protector, I'd ne'er seen this day.  
If he'd stood like a brother, and helped me along,  
I'd never have been found in this state so forlorn.

“My heart beats so faintly—I know I'll soon go  
Beyond this affliction, and all this sad woe;  
I can not be placed in conditions much worse,  
For me there is nothing but sad, sad reverse.”

I gave her the morsel she thus craved from me,  
And said: “My dear girl, to you will I be  
A friend. I will try, and see what I can do,  
Perhaps I can get a situation for you.”

I sought out a place for the unfortunate one—  
Encouragement gave—as one ought to have done;

Kind words did I give to this being so drear,  
Which seemed at that moment her sad heart to cheer.

I watched all her movements on, from time to time,  
And lessons of goodness instilled in her mind ;  
I bade her to go in the pathway of right :  
Told her I 'd defend her through all the dark night.

Time passed—she reformed—stood up in her pride :  
She is married, and makes a kind-hearted bride.  
Her duties in life are faithfully discharged,  
And her circle of friends at present is large.

Who tells me the fallen can not be reformed ?  
True worth, within *all* can be found, will adorn  
The low and the vile—if you help them to rise,  
You will see in the future, you 've brought out a prize.

Go thou and do likewise—go shelter the weak,  
Help those that may come assistance to seek ;  
Speak kindly, if nothing on them you bestow,  
In this a kind feeling to them you will show.

There are many all over this beautiful land,  
That need a kind word ; O, lend them a hand !  
Do n't lead into vice, but stand as a brother,  
Though no sister of *yours*, she may be of *another*.

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### Arabel Lee.

**I**N a small, humble cot, away on the lea,  
Lived a dear little girl, named Arabel Lee ;  
Her eyes were as blue as the violets low,  
That down by the side of the garden-wall grow.



Her hair shone so bright, the profusion of curls  
Decked the head and the shoulders of the little girl ;  
Those features so sweet and so innocent, too ;  
She talked with those orbs of rich azure blue.

At six years of age she was left here to mourn  
The loss of her father, who left her forlorn,  
With a sister and brother ; these children, the three,  
All lived with their mother, way down by the sea.

The mother felt sad. To her children she said :  
“ My darlings, how can I provide you with bread ?  
In this country 'tis hard for a widow like me  
To provide for the wants of my children, you see.”

This is a cold world for poor Arabel Lee,  
With no shoes on her feet, must go barefoot, you see ;  
While her mother would labor from morning till eve  
To keep them from starving, these children, all three.

The daughters of Erin work early and late—  
Those women that live in poverty's state—  
And that was the case (as often we see)  
Of the mother of sweet little Arabel Lee.

Her mother would say to that dear little girl :  
“ Now go wash your face and fix up your curls,  
Then come and take care of the baby for me,  
And see what a good little girl you can be.

“ Take care of dear brother as well as you can ;  
Perhaps he, some day, may grow up a man.  
And if you will try, do the best you *can* do,  
Perhaps he will, some day, take care of you.”

Their mother would leave them the whole livelong day:  
A washing she'd go, as all the folks say;  
Arabel would do all that was left her to do—  
She would take care of baby and do her work, too.

Her mother came home so weary, at eve—  
Her head would oft ache, and her heart did oft grieve,  
When she thought of her labors from rising of sun,  
And how she came home with a very small sum.

How often she thought: "How I wish I could see  
America's shores, the land of the free;  
If myself and my birdies were over the main,  
I never would come here—no, never again."

And as she was thinking and studying, too,  
Of what she had heard and what she might do,  
She heard of a chance to cross the broad sea,  
She could go, and could take her children, all three.

A gentleman there, an American, too,  
Had seen little Arabel's eyes, soft and blue;  
He noted her face and her bright, shining curls,  
And asked the poor mother for this little girl.

"As for parting with my little girl, I can not;  
Although, to supply all her wants, I have naught;  
But, sir, if you'll help me to go with all three,  
I'll let her stay with you, if near I may be.

"I will pay you all back, as fast as I can,  
When once I may reach that glorious land;  
But do n't ask me to part with either the three,  
For I *can* 't," said the mother of Arabel Lee.

This man was kind-hearted—benevolent, too ;  
He worked for the cause of humanity, true.  
He paid her way over the billowy sea,  
She stepped on the shore of the “land of the free.”

She at once went to work with a hearty good-will ;  
And this friend found a place she knew she could fill ;  
She saved all the means in her power to command,  
And with it she bought a small piece of land.

Her son soon grew up to a good, noble man,  
And helped her to clear and fence up her land ;  
And Arabel grew to a woman so fair,  
And still she possessed that rich, curly hair.

The sister a teacher in school had become—  
For this is the way that the story did run :  
She well filled her place, with womanly pride  
Was she loved by the children who stood by her side.

Mr. Horton, the friend of Arabel Lee,  
Had a son, who was now about twenty-three.  
He saw this fair damsel, and loved her full well,  
And she found in her heart that his image did dwell.

Little Arabel Lee Mrs. Horton became ;  
Although she was changed, it was only in name.  
She lives in a mansion, so happy and free,  
This poor little *Irish girl*, Arabel Lee.

With plenty around her, she thinks of the poor,  
That often, as beggars, she finds at her door.  
She does all she can for the suffering ones,  
She thinks of the time she was sad, weak, and lone.

Her mother is happy. Surrounded in life  
With blessings and comforts obtained by hard strife.  
Her children around her, and grandchildren, too—  
She thinks of the time when dark clouds she passed thro'.

When she kneels before God, in deep, earnest prayer,  
She thinks of the poor; and is willing to share  
Her bounty with those who are suffering here,  
And their sorrow will bring to her eyes many tears.

She thinks of dear friends, who aided her so  
As she struggled, and waded through grief and thro' woe,  
And always will try to help those in need—  
A friend in *such* moments a friend is indeed.

This moral we glean from Arabel Lee:  
That in all of our lives, wherever we see  
Our work is made known, to do it with cheer,  
If the task *should* be hard, or e'er so severe.

Our Father well knows of our sad, helpless state;  
And if sickness, or want, or death be our fate,  
Let us struggle along, live true to the end;  
*He* always will bless us, and give us dear friends.

Then let us be patient through all we may pass,  
We surely will come off victorious at last:  
Be kind and obliging, wherever we be,  
Like this daughter of Erin—sweet Arabel Lee.

*A Vision.*

**I** ONCE had a vision, like one as of old,  
A lesson I learned that was better than gold.  
I'll give it to you. May you try here to scan,  
The worth of this vision I give, if you can.

I saw a bright cloud—as of bright shining gold,  
And, as it was passing, began to unfold,  
Till it spread away out, from the shore to the shore—  
I never had seen such a sight e'er before.

And soon I caught sound of a musical chime,  
It fell on my ear, and it soothed my sad mind;  
The notes, as they through all the heavens did ring,  
I knew 't was the voice of the angles that sing.

The song was a song, as a welcome 't was given,  
To a weary, sick soul as it soared up to heaven;  
Each note that I heard made my soul e'er so rife,  
With the joys of the blest in the beautiful life.

I longed to see into those white pearly gates;  
I felt that I never could linger or wait.  
O, give me a sight of those walls yet unseen!  
O, let me but have just one glance now within!

I felt, as I listened to those mellow tones,  
As on the cool zephyrs to me they were borne,  
And as I was longing these wonders to see,  
A beautiful angel came then unto me.

She said to me: "Mortal, come here unto me  
If this heavenly choir you wish now to see.

The path we must go is not long, neither wide—  
To that beautiful land where the angels abide.”

She opened the gate and invited me in  
To the heavenly land, so free from all sin;  
And there did I see that heavenly band:  
The sight was magnificent—O, it was grand!

A beautiful wreath 'round each head was entwined,  
And stars that shone bright as the stars that now shine.  
All through these bright wreaths did this dazzling light  
Give unto my vision a beautiful sight.

While gazing I stood, in that heavenly place,  
I suddenly saw a familiar, dear face.  
'T was mother, *dear* mother, that left me, you know,  
To weep here on earth, a long time ago.

She had in her arms a sweet little child,  
It seemed to be happy, contented, and mild.  
Contentment was seen there in every face:  
O I longed then to stay in that heavenly place.

Then mother came to me—she said, “My dear child,  
Every mortal that comes, must come here through toil—  
Through labors on earth, in trials and care—  
You are fitted to come with the angels to share.

“These beings you see, all, all have have once been  
The weary, down-trodden of earth's sons of men,  
That labored in earnest—hard burdens did bear,  
And fitted themselves with the angels to share.

“And many of these came through poverty's door;  
*These* never know want on this beautiful shore;

And others have fought in the battles of life,  
And the crown on each head tells well of the strife.

“The rich, selfish *miser* can never come here,  
Nor those that *monopolize* all in your sphere:  
No room for such beings we give in our land,  
They never can join with the heavenly band.

“Not now, can you come to live with us here;  
Go back and prepare—go live in earth’s sphere:  
Show forth in your labors while you’re dwelling there,  
That to come here and dwell you will try to prepare.”

She left me! the sight quickly vanished away;  
But a lesson I learned from the vision that day:  
I am willing to labor as hard as I can,  
That I, in the future, may live in that land.

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The Little Rag-Picker.

**I**N a lonely alley in the city wide,  
We find a little child,  
With a sack or basket by her side,  
Picking where dirt is piled.

Those tiny hands, e’er soiled, defaced,  
With contact with that heap—  
Traces are seen upon that face,  
Disfiguring features sweet.

Her tattered garments were all rent,  
No shoes upon her feet;  
Bareheaded, too, the sun’s rays bend  
Its force on her complete.

Picking away, from morn till night,  
She goes from heap to heap,  
And presents to us a sickening sight,  
Is seen in that retreat.

Toil hard she did, with patience mild,  
The basket she filled up—  
That innocent, unhappy child,  
Drinking from Sorrow's cup.

Wan were her features, pinched with want—  
Toiling to earn her mite—  
To feed that little form so gaunt,  
That feels this piercing blight.

Poor little one! no friendly hand  
To wash and make you clean;  
In this, our glorious Christian land,  
With many churches seen.

None care for thee, thou friendless one;  
Sorrow has marked thy path:  
No smiling friend to bid thee come,  
All grief away to cast.

But *angels* pity thee, dear child,  
And o'er that little head  
Are speaking forth, in tones so mild,  
Saying, "You'll soon have bread."

Death will unlock the wicket-gate,  
And bid you enter in;  
You ne'er will then stand out and wait,  
But welcome find within.



God loves the rag-picker as well  
As one that dresses fine ;  
He feels for you—no tongue can tell  
His sympathizing mind.

Ere long thy form, distressed while here,  
By poverty and want,  
Enough will have in other spheres ;  
Nor wilt thou look so gaunt.

Conditions that surround thee here  
Make this, thy lot, so sad ;  
Injustice lays her hand severe,  
And keeps thy pathway bad.

When more enlightened all become,  
Then all will be cared for—  
E'en every ragged, dirty one ;  
For them we'll make a law.

To educate and help refine,  
And rear them in this life ;  
Enlighten all poor, feeble minds,  
Prepare them for earth's strife.

How many children through our towns  
And cities do we meet—  
We cast a glance and then a frown,  
While passing through the street.

Scenes often to our vision come  
Of children, pinched, distressed,  
While other fortunate, happy ones  
Appear beside, well dressed.

If all would have a little care  
 For those oppressed and wronged,  
 And each would try with them to share,  
 Such sights would ne'er last long.

O, Father, hasten soon the time  
 When each feels for another;  
 And 'round each heart wilt thou entwine.  
 Bonds linking to each other.

Drive all that helps to crush away,  
 By thine effulgent rays:  
 Help the unfortunate, we pray,  
 And show them brighter days.

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### Religion.

**I**S it to bow the knee in prayer,  
 And of all sinners to beware?  
 And all the ritual 'tend with care,  
 Your purse to open free?  
 From all the vile to keep away,  
 And give to God your heart away,  
 And daily on your knees to pray,  
 You can a Christian be?

Go, ask the one who goes to mass;  
 And after all his care, alas!  
 He'll hardly able be to pass  
 Into the kingdom given.

Each morn we find him on his knees,  
Striving an angry God to please ;  
The priest locks heaven, and holds the keys,  
And he away is driven.

Unless he gives, from out his store,  
And from his coffers often pours,  
Will he—the priest—unlock the door  
And sins e'er be forgiven.  
Then he, absolved from all his sin,  
Will be permitted to pass in,  
And be a Christian now with him :  
He's on his way to heaven.

The woman says : Go, seek your wives,  
And to the kingdom you may rise :  
Religion makes you pay your tithes  
Of all that you possess.  
Brigham will tell them what to do,  
And show them what is good and true.  
If they will follow him they'll view  
The courts of promised rest.

We ask : Is this religion true,  
That makes humanity to do  
Such acts as these we often view  
Within our lower sphere ?  
Is this the way our Savior said,  
When he the multitude there fed,  
Or stood beside the widow's dead,  
In deeds of kindness here ?

“Do good to all.” Be kind and true,  
 As you ’d have others be to you,  
 When grief or sorrow you pass through,  
 Is what our Master taught.

It matters not how mean or low,  
 If we are needed, we should go,  
 Jesus, our pattern, told us so:  
 And many such were brought.

Religion makes us truly kind  
 To all—the sick, the halt, the blind;  
 And bids us all their wants to bind—  
 And help up brother man.

It gives to all a generous heart:  
 They with their bounty here will part;  
 Gives sympathy for others’ smarts,  
 And does what good it can.

Then let us strive to gain it here,  
 And do some good upon this sphere;  
 And let what light we have shine clear,  
 To other mortals ’round.

Religion is an earthly school;  
 The Scripture says the wise or fools  
 Can learn this blessed “golden rule”—  
*In deeds of love be found.*

### *My Childhood Home.*

**V**ISIT the cot of my childhood days,  
 And over the place I roam,  
 Where I lived with my innocent, childish ways—  
 The place of my early home.

But changed, O how changed, are its scenes to me,  
For strangers' feet now tread  
The halls and the nooks where I used to be,  
And those that *once* lived there are *dead*.

The mother that taught me to lisp a prayer,  
In the quiet summer eve,  
Lies quietly in the church-yard there:  
O'er her grave are the fallen leaves.

The father that I loved so fondly and true,  
Has gone to his long, long home;  
Those brothers are gone—all gone, too,  
But a few that are left to roam.

The quaint old hall, with its winding stairs,  
That has stood for a long, long time,  
And the bell that jingles so merrily there,  
Repeating the same old chime.

The parlor, so changed, I can hardly think  
'T is the one of my olden home;  
The curtains of damask, with golden tint,  
All glittering the apartment shone.

'T was thus other hands had wrought the change,  
And strangers were dwelling there.  
Refitted, refurnished—all seemed so strange—  
With taste and scrupulous care.

But I lingered a moment or two in thought,  
Of the changes that fill all our years;  
And musing, and passing events, soon brought  
To my eyes the unbidden tears.

I thought of so much. The vision flew past  
 Of years, months, and days, that had flown :  
 All crowded themselves on my mind, strong and fast,  
 While I sat there within my old home.

I longed to be gone. No pleasure I found  
 In reflections, all hurrying by :  
 The home of my childhood, that once did abound  
 With pleasure, now brings naught but sighs.

I left that dear spot in the bright month of June,  
 Which with gladness and beauty all shone :  
 Sweet birds were then warbling beautiful tunes  
 In the grove that adjoined the old home.

Ere long, 't will be said of me, just the same,  
 When only a few days are fled :  
 "Mark how she is furrowed. Her form, how 'tis changed :  
 She soon will join friends that are dead."

Let me feel that I 've labored and finished my task,  
 And be ready to meet those gone on.  
 'Tis all that I wish—'tis all that I ask—  
 To meet those of my old childhood home.

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Why.

I AM here—I came here without my consent—  
 I go through life's journey wherever I 'm sent :  
 I 'm doing the best that I can here below,  
 And that is as well as I can, do n't you know?  
 Why is it that I must thus walk in this path?  
 Why go needy and suffering, while plenty he hath?

Why kept in this narrow condition in life,  
To battle with poverty, discord, and strife?  
I was reared with a plenty—great affluence, grand,  
There was naught that I wanted but I could command:  
In music, and painting, and other fine arts,  
All, all have I had—all desires of my heart:  
Education have I—I 'm accomplished, withal.  
Why, O, tell me why, must it all from me fall?  
Why can 't I have *work*, to earn my way through?  
O, tell me why 'tis I have nothing to do?  
Perhaps you will say: "Have courage—be bold,"  
This, too, has been to me repeatedly told:  
"Stand up and go out, apply for a place,  
And not sit down there and repine in disgrace."  
I 've been out, and I 've tried a great many times,  
The place would be promised to men, I would find;  
Then would I seek elsewhere, but all, all in vain;  
Then discouraged I 'd come to this dread place again.  
O tell me some way! give me something to do!  
I can not do *every thing*, that's very true;  
But do give me something I *can* do, I say,  
And be willing that I should be rendered my pay.  
Can any one tell me how I 'm to subsist,  
And poverty, want—such monsters resist?  
You say that some women are able to find  
Employment sufficient to fill all their time.  
Providing that all that you say may be true,  
I 'm *different* from *some*, so what shall I do?  
I might tell you of many more here, just like me,  
Who have n't that great force of mind, do n't you see?  
But they must all live here, as well as must you:  
Then tell me what such ones are going to do.

“Go, work in the kitchen”—I oft hear you say:  
And there they get small, yes, *very* small pay.  
What is it, you know, that pays woman the best—  
Laying aside all joking or jest;  
Do you know that you force women from virtue’s stand,  
And never will lend her a kind, helping hand?  
Then if I should sell you my virtue—my *all*,  
And into sin’s vortex should happen to fall;  
You’d pay me the *best* to crush myself down,  
And then you would turn and look with a frown;  
And this am I forced to do, or to lie  
In this wretched place—of starvation to die.  
I know that ’t is sinning, but do *you* not sin?  
Can your outward be foul and pure be within?  
Do n’t you lead me to crime in which *you* partake,  
And try all the guilt upon me to shake?  
You mark out your victim, then study as well  
To drag that pure being from heaven to hell—  
You take note of conditions which may her surround,  
Then strive with your might to draw her right down:  
You seem so benevolent, friendly, and good,  
That she thinks friendly—you meant that she should—  
You talk to her kindly, and sympathy give,  
And say you will help her henceforth here to live:  
If she will but yield to your wishes, you see,  
A friend to her ever in future you’ll be.  
You know this is so, deny if you can,  
That this has not been, for a long time, your plan.  
Why do n’t you try always to have her stand firm.  
Do always the right, try wisdom to learn?  
Put your hand in your pocket and give her the dollar,  
Without asking her shame’s dark pathway to follow.




O! you are to blame for conditions we see,  
Of our noble sex over this country :  
You will license these places where virtue is sold  
To you, brother man, for your paltry gold.  
If should sell all that to me is most dear,  
To you, you would laugh, and soon cast a sneer ;  
But 't is my poor condition that forces me down  
To that miserable calling, in city or town.  
I will labor if only my hand you 'll employ,  
And pay, that my name I 've no need to destroy.  
Some die, that is true, this they would prefer  
To the awful disgrace on a good character.  
But many ones have not the will, do n't you see?  
Will give up, e'er to shame for the want of the fee.  
O! pity me, then, and show me the way  
To earn my day's bread through honor, I pray!  
My sisters, do n't say you have all those dear rights  
That you want, while you see these terrible sights:  
Do n't sit in your parlor and live at your ease,  
While those of your sex must suffer and freeze:  
While such degradation marks many a fair face  
With outcast in life, that awful disgrace ;  
Do n't say woman stands in a sanctified place  
So pure and angelic, with naught to deface  
That form, as it lives or drags along here  
Through the cesspools of vice, all over our sphere.  
O God! such a picture left here to gaze on—  
Of crime, sin, and misery—hopes e'er forlorn,  
Through passions let loose by our brother man,  
All over our earth we every day scan.  
What must this all come to? O, tell me, I pray!  
When will right and truth hold forth virtue's sway?

When will people learn to act wisely here,  
 And from all low practices ever keep clear?  
 NEVER, till *woman* stands equal in life,  
 With *man*, in *all things*, will cease this sad strife.  
 "And when will that be?" we often hear asked—  
 We answer, in future, she'll come to her task,  
 When the ballot within her own hand she can take,  
 She will then try help all the wrong right to make.  
 In the mean time, I pray, tell me why must I stand  
 With nothing to do, though I have willing hands:  
 O give me employment! I quickly will fill  
 The position you give me with hearty good will;  
 And show you that woman is n't low here from choice,  
 But give her her rights, she'll stand up and rejoice.

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### The Eastern Star.


 GLORIOUS star! O glorious star!  
 O shed thy beaming light afar!  
 Till all thy daughters light shall see,  
 Within thy bonds of mystery.

Our mothers, daughters, sisters, wives,  
 The Mason's star do truly prize:  
 It leads us on through darkest night;  
 Then gladly will we hail its light.

Thy place is fixed, O glorious star—  
 Thy light hath come here from afar:  
 Thy genial rays hath many fed,  
 - And gently hath the orphan led.

In holy bonds of unity,  
A guide through all adversity,—  
Thy golden rays hath helped me on,  
When I was friendless and alone.

Then to thy light, O beauteous star,  
Shed o'er my pathway from afar,  
I owe thee much, through coming time:  
Dear star, I love thee! Thou art mine.

Dear sister, here, in friendship true,  
O may our hearts well up anew;  
And to each sister on this sphere  
Show that our star is shining clear.

Then stand thou there, and shine away;  
Thy work is good, go thou thy way:  
Thou in our world must do thy part  
To help unfold the human heart.

All good, true work of charity  
Will help to save humanity:  
So thou art doing well, we see;  
In works of love we join with thee.

Go aid our sisters through our land,  
And guide them as a happy band:  
Go, let thy light shine near and far—  
Thou bright and glorious Eastern Star.

*Redeemed.*

**J**UST as the sun was sinking low,  
Behind the western hills,  
Nature with beauty was aglow,  
And all seemed calm and still.

I thought to take a little stroll  
Out in the evening air,  
And from my mind life's burdens roll,  
And cast aside its care.

My mind was carried far, far back  
Into my childhood's days,  
And thoughts of happiness that's past,  
Of my own childish ways.

As I was musing thus, I heard  
A little, feeble cry:  
A little girl in pleading words,  
I looked and saw near by.

“O Father, please to let me stay!  
The sun is going down—  
You know it is a long, long way  
For me to go to town.

“It is a mile or more, you know;  
O let me stay at home!  
I have no one with me to go,  
I'll have to go alone.”

“*Be gone!*”—he said, in frenzy wild—  
Do n’t let me tell you more!”  
Then from the house he thrust the child  
As oft he ’d done before.

That father had just wakened up,  
His brain was all on fire  
From draughts he ’d taken from the cup,  
Which caused such actions dire.

His thirst for drink was very great ;  
He hardly could endure :  
It seemed impossible to wait  
Till drink he could procure.

The mother dared not speak one word ;  
She knew it was no use :  
She saw just where her husband stood,  
And feared his dread abuse.

She gladly would have gone, instead  
Of her dear little May,  
And put that little one to bed,  
From all such grief away.

But as she saw that darling one  
Go from the cabin door,  
O God! she prayed, for thy dear Son,  
O bring us peace once more!

O guard that little fragile form!—  
O safely bring her home!  
And lead us through this dreadful storm!  
But, Lord, thy will be done.

That little girl, just six years old,  
Was forced to go a mile,  
To where destruction then was sold—  
That innocent, pure child.

She, with her little pail in hand,  
Went wandering forth alone:  
Around her form night drew its band,  
And she away from home.

And thus she on her errand sped,  
That little child so sweet;  
O how she wished to be in bed!  
How tired were her feet!

As thus she traveled on, she thought  
Of happy days of yore—  
Of when they lived in yonder cot;  
And wished 't would be so more.

She said: "O dear, I wish my pa  
Would be like cousin Jane's;  
Then he would be so good to ma—  
Will e'er he be again?"

Up to the shop at last she went,  
And told them why she'd come:  
She gave the man the money sent  
To buy her pa some rum.

She started with her little pail,  
And as she passed the door,  
Fear made her courage nearly fail;  
For all was darkness o'er.

But on she went, in dread and gloom—

Hark! now she hears a sound!

'T was as a knell rung from the tomb!

It shook the very ground!

Her trembling form still hurried on,

The clouds were gathering fast;

At last the fury of the storm

Burst out in dreadful blast!

The thunder pealed—the lightning played

In fury through the air;

One mighty bolt its finger laid

Upon this child so fair.

That little form lies cold and still;

Her sufferings here are o'er:

She's taken—'t is her Father's will—

To yonder shining shore.

Within that cabin we can see

That little form so white;

Her happy spirit now is free

From every care and strife.

A mother dear bends o'er her child,

To kiss the marble brow;

A father, too, with anguish wild,

Looks on in frenzy now.

He says: "'T is done—the dreadful deed

That took my child away;

I see her now, as did she plead

For me to let her stay.

“’T was I that brought upon us now  
This cause of deep distress ;  
O must I to this trial bow ?  
I never more can rest.”

The form of that sweet little child  
Is laid beneath the sod ;  
And o’er that mound, that father wild,  
Lies smitten with the rod.

They take him up, and strive to speak  
To him in words of cheer ;  
The mother pleads, “O help the weak !  
O, Father, now draw near !”

At last he seems to be composed—  
He strives to gain command ;  
And swears that ne’er until life’s close,  
He’ll take the glass in hand.

That mother kneels, in humble prayer,  
Upon that cabin floor :  
“O, Father, take us in thy care !  
O bring us peace once more !”

How changed the scene ! Just go with me  
To yonder cottage door ;  
And there a manly form you’ll see—  
Not as in days of yore.

A marble slab now marks the spot  
Where sleeps dear little May ;  
Which stands near by the humble cot,  
Not very far away.



Look closely; there is written on  
These words, so clearly seen:  
“Our little May, that left the form,  
Her father hath redeemed.”

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*Restored Once More.*

**D**OWN, down to that dismal deep,  
As swift as foam he ran—  
Where demons their watches do keep—  
Where dwelt the Ku-Klux Klan.  
All haggard and worn he looked:  
Distorted in frame became,  
By friends was he now forsook—  
A being without any name.  
O, wretched his lot, no name has this one,  
Stealing away when his night work was done.  
No care had this one for his life—  
He felt as an alien from all:  
Well schooled in this pathway of strife,  
He lived for this miserable call.  
No being on earth to love,  
Cold sternness met he from man,  
Nor thought of a God above,  
That every act doth scan.  
He dwelt in the rocky cave or den,  
Caring not for the haunts of domestic men.

An angel wife and child

Had crossed to the opposite shore :  
They had gone to the other life,  
-To dwell with their God evermore ;  
Since their exit from earthly life,  
Had this miserable being been  
Tossed away on the billows of strife—  
A cast-off was he, by men :  
The noble, the good of our plain below,  
He cared not to see, as he went to and fro.

But there, in that lone retreat,

Came forth, in her rambling there,  
An angel child, pure and sweet,  
With golden ringlets fair :  
Chasing the fawn away,  
As climbing the rocky steep,  
She danced, as the water played,  
In its bed beneath her feet.  
This child of the mountains, so full of her glee,  
Oft came here to play, so happy and free.

Her father had built a hut,

Away from civilized man,  
The forest pines here to cut,  
Nor feared this Ku-Klux Klan.  
God knew that his heart was right,  
No harm could e'er come to him ;  
He prayed to the Father of light  
To keep him from paths of sin.  
This father and child there dwelt all alone,  
In that little rude cot as their own mountain home.

In gathering the tiny flowers  
That grew on the mountain's side,  
To deck that humble bower,  
Was truly this little one's pride;  
As, singing from morn till night,  
This sprite would then glide away :  
'T was a beautiful, happy sight  
To watch her thus spending the day.  
The wretch of the cave beheld in this child  
A being to love, in a heart lone and wild.

He spoke to her kindly, when near  
This place she perchance would approach ;  
She knew she had nothing to fear—  
She saw there no look of reproach.  
But shyly she drew near that form,  
So long unaccustomed to dwell  
Near Affection's true heart, ever warm,  
With a soul black with crime, as of hell :  
This innocent child came near this dark one,  
And there in simplicity truly him won.

He was led from those paths of dark crime,  
To follow an honorable life,  
And ever throughout after time  
Was he led by this being so blithe.  
Forsaking the Ku-Klux Klan—  
Throwing off the dark mask that he wore,  
He lived like an honorable man,  
And thankful that he was restored.  
Through the innocent prattle of this little child  
This being was brought from this dark, lonely wild.

And three dwelt together there,  
 In the cot at the foot of the steep;  
 Through the dark, stormy weather each shared  
 Their portion of bread and meat.  
 They emerged from that lonely retreat,  
 Came forth here to dwell then with others,  
 And lived then to do what was meet  
 For man to give unto his brother.  
 Here's another example in life we may scan  
 Of a fierce, cruel lion led out by a lamb.

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### Our Goddess, Liberty.

**I**NTHRONED in regal splendor there,  
 Majestic, beautiful, and fair—  
 She proudly grasps the stripes and stars,  
 And floats the banner near and far.  
 Her voice is heard in every land—  
 All nations hear when she commands:  
 Sometimes she speaks in thund'rous tones;  
 Her rightful sway o'er all she'll own.  
 She casts aside Oppression's chain;  
 No tyrant can with her remain.  
 All who may live with her are *free*;  
 She is our *Goddess—Liberty!*  
 All nations seek protection here,  
 From foreign rulers more severe.  
 All find a home,—their rights she'll heed:  
 No despot's power, no form or creed,  
 No scepter o'er her holds its sway,  
 Or takes her children's rights away;

Her laws are *true equality*,  
And thus the scales are balanced free.  
And Justice here is given to all,  
It matters not how great or small.  
The eagle proudly by her stands—  
’T is emblematic, here, of man—  
Of brother, sister, side by side,  
Should equal stand, with equal pride—  
Together work for mutual good,  
As was intended that they should.  
But ah! alas! it is not so!  
Our mother stands alone, you know;  
Her daughters can not take their place,  
But must stand back, marked with disgrace.  
Why is this so, O, mother dear,  
That you stand there—we remain here?  
Have we an insult given to thee,  
That we thy presence thus must flee?  
Are we beneath our brother man,  
That he was forced to take this plan?  
Is not intelligence shown forth  
In many things, equal in both?  
Then why not by our mother stand,  
Both equal to the task in hand?  
O, mother dear, thine arms extend—  
Assistance to thy daughters lend!  
Hasten the time when ALL shall stand  
In perfect *freedom* o’er our land.  
Then, with the scales so equal poised,  
The stars and stripes above thee hoist,  
The nation’s bird beside thee stand—  
This emblem of our brother man—

Each working there with equal rights,  
 Doing their duty with their might.  
 O, take us all beneath thy folds!  
 And may we work with courage bold,  
 Till ALL our people shall be FREE,  
 And hail our Goddess—LIBERTY!

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To My Grandmother.

**H**EAR, aged form, with tottering step!  
 How dear thou art to me!  
 Our Father watch o'er thee hath kept,  
 Through many years, we see.  
 A mission, noble, wise, thou hast  
 To all on earth fulfilled.  
 Strength will be given thee to the last,  
 To do thy Master's will.

Ah, well do I remember when  
 Affliction had bereft  
 Me of a mother; thou didst then  
 Care for me, as one left.  
 Thy tender counsel led me on  
 Through all my thorny ways,  
 And kept me up, while thus forlorn,  
 Through dark and gloomy days.

Ever a watchful eye thou hadst  
 O'er all that struggled hard;  
 And oft the rough path hast smooth made,  
 And quieted all jars.

Assistance came, when sore distressed,  
Dear Grandmother, from thee;  
Thy gentle touch the ill hath blessed—  
Thy smile bid sorrow flee.

Truly an angel hast thou been  
In days long since gone by ;  
Long will I think of thee, my friend,  
Till low thy form must lie.  
Thy days are almost finished here—  
Thy work is almost done.  
The toils of life, though oft severe,  
Hath laurels for thee won.

All finished, will the task of life  
Be, when thy summons comes.  
Thy spirit freed from mortal strife,  
Will hear the words, " Well done,  
Thou good and faithful servant, sit  
Beside thy Father here ;  
Completed all, thou hast now quit  
The storms so oft severe.

" Enter thou in, and take thy rest ;  
The mansion is prepared  
For all the weary, who possess  
The heavenly passport there."  
Between the two great cities, now  
Thy form is lingering :  
The mortal to immortal bows—  
Earth has its finishing.

Thoughtless of what the future may  
Forever to thee bring,  
Thy works through life have paved the way  
To glorious praises sing:  
Childlike art thou, and trusting, too,  
To God, the wise and good;  
Trusting that 't will be well with you—  
You're fed with heavenly food.

Perchance thy form may be laid down  
Beneath the silent clod—  
Thy spirit from the mortal bound,  
To dwell in peace with God:  
And may I ne'er again behold  
Thy generous, noble face  
On earth again, nor e'er can fold  
Thee in my fond embrace.

If so, I truly must submit  
To one more high than I;  
Nor wish to e'er his power resist—  
He calls and we must die.  
O may I, in that better land,  
Behold thy dear, dear face;  
May we together join the hand  
In one long, sweet embrace.

When all the toils, the cares of life  
Have passed from us away,  
May we then higher, higher rise  
To one great, glorious day:



With all the ransomed heavenly throng,  
Within that happy place,  
Join in a sweet, harmonious song—  
All meet there, face to face.

---

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

**I**T is the Great Almighty's will  
That all here should exist:  
His great designs we see fulfilled,  
Naught maketh him desist.

The will—the great impelling power—  
Drives forward all great moves,  
Incites to action, helps each hour  
To that which doth improve.

No work, it matters not how great,  
But what can be brought forth  
If but the *will* doth place the stake,  
And to that point will work.

Behold the mighty deeds hath come  
In days long since gone by—  
What perils, hardships, felt by some  
Determined ne'er to die.

If but to carry forth in life  
Works undertaken here,  
And bring new action into life,  
Upon this mortal sphere.

The will, the power, supremely great,  
    Unlocks great treasures here—  
Opens the door, unbolts the gate,  
    Till all is made quite clear.

If we possess a mighty will,  
    Just let me freely say,  
Though obstacles encumber, still  
    The will *must* find the way.

Have courage, mother, with that child,  
    That will perverse and strong,  
Speak kindly, chide him ever mild :  
    Keep him from paths of wrong.

Place him where naught can e'er defile  
    His body, mind, or soul—  
Let love's bright angel on him smile,  
    And thus that child control ;

But *never* try to break that *will*,  
    As some have wont to try—  
For truly will it bode you ill,  
    And cause you many a sigh.

The will must ever ope the way  
    To every great reform ;  
Must turn the darkness into day,  
    The night into bright morn.

Remember what to you I say :  
    Be resolute and firm ;  
The will doth open e'er thy way,  
    As Time's great wheel doth turn.

Throw off that lethargy—that sloth—  
 Rise—stand up firm to-day—  
 Put on the will, and let it force  
 Itself into a way.

God has given power to all below,  
 That on our earth may stay:  
 Move on—go either fast or slow—  
 The *will must have a way.*

### True Love.

**T**HERE is a fire to mortals given,  
 That kindles in the human breast—  
 That soars away—its flames near heaven,  
 But the possessor feels unrest.

This fire is kindled from the spark  
 Within the being's nature, here:  
 Of the divine it claims a part,  
 Of purity from other spheres.

It kindles quickly—burns and dies,  
 And then it seeks obscurity—  
 Or to some distant land it hies  
 To seek for some diversity.

This passion—some will term it love—  
 That noble principle, divine,  
 Is given to us by God above,  
 And makes our pathway brightly shine.

O, selfish mortal! look within,  
And see if thou hast treasured there  
That heavenly guest—so free from sin,  
That for each other hath a care.

That holy passion we call love,  
A confidence to each impart,  
Joins kindred spirits from above—  
Joins hand to hand and heart to heart.

It seeks to shield from sorrow's strife  
The other part that by it stands;  
It joins together, all through life,  
And goes into the summer land.

Its partners each will strive to save  
The other from all pain and woe—  
Each one can work with courage brave,  
As hand in hand through life they go.

If sickness comes within their sphere—  
Adversity shall cast a hand,  
More closely will they now draw near,  
And tighter Love will draw the band.

With such a union here in life—  
With Love's bright chain around each riven,  
No word of discord, war or strife—  
Ah! who can say but this is heaven.

No tyrant lord to rule supreme  
O'er woman's body, mind, and soul,  
As o'er our land is daily seen,  
Man strives to hold supreme control.

No wish of his must be denied,  
But ready be to do his will :  
As soon as you become a bride,  
Think as *he* does—be calm and still.

Do as he bids you—dare not speak  
Unless he tells you what to say—  
If plans in life you wish to seek,  
You first must ask *him* if you may.

Away with unions such as this :  
No *Love* within that union dwells ;  
None of that pure, confiding bliss,  
That 'round the heart will hold its spell.

O, fan the flame of Love divine !  
And let it kindle all around,  
Till o'er the earth its light will shine,  
In every household 't will be found.

O, Father! may earth's children see  
That true, unbounded love divine  
Is what will make them truly free,  
And make their light more truly shine.

In marriage ties, at home, abroad,  
True love, O let thy power be felt :  
Jesus for us the wine-press trod,  
And an example here he left.

Of love unbounded, good and true,  
No selfish ends here must be met,  
You live for me, and I for you ;  
Then will each other's wants be met.

*The School-Teacher.*

“CAN I engage your school?” she said,  
 As gently she did raise her head—  
 “Please let me know. I’ll try to do  
 My duty as a teacher true.”

A girl of seventeen summers stood  
 In a beseeching attitude;  
 She’d called to see if he could give  
 Employment by which she might live.

This was a trustee of the school;  
 To him she went, as was the rule,  
 And thus we find her pleading there,  
 That she a teacher’s lot might share.

Young, beautiful, accomplished, too,  
 This girl stands up before our view;  
 No parents has she—all have gone—  
 And left her lonely and forlorn.

Sweet Fanny Church had lived in wealth,  
 Surrounded by all things but health.  
 Frail had she been, e’en from her birth;  
 Still, in her heart we find true worth.

When parents died and she was left,  
 Of all her means was she bereft:  
 She had an education, true—  
 Teaching was all that she could do.

The trustee looked, in thoughtful mood,  
And said, "I fear you never could  
Give satisfaction to the mind,  
If we should here a bargain bind."

She asked him what would be the price  
He'd give her. He said, in a trice,  
"You are a *woman*—do n't you see  
You can't expect as much from me

"As if a *man* you had have been :  
A greater price we give to him.  
Two dollars per week is what we give  
A woman—sure, with that she'll live.

"A *man* must have seven dollars per week  
Or another place he'd quickly seek ;  
But for women, there are plenty here  
To hire for this price, every year.

"We'll board you—that is, board around—  
And better board can not be found ;  
Good wages you will truly make  
At prices I thus freely state."

"O, that is strange ! why is it so—  
That such a difference you show ?  
If I, a *woman*, do as well  
As any *man*, the reason tell

"Why I should work so cheap, while he  
Has so much higher price than me ?  
I can not see the justice here ;  
To me, it is not very clear."

“ My dear, dear girl! why, don't you know  
That pure *necessity* will go  
A long, long way to show you why  
Our prices you must abide by?”

“ Well, sir, please let me have the school ;  
I think I can submit to rules,  
And take what you have offered me :  
I do the best I can, you see.”

Poor girl! she labored hard and well  
As any man that you could tell ;  
Her place within that school-room there  
She filled with earnestness and care.

She went from room to room, with book,  
And noted all the wants and looks ;  
Fatigued and weary was at night,  
She thought, “ How could it all be right ”—

That she should pass through just the same  
As the man-teacher that there came—  
That he could have seven dollars per week,  
While *two* must she take, and be meek.

Dear Fannie! you will see the time,  
When you the ladder upward climb,  
When you the ballot will possess,  
Your pay will equal *his*—no *less*.

Take courage. If you are *obliged*  
To work so cheap, you must abide  
By what man says. But future time  
Will give you *rights*, as up you climb.



When you shall stand there by his side,  
And *justice* will triumphant ride,  
Then will you see a happy sight—  
You'll find that you will have your *right*.

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The Happy Pair.

HE now stands by the altar—  
A being, O so fair;  
The petted of another—  
No traces seen of care.

Her bridal robes, so fleecy,  
Are loosely flowing 'round  
That slender form so lovely,  
Her hair with blossoms bound.

That sweet, that lovely creature,  
Stands by her husband's side;  
He speaks to her so tender,  
He loves his darling bride.

Love's altar now is burning  
Within his manly heart;  
He now goes forth for learning  
New forms of Love's bright art.

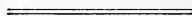
She's trusting—all confiding;  
This is her own dear choice:  
Of all the world abiding,  
None thrill as *his* sweet voice.

She gives him all her treasures  
 So near and dear to her ;  
 Her love can know no measure—  
 She sees in him no blur.

O! lovely, happy beings!  
 O! try and *always* be  
 Whate'er we now are seeing—  
 So full of joy and glee.

You may have many crosses—  
 As other mortals do—  
 But through all gains or losses  
 Be to each other true.

Then will life be all sunshine—  
 The clouds you 'll hardly see ;  
 Love will around your hearts twine  
 In pure simplicity.



### *The Sublime and the Ridiculous.*

**T**HE sublime we may by the ridiculous view,  
 All over our beautiful land ;  
 The evil beside the good and the true,  
 Which gives it a contrast so grand.

We see the sublime in that noble form,  
 That stands up in manhood's own might :  
 Now comes the ridiculous, passing along—  
 We stand there and look at the sight.

That great, noble form that God has so made,  
Becomes smeared by habits of filth ;  
Which over our minds now casts such a shade :  
Now we ask, do you mark this one's guilt?

See him taking the poisonous weed within  
That mouth, with a mustache fair ;  
And a mammoth *meerschaum* now comes in,  
'Neath the curls of that beautiful hair.

Those beautiful orbs of azure blue,  
As they came from their Maker's hand,  
All bleared with drink, ere long we view :  
'Tis the fault of a reckless man.

A noble, manly form, erect,  
Steps firm and elastic, too ;  
Another, we see, a perfect wreck,  
His tottering steps we view.

The great works of God are truly sublime,  
*Man* adds the ridiculous part ;  
Whate'er *God* has made is truly divine,  
Unless 't is perverted by art.

See the graceful form, with those golden curls—  
A form of Nature so true—  
The natural form of our beautiful girls,  
So lively indeed to our view.

Beside that form of symmetry view  
Another, whose shape is small,  
All cramped and stayed, uncomely, too :  
Ridiculous ! shout we all.

We look at that graceful and modest dress,  
 That trips along our street ;  
 Another, whose folds on the pavement rest,  
 To give it another sweep.

The sublime, beside the ridiculous, gives  
 To the true and sensible mind,  
 That God has not made us for *nothing* to live,  
 In this world that is good and divine.

O live as our Father has made us to be—  
 All pure, all humble and good.  
 O let us discard whate'er we see,  
 That our judgment tells us we should.

Whatever in habit, or fashion, or dress  
 Will make us ridiculous here ;  
 Turn from them ; ay, as you would from some pest,  
 As you meet it, and tremble with fear.

### The Mother's Prayer.

**P**RECIOUS jewel here I find,  
 Entrusted to my care ;  
 This little, pure, immortal mind,  
 Within this casket fair.

I tremble when I look upon  
 This gem, so pure and bright,  
 That I must treasure night and morn,  
 And lead in paths of right.

Help to unfold those noble powers,  
Teach lessons for its good,  
And guide those little feet each hour  
With Christian fortitude.

Those little hands, so pure and white,  
Must never become stained  
With sin's dark deeds—O spare the sight!  
O save my heart such pain!

I look—the task seems great to me,  
As, casting glances 'round,  
I see so much of misery  
And crime doth now abound.

So many ways, so many snares,  
Are ready for those feet;  
They may, my darling, unawares,  
Entrap my jewel sweet.

O, God! I put my trust in thee!  
O guide me in the right!  
In childlike, meek simplicity  
Depend I on Thy might!

O may those little feet ne'er stray  
In those forbidden paths;  
But walk the straight and narrow way,  
And shun the ways of wrath!

Those jewel hands do deeds of love,  
Those eyes beam forth divine;  
Those little lips sing praises above,  
That heart be good and kind.

To thee, O, Father, let me look  
 For help, in time of need—  
 To teach my child from Thy great Book  
 Of Nature, which we read.

My jewel, then, so dearly bought,  
 This little pearl of life,  
 Will grow to higher, loftier thought—  
 Joy will his pathway light.

### The Cataract.

**T**HE gentle stream as it opens wide,  
 And is hurrying on so fast;  
 And swifter the eddying, glittering tide  
 Leaps on as it rushes past.

Now faster the current of the stream,  
 Is going with main and might;  
 The golden sun with dazzling beams,  
 Presents a glorious sight.

The roar is heard in the distance now,  
 As madly the waves rush on—  
 Tall trees before its force must bow,  
 And be taken by power beyond.

Louder and louder the sound appears,  
 Till deafening the noise becomes:  
 Great objects approach and disappear—  
 They are lost when the next wave comes.

Whirling and tossing, away it goes;  
O'er the mighty cliff it sweeps,  
Down, down to its watery bed below—  
To the cavern so low and so deep.

Now slowly it wends its way along;  
Its fury now is spent:  
Its work is now finished—it passes on  
In its course, as it were, content.

We're reminded of *life*, in the cataract's sweep,  
As mortals in life begin;  
Gently they pass in life so sweet,  
Know very little of sin.

But as time rolls on new objects arise,  
From which they gather more strength,  
Which serves to make them good and wise,  
By which their actions are bent.

Or perhaps in the whirlpool of passion or crime  
They are hurrying madly along,  
So that in after years they find  
Their strength is wasted and gone.

Let us learn from all that we find in life,  
From the gentle stream that flows,  
To consider and learn to be truly wise,  
Nor rush as the cataract does.

*We Work for Liberty.*

**F**LING out the banner! let it wave  
 O'er all the land and sea,  
 Till nations view its power to save,  
 And shout, "All must be free!"

Columbus, when, in years gone past  
 Did step upon the soil,  
 And planted *Freedom* sure and fast,  
 Through hardship, fear, and toil.

He little knew how great the work  
 His great endurance gave—  
 He could not see the noble worth  
 That little band so brave.

They planted here, with hand so true,  
 Those principles so strong,  
 That Freedom gave, to me and you,  
 That always rights the wrong.

Then came our Pilgrim Fathers, too,  
 On Plymouth Rock they stand,  
 Advanced in principles more true,  
 More noble, firm, and grand.

Oppression held its grasp so firm  
 O'er all these noble souls,  
 Their steps toward the sunset turned,  
 Their future to control.



The glorious truth of liberty  
Came from the very hour  
Our Pilgrim Fathers' forms were seen  
Land from the ship "Mayflower."

We'll worship God as we think best;  
No tyrant will we fear:  
No priest or potentate invest  
Our sanctuary here.

The seed was sown and rooted deep  
Within this nation's heart;  
'T was destined o'er our land to sweep  
With one tremendous dart.

And years have come and gone, but still  
Those principles so free,  
In spite of cruel tyrant's will,  
Are ripening fast, we see.

The British yoke we cast aside,  
We came out brave and strong;  
And all our gates threw open wide,  
To those oppressed and wronged.

Ere long we found within our land  
We held so near and dear,  
A *demon* sought to take command,  
And plant his footsteps here.

O slavery! the curse we strove,  
With all our ransomed power,  
To banish from the land we love,  
In our rebellious hours.

Your form must perish, low your head  
Must lie beneath our feet;  
We see him, lying crushed and dead—  
Our victory is complete.

We look again, and we behold  
Once more a tyrant's form,  
That robs the victim—takes the soul,  
And turns the heart to stone.

No more we see the manly form  
Of God's own image given—  
All *truth* and *goodness* from him torn,  
And chains upon him riven.

*This* enemy we now must fight,  
O fit use for the task!  
May we sufficient be in might  
To chain this monster fast.

Intemperance—thou dreadful curse  
Of all the human race!  
How long thy sorrows thus disburse—  
Our world how long disgrace!

O let us rally—one and all—  
To lay this monster low!  
O hasten to our country's call  
Of sorrow, grief, and woe.

Those tearful eyes—those shrunken forms—  
Those wailings heard around—  
Those hopes now blasted, bruised, and torn—  
With voice of thunder sound!

One million souls are passing on  
Within each yearly round :  
A million more, when these are gone,  
Are ready to go down.

Then let us cast a glance or so  
Upon the paupers left,  
That to our alms-house yearly go,  
And by our taxes kept.

But worse than all, do we behold  
That great immortal part—  
We mean the ruin of the soul—  
Of Deity, a spark.

Can we, with such a scene as this,  
Sit careless at our ease?  
Not thinking of our brother's bliss,  
Seeking ourselves to please?

O selfish one! where'er you are,  
Remember—at thy hand  
Thou 'lt have to render up with care  
Of what thou dost command.

O let us all together fight  
Like valiant soldiers true!  
Soon we will triumph in the right,  
And victory will ensue.

O, brother, work, and *nobly* too,  
Thy fallen sex redeem ;  
And sisters, let us fight it through,  
Beside our brothers seen.

Fling out the temperance banner high!  
 We'll cast its folds around,  
 Till all the earth will hear the cry —  
 "This monster is cast down."

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*To the Waters.*

**R**USHING, splashing at thy will—  
 Running down the sidelong hill—  
 Glancing in the sunbeams there:  
 Waters, thou art everywhere—  
 Gushing, dashing madly on,  
 From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Hear the great Niagara roar,  
 As we stand upon its shore;  
 See the quiet little rill  
 Trickling down the mossy hill—  
 Smoothly, gently gliding on  
 From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Look beneath the ocean's bed;  
 There behold the sleeping dead;  
 There, within thy liquid fold,  
 Ghastly forms do we behold:  
 Madly rush thy waves along,  
 From sunset eve till dewy morn.

God in nature placed you here  
 As a blessing on our sphere;  
 Gave to man this sparkling drink,  
 Without it he would surely sink.

Gladly stand and sing thy song,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Why should man—God's image here—  
Drink not from Nature's fountain clear?  
Pure water—how we love thy song—  
It makes the body firm and strong.  
O drink *God's* drink as you pass on,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

If all would drink from Nature's cup,  
No *other* draught would swallow up—  
No drunkard would our eyes behold,  
If all would drink pure water cold:  
To *man* does this pure drink belong,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

What misery, and woe, and crime,  
That fill our hearts from time to time,  
From this our land would banished be  
If water none would drink but thee.  
Only *this* drink to man belongs,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

O, let us cast all else away,  
And let pure water hold the sway;  
As plenteously 't is all around,  
In flowing streams beneath the ground—  
Rushing, gushing, flowing on,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Our Father is so good and wise;  
His works we see before our eyes;

His blessings scattered all around,  
And buried deep beneath the ground.  
We view them, as we're passing on,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

O, let us learn from Water's book,  
And drink from Nature's running brook ;  
And all false notions cast aside,  
By Nature's laws let us abide ;  
And drink to us what doth belong,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Then let thy streams, so pure and bright,  
Become our pleasure and delight.  
From Nature's cup we all will drink ;  
Then will we clearer, better think ;  
Then calmly will we pass along,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Then will we better do our part,  
And with a firmer, truer heart ;  
And while we are remaining here,  
Then will we be what we appear ;  
We'll do our mission and pass on,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

Rushing, splashing at thy will—  
Running gently down the hill—  
Glancing in the sunbeam there :  
Waters, thou art everywhere—  
Running, gliding smoothly on,  
From sunset eve till dewy morn.

## Music.

WHEN, dark and desponding, our hearts  
 Are shrinking from something unseen,  
 When dear ones take leave and depart,  
 And we feel despondent within—

'T is *then* that those rich, heavenly strains will us cheer,  
 As the strains of sweet music fall on our sad ear.

Round the bier of a dear, loving friend  
 It lends an enchantment that's sweet.  
 We feel as though this life hath an end,  
 And death all humanity meets ;  
 Those symphonies fine, as they strike on our ear,  
 Make us think that in death bright heaven is near.

In the Church, the most sacred of all,  
 As the pastor has ended his prayer,  
 When the heavenly tones slowly fall  
 On our ear, as we're listening there ;  
 They're like emblems of heaven, those beautiful strains :  
 We stand there enchanted, as from heaven it came.

We retire to our bed for repose,  
 All's silence without and within ;  
 On the air a rich melody rose,  
 In our *dreams* did we hear *angels* sing.  
 It calms all the terror within this poor breast,  
 And soon soothes us back to sweet, quiet rest.

When the forces go forth to the fight,  
And the music then calls them to stand,  
It imbues the true soldier with might  
When he hears the rich strains of the band.  
The power that it has o'er the captain, we know  
It urges him on to vanquish his foe.

In the school-room we hear with delight  
The voices of children that sing ;  
It fills all those hearts, makes them light,  
And harmony soon will it bring.  
It appears like the door of the soul to the child ;  
It soothes all its humor—makes all calm and mild.

Wherever we go, in this life,  
We greet thy sweet voice, soft and sweet,  
Which smooths the rough places through life,  
And makes our condition complete.  
O give us sweet music while here we must stay !  
On its wings may our spirit be wafted away !

What would this dark world be to us  
If Music's dear charms we had not !  
O could we e'er Life's bitter cup  
Drink here, and go sorrowing not !  
If mingled we never could have those soft notes  
That o'er our sad spirit now tranquilly floats.

I oft think of those who are deaf—  
Who never drink in with those charms.  
O I think that their life is bereft  
Of a great source of solace and balm.



No sound so angelic, no tone e'er so sweet,  
Hath e'er been permitted that deaf ear to meet.

May never my lot be so sad

That I can not catch Music's sweet notes—  
For when life seems to frown and be mad,

O then on sweet Music I dote.  
Then calmly I'll sit and list to its strains,  
And rise up, prepared for life's burdens again.

Heavenly messenger, sent here to earth

To quiet the tumult within!  
An angel of glorious birth,  
To lead us away from all sin!  
May ever thy light be known here to shine,  
And may ever be felt here thy presence divine.

The birth of **our** Savior was given

To men through the musical choir  
Of heaven; the song was then riven  
Through the air—it rang louder and higher.  
A song of glad tidings to earth then was given—  
Hosannah! we've opened the way toward heaven.

I could sit where thy charms could be felt,

(Not heaven could be dearer to me;)  
At thy shrine, O, sweet charms, have I knelt,  
And no place can I happier be.  
Thy strains will waft all of Life's sorrow away,  
And turn the dark night to a glorious day.

Where'er I lie down this poor form,

And take my heavenly flight,

May thy melodies drive the dark storm,  
 And open the gates of delight.  
 Go with me across the dark bridge of the dead,  
 And on thy dear bosom, O pillow my head.

Sweet Music, henceforth thou art mine,  
 In sorrow, in sickness, and death ;  
 And since thou art mine I am thine,  
 Until I may give my last breath.  
 Companions in life together, may we  
 Never part as we cross the dark, raging sea.

### The Unhappy Pair.

**W**E behold, as we're passing along through the street,  
 A sweet, lovely form with majestic sweep,  
 Adorned in her *chignon* of monstrous size,  
 And with beautiful arches over her eyes.

A long, lovely trail and a *pannier* so large,  
 More rigging has she than most any barge ;  
 The bend, and the bustle so large, now complete  
 The elaborate dress of this lady so neat

Beside this being in full dress we find  
 A coxcomb so rare, with a very small mind ;  
 He's wearing his hat a little ajar,  
 And, of course, in his mouth a Havana cigar.

His dress is so neat and close-fitting too ;  
 His pants are so tight he hardly can go ;  
 His boots shine so bright on his feet very neat :  
 And his boots are drawn tight o'er his small, genteel feet.

He plays the agreeable to her very well;  
She looks here much sweeter than tongue e'er can tell.  
They are passing along through our broad, busy street,  
An example of style, all very complete.

As Time's rolling on, this couple so gay  
Must a different part in this life-drama play;  
They wedded will be, and in time settle down,  
And perchance have a family in our great town.

We now see those gay garments all laid aside,  
Soon after this girl has become a young bride;  
She has worked all the roses from off her sweet face,  
And those dark, arching eye-brows you scarcely can trace.

She's thrown away *her* style, and he's banished *his*,  
And they both *now* can see just where they have missed.  
The reality comes—they both try for awhile  
To live in a union that's brought round by style.

But soon a hard coldness is seen in them both;  
In each other they see nothing worthy of note;  
He takes his large *meerschaum*, (has dropped the cigar,)  
And she, too, has dropped the large pannier she wore.

Deceived have they been by each other in life,  
And now they, unmasked, must stand out in the strife;  
Unhappy are both—no *love* do we find,  
There is nothing that now can in unity bind.

She is often heard scolding, and frets all the while;  
He loves his dear *meerschaum* but is ne'er seen to smile;  
They are married by law, there is naught to disgrace,  
But the union of love—there's none in that place.

Together they go, all life's journey through  
 Or get a divorce, (as many now do;)   
 Their hopes are all blasted—naught can them beguile;  
 And is this the effect of putting on style?

O, mortals, tear off these masks you now wear!  
 Be truthful to those, whoever they are,  
 Whom you are about to take partners for life:  
 Be true to your husband—be true to your wife.

“Faith Without Works is Dead.”

**B**EHOLD the prompter of the soul  
 Labors, in wisdom, to control  
 The onward movements of the mind,  
 As up the ladder now we climb.

Faith smiles—looks upward—lifts the head—  
 As onward in our pathway led;  
 We strive to rise—to work our plans,  
 And do the part of mortal man.

If beings, placed on earth to dwell,  
 Had not that faith that would dispel  
 Dark clouds that hover o'er them here,  
 Bright objects never would appear.

But mark the eye discern the light,  
 Sparkling with joy—radiant and bright:  
 Faith lends a charm as we aspire  
 To something holy—something higher.

Faith gives us confidence in all,  
And loudly doth for justice call:  
Through faith we act for one another;  
Through faith we see each man our brother.

If plans in life we seek to form,  
Inspired by faith we pass along,  
Still looking upward to the prize,  
We keep the mark before our eyes.

If man possessed not this dear gem,  
Nothing on earth could he do then;  
If he had faith, as oft is said,  
And labors not, his faith is dead.

Faith bringeth forth all works anew,  
Labors thus earnestly and true;  
In Jacob's ladder we may see  
Faith takes the lowest of the three.

The bottom round Faith steps upon,  
Preparing all for passing on;  
Still looking up soon Hope it spies—  
Behold the labor for the prize.

Reaching, with strength sublime and grand,  
Beyond this dark and gloomy land;  
Up, up it goes, beyond the skies—  
On wings of angels now it flies

Beyond this vale of tears and sighs,  
Until a brighter sphere it spies;  
There it beholds our glorious home—  
Looks out into the great unknown.

Inspired by Faith—this angel sweet—  
Great crosses here in life we meet;  
Do all that 's left for us to do—  
Have confidence in all we view.

Life is a blank without thy smiles  
To cheer the heart—its woes beguile;  
To help us through the stormy night,  
And give to us a brighter sight.

O smile upon my pathway here!  
O make my thorny way shine clear!  
Give me thy cheering counsel now,  
And drive the shadows from my brow.

The ladder ne'er can be complete  
From earth to heaven's great mercy-seat,  
Unless thou takest the lower round,  
Lifting poor mortals from the ground.

O blessed angel! how divine!  
Around my heart thy presence shines,  
Urging me on in deeds of love:  
Keeping my eyes raised far above.

All care and tumult—toil and strife  
That fill this weary, earthly life,  
Is naught to bear when thou art near,  
For then we know we 've naught to fear.

Be thou my steady beacon star,  
At home—abroad—in lands afar:  
O stand thou ever by my side!  
My footsteps wilt thou ever guide.

Then will I work with all my might,  
And do whate'er I think is right:  
To brother—sister—that I view,  
I ever will myself prove true.

Let me show forth to all below  
Thy principles that freely flow,  
And as I ever may be led  
Show "faith without *works*" truly "*dead*."

---

"Hope is an Anchor to the Soul."

**I**F mortals could ne'er have thy cheering light,  
**I** Battles in life they never could fight:  
**I** Soon all would seem like night.

Inspired by hope, we willing are  
To bear our cross, and wear our scar,  
Still looking up for light.

Cheerfully all our tasks will be done,  
(Believing that thus may the laurels be won,  
Through Hope's effulgent rays.  
Toiling through cold, and storms, and clouds,  
Until this form shall wear the shroud,  
And ended are our days.

Hope—blessed Hope!—how sweet to dwell  
Within thine arms! I love thee well:  
O stay thou ever near!  
O keep my heart from sinking down,  
As I, in all life's walks, am found:  
Then will I never fear.

My stay throughout all life's sad ills,  
My heart with strength the present fills,  
And all my future plans:  
Aided by thee, I'm willing here  
To pass through scenes e'en so severe,  
To do what good I can.

Hope dwells in every human breast,  
And on the great pedestal rests  
All future actions here:  
Inspired—sustained by her bright eyes,  
We labor hard to win the prize,  
Through storms in life severe.

Uplifted are our spirits when  
Hope hath our "guardian angel" been;  
She urges mortals on.  
We never think of failing. No!  
We onward—upward—surely go,  
Through pride, contempt, and scorn.

Hope lifts the sight up higher—higher:  
More firmly do our hearts aspire,  
Nor care if we must climb.  
With courage true we yet press on,  
Nor stop till strength and nerve is gone;  
We leave all gloom behind.

The brightest angel of the land  
Is *Hope*, with her courageous band,  
Helping poor mortals rise:  
She stands so firm, and says, "Arise!"  
Points upward to the heavenly skies;  
Saith, "Seek—O seek the prize!"



'Tis all the aid reformers hath  
To lead the erring in the path  
Of Virtue's holy band.  
It gives them courage—makes them brave:  
Thinking that others they may save  
From lives of low despond.

Then may we ever have thee near:  
Then will our pathway shine out clear,  
If thou wilt us console.  
May we show forth to all we see,  
That Hope, in future life, will be  
An "anchor to the soul."

---

"Charity Suffereth Long, and is Kind."

ANGEL of love, divinely pure,  
Dweller with sister Hope,  
For ills in life hast thou a cure:  
In kindness hast thou spoke.

Naught in this life, beheld by thee,  
But hath redeeming traits;  
All evil must before thee flee:  
Good from the bad thou'lt make.

Behold the man that gives his gold  
To satisfy his mind;  
Oft has the story thus been told  
"Charity with him we find."

He gave through *selfishness*, we see,  
To gain applause of men ;  
The “sounding brass”—not charity—  
Rings in our ears again.

The “widow’s mite” she freely gave—  
’T was all that she possessed ;  
True *charity* made her so brave :  
In giving was she blest.

Charity looks on an erring one  
With love, and pity, too ;  
No mortal here on earth it shuns,  
But brings all good to view.

No creed or sect hath Charity,  
But freedom of the mind  
Does bring to life that purity  
Hidden in human kind.

It moves from principle and love ;  
Is tender when it speaks ;  
Lifts erring mortals far above  
The level they may seek.

It climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
It takes the topmost round ;  
Views all below with love and awe,  
And on *no* being frowns

Endureth all things for their good :  
Suffereth, and is kind ;  
Tries all, till they are understood :  
Searches that good to find.

Of these three angels ever near,  
The *sweetest* she must be;  
Faith brings the distant ever near,  
Hope smiles on Charity.

No harsh or angry words come forth,  
To crush the weak or frail;  
But mildness speaketh out true worth,  
Where'er we meet the gale.

Sublime yet quiet Charity  
Bears all—sees *in* all good;  
Suffers in her timidity,  
Yet oft misunderstood.

Pure angel, let thy dwelling-place  
Be found within my heart;  
Let me behold thy shining face,  
O never from me part!

Thy golden rays, O, cast around  
All those that dwell on earth;  
Let thine abiding-place be found,  
And fill the heart with mirth.

Throughout this world, O let us see  
Thy suffering form now stand;  
Go forth, in deeds of kindness free,  
To mortals in our land.

Reclaim the fallen—help the weak—  
Make all to firmly stand;  
May all that try thy face to seek  
Behold thy beauty grand.

Charity still suffers, and is kind:  
 Bids every mortal rise,  
 Unfolds the noble powers of mind,  
 And makes *all* good and wise.

O let us all try to possess  
 This treasure in our mind;  
 And show to all its power to bless—  
 Show *charity*, so kind.

---

### The Lone Funeral Train.

**S**LOWLY and silently, passing along,  
 Another poor soul from sorrow has gone:  
 Gone to the future—the city of dread,—  
 Soon will she lie in that low, narrow bed.

No one to mourn—no tear will fall—  
 No one to scatter sweet flowers on her pall:  
 An *orphan* she was—no friend has she here  
 To stand by her bedside or walk by her bier.

Tempted she was in life, we are told;  
 She spurned from her sight the tempter's bright gold;  
 She lived by thus toiling with needle and thread,  
 To earn a small pittance, that bought her day's bread.

In a garret so small, so clean, and so neat,  
 A table, a cot, and a chair will complete  
 The furnished apartment of this one so lone,  
 Deprived of *one* friend to cheer this sad home.

She labored so earnest, so firm, and so strong,  
To help the dear mother, that suffered so long,  
Till Death did release, with his great, mighty hand,  
And took her away from this sorrowful land.

That child, as she stood in her innocence there,  
So willing to do for that mother, with care,  
Ne'er thought that *her* time so short here would be,  
Ere her suffering spirit would thus be set free.

She said, as she stood by that newly-made mound,  
O mother, *dear* mother, now sleeps there so sound!  
And I *all alone* must dwell on this plain,  
With no one to care for my sorrow or pain.

Why was I afflicted—O why thus distressed!  
While *others* with riches of earth I see blest?  
O, Father in heaven! now show this thy child,  
Why *I* should see want, while others hath spoils.

This sorrowing child, so smitten with grief,  
Has now, from earth's grievances, here found relief;  
She's gone from the burdens of care, here in life:  
Has passed the dark portals of pain, woe, and strife.

'T is thus that the poor, all over our land,  
In want and in poverty constantly stand—  
While *rich* men grow *richer*, in gold and in soil,  
And *poor* ones grow *poorer*, yet live here and toil.

There's money enough, and bread enough too,  
If equally spread, to feed all we view—  
To clothe and to shelter, all over our land,  
These victims, so marked with Poverty's brand.

And why will they hold with such a firm grasp  
 Their gold? They will find it will canker at last :  
 Their heads will soon lie as low as this one—  
 They *then* will be asked what *good* they have done.

---

### Joys and Sorrows.

**W**E talk of joys and sorrows  
 In life,—we often find  
 That many times we harrow  
 This sadness in our mind.

‘ We feel dark clouds come o’er us,  
 Which sadden often times ;  
 But soon they pass, and show us  
 The sun doth brightly shine.

We often, in our shadows,  
 Think darkness is our lot ;  
 But O, our minds are narrow !  
 The sunshine we see not.

For every cloud of darkness  
 A silver lining hath :  
 A gem of light doth sparkle  
 Beneath each cloud of wrath.

Each day of gloom and anguish,  
 Must have its counterpart :  
 Else mortals here would languish,  
 And from this life depart.

The days and nights are equal,  
As through the year they run :  
This gives to us a sequel  
Of joy and grief to come.

For every hour of sorrow  
An hour of joy will come—  
Then may we never borrow  
Our ills before they come.

Whate'er be our condition—  
That which we can't control,  
Let's yield to, with submission,  
And take life as a whole.

---

*To My Dear Mother.*

**T**HOU art gone from this land of tumult and strife  
To that beautiful land above,  
Where the sad, weary soul arises in life  
To the joys of our great Father's love.

Dear mother, my love I can never express :  
Ever near me thou seemest to stand ;  
For sorrow or grief thou bringest redress,  
Ever holding that kind loving hand.

How much have I thought of the moments now passed,  
When earth was thy dwelling below ;  
And how many shadows around me are cast  
When I think of the time thou didst go.

I look back on my life, and with sorrow I think  
 Of the long gloomy hours that we spent,  
 When our *mother* was taken, and the cup we must drink:  
 O! how were our hearts sadly rent.

“O give me my mother! O give her to me!”  
 Were the words that I uttered that day:  
 “I never can live in this world without thee;  
 Come to us, dear mother, I say.”

To all my entreaties no lisp of response—  
 No word from that river beyond;  
 No tone, neither look, came forth to enhance  
 My heart, or help me along.

No, all seemed like dark clouds rolled over me now;  
 My sky seemed to me black as night:  
 To my Father's decree henceforth must I bow—  
 To God who doeth all right.

HE saith: “My dear child, remember that I  
 Will watch o'er the orphan distressed:  
 I will lead them, if they will upon me rely,  
 To the portals of heavenly rest.

“Your mother, though not to be seen in this form,  
 Now lives, and your pathway will bless:  
 Your ‘Guardian Angel,’ to lead your feet on,  
 Will she be, and will guide you to rest.”

I remember your trials, dear mother, while here,  
 Although I was then young in life;  
 Yet many is the time I've noted sad tears  
 Streaming forth from your dark hazel eyes.



Yet cheerful through all, resigned to thy lot,  
Thy duty a pleasure to thee ;  
Thy form and thy features can ne'er be forgot,  
And often thy smiles come to me.

O may I, dear mother, one day come you,  
When life's stormy days are all o'er :  
Once more thy sweet face, in heaven let me view  
As I land on that beautiful shore.

To dwell in thy presence, dear mother, would be  
All, all that I ever would ask :  
Let me dwell with my mother—her face let me see,  
In the light of her smiles let me bask.

When the storms are all over, methinks that I hear  
Her voice, coming forth now to meet  
My soul—as she says: “O come now, my dear,  
With joy now each other we greet.”

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### *The Letter.*

**W**HILE looking o'er this budget,  
I've had a long, long while,  
I find a little letter  
That traveled many a mile.  
It speaks in tones so pleasant,  
Of days of long ago ;  
It gives me many longings  
In distant lands to go.

I find within the missive  
    These words of long ago:  
“Come home to us, dear mother,  
    For Jennie wants you so.”  
I take this little letter  
    And read it o’er with care,  
And think of her who wrote it  
    Away—away out there.

She then was at my dwelling—  
    That loving child so sweet;  
But time has done the telling,  
    And led those little feet.  
Away from home and parents  
    Those feet have long since gone,  
To be, in her own dwelling,  
    The head, the corner-stone.

’T is thus we see time telling  
    The story long and well;  
And soon, its tone still ringing,  
    Will toll the last sad knell.

O may we all feel willing  
    To answer, when the call  
May come for us to enter  
    The long and narrow hall.

And may we feel like saying  
    “ My work is all, all done;  
I care not I am going  
    To meet my friends at home.”  
This letter I ’m still holding,  
    I gently fold it up;

I thing of that dear meeting  
And her I love so much.

I think, perhaps, I 'll meet her,  
It may be on this land ;  
If not, I know I 'll greet her  
When I get o'er the strand.  
Life's but a life of dreaming,  
It soon will pass away ;  
We 'll find that we 've been gleaning  
Sheafs for another day.

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### Kind Words.

**K**IND words are not worthless, though very small things ;  
They lighten the burden, they cure the bad sting  
Of conditions so hard, all over this earth—  
To some they would be of very great worth.

We meet little children, in sorrow and tears ;  
Their hearts seem like bursting, between hope and fear.  
Speak kindly will we—how soon do we see  
It drives the sad tears and they 're smiling with glee.

The widow that labors so hard, day by day,  
To sustain those dear children, with very small pay ;  
It is her heart that sinks as she goes her sad road ;  
Speak kindly to her, 't will lighten her load.

The wife of a drunkard, whose life is so dark :  
No ray comes to light, not a very small spark ;  
She feels that the load that she carries is great.  
Speak kindly. You do n't know but this is *your* fate.

The husband that comes in so weary from toil,  
He's labored since morn, toiling hard in the soil;  
Fatigued he becomes; he seeks quiet and rest:  
Speak kindly, dear wife, in your words is he blest.

The wife that has labored all day, with such care,  
To care for those little ones left with her there,  
Is weary at night and longs for repose:  
Speak kindly, dear husband, and do n't act morose.

The children in school, that are weary at night,  
By studying and sitting so straight, so upright,  
Repair to their homes; and, though a great care,  
Speak kindly to them—their love you will share.

The teacher that's labored so hard for your good,  
In so many ways to prepare your mind's food,  
Feels worn and depressed at the end of the day:  
Speak kindly to her, and always obey.

We all must grow old in a very short time:  
The cord of our lives doth each day unwind;  
We soon will be old, if we live in this sphere;  
Kind words will we need from others while here.

The outcast knows well how bad is her state:  
Be thankful if this be not *your* sad fate.  
Speak kind to the erring, O try to reform  
Thy sister, that wanders on earth, through such storm.

Speak kind to the drunkard—O sad is *his* fate!  
O try and his manhood within him awake!  
Lead him kindly and gently, perhaps you may see  
That through your kind words your brother is free.

Kind words turn away all wrath, passion, or ire,  
And will kindle within Love's bright, happy fire;  
And make the dispenser rejoice in his heart  
That he has been able great good to impart.

Speak kindly to *all*, in high life or low ;  
It never can cost you a cent to bestow  
Kind words upon every one, where'er you meet ;  
Your heart will be lighter, and sweeter your sleep.

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*Satan's Proclamation.*

**I** NOW declare to all below  
That I will unto mortals show  
Whate'er I will ; and must control  
Whate'er my labors may unfold.  
My kingdom here is formed, you see ;  
I live to cause you misery.  
Sorrow, and wretchedness, and crime  
Are what now occupy my time ;  
Where'er you find the glittering gold,  
There I a fiercer grasp do hold.  
My agents that can serve me best,  
And do my work with greatest zest,  
Are those that thirst for shining gold,  
Nor care if they should sell their souls ;  
If but this treasure they possess,  
They 'll barter future happiness.  
Ready are they to do whate'er  
I ask, though e'en it be severe ;

They 'll take the orphan's only hope:  
(And this I think a capital joke.)  
The widow they will drive to want:  
(I lecture them whene'er they do n't.)  
The poor, the needy oft must feel  
My power; 't is shown in looks of steel.  
I force my way through every glen:  
I raise my throne and sit there then;  
I study well to do my part,  
To harden man's obdurate heart.  
Nor do I work here in your land  
To help unfold true good in man.  
No! this is not for me to do,  
Though some may say so, that is true.  
With all my powers I hold him back,  
Nor do I ever agents lack  
To aid me in all future plans,  
To do my work and mislead man.  
Deception will I always use:  
All worth or wisdom I abuse.  
I keep my victims, when once caught,  
For dearly are these creatures bought;  
I tread your earth by night and day,  
With open eyes, my games to play;  
I visit nearly every home,  
Nor let the Christian man alone.  
I take the only son he loves,  
And oft in me he sees the dove;  
I'm luring him from Virtue's ways,  
And many characters I play.  
O, yes! the wine! the sparkling wine!  
I've used its power from time to time.

Good weapon hast thou always been,  
To do my work with sons of men.  
Go to the bacchanalian chair ;  
Behold my presence ! I 'm always there—  
There, placed behind that luring bar,  
My tools, my imps, both near and far ;  
The mark of Cain upon their brow  
Tells me they willing subjects bow.  
The glittering wealth, the shining gold  
Helps me to this their service bold ;  
They do my bidding, caring not  
For aught if they but get the rock.  
I laugh, I dance with fiendish glee  
Whene'er I cause such misery,  
Whene'er I see my work go on,  
Making humanity forlorn,  
We have a joyous, festive time,  
As we behold the sparkling wine.  
Myself enthroned within the cup—  
The draught that man oft swallows up—  
My imps stand round and join with me :  
We all then join in fiendish glee.  
I send damnation to the soul ;  
I have the body and the whole :  
The body I devour while here,  
The soul I take to hell, now near.  
The helpless ones, now left behind,  
In chains of poverty I bind ;  
And when a victim new comes in,  
I show my face—put on my grin :  
Then will we all join in the dance,  
As I may see the cause advance.

My imps, that I can thus control,  
In life their bodies must I hold ;  
They're *mine*—the body and the soul.  
They live with me, you clearly see—  
With me enter eternity :  
Look back, in after years, to see  
Their work of sin and misery.  
As memory quickens every act,  
They look : they know they can't retract ;  
What's done, remains : stands out to view ;  
Blot out, that you can never do :  
It stands to all eternity.  
Thy work before thee must thou see ;  
I take my labor beyond time ;  
Thus, wilt thou see, I firmly bind  
In fetters strong, while here we live,  
Nor freedom in the future give.  
When I behold the tears and moans,  
The orphan's cry, the widow's groans :  
The want and poverty, the crime :  
Diseased, distorted, ruined mind ;  
The murder, wretchedness, and woe ;  
The blasted hopes, before they know  
Distress, unhappiness in life,  
Of husbands, fathers, mothers, wives ;  
The barefoot children, homeless driven,  
Disgrace a mark upon them riven ;  
The fiendish passion, now set free :  
Licentiousness, perfidity ;  
Of broken vows from time to time :  
The ruin of a noble mind,  
That fill our halls, and chairs of state—



Of lawyers, doctors, judges great,  
And even ministers of God,  
(And many have my pathway trod):  
They've stepped within my realm of sin,  
And gone to graves dishonored then;  
The prostitution caused by me,  
In haunts of crime and misery—  
All, all this work I count as *mine*:  
All this I do from time to time.  
Not only here my works you see:  
It goes into eternity.  
When I review these labors done,  
When I behold them, one by one,  
'Tis *then* I feel my wondrous power  
I have o'er all on earth each hour.  
I do rejoice whene'er I scan  
The games I play with selfish man.  
Sometimes, to lead my victims on,  
I act the part of heaven's own Son;  
I take the livery of Heaven  
(To serve my purpose it is given);  
I clothe myself in light divine,  
I make my garments thus to shine:  
Then I behold, with pure delight,  
Men are deceived by outward sight.  
Whene'er I wish my card to play,  
To draw the innocent away,  
The unsuspecting one to snare,  
And lead them to the lion's lair,  
Then loving words I kindly speak.  
This way I oft allure the weak,  
Frail woman, full of innocence;

I come to her with false pretense,  
To her, the great embodiment  
Of honor and emollient.  
I draw around those cords of love  
(She sees an angel from above);  
I get her heart within my grasp,  
Nor let her from my fingers pass,  
Till I have ruined all her hopes ;  
Then of her sorrows I make note,  
And laugh as only *Satan* can :  
That works the demon through the man.  
Ere long I view, with glittering eyes,  
That I have well secured my prize :  
Down—down she goes—to depths of *hell* !  
More misery, crime, on earth to tell :  
Peopling the regions of despair  
Under my superficial care.  
There is a point I can not reach :  
True Wisdom I can never teach ;  
But, sometimes, those that see my deeds  
Are led true Wisdom's word to heed.  
And when they look to higher power,  
They form, 'twixt them and me, a tower.  
I ne'er can touch, or even see,  
Those that love Christianity.  
A voice then speaks, in thundrous tones :  
“ *Satan, let these, my lambs, alone !*  
*So far, no farther, canst thou go,*  
*And carry forth thy scourge of woe.*  
*But stop! Do n't step on holy ground—*  
*Here works of thine can ne'er be found :*  
*This is a state of blessedness :*

Go to thy realm of wretchedness.”  
 Where'er I hear *this* great command,  
 Where'er I see *this* mighty hand,  
 I know my work is finished then,  
 And there I pause—my labors end.

## Time.

**E**ACH beating pulse comes, telling fast  
 That Time is passing on :  
 Each tick that's echoed by the clock  
 Tells of a moment gone.

Each breath we draw, is one the less  
 That we shall have, while here :  
 Each step we take will one less make,  
 While walking o'er our sphere.

Time counts the moments as they fly ;  
 Each one is noted down ;  
 'T is thus the hours go quickly by,  
 And thus the days roll round.

Days lengthen into months so soon,  
 And swiftly glide away :  
 Months make the years ; and this is when  
 Time counts in many ways.

Years roll along, and soon we find  
 A score of them hath fled ;  
 And four of these, ten added on,  
 Hath man through life now led.

Time makes the germ within the ground,  
And brings it forth to view:  
Though very small, yet Time hath brought  
This plant forth, as it grew.

Now note the process—see the work—  
Unfolding from that germ;  
As passing Time unfolds to you  
Each leaf, and shoot, in turn.

And soon the little buds are formed,  
And green leaves, one by one:  
And as the days now pass along  
Behold what *now* hath come!

Gently unfolding, now, our eye  
A lovely sight may scan:  
The flowers, so lovely to our view,  
Hath Time here given to man.

Ere long they fade and fall away;  
Have lost all beauty now;  
Time, for the flowers, hath made their heads  
In meek submission bow.

Appearing on the tiny stem,  
The fruit begins to form:  
Now perfect, in its kind is seen  
The ripening coming on.

Time gives to us, remaining here,  
Fruits, in their seasons each:  
The tiny berry of the field,  
The apple, and the peach.

Down deep within the soil we plant  
A wee small acorn there :  
Time goes to work, as Nature toils,  
To open it with care.

Within a short, short space of time,  
From out that wee small thing,  
A germ is seen there, starting out,  
And upward, soon it springs.

See, just above the ground it peeps,  
So small, you scarce can find  
This plant—this young and tender shoot—  
And now it higher climbs.

The leaves unfold, now, one by one,  
Brought perfect to our view,  
As onward, upward, now it shoots  
With firmness e'er so true.

Ere long we see, as Time unfolds  
In progress, day by day,  
It stretches up, and on, and on,  
From earth far, far away.

Now towering there above our heads,  
The mammoth tree now view:  
The monarch of the forest there,  
O'erlooking all below.

It stands there in its power and might,  
King of the wood and glen ;  
All to his majesty must bow—  
To him all others bend.

But note, as Time its moments count,  
We see a change is wrought:  
This grand old king now totters—falls:  
Low down his head is brought.

Now mark the change that Time unfolds:  
Within that huge old trunk  
He puts his fingers down, and lo!  
Down deep we find them sunk.

Ere long naught can be seen where once  
That mighty oak had grown:  
All that stood there, so tall and grand,  
Forever now hath flown.

An infant boy plays by the side  
Of his dear mother there;  
She loves her babe—his merry laugh  
Rings out upon the air.

Time puts his hand upon that form:  
The infant is no more;  
But now a child stands out to view,  
Running around the floor.

Once more we see the hand of Time  
Unfolding to our view  
A youth, with noble brow and mein,  
Grown tall and slender too.

Another touch, and now again  
See what before us stands:  
A body strong, and nerves firm too—  
We look upon a *man*.

Time now is playing with the locks  
Of black and shining jet:  
His hand is passing through and through—  
His locks will soon be wet.

And now behold! the silver threads  
Are coming in so fast:  
The form is bending down so low,  
And he goes tottering past.

Those shining curls are snowy white—  
They're bleached by this same hand;  
The face is wrinkled—dim the eyes—  
He's going down. Poor man!


He scarce can speak. His withered form  
Now totters on his staff:  
His hour hath come—he lieth down—  
Time taketh him at last.

'T is thus we see Time working change  
In all beneath the sun:  
All—all must bow to his decree—  
All here on earth begun.

When Time shall lay his ruthless hand  
Upon this form I wear,  
O may my spirit fly away  
To join the angels there.

And you, my friend, where'er you are,  
May you be pure in mind,  
And may your spirit soar away  
Beyond the shores of Time.

*Wronged.*

“ PITY me! O be my friend!  
 An ear unto my story lend:  
 O why was I placed on this sod,  
 To be thus smitten with the rod?  
 And must I dwell here all my life,  
 To hear reproach and meet with strife,  
 Without one ray of hope in view?  
 O, sister, sister, tell me true!”  
 These sorrowing words that I have penned  
 Came from a heart with anguish rent:  
 A woman gave these words to me,  
 And now I give them unto thee.  
 I felt an interest in this one,  
 So sad, forsaken, and alone:  
 I gently took her hand in mine,  
 And said, “I’ll be a friend of thine,  
 Dear sister—now, O tell me true,  
 Why this sad picture here I view—  
 Why all these sighs—why all these tears—  
 I am thy friend, O never fear!”  
 I’ll give you something of the scene  
 That came before my vision then:  
 A woman clad in garments old,  
 With form all shivering, pinched with cold—  
 Her hair was dangling from her head;  
 Her face as pale as e’en the dead:  
 From head to foot she wore the scars  
 Of many fierce and bloody wars.



She came and sat down by my side ;  
To me her heart she opened wide :  
Her story here I 'll try to give,  
As I from her did it receive.  
O once I was a happy bride !  
And for my husband felt that pride  
That all true wives must feel, you know,  
And on their husbands do bestow.  
I loved him dearly—thought him *mine*—  
And round him like the ivy twined.  
I felt so happy, so secure :  
I thought my heaven on earth was sure ;  
But scarcely had a year gone round  
Ere all my hopes fell to the ground.  
My home, where I had loved to dwell,  
Became to me a very *hell* !  
Foul *passion* came, in fiendish form,  
And from my home my loved one tore !  
Since that I 've led a wretched life,  
In sorrow, tumult, fear, and strife :  
His hand has felled me to the ground,  
And by my hair has dragged me round !  
The scars you see upon my head,  
And o'er my person, as I 've said,  
Are wounds inflicted by the hand  
Of that foul being you call man !”  
“What was the *cause* of this sad change  
That thus your home so disarranged ?  
What caused his love to wane for you ?  
O, sister, sister, tell me true !”  
She answered in her feeble way,  
“Sister, attend to what I say :

He had a temper ill at ease—  
And always done whate'er he pleased:  
Whene'er he felt these spells of ire,  
Was like a quick and raging fire.  
To study up some dreadful crime  
For he, in a moment's time,  
Would fix the guilt upon my hands;  
Then I'd receive his reprimand."  
Said I, "My friend, why did you stay  
To be ill-treated in this way?"  
She answered with a low, low sob,  
"I was afraid to displease God.  
I had been taught the awful sin  
Of leaving husband, this near kin;  
And felt that if I suffered *here*,  
And lived in sorrow in *this* sphere,  
If patiently my lot I bore,  
When I stood on the other shore,  
Bright diadems within my crown  
Would show the trials I had borne."  
"And now, how dare you thus unfold  
This story you have given so bold,  
And leave your home in such disgrace,  
And seek aid in another place?"  
"I've heard the wrongs of womankind  
Talked over, and I've changed my mind;  
And I've resolved that I would stand  
No more such treatment from a man!"  
Her slender form she tried to raise,  
Her hand uplifted now in praise.  
To God, her Maker, she would pray  
That she might never fling away

Those rights, now dearer than her life—  
 Those that belong to any wife.  
 She seemed inspired as thus she spoke:  
 She felt how free from bandage broke:  
 No more a criminal dyed in sin,  
 Herself a woman's soul within.  
 Encouragement I gave my friend;  
 Assistance did I to her lend:  
 Kind words—and these she needed, true—  
 And now to *you* the same I'd do,  
 Or any sister in distress,  
 That came to me, or thus addressed.  
 Could I refrain from such kind deeds  
 To *any* sister thus in need?  
 Then view my acts in Wisdom's light,  
 And you will see my acts were right.

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### The Doomed Murderer.

**M**Y sentence passed—I now am doomed!  
 I now must occupy my room  
 So narrow, cold, and gloomy there:  
 No mortal can with me compare.  
 And must I die the felon's death?  
 O must I give my precious breath?  
 O must this form of mine lie low?  
 This spirit—O where must it go?  
 To heaven? Ah, no! there is no room  
 For one so wretched—one thus doomed!

Just four and twenty hours to live!  
O that they longer time would give!  
O that my days would be prolonged!  
O how my brain with thought is thronged!  
Life! life! so sweet to mortals here:  
Death, thou great monster, O how *near*!  
My life for his? it must be so!  
Out in the future must I go:  
Out in the great eternity—  
For crime—to pay the penalty.  
Here comes my counselor—my friend;  
He'll stand by me unto the end.  
My soul! O God! and must it go  
To that dark place of crime and woe,  
To dwell with Satan and his imps?  
Now on my brow I see the print  
Of Cain—that killed his brother man!  
And when I cross the dark, dark strand,  
There must I meet the murdered one,  
And he will show me what I've done.  
O can I stand beside him there,  
And hear the words he will declare?  
O teach me Father! give me light,  
And lead me through this dreadful night;  
For when the morn will come to me,  
They'll set me from the mortal free.  
O pray for me! I can not rest!  
I feel this throbbing in my breast.  
No hope for me! O God! I die!  
O tell me, will not some one try  
To save me yet a little while?  
I know I'm miserable, low, vile,

Yet *life is sweet*, so sweet to me:  
 But I am doomed to death, you see.  
 Just one hour more! my brain now reels!  
 I scarcely now my pulse can feel:  
*One hour!* to stay upon this shore!  
 O God! I've only one hour more.  
 O there he comes! 'T is time, 't is time!  
 I hear the tolling and the chime.  
 What shall I say to friends behind?  
 O can I think?—My mind! my mind!  
 I'm wandering! Help, O help me through!  
 O may this never come to you.  
 O father, mother, sister, wife!  
 O brother—all I have in life!  
 I'm going! Doomed to die—to die!  
 Ere long this form will lifeless lie.  
 I love you all if I *am* bad.  
 O now I'm going mad! yes, *mad*.  
 The bell is tolling; here I go,  
 To meet my doom. Pity my woe!  
 The rope around my neck is tied!  
 I feel a shiver in my side.  
 One, two, three: they have struck the blows—  
 Away, away, my soul now goes!

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 Laugh.

**I**F sorrow encompass you 'round,  
 And vexations, like bees, swarm around,  
 May something in life e'er be found  
 To cause you to laugh.

Laugh hearty we say,  
 'T will drive care away,  
 And make your sad heart feel happy and gay :  
     Laugh,—laugh,—laugh !

If friends prove false or prove true,  
 What matter can that be to you ?  
 Do n't worry and *try* to be "blue,"  
     But try a good laugh :  
 Like a sensible man,  
 Do all that you can :  
 If you try it but once, you will want to again :  
     Laugh,—laugh,—laugh !

If you meet with reverses through life,  
 Perhaps they may cut like a knife ;  
 Still, try to be happy and blithe :  
     Get up a good laugh,  
 As any one should,  
 In any sad mood,—  
 For in it you 'll get what will do you great good :  
     Laugh,—laugh,—laugh !

If your life you would wish to prolong,  
 You must laugh and enjoy a good song ;  
 But never seek places of wrong :  
     Take an innocent laugh,  
 And ever be social,  
 And always be jovial,  
 You will sure find a benefit in the emotion :  
     Laugh,—laugh,—laugh !

## Where is God.

THOU Supreme! thou great, thou good!  
 Thou great First Cause, least understood!  
 In every atom of our sphere,  
 And worlds on worlds as they appear  
 In thy great universe of space,  
 Thy mighty power we here can trace!  
 In every leaf and grassy blade--  
 In every light and every shade--  
 We see thine impress every hour,  
 In every opening bud and flower.  
 As in the sunshine and the storm,  
 And every thing in human form--  
 In planets, sun, and stars—we see  
 Thy great and matchless majesty!  
 E'en from the pebble to the rock;  
 From ocean's foam to forest nook--  
 In every form of life—we see  
 The impress of *divinity*.  
 And *man*, the noblest work of all--  
 A part and parcel of the whole--  
 The highest type of God we scan,  
 Inherent in the heart of man:  
 A little lower, as is given,  
 Than are the angels now in heaven.  
 All have their place, as it appears;  
 All act their part in this our sphere:  
 All, in their place, act well their part,  
 As was intended at the start.

Here is the *evil*, there the *good*—  
All right, if rightly understood—  
To bring about an all-wise plan  
For the development of man ;  
For if no evil here there be,  
We'd never know of good, you see.  
So every thing is rightly formed,  
E'en from an angel to a worm ;  
Each have their place, as here appears,  
In this great universe of spheres.  
When thou thy blessings doth bestow  
Upon thy children here below,  
We read thy love in every line ;  
It is an attribute of thine.  
We look to thee, our Father—God—  
Although we're smitten by the rod ;  
Yet, in thy wisdom, thou dost know  
Whate'er is best for us below.  
In every step we take we see  
Our loving Father—*Deity*.  
And mother Nature, too, we view :  
To us she ever will prove true.  
Our Father, God, may we see here  
The *positive* in this our sphere ;  
And mother Nature, too, is seen—  
The *negative* is what we mean.  
These two great powers we see combined—  
Brought forth in every human mind.  
And when developed to a degree,  
Then we behold *divinity*.  
In answer to the question here,  
Of "Where is God?" we think 'tis clear ;



If clearly we be understood,  
That *good* is *God*, and *God* is *good*.

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*Our Nation.*

**W**E look abroad, on every side  
Proud despots rule, we see:  
We view the pompous show and pride  
Of aristocracy.  
But, as our vision turns, we see  
*Our* glorious land of liberty.

The peasant feels the tyrant's sway,  
In lands far o'er the sea;  
They're coming, coming every day,  
To seek for liberty:  
They sing this song, "O let us see  
That glorious land of liberty!"

Our Pilgrim Fathers sang this song  
Long ere they passed away,  
And, with endurance firm and strong,  
The "Mayflower" sailed that day:  
They said, "O let us go and see  
That glorious land of liberty!"

Then came that fierce and bloody time  
Our nation must pass through:  
They then stood up in manhood's prime—  
Our fathers, firm and true—  
And shouted loud, "Our land is free!  
Our glorious land of liberty!"

They opened, then, our gates so wide  
That nations all might see  
That, o'er the water's foaming tide,  
America was free;  
And *other* sons soon longed to see  
Our glorious land of liberty.

Then came the sons of Erin's Isle  
Across the briny wave:  
That Fortune's turn might on them smile  
The ocean's storms they brave;  
They hear the song, and strive to see  
That glorious land of liberty.

Within our borders soon we find—  
(A pity it should be)—  
Despotic power so strong, that binds  
The cords of slavery:  
A slave within this land we see—  
This glorious land of liberty!

Then came a dark and fearful hour—  
Asunder fly the chains!  
We now stand up in might and power,  
No slave does there remain:  
Within our land no chains we see—  
Our glorious land of liberty!

Our course of progress is marked out  
As in the past, we see;  
We hope in future we may shout,  
"Our land is truly free!"  
And every land or nation see  
Our glorious land of liberty!

John Chinaman is coming now,  
As day by day we see ;  
Though he may to Confucius bow,  
He longs for liberty :  
Then let him come, that he may see  
Our glorious land of liberty.

We have within our land so free,  
Still many, many wrongs,  
That take man's life and liberty,  
And binds him firm and strong :  
O let them from our country flee—  
Our glorious land of liberty !

King Alcohol is ruling here ;  
He sways us all around :  
His tyrant rule holds so severe—  
His cords are firmly bound ;  
O from his grasp, Lord, set us free !  
Our glorious land of liberty.

Another still we see and feel—  
Another wrong we see :  
O give a balm these wounds to heal ;  
And set all captives free ;  
And when we look we'll truly see  
A glorious land of liberty.

Our nation here has daughters, too,  
That stood for freedom bold,  
That love their country, and prove true,  
Now, as in days of old :  
O give them what will make them free  
In this, our land of liberty !

make them equal to the task  
Beside their brother man :  
This favor, now, is what we ask,  
Deny us, if you can :  
This happy land, so good and free—  
This glorious land of liberty.

Then can we stand up firm and strong,  
And battle for the right ;  
And help our brother right the wrong,  
And work in truth and might :  
Then will the woman truly see  
Our glorious land of liberty.

She 'll fight King Alcohol with zeal—  
She 'll help to throw him down :  
Ere long he 'll find his doom is sealed,  
And he in fetters bound ;  
She 'll work for temperance then, you see,  
In this our land of liberty.

Across the waters do we see  
The best of sovereigns are :  
Victoria sits in majesty,  
And governs, too, with care :  
Then give us all equality,  
In this our land of liberty.

Then will our nation truly be  
In word, and deed, and name,  
A land of glorious liberty :  
We 'll have no tyrant's chain ;  
Then truly will our land be free,  
And be a land of *liberty*.

The Widow.

SEE her sit gloomily, sadly—ah, mournfully  
The sable can never reveal  
The heart that is sinking—the burden lies heavily!  
No mortal her heart-aches can feel.

Her hopes were so bright in the future unfolding,  
Ere death, with his dark, ruthless hand,  
Seized hold of that dear one—his form is now holding:  
He obeyed the great Father's command.

She sees those dear children—the love of her heart,—  
And as she looks out in the future—  
O must I, she says, from these dear children part?  
O, show me the pathway of duty!

Why is it that I must be left in this sorrow—  
Why left here to weep and to mourn!  
So happy to-day—so sad on the morrow—  
My future all blasted and torn.

But here am I placed—no means of obtaining  
The needs and the comforts of life:  
The cold hand of Charity looks with disdain  
Upon me, while facing the strife.

No mortal to care for me now but my darlings—  
No heart to my sorrow unfold:  
The world looks a frown—all seems to be snarling:  
All, all seems so dark and so cold!

These children ! God help them ! dear innocent treasures,  
I love you as none other can :  
To provide for your wants would be a great pleasure,  
If the means I could have at command.

But no way can I see the means of obtaining  
Food, clothing, or comforts of life :  
O can we, O may we, together remaining,  
Go on to the end of the strife !

O God ! must we part ?—these dear ones forever  
Be scattered all over the land ?  
Must the keen, iron hand of poverty sever  
These children to fill strangers' hands ?

O, Father in heaven ! O pity my sorrow !  
O lend me a kind, helping hand !  
Show this widow afflicted some hope for the morrow :  
Hope for this my dear little band.

Look up, my dear child—the Father now speaketh :  
My promise, the widow now hath :  
The help for the future shall come, as thou needest,  
If thou wilt but walk the right path.

The widow, the orphan, are those that he careth  
To lead through the valley so dark,  
Through life, to thyself, those dear ones he spareth :  
Look up, and look well to the mark.

Remember, that those that have gone in this life,  
And others that live to do good—  
That stand up so firmly for truth and the right—  
Shall never lack shelter nor food.

Take courage, dear mother: go on, though you meet  
Vexations and crosses while here:  
No snare shall be drawn, to entangle thy feet;  
Thy way will be made bright and clear.

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*Prayer for the Drunkard's Family and the Rum-  
Seller.*

**F**ATHER, we lift our voice to thee,  
The sufferers' cause to plead,  
That on thy holy earth we see  
Are miserable indeed.

O show that thou wilt lend an ear  
To my petition, given  
For those that live from year to year  
With chains upon them riven.

The drunkard's wife, and children, too,  
Are crushed by this great sin;  
And many paupers left to view,  
From time to time, hath been.

O God! look on thy children dear!  
Give them to see in thee  
A friend to them that's ever near,  
And all their sorrows see.

Father, in pity look upon  
That form that thou hast made—  
That looks so shattered, wan, and worn,  
And doth that soul degrade.

Give power of mind and force of will,  
 That he may upward rise ;  
 And, Lord, stand by this victim still,  
 And help him to be wise.

O Lord ! that father in our land  
 Whose son hath gone astray ;  
 That joins the bacchanalian band—  
 O help him, Lord, we pray !  
 Help him to rise, in power and might,  
 To cast from out our midst—  
 And *banish* alcohol from sight :  
 O help him to enlist !

O Lord, we ask thee for the sake  
 Of those within our land—  
 The young that have their name to make,  
 O may they boldly stand !  
 O keep them from temptation's way !  
 O may they plainly see,  
 That if they follow sin's dark way  
 'T will lead to misery.

And, Lord, we ask thee for the one  
 That stands behind the screen,  
 And deals to earth's benighted sons  
 What makes them low and mean.  
 O touch that heart ! show him his fate !  
 If he does not retract,  
 He'll find, alas ! it is too late  
 For him to wisely act.

Show him the tears of widows made—  
 Of orphans left behind :



Of murders, suicides, all paid  
By *him*, he'll surely find.  
And, worst of all, show him the crime  
That's counted at his hand,  
By dealing out, from time to time,  
What kills his brother man.

Father, we ask thee now to hear,  
If by no other way,  
This dreadful scourge we so much fear  
Can yet be cast away,  
O let thy *thunders* then be heard,  
From out the cannon's mouth—  
Thy voice, thy great and mighty word,  
Speaking from north to south.

O may the cries, the groans, the tears  
Of those that suffer here,  
All in thine eyes seem ever dear :  
O unto them appear !  
Deliverance bring to those disgraced !  
Let thy great power be seen !  
We plead for this, the human race :  
Thy children, *all*, we mean.

O God, we leave within thy hands  
This great, this awful sin ;  
We know ere long thou wilt command—  
All must to thee give in.  
Speak soon, O Lord, ere thousands more  
Go down to drunkards' graves !  
Speak as thou hast in times before,  
When thou didst try to save.

O let the rum-seller beware!  
 Let him not farther go,  
 Or he may build himself a snare  
 Of sorrow, grief, and woe.  
 Some dreadful thing will come upon  
 His own condition here,  
 That will destroy his mortal form,  
 And make him quake with fear.

And now we leave this all with thee ;  
 Do as thou thinkest best :  
 In all thou dost great good we see,  
 To make thy children blest.  
 Take all, we ask, and please accept  
 This our petition given ;  
 And may in future *all* be blest—  
*All* reach the goal of heaven.

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### Doomed Innocence.

I'M placed within these narrow walls,  
 I feel, though innocent, I'm called  
 A guilty man ; such law makes me,  
 Although I'm innocent. They'll see  
 I did not take my brother's life—  
 I could not see that awful sight.  
 No! God in heaven knows all I've done  
 To this, to every other one.  
 He knows that I am innocent—  
 Although I bear my punishment.

We met, 'tis true, within that place ;  
My steps they there have clearly traced.  
He there was found, all dyed in gore :  
They saw me there an hour before.  
Yes, all looks so, the case is clear ;  
My sentence is unjust—severe.  
They did not see that villain come  
From out the thicket, with a run :  
With blows severe they struck him down,  
And tried to cast *me* on the ground.  
O that *one* person could have seen  
The truth that I have given to them ;  
But circumstances now control  
My life—the exit of my soul.  
But dying, I die innocent,  
Of *truth* they now are ignorant.  
O will that villain let me be  
A murdered man—the guilty free?—  
He will acknowledge, all in time,  
How *he* committed this great crime.  
O that they would imprison me !  
I might have justice done, you see.  
But no. I go forth from all I love  
To meet my father, God, above.  
I fear not that—I'm innocent  
Of this great crime upon me sent.  
The night is passing. Let me pray,  
That justice come to me some way.  
Too late 't will be my life to save :  
I soon shall sleep within the grave,  
My spirit goes to heaven, my home,  
My family left here to mourn.

The narrow grave will hold this form :  
My wife and children left forlorn,  
To battle here through all the strife  
Of this uncharitable life.  
They take my life. They ne'er can give  
The part they 've taken. I ne'er can live,  
No matter if they find the right—  
No matter how much comes to light.  
O, God! they come! Here comes that friend  
That would assistance to me lend.  
The Governor did sue for me,  
And tried his best to get me free.  
I thank him for his kindness given—  
I hope to meet him up in heaven.  
But I must answer for that crime,  
And soon, ah, soon must come the time  
I 'm *innocent* of that great charge—  
The *guilty* one now goes at large.  
They come to take me to the place!  
To execute me in disgrace!  
I reel! My brain! my brain! how bad—  
I fear that I am going mad.  
O, life, sweet life, how dear to me!  
But I am *doomed to death*, you see.  
O tell the wife I love so well,  
Her husband innocently fell.  
My hands are tied! It makes me quake!  
O how my brain begins to shake!  
Confess! they cry. O, God, I say,  
I can't confess a *lie* this day,  
When, in a moment, I shall be  
Launched into the eternity.

I'm innocent! I'm innocent!  
 Of this great judgment on me sent.  
 O, Father, take my soul to thee!  
 Is all my hope—is all my plea.  
 I go with this upon my lips:  
 You'll find that you have judged amiss.  
 They draw the cap—they strike the blow—  
 And, *innocent*, away I go.

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### The Soul.

**C**AN I here, with power, unfold  
 The beauty of the human soul?  
 Can I that truth and light impart  
 That dwells within the human heart?  
 Thy power, and wisdom, O so grand!  
 That speaks and lives at God's command,  
 Gives forth that strength, its works are seen,  
 Where this immortal form has been.  
 The soul—a spark of love divine—  
 The thought so grand, and so sublime,  
 That God, the Father of the whole,  
 Can dwell within the human soul!  
 The life, the power, the ALL of man,  
 Within his being here we scan,  
 Can live beyond the shores of time,  
 Reach out, exist in other climes—  
 God breathes on Man, he then becomes  
 Himself, the Father, both are one—  
 Gives power o'er all the land we see,  
 And lives through all eternity.

Beyond, around, beneath, above,  
We see life's principle of love,  
All that our vision can behold,  
The life, the being, is the soul :  
This great, true principle of love  
Comes from the Father, from above.  
Within the being we call Man  
Still *greater* powers we here can scan—  
Still more, more wisdom we may see,  
Which makes man vie with Deity.  
This great, immortal part, this god  
Which we behold upon this sod,  
That takes creation as a whole,  
And all the planets as they roll ;  
That studies well, with eye to scan,  
Even the great Creator's plan :  
That reaches out, as we can see,  
And fathoms all eternity ;—  
Digs deep, and seeks to understand  
The great Creator's works to scan—  
Into the bowels of the earth,  
There, fetching out to light, true worth :  
Unfolding, every day and hour,  
New objects of God's mighty power,  
That soars away, in realms of thought—  
Teaches, yet willing to be taught  
The elements at his command ;  
Holds all the forces in his hand :  
Confines with ease, whate'er he wills,  
New objects now our visions fill.  
Progress before his way is seen,  
From first to last—has always been ;

In moral, mental, physical,  
We see advance, most mystical  
This life, this power, this Deity  
Within this form—humanity.  
And can we, as we see how grand,  
The great machinery given to man,  
Moves on through all the different spheres,  
And does the work with ease, so clear ;  
Can we behold each part and piece  
That 's given to act so well with ease—  
The wants of each, so grandly met,  
And all so finely work when set ?  
Can we look back, and see the cause—  
See all the works of Nature's laws,  
That holds the forces, guides the hand,  
That helps unfold the soul of man ?  
O, Father! great must be thy love  
That guides all movements from above,  
And acts through all to all for good,  
We find, as better understood.  
We see new beauties every hour,  
The more we study thy great power.  
Within our own interior,  
We there behold superior :  
That is, this great Omnipotence  
Within that guides through ignorance.  
This God, this mighty power divine,  
Through all humanity will shine:  
Unfold and rise, in future be  
The counterpart of Deity.  
Within this mortal form is given,  
The power to seek for hell or heaven.

This form that now this jewel holds,  
This gem, more precious far than gold,  
Gives individuality  
To all forms of humanity.  
When once we find this God in form,  
Whene'er the life-fire burns so warm—  
When we behold that living spark,  
Of that great, mighty God, a part  
Within the form of man we see,  
*This brings to him identity.*  
He lives to all eternity  
And individuality,  
To bless the great Father of all,  
That gives us blessings, great and small;  
That scatters over all our land  
Whate'er man's nature doth command;  
And leads him forth by his great power—  
Unfolds new motives every hour,  
To lead him into higher life,  
And help him, through all earthly strife,  
That he may higher, higher rise,  
And make him happy, good, and wise,  
And here enjoy that blessing true,  
That he may all his goodness view.  
This work, we ask, why was it made—  
Why were the plans of God thus laid?  
Why was this being given to earth,  
And we not know its real worth?  
Why was man made upon this sphere,  
To pass through all that's mortal here?  
We answer: God, we see around,  
In every form of life is found—



All, all of life that we may see,  
Emanates from Deity.  
But all below the human race,  
All lower forms, all have a place.  
Yet have we seen no climax reached,  
Of power of mind, with bird or beast :  
Or flower, or plant upon this land,  
Or rock, or mineral we scan ;  
All lower forms of life now stand  
To help unfold this soul of man.  
What good or evil could we see,  
If our great Father, Deity,  
Should not unfold his mighty power,  
Through forms here given us every hour ?  
What could be known of wisdom good,  
How be unfolded, understood,  
If the great point of life and light  
Had kept his beauty from our sight ?  
This was not so. Our Father, God,  
Came here to dwell upon our sod,  
To dwell in mortal things below,  
That mighty wisdom he might show,  
And gave these *lower* forms of life  
That *man* might *through* them rise in might.  
He gave the good ; the bad we see  
Are good, but shown imperfectly.  
The great surroundings here to man  
Makes what we here will truly scan :  
Unfold this nature God has given,  
And help to make his hell or heaven.  
The gem implanted there within  
Will sometimes help to draw them in,

Unless conditions can be found  
To guard against these forms around:  
That leads the beings given to sin,  
Into the right and unto him.  
Our Father left this work of love  
To us, his children, from above,  
That we might help our brother here  
To rise to higher, better spheres;  
And by assisting brother man,  
We're acting out our Father's plan.  
Unfolding this, the powers here given,  
Thus working on our way toward heaven—  
Then we, the soul, the immortal part,  
Draw from our Father's loving heart  
Rich blessings here, from hour to hour,  
As we impart he gives us power:  
By giving more we will receive,  
As we our suffering ones relieve.  
Can we behold this work so great—  
Given here on earth, this mundane state?  
Can we one moment thus behold  
The power of this great part—the soul?  
Can we look out and see the work—  
The task our Father undertook:  
And then behold conditions vile,  
That now surround us all the while;  
And see this casket of the soul  
Suffering conditions here untold?  
We view these scenes from day to day,  
And yet we pass along our way;  
Conditions that no pen can tell,  
That leads the immortal soul to hell:

That plants the seeds so firm within,  
And leads our brother into sin;  
And view him, crushed beneath our feet,  
With scarce the means to find retreat.  
This great immortal, so acute,  
Lying and living as a brute:  
O can we render our account  
And pay what is the true amount,  
When we are settling up the whole—  
The worth of *one* poor fallen soul?  
The column would be numberless—  
The loss of all our happiness:  
No power nor language can express  
The loss here of our blessedness.  
Just think—God, given in form of man,  
With power to work our Father's plan:  
Take all the blessings he has given,  
To lead us on to joy and heaven,  
And use them as a curse while here,  
To sink us lower in this sphere—  
Can we then render unto God  
Of this, our labor on his sod,  
If we ne'er try to good unfold  
Within our great immortal soul?  
O let us strive with all our might  
To act the part we know is right—  
To work for good to all we see:  
Then will we ever willing be  
To render our our account to Him,  
And have a peaceful heart within.  
The soul will purer, higher rise  
Into a perfect paradise:

If we this body will keep pure,  
The soul indwelling will be sure  
To rise to higher beauties seen,  
Nor stoop to work that's low or mean:  
But if the casket be defiled  
With habits, it will soon be soiled:  
If those narcotics taken in  
The stomach (as has often been),  
Such as tobacco—alcohol—  
If e'en in quantities so small,  
It soon the casket will defile,  
And make the soul to you seem vile.  
O let us all turn, turn away,  
From every thing in life that may  
Unfit this form, and make it weak,  
And turn to better ways that seek  
To elevate our life while here—  
Then, purely, will our soul shine clear  
While here remaining on this side;  
And when we cross the darkened tide  
And pass into the other land,  
So noble, true, sublime, and grand,  
Our work upon this lower sphere  
Will show to every mortal here  
That we have prized the human soul,  
And valued it far more than gold.  
Our Father then will welcome us  
To that bright land so glorious.  
And when we render up our share,  
What is intrusted to our care—  
Those talents which this form contains—  
We ne'er will feel to look with shame.

These welcome words we then shall hear;  
In silvery tones they'll greet our ear:  
"Welcome, thou good and faithful one,  
Thy work we see has been well done.  
Enter thou into perfect rest:  
For know, thy work hath made thee blest;  
And good thou hast accomplished now,  
Which places on thy noble brow  
A crown—a royal diadem—  
To show thy deeds to sons of men."  
Then we can feel that joy of heart  
Coming from out the *human* heart;  
But God, our Father, will approve  
Our work, with his undying love,  
Which will a satisfaction give  
That we have tried in life to live  
And o'er our passions hold control,  
That must keep down the immortal soul.  
O glorious thought! we're passing on:  
On earth our forms will soon be gone;  
But *we*, the *soul*, can never die,  
Although the casket low may lie:  
We're living, passing, dwelling there,  
Beyond the mortal world of care:  
Living to all eternity,  
An individuality,  
Till ages onward, onward roll,  
Still we remain a living SOUL.

## Affectation.

**O**FTEN have I chanced to meet  
 Affectation on the street;  
 Both in man and woman too,  
 Hath this pretense oft been viewed:  
 'T is disgusting to behold  
 In man or woman—young or old—  
 This false, pretending way to speak,  
 Or walk, or act upon the street.  
 Just view a lady, as she stands  
 Conversing in that manner grand—  
*Grand*, would we say?—So it is called—  
 No *grandeur* is there seen at all.  
 She talks so *blandly*, such a *tone*,  
 You 'd ready be this thing to own  
 As a *disgusting, silly thing*;  
 And one from plebeian birth did spring.  
 Now see her turn and twist away;  
 Methinks I hear you quickly say,  
 "She never could have common sense,  
 Or she would ne'er make such pretense."  
 She meets a coxcomb—stops to talk;  
 Perhaps he turns and on they walk.  
 With cane in hand, drawn underneath  
 His elbow, as you often see,  
 He walks along, in gait you call  
 Walking; you 'd think that he might fall.  
 She 's by his side, as I have said,  
 Showing what 's stored within her head:

Not brains—I can assure you here,  
But something similar does appear:  
Conversation now they take,  
Agreeable each tries to make  
The other one that walks along:  
Thus chatting, do they still pass on.  
She speaks. You scarce can understand  
The language she does thus command.  
They go their way—as is the rule—  
No doubt you think these two are *fools*;  
And truly, too, have you expressed  
The opinion fixed in many a breast.  
No one of sense could ever think  
To name them different or distinct:  
Go for a visit—an hour to spend  
With that class called the *Upper Ten*:  
Go sit awhile—hear them converse—  
Listen awhile, and mark the tone—  
Each one peculiar to her own.  
You pass the time, then go your way,  
What have you *learned* from them that day?  
Have you grown wiser, better, true,  
And in the future better do?  
Refreshed with knowledge more refined—  
More elevated in thought and mind?  
Deal more like Christ with one another?  
Feel kindlier, friendlier, to each other?  
Or do you feel within your heart  
That they have played a little part  
In this, affecting what they could,  
And thought that you least understood?  
O, Affectation! 't is so low!

O never, *never* more bestow  
 Thy power upon me, while I live;  
 But may I ever truthful give  
 To all just what I *am*, while here,  
 And ever be what I appear;  
 Improve my mind—unfold these powers—  
 Show what I am, each day and hour.

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### The Seasons.

**S**PRING, glorious Spring, divinely sweet,  
 Is coming now with balmy air;  
 With joy we now go forth to meet,  
 This queen of beauty, passing fair.

The gentle showers are falling fast  
 Upon the earth's cold, frozen bed,  
 Till o'er this bed so white is cast  
 A dark brown mantle, cold and dead.

Nought can be seen to cheer our eye,  
 Or make the heart feel light and gay;  
 But soon—ah soon—while e'en we sigh,  
 A sight before our visions play.

We note the elements within;  
 Beneath this outward covering  
 There, gems of life we see begin:  
 The sun around is hovering.



Now beauty lends its pleasing charms—

From out this crust new forms arise;  
See tiny plants throw up their arms,  
With joy to greet our wandering eyes.

Then balmy days—the joyous sun

Brings forth to light, from depths below,  
Rich buds, unfolding one by one—  
Indeed, all Nature seems aglow.

O beautiful Spring, that comes to us,

We welcome thy sweet, sunny face:  
As down thy fingers deeply thrust,  
Thy works of love we mortals trace.

In thee we behold the infant form,

As the germs of life unfold:  
Preparing thy works to stand the storm  
Of the heat and the piercing cold.

When thy work is ended, another will take

What thou hast left here to be done;  
Another bright hand in the future must make  
Thy work to perfection come.

The Summer time, with its golden hand,

Does beautifully now unfold  
The flowers that are scattered all o'er our land,  
Of purple and yellow gold.

O the lovely roses and pinks so dear,

That deck our garden so fair!  
A lovely fragrance so sweet and clear  
Now fills the Summer air.

Perchance the heat may oppress us much,  
In our lovely Summer time:  
But, if our condition must be such,  
Some shady nook we will find.

And there can we gaze on the works of God,  
At a glorious sunset eve;  
And see his works scattered o'er his sod,  
And the fragrance enjoy from beneath.

And the waving grain, as it bows its head,  
At the voice of the sultry sun,  
In commanding voice doth hear this said:  
Prepare thee to bless earth's sons.

All Nature seems praising and blessing God,  
For the beautiful Summer time;  
E'en the beautiful flowers, the uncomely clod,  
Give forth their praises divine.

But thou must depart to another clime:  
Thy works must be left, we see;  
Another hand in future time  
Must take thy labors from thee.

We behold the Autumn approaching near,  
The Summer days will soon pass:  
And brown old Autumn will be taking here  
Thy works He will finish the task.

The Summer reminds us of youth in life,  
As day by day doth unfold,  
Preparing for manhood's battle and strife,  
Which will bring on the Age of Gold.

The golden harvest of Autumn is here,  
Which gives to much true worth—  
The products of all the first of the year,  
The fruits of this beautiful earth.

Bright, golden Autumn, thy sun and showers  
All over our earth is seen.  
The richest and happiest days and hours  
Are those of thy beautiful sheen.

O the Autumn days, with their golden fruit  
Brought forth from those beautiful flowers  
Of the Spring and the Summer's timely shoot,  
Enhance this world of ours.

How we love to sit in the leafy shade  
Of the seared old apple-tree,  
And eat of the fruit which our fathers made  
For mortals like you and me.

It reminds us of glorious manhood's prime  
As the climax in life is reached;  
From Spring and Summer to Autumn time,  
These beautiful seasons each.

He stands up so firmly while treading the earth :  
Unfolded he now becomes  
In all the phases of former worth—  
In him we behold the sun.

But soon hoary locks will cover his head—  
We see that cold Winter is near ;  
We soon must lie down in his narrow bed  
With this cold, gloomy season of year.

We see him approaching; he nips the green leaves :  
They change to a yellowish red :  
Erelong they have faded—the brightness of these  
Hath entirely vanished. They are dead.

Now we know that cold Winter is here—he is king ;  
He rules with a scepter in might :  
His voice in command, through the casement rings,  
And oft through the tree-tops he sighs.

Now the mantle is spread, of snowy white ;  
All Nature goes quiet to rest :  
The eyes now behold a most beautiful sight,  
As we gaze on the glittering crest.

Now the bellows are blown, and fierce is the blast,  
From the north the flakes come down,  
And are hurled with a sweep, so thickly and fast,  
That we shrink from Winter's cold frown.

With *this* season the year to an end is brought,  
And soon will lie silent and dead ;  
While through Nature we see a change is wrought,  
Down deep, 'neath that snowy bed.

The seasons a lesson to us unfold,  
Of worth and of goodness true :  
Spring, Summer, and Autumn, dread Winter cold,  
Are emblems of life to view.

The joyous Spring is our infant days ;  
Summer shows youth so free ;  
Autumn shows youth to manhood raised,  
And Winter, old age, you see.

Let us learn from the seasons, as they come,  
To work in our early prime :  
From wintry age we ne'er can run,  
'T will o'ertake us in its time.

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*Christian Love.*

**P**ARSON Snobs is sitting, reading  
From a volume old with age ;  
Silently he sits there feasting,  
As he turns from page to page.

Mrs. Snobs, that quiet lady,  
Sat within her parlor neat,  
Musing o'er the late-read story,  
Tapping gently with her feet.

Presently a step approaches—  
Soon the tinkle of the bell  
Calls the parson from his reading :  
Mrs. Snobs, too, hears the knell.

And the house-maid now approaches—  
Gently opens she the door ;  
There a little form is crouching  
On the outward marble floor.

“ Is the parson here ? ” she stammered—  
“ Ma would like to have him come :  
Pa is sick, and ma is crying :  
Can 't the parson help him some ? ”

“Come with me,” the maid said to her ;  
“Parson Snobs sits in the room ;  
I will ask him if he’s willing ;  
If so, he’ll go with you home.”

Parson puts away his reading—  
Puts his spectacles away :  
Listens to the simple story :  
Says, “I’ll go with you to-day.”

Soon they step upon the pavement,  
And the wind is whistling strong ;  
Cold and bleak, as late in Autumn,  
Piercing through that little form.

Down went they through street and alley—  
Up, up several flights of stairs :  
At a door they tapped to enter—  
There was want and anguish there.

In that room, so sad and lonely,  
Sat a woman bowed with grief :  
On a pallet there was lying  
One who longed to get relief.

“Little Kittie, come to papa !  
Did the parson come, my dear ?”  
“Yes,” she stammered, in a whisper :  
“He is standing by you here.”

“I’m so glad ; for I am dying—  
Soon I must be passing on :  
Mother, cease, O cease your sighing !  
You’ll be better when I’m gone.

“Parson, we are poor and needy :  
Scarce a bit of bread have we :  
Can you help us? O do *something*,  
In the name of Charity!

“Soon the cold, cold grave will hold me ;  
Soon my spirit will have gone :  
Help in this, our sad condition,  
When my spirit shall have flown.”

Parson Snobs said to the sufferer,  
“Is your peace now made with God?  
You must ponder on the future,  
Ere your form lies 'neath the sod.”

“I'm not fearing for the future—  
That is not of what I care ;  
But my wife and little daughter  
In this world of grief must share.”

“Look to God—our Heavenly Father—  
Put your trust alone in him :  
Have a faith in all his goodness—  
Have a confidence within.

“Shall I stop and pray a moment,  
That those clouds may pass away—  
That the bright and glorious sunshine  
Turn the darkness into day?”

Thus he kneeled within that dwelling :  
Prayed that God, the wise, the good,  
While his blessings was dispensing,  
Would, ere long, help them to food.

Long he prayed for this poor creature,  
 That resigned he might be—  
 That, in future, might be happy  
 In the great eternity.

He arose, and left the dwelling—  
 Sought his home, in truth, as one  
 Who had done his every duty  
 To the suffering and the lone.

Takes his volume of the ages—  
 Pores them over, now, with ease :  
 Drinks in knowledge from its pages ;  
 Feels his conscience quite at peace.

This is Christian love, as given  
 In the churches o'er our land :  
 Prayer of lips not much availeth  
 Without *pocket* or the *hand*.



### The Seamstress.

**S**ILENTLY stitching the whole livelong day—  
 Working and wasting her heart's blood away ;  
 Toiling and sighing from morning till night—  
 Earning in sorrow a very small mite.  
 Her heart is sad,  
 Her brain goes mad,  
 As day, by day,  
 Hours pass away ;



She still is weary,  
Life is all dreary,  
She never knows happiness, pleasure, or play.

Quietly stitching, from morning till night,  
This garment most finished, another is quite ;  
Still is she toiling for life's daily bread,  
And midnight is past e'er she goes to her bed.

Her eyes growing dim,  
Her thoughts go to Him  
That hath made all things here  
That dwell on this sphere.

"Why was it," said she,  
That God has made me

To live and to toil so, in poverty here?"

O do not thus speak of your Father, so dear !  
Conditions, you know, is what placed you here ;  
A *woman* you are, you must do what you can ;  
This world where you live is controlled by the *man*.

So work ye away,  
From day until day,  
To get what you can  
Of your brother man.  
Thus stitching and sighing,  
Go on and keep dying :

For this is your mission—go, work out the plan.

Look out in the future. Behold now the dawn !  
The light is approaching. Hail gladly the morn !  
The bars are unbolted ; ere long you will see  
That if you *are a woman*, you 're born to be free.

Hail gladly the day  
 When *right* holds her sway!  
 For soon you will see  
 That *woman is free*—  
 From society's grasp  
 She soon will be past:  
 Her voice can she raise and shout "Liberty!"

The noble, the brave, the tried and the true,  
 Are striving and laboring for many like you.  
 O join in the ranks, and nobly we'll fight!  
 Then *woman* will rise and stand for her rights!

Then, when you toil on,  
 From night till the morn,  
 You'll then get your *pay*,  
 (When you've earned it, I say;)  
 A fair recompense  
 You'll have ever hence,  
 When *woman* the *ballot* shall have. *Haste the day!*

### The Parting.

GOING am I, to leave thee here  
 Alone! I *feel* this word so drear.  
 Friends that through life are dear to me  
 Must from me separated be.

I think of scenes in other lands—  
 My care be all at strangers' hands;  
 Duties that once devolved on me,  
 Transposed to others now I see.

To-morrow's sun will shine no more  
On this my household evermore;  
Parted must we be for a time,  
How long 't will be, my thoughts confine.

Home! dearest word on earth to speak,  
Surrounded with those ties so sweet;  
Bright memories cling around the place  
And brings each bright familiar face.

O, lovely spot! to me thou 'rt fair,  
Yet oft have I been vexed with care—  
Oft been perplexed with little things,  
But nought that left a lasting sting.

But now I go to leave them all—  
Home, friends, and children, e'en though small,  
And all connected with my home:  
Far from them all, I now must roam.

Perchance I may return again,  
But nevermore to long remain;  
Perhaps I ne'er again shall meet  
This childhood's home, this dear retreat.

Tears fill my eyes—I'm very sad;  
I've thought of many things I had;  
All, all must I now leave behind,  
And seek for more in other climes.

What will my future prospects be?  
How all may turn I can not see.  
If trials o'er my pathway come  
No mother's heart will soothe this one.

But "such is life." I with mankind  
 Must changes make to suit my mind—  
 Must take new cares upon me, too:  
 This e'er to all must here accrue.

Submissive must I be to fate,  
 It matters not how sad my state:  
 No lot in life but can be borne,  
 However sad or how forlorn.

Farewell, old home—I say farewell!  
 For I in foreign lands must dwell;  
 And if I die, my parting breath  
 Will be of thee, then welcome death.

### *The Father-in-Law.*

“**M**UST she come?—if she *must*, let her come!  
 Who is this that you 're bringing here?  
 Pray tell me, how came you, my son,  
 To make this your choice? 'Tis so queer.”

“Why, father, I bring here my wife:  
 In future I hope she will be  
 The joy and the pride of my life—  
 A blessing, dear father, to thee.

“Do you not think you 'll like her? I hope,  
 In future, you 'll find she is good,  
 As her qualities you chance to note,  
 And as you are more understood.”

“Well, my son, if she’s *good* I shall see  
The worth of her innocent mind;  
If she’s *not* what she e’er ought to be,  
*So truly* bad traits shall I find.”

This father prepares for the test:  
Commences in scrutiny clear,  
And mark every movement the best  
He can, has his judgment severe.

If *one more* that he thinks not quite right  
Comes under his dark, searching eye,  
He studies, with power and might,  
To crush this frail mortal near by.

Hard words will he often now use—  
Cold looks from a heart as of stone  
He gives her, and nought but abuse  
Which makes her grow sad and forlorn.

If rebellious, she rises and stands  
Up firm, for her own simple rights,  
She at once must be cast from his hands,  
And banished to darkness and night.

Perhaps she may have in her care  
Those little ones gentle and mild:  
The sad lot of a widow she shares—  
Her heart now in frenzy grows wild.

Her dear husband—the choice of her youth—  
Hath gone to the opposite shore;  
And she oft gets neglect and abuse—  
No kin can she claim evermore.

Cold-hearted he turns from her now ;  
Encouragement—none ever comes :  
Now to poverty's trials she bows,  
Still she toils for the dear little ones.

A father, in deed, he has tried  
(So he says) to be to this lone one ;  
Sometimes he may feel little pride  
When she some good deed may have done.

She goes on in her trials and cares ;  
Kind heaven soon sends some relief :  
Another now comes here to share  
With her in her toil and her grief.

O how changed is the lot of this one !  
From dark clouds to sunshine so bright ;  
The day has at last brightly come  
And dispelled all the darkness of night.

In hope she now lifts her glad eyes :  
Bright angels now gather around,  
And bid her sad spirit to rise  
And seek where true pleasures are found.

Her *father-in-law* now extends  
A pleasant and kind, friendly hand ;  
He tries to take part as a *friend*,  
As this daughter-in-law can now stand.

A friend in *affliction* is dear,  
And if we one truly can find,  
To our hearts will they ever seem near,  
And we always will bear them in mind.

But *false friendship* soon passes away  
 When all is dark gloom thrown around:  
 When the rough winds of poverty play,  
 'T is *then* that false friends cast a frown.

This daughter-in-law can rejoice  
 That *some*, through the dark, gloomy nights,  
 Came with an encouraging voice,  
 And tried thus to make her load light.

Thus will she e'er treasure in love  
 The memory of kindness when sad;  
 She prays to the Father above  
 To make *their* hearts happy and glad.

Let me say to all fathers-in-law—  
 If daughters-in-law you 'd make *good*;  
 At *first* do n't commence to pick flaws,  
 But do as a *true father* should.

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Story of the South Wind.

LOW, gentle breezes from the far, sunny South,  
 Kiss softly my lips, with your sweet soothing mouth!  
 † Let thy low, quiet breathing pass over this way,  
 O'er the large, fragrant fields of "new-mown hay."

Tell me of that clime that is called so sublime,  
 Where the sun to its utmost height doth e'er climb;  
 Where the palm and magnolia give forth rich perfume,  
 And the mocking-bird warbles its beautiful tune.

“ I came, it is true, from that beautiful clime  
Where the sun in its splendor doth radiantly shine :  
I watch in my movements the waters that play,  
As they 're dancing along, so happy and gay.

“ I have smiled as I passed through the high fields of corn,  
And have shaken those leaves at the day's early morn ;  
My heart has been joyous, and happy, and free,  
When I pass by the child in its innocent glee.

“ I will tell you that many sad sights I have seen,  
And it makes me feel sad and mournful, when e'en  
I must look upon discord, inharmony, strife,  
That I pass, as I'm greeting you all in this life.

“ In that beautiful clime, the place of my birth,  
I find tumult and horror, which bringeth death forth :  
A brother, I find, is at war with his brother,  
Each plotting in secret to murder the other.

“ I mean what is called here the great Ku-Klux-Klan :  
They 've raised their own hand 'gainst their brother man :  
Injustice and crime have often been screened  
By this secret band of ruffians mean.

“ As I'm passing away from such sights as these,  
I find there are those that vex or displease :  
Those that have authority, use it in haste,  
And much that is good is oft gone to waste.

“ I find great oppression of those that are poor :  
To the man that hath money, they open the door,  
That he may have more, both in gold and in land,  
And over the poor class he may have command.



“They barter the land that our great Father gave,  
And scarce leave enough to make each a grave :  
This makes the poor poorer—the richer gain more,  
And grow to be richer than ever before.

“This makes me feel sad, when humanity here,  
Are seen in oppression, within our bright sphere :  
Injustice I hate—partiality, too,  
And this is the reason I tell this to you.

“I breathe upon all, both the high and the low :  
Wherever I go, my breath will I blow  
On the rich or the poor, it matters not which ;  
I love a poor being as well as a rich.

“I find, as I near the far northern clime,  
There are fetters around that society binds :  
Both the women and men do that which doth teach  
To others what’s false—make them prove false to each.

“Inharmonies here, in regard to these homes,  
Where the victims of crime to prison are borne,  
And inhuman treatment causes many to lie  
In those dark, gloomy cells. Through filth many die.

“Humanity calls on some means of relief  
To those who are doomed to penance and grief :  
They are brothers in life, if they have done dark deeds :  
O treat them as such ! attend to their needs !

“Show feeling and pity, and do for them care :  
And O let them have just one breath of God’s air !  
Let me fan that poor brow, and soothe the tired brain,  
For I’ve kissed such as them again and again.

“I love all God’s children, wherever they are—  
 In places near home, or off very far :  
 I pity misfortune, wherever I find  
 Its victims in chains of hard iron, that bind.”

Now you wished me to tell my sad story to you,  
 Well, then, here it is. What I tell you is true :  
 Go, profit by what I have given to you—  
 Like the South Wind, have pity on all that you view.

### Independence Day.

**W**ITH joy we hail this glorious day :  
 O shout aloud for joy, we say !  
 This is the anniversary  
 Of our great nation’s liberty.

Bring out the peals, thou joyous bells !  
 For every tone in memory tells  
 Of that great day that made us free,  
 Gave us this land of liberty !

As we look back to days gone by,  
 And see our fathers bleed and die,  
 That we may, after them, be free,  
 And here enjoy our liberty,

O let us all with reverence bow,  
 And place fair laurels on their brow ;  
 And feel that we must thankful be  
 For this, our land of liberty.

Our country's father—Washington—  
With other noble patriot sons,  
Come out to set our country free,  
And give us glorious *liberty*.

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,  
Our nation's birth we date from this:  
Within those walls we there might see  
The signers for our liberty.

They each came forward, one by one,  
Until the very last had come,  
And signed the Declaration free,  
That gave our land its liberty.

Then loud and long the shout went up,  
"O let us taste of Freedom's cup!"  
All hail! we must and shall be free!  
Hail, glorious land of liberty!

Within our borders soon we find  
A tyrant came, his chains to bind  
In bondage o'er this land we see—  
This glorious land of liberty.

Our colored brother was a slave  
Within our land of heroes brave;  
We broke the chain, he now is free—  
In this great land of liberty.

Our glorious land is truly free  
From every form of slavery;  
And year by year we hope to see  
That we strive more for liberty.

Then loudly let the welkin ring!  
 With joy the day we 'll usher in!  
 Let all the nations, all who may,  
 Shout, "Hail our Independence Day!"

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### The Rain-Storm.

**T**HE thunder rolls along—the sound  
 Comes with a distant roar;  
 The forked lightnings play around,  
 And rain begins to pour.

Look out! The clouds are hurrying past,  
 The wind is blowing hard;  
 The tune is played—first slow, then fast,  
 Like music of a bard.

Now comes a lull, as if to sleep,  
 Is all in quiet round;  
 Now comes a flash—the mighty deep  
 Is broken! Hear the sound!

Now patter, patter, on the roof,  
 The rain is falling fast;  
 In fury hear the horses' hoof,  
 As quick they hurry past.

Now loudly crash the thunder-bolt—  
 Flash after flash now comes,  
 As if to shake foundation's hold;  
 The rain is pouring down.

Majestic sound! seraphic fire!  
As though from pole to pole,  
The zigzag flames are rising higher,  
The thunder louder rolls.

Now comes a flash and then a clap,  
The deafening sound we hear;  
Now soon the rain begins to slack  
As first it did appear.

The rain has ceased, and now appears  
Bright rays of sunshine beam:  
Below the sun is shining clear—  
And, lo, what *now* is seen!

The bow! the bow! the heavenly bow!  
Now arching o'er our heads:  
By this we mortals surely know  
There's nothing more to dread.

A promise given, in days gone by,  
To all earth's children here,  
That when the rainbow sits on high  
Their sun was sitting clear.

The rain is gone; the storm is past;  
All o'er our land is seen  
A freshness over all; 't will last  
Till Sol doth rule again.

Nature's restorer—heavenly shower—  
Will add new life to all,  
And will bring forth the choicest flowers  
To deck the garden wall.

I love the lightning's glaring flash,  
I love the thunder's roar—  
The wind, with its majestic lash,  
The cooling rain that pours.

The thunder is the voice of God  
Speaking to sons of men—  
The flash, the fire of Nature's word  
That brings refreshing rain.

O let me sit and watch the clouds,  
As hurrying past, they go ;  
They make me think of mortals proud—  
Through life they hurry so.

The bow, the peaceful bow, so sweet,  
Emblem of future rest,  
Tells us, when we have left this seat,  
We join the heavenly blest.

May we, when all the storms of life,  
In fury have been spent ;  
When we have struggled through the strife,  
Have nothing to repent.

But may our bow of promise rise,  
And may our sun set clear—  
Our spirits rise beyond the skies,  
Our clouds all disappear.

## Delirium Tremens.

**W**RETCH in life! Why thus am I!  
 Why must I live, and thus must die  
 With hellish torture of the mind?  
 Holding the grasp that firmly binds  
 Around my neck, these hideous forms:  
 Why thus so tortured, why thus torn?  
 O, God! this creeping o'er me now,  
 It makes great beads stand on my brow:  
 O that I could from demons fly!  
 O that I could lay down and die!  
 No! no! not die! For then they'd take  
 Me yonder, to that burning lake,  
 There plunge me in with fiendish glee:  
 Then never, never could I flee.  
 These living serpents 'round me twine:  
 O give me wings, that I may find  
 Some place—some spot that I may hie  
 Away from these—O I must die!  
 Look! Do you see that hideous head  
 With horns and tail we so much dread?  
 'T is *Satan*. See! his imps are here!  
 They, one by one, all scratched and bleared,  
 Appear to me. With hand of fire  
 They touch my brow, and brand me *liar*!  
 O must I take this mark, to wear  
 On earth, above, and every-where?  
 They laugh—they dance around me now—  
 I feel their hot breath on my brow!  
 These spiders creeping—creeping still,  
 They torture me with hearty will!

O take me from these horrid things—  
These reptiles—insects on the wing!  
O let me go! O let me fly!  
Or I must surely, surely die.  
There comes another! See how wild!  
His eyes are on *me* all the while!  
With claws or talons firm and strong  
To tear in pieces this—my form!  
Take him away! take him away!  
Why will ye not my words obey!  
There, he has clutched me—do n't you see  
That I, ere long, will mangled be?  
O, God! I suffer untold pain,  
O, I must perish, that is plain!  
See! see! those lizzards, toads, and flies  
Around are crawling as I lie:  
Take them away! take them away!  
Or I will surely be their prey.  
O, Father, save from this dread scene!  
O drive from me such sights so mean!  
There, there, I 'm falling! do n't you see  
The pit, just there, prepared for me?  
See! see! those devils dance around  
And laugh, to see me falling down.  
Help! help! I 'm going, going there,  
The lot of Satan's imps to share;  
I 'm falling, falling—lower, lower—  
I soon must reach the infernal floor!  
O, God! my brain is whirling round  
As I am passing, passing down.  
The fire now burns so hot and fierce,  
It seems my very soul to pierce:



O pity! lend a helping hand  
To save an erring brother man!  
O take me from this awful place!  
I feel the flames all o'er my face!  
One drop of water let me have  
To cool my brain in this hot grave.  
O save! I'm going, going now!  
The flames are burning on my brow,  
'T is o'er! I'm gone! I soon shall be  
Launched out into eternity!

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### *The Old Tree.*

**S**TANDING there, lonely, still—  
Facing life's storms and ills:  
Years have passed o'er thy head,  
Still thou art not quite dead.  
Verdure green we see around,  
Thy top, particularly, is crowned:  
Through thy leaves, the whisp'ring air  
Brings us sweetest music there.

Old tree, in thy worn face  
Methinks that I can trace  
Winter's cold, piercing storm,  
Which hath thee nearly shorn:  
Thine arms, extending wide,  
Were once thy joy and pride;  
But now they look in dread  
To tell us they are dead.

Time marked thee for his own!  
Soon will he take thee home:  
Soon, silently, he'll say,  
I'll take this tree away.  
Perhaps in earlier times  
Thou heard'st the war-whoop's chimes:  
Perchance, in thy cool shade  
The red man oft hath laid.

We think of thee once more,  
With leaves thy limbs strewn o'er—  
Thy branches thrifty grew,  
Catching the evening dew.  
Then go we farther back—  
Thy pathway we can track—  
Thy inmost sprout we scan,  
Coming at God's command:

Now, see thee onward move  
Higher and higher above:  
We see thee now ascend,  
Thine upward way to wend;  
Behold thy giant form  
Stand up to face the storm,  
Firm, trusting in thy might,  
Life's battles wilt thou fight.

Nor carest thou how the blast  
At thy stout form be cast:  
In prime, we see thee stand  
Magnificent and grand:  
A sentinel hast been  
In that dark, shady glen.

Perhaps thou 'st oft beguiled  
The footsteps of the child :

Perhaps led footsteps, light,  
Of traveler, at night :  
In years long since gone by,  
He 's often heard thee sigh,  
As through thy branches came  
Thy fierce, fierce blast. The same  
As often we have seen,  
And felt the touch so keen.

Behold ! thou 'rt dying, now—  
To thy Maker must thou bow,  
And go to thy long home,  
Forsaken and alone.  
Thy mates, all gone before,  
Are known on earth no more ;  
Their footsteps none can trace—  
Gone to their resting-place.

Soon wilt thou lay aside  
This form, with branches wide,  
And take thy last farewell,  
No longer here to dwell.  
A shadow o'er thee cast  
Tells thou art gone at last :  
Gone to thy quiet grave,  
Alas ! we ne'er can save.

As I now see thee stand,  
So noble and so grand,  
I may, here, well compare  
Thy life with mortals fair,

Who dwell here on our sphere—  
 In infancy appear—  
 Grow upward in their prime—  
 Stand firm, and yet sublime.

But mark the changes seen !  
 Soon we might see thee lean,  
 Bowed down by piercing blasts—  
 Ah, thou must die at last !  
 This manly form, so brave,  
 Must slumber in the grave :  
 But, ah, this more we see !—  
 'T is *immortality*.

Onward in future life,  
 The soul is freed from strife :  
 Marches beyond all time,  
 This great, immortal mind :  
 O may we wisdom see  
 In this old, dying tree,  
 And face the fiercest blast  
 With courage, till the last.

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### The Clouds are Silver-Lined.

**H**OW brightly shines the noon-day sun,  
 As, day by day, his course he runs ;  
 He lends his light to yonder star  
 That sends its light from earth afar.  
 Thou shinest brightly through all time—  
 This great and glorious sun of thine.

But could we e'er on earth here view,  
And of this brightness judge quite true,  
If no dark clouds e'er came between  
This glistening ray, or ne'er were seen:  
Then brightly show that light of thine,  
The cloud we see is silver-lined.

Then pass along and show thy face;  
Though darkness comes, 't is no disgrace:  
Though gloomy be thy pathway here,  
Thy place thou holdest in our sphere;  
We soon will see, in God's own time,  
That this dark cloud is silver-lined.

If thou didst never show thy face,  
Or in the heavens had ne'er been placed,  
Our earth, so pleasant to behold,  
Would suffer sorrow—pain untold:  
Then pass along, in thy good time,  
We know that thou art silver-lined.

Humanity on earth, appear  
With storms and clouds around them here;  
We know the sun will sometimes shine—  
A promise from that power divine.  
The clouds will come whene'er 't is time,  
But 'neath, we know, they 're silver-lined.

The woman of our land, to-day,  
Beneath the clouds so long has stayed,  
She sees her sun begin to shine:  
The promised light to her poor mind.  
Woman, that cloud you soon will find,  
If e'er turned o'er, is silver-lined.

Rise in thy strength! O take thy place,  
And meet thy mission face to face:  
Prepare thyself to do thy work,  
Then will the world know thy true worth:  
Show to the world, by power of mind,  
That thy dark cloud is silver-lined.

Stand thou beside thy brother man,  
For God and Nature formed the plan:  
Great powers of mind he gave to you,  
Then stand up, woman, and be true:  
Let thou thy light, O brightly shine,  
To show that clouds are silver-lined.

Take what to thee doth now belong,  
And with thy powers, O right thy wrongs!  
O stand up nobly, and be free,  
And to the world, O strive to be  
So good and true, thy light will shine,  
And clouds, as e'er, be silver-lined.

Act wisely in this trying hour,  
And by thine actions show thy power;  
And may thy brother man yet see  
That thou a light to him may be:  
Show him, with all thy powers of mind,  
The cloud that passed was silver-lined.

The future will unfold to you,  
In man, the noble, good, and true,  
As side by side you soon will stand,  
Each with their rights within our land:  
He must behold, at such a time,  
That thy dark cloud was silver-lined.

Work for humanity in love,  
 As does our Father up above;  
 And strive to break the drunkard's chain:  
 Till not a drunkard shall remain.  
 Thus will thy light so truly shine—  
 Thy dark, dark cloud be silver-lined.

Then will we have a jubilee,  
 When all humanity is free—  
 Whene'er we see no tyrant's chain  
 E'er more upon our earthly plain,  
 The cloud that's passed, we all will find,  
 And know, indeed, 't was silver-lined.

*Truth.*

**G**EM that well adorns  
 The intellect o'er our land,  
 Within all mortal forms,  
 All works of our Maker's hands.  
 In the tiniest form of life  
 We find this jewel rare:  
 All nature is e'er rife  
 With truth, when sought with care.

The lowest being on earth  
 Gives forth this gem so rare;  
 Deep down, we find true worth  
 That always must endure.

Though hidden, for a time,  
The glorious luster fair,  
Yet, if we seek, we find  
This gem of purity there.

Harmony's great design  
Unfold our Father's works;  
Discord we often find  
Conditions of our birth.  
Through strife is often found  
True goodness of the soul;  
Dig from the surface down,  
These pearls of truth unfold.

Conditions are sometimes bad,  
And deep imbedded there,  
Lying dormant, quiet, sad—  
Truths, placed and watched with care.  
Remove the covering here—  
This rubbish clear away,  
Beautiful truths appear,  
Like bright and golden rays.

Each being in our land  
Hath a part allotted here—  
A separate place to stand,  
And lives within its sphere.  
Each hath a work to do,  
Unfolding, day by day,  
To bring out what is true  
In various works and ways.



One being can never say  
To another that he may see,  
“Depart from this, my way ;  
I have no need for thee.”  
The rain, that drops so slow,  
To refresh the parched earth,  
Can not say, as they go,  
“I’ll depart, for I’ve no worth.”

The stars, as they twinkle at night,  
In the firmament over our heads,  
Ne’er shine in their splendor bright,  
Like the sun, from its fiery bed :  
Should they say, “I’ll cease my work,  
No need can there be for me ;  
Away from my place I’ll lurk—  
Away from creation flee ?”

The patient little star  
Shines forth in its orbit there,  
And a truth is brought far—far  
By that star so small and so fair.  
Though small, you are needed to fill  
The place allotted you here ;  
So shine in your orbit still,  
By your Heavenly Father’s care.

Truth marks each step in life—  
Each form and condition here ;  
Comes out and shines through strife—  
Unfolds and becomes more clear.

If we study our Father's law ;  
If we strive to find truth in all,  
With naught but reverence and awe  
Can we look upon great or small.

In heaven and in earth we find  
Great truths unfolding to light,  
As soon as we place the mind  
All ready to view the sight ;  
And if we are willing to seek,  
With the aid of our Father wise,  
Great truths will unfold complete  
To the gaze of our wondering eyes.

O, Truth, thou gem of thought !  
May we possess thee in our mind—  
Thou pearl, from where'er brought—  
And may thy light ever shine.  
Nature with truth is rife,  
If we but open our eyes,  
Throughout this beautiful life,  
Enough to make us all wise.

Angels are guarding, with care,  
This priceless jewel dear ;  
No tarnish or rust can wear  
The brilliancy, bright and clear.  
May my prayer, throughout my life,  
Be for truth, so simple, yet bold—  
Throughout contention and strife,  
This treasure, O let me hold !

O beautiful angel, divine!  
Shine out in thy splendor bright!  
So grand, so pure and sublime,  
In thy glorious, beaming light—  
Then will we behold, in all,  
Great good from our Father's hand:  
Be it ever so great or small,  
All act by this great command.

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*To-Day and To-Morrow.*

**T**O-DAY is in the present—  
*To-morrow* will unfold  
Its pleasures and its sorrows,  
That all our actions mold.

*To-day* we now are living,  
*To-morrow* never comes:  
*To-day* in form we're dwelling,  
*To-morrow* takes us home.

*To-day* we feel so happy,  
*To-morrow* feel so sad:  
*To-day* this life enjoying,  
*To-morrow* all seems bad.

*To-day* we are all sunshine,  
*To-morrow* brings its clouds:  
*To-day* we live for something,  
*To-morrow* wear the shroud.

*To-day* dear friends are living,  
    *To-morrow* turn with scorn;  
*To-day* our hearts believing;  
    But doubt *to-morrow* morn.

*To-day* we build large castles,  
    *To-morrow* sees them fall:  
*To-day* possess life's treasures,  
    *To-morrow* takes them all.

*To-day* bright hopes are rising,  
    But ere *to-morrow's* sun  
Has sunken low, they 're fading—  
    They vanish, one by one.

*To-day* we 're firmly trusting,  
    *To-morrow* seem to doubt:  
The objects of our living  
    For us have faded out.

*To-day* we work in mercy:  
    The objects of our care,  
When, all their sorrows over,  
    *To-morrow* find a snare.

They thank you for your kindness  
    *To-day*, while you lend help;  
*To-morrow*, turn with coldness,  
    And try with stones to pelt.

*To-day* sees good and wisdom  
    In all beneath the sun:  
*To-morrow* finds us trying  
    Away from all to run.

And thus we all are passing  
Through life, in hope and fear:  
*To-day* is what we 're living,  
*To-morrow* comes not here.

Then will we work in *Present*,  
The *Future* never comes ;  
And make the best of lifetime,  
Till all the sands are run.

We 'll do our Master's bidding,  
That we have here begun ;  
*To-morrow* he 'll be calling :  
May this be said, " Well done."

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*The Old Oak Tree.*

**I**N childhood's days, I sat beside  
Thy trunk, so tall, so grand ;  
Thy branches spread out far and wide,  
To shield our little band.

We played beneath the rustic shade,  
In time long since gone by,  
And there, in innocence, we stayed—  
My schoolmates all, and I.

In summer days of long ago,  
My brother might be seen  
Stopping, as we went to and fro,  
To rest upon the green.

And when the sun's bright rays came down,  
And made the earth all dry,  
We 'd sit ourselves upon the ground,  
Or 'neath the shade would lie.

How many tales of sore distress—  
Of joy and sorrow too—  
How many sad and aching breasts  
Have told their grief to you.

How many tales of love have been  
Confided to thy care;  
And, hadst thou eyes, thou couldst have seen  
The maiden's blushes there.

But time has passed, and we now find  
That thou art growing old;  
The ivy 'round thy form hath twined—  
Beneath we see the mold.

Ere long some fierce and searching blast  
Will bow thy head to earth;  
And Time will put its fingers fast,  
And all thy form disburse.

We love thee for the days we passed  
By thee, long, long ago;  
Thy death will shadows o'er us cast—  
We dread to let thee go.

But One has spoken for thy form;  
His will—His great command—  
Holds all control, and takes thee on;  
He moves his mighty wand.

Farewell, old oak! if ne'er again  
I may before thee stand,  
Still, in my memory thou 'lt remain,  
And go to th' other land.

From thee may we a lesson learn:  
To do what good we can,  
Be ready when it comes our turn  
To go, at God's command.

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*Work for Good.*

**L**IFT the vail from off thy seeing—  
Turn thy vision, now, within;  
What is this that thou beholdest?  
Sorrow, grief, regret, and sin.

Dost thou think thy brother happy—  
Naught disturbs his joy and bliss?  
Cans't thou read that secret sorrow  
Ling'ring in that heart of his?

Life may give him many blessings,  
That to others are denied;  
But a deeper, darker shadow  
Lies beneath that outward pride.

Never think thy lot the hardest—  
Think not thou art all alone—  
For, perchance, thy brother's burdens  
Are much harder to be borne.

If we never had a sorrow—  
If we never knew a care—  
Could we judge of others' trials?  
Of their grief could we e'er share?

Never murmur or grow weary—  
Always strive on patiently—  
Hoping, trusting, always trying,  
Looking for prosperity.

Ever strive to do your duty,  
Cheer the lonely, help the weak :  
Do some good, and never weary,  
But be humble, pure, and meek.

Crushed and lonely, sad and weary,  
Will we find all o'er our land ;  
Let us treat them, O so gently—  
Kindly take them by the hand.

O speak gently to the erring !  
Kindly give from out your store ;  
Let them see you have a *feeling*,  
If you give them nothing more.

Never fear to soil your garments—  
Never fear the world's cold frown ;  
Keep your motives pure and righteous,  
Naught can crush you to the ground.

Let us live here for each other,  
While we stay beneath the sun ;  
Then we'll make each other happy—  
Then our work will be "well done."



The Little Mound.

**W**ITHIN that small inclosure  
Can easily be found—  
(Although the grass grows high there)—  
A little, narrow mound.

I sit me down beside it ;  
The tears are falling fast ;  
Fresh to my memory cometh  
Scenes that are long since past.

My infant boy—my darling—  
Sleeps there beneath the sod ;  
His little spirit liveth  
Now with his Father, God.

'T was in the cold December  
We laid his form away ;  
Ah, well do I remember  
That dark and gloomy day !

They took from me my treasure—  
My babe, my darling child :  
I felt that clouds forever  
Would hide from me his smile.

My sweet, sweet little nestling !  
Why tear me from this gem,  
And leave me in this sorrow ?  
O give him back again !

These were the words I uttered,  
While standing by the grave:  
"O give me grace to bear it!  
Father, O give, I pray."

Ah, who loves as a mother?  
Who feels these tender ties  
As she, when taken from her  
The idol of her eyes?

But many years of sorrow  
Have passed since that sad time;  
In memory still he liveth,  
And oft comes to my mind

I feel that bitter anguish,  
While sitting by this mound;  
But Time hath done its knelling,  
And rolled its yearly round.

Yet oft, within the past years,  
I think, will my dear boy  
Meet me, in joyous welcome,  
Where naught can e'er alloy?

And will he greet his mother,  
When I shall cross the strand—  
And will we know each other  
In that bright, happy land?

Methinks I hear a whisper,  
So softly in my ear—  
"O, mother! yes, I'll know you,  
When you get over here.

“I’ve many things to show you,  
When you come here to live;  
I love you, O, dear mother!  
My hand to you I’ll give.”

O, Father, how I bless thee,  
For hope of life beyond!  
When we may cross the threshold,  
Whene’er this life is done.

O glorious, happy meeting!  
Those dear ones gone before  
Have no more death or parting—  
All joy forever more.

I now resign my treasure  
Unto my Father’s care;  
And wait until his pleasure  
Takes me with him to share.

Let me do all his bidding—  
All that’s for me to do;  
And when he calls, I’m coming,  
Dear one, to live with you.

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*My Garden.*

I AM working in my garden—  
'Tis a little plat of ground;  
And with all the choicest flowers  
Doth my garden here abound.

There's the rose, with many petals,  
And the blue-bell, blue and true;  
And the lily, various specimens—  
The pansy, with its purple hue.

There are some plants in my garden  
That I do not like so well,  
Yet I 'tend them, O so carefully,  
That their virtue they may tell.

There's the burdock and the thistle,  
Growing there beside the rest,  
Yet I train them in their arbor,  
In the place that seemeth best.

God has given these so various  
For a purpose good and wise:  
All his gifts are ever glorious;  
All his works rejoice our eyes.

If I find, within my garden,  
Noxious weeds, the dew to sup—  
Those that 'tend to choke my flowers—  
Carefully, I pull them up.

Tenderly watch and water—  
All the drooping plants train up;  
Presently the showers gather,  
Then they drink from Nature's cup.

Each is perfect in its being,  
And they, day by day, unfold  
That each one that I am 'tending  
Hath, each day, a story told.

This I learn within my garden,  
 That more perfect we may be:  
 If we do with care the weeding,  
 Flowers more perfect we shall see.

Should you wish to view my flowers,  
 And life's lesson learn with me:  
 The flowers I have are *human beings*—  
 My garden—*all humanity*.

### The Wind.

**F**ROM the north do I come, with a voice loud and strong,  
 I herald to you the approach of a storm:  
 My voice, too, is heard on the sea's mighty deep,  
 Where the breath that I give has rocked many to sleep.

I also go forth at the close of the day,  
 And oft with the curls of the children I play:  
 So gently I fan the sweet sleeper at night,  
 That little he thinks of my great power and might.

I have hurled from their bedding tall trees to the ground,  
 And scattered destruction with one mighty sound:  
 I've leveled to earth, with one mighty stroke,  
 Proud mansions, as well as the great, sturdy oak.

All this can I do in my power and might:  
 Much more could I give to make up the sight.  
 Lofty towers have come down, at the will of my mind,  
 And have laid all to waste, by the voice of the wind.

But without me no person on earth could remain—  
No being, one moment, could life here retain :  
A curse and a blessing to all I have been—  
In my breath has a pestilence oft been felt keen.

Though a friend to humanity, here in this life,  
Where I go you will often find discord and strife  
Wherever I go, it matters not where,  
I partake of the very condition that 's there.

When I breathe on the pure, and the good, and the true  
I become, in a moment, with goodness imbued ;  
But when I contend with the vile and the low,  
I go from their presence like them, you may know.

When I visit the den of the drunkard, I find  
His breath is a part of my own breath—the wind :  
The fumes from the place encompass me 'round,  
And I carry them forth on the journey I 'm bound.

But whenever I breathe where'er purity dwells,  
My influence then makes the invalid well :  
Restorer of Nature—a balm for disease  
To the one who, perchance, may come where I breathe.

Go shun all the filthy—the low, with disgust ;  
Never visit the rum-shop, but look with distrust :  
Those places will lead your whole being to *hell*,  
And bind you with fetters, there ever to dwell.

Stay away from all places of sin and disgrace ;  
For then will I blow a sweet breath in your face :  
I'll strengthen your nerves—unfold all your power,  
And help you to sustain your form every hour.

O turn from all evil! O learn to be wise!  
Then learn thou this lesson: *Endeavor to rise:*  
Heed well what the voice of the wind saith to you—  
Be sober, be honest, and learn to be true.

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Prayer of a Stepmother.

THROUGH all my life, O, Father,  
Hast thou been all to me:  
O lead me ever after  
True wisdom—charity.

O give me love and patience  
Sufficient for the task;  
Be thou unto me gracious,  
In humble faith I ask.

Help me to fill my mission,  
Whatever it may be;  
And teach me, Lord, life's lesson,  
And lead me up to thee.

When clouds grow thick around me,  
And sorrows crush my soul:  
My broken heart, in mercy,  
O, Father, make it whole.

While dealing now with mortals  
Placed here beneath my care,  
O keep me near that portal  
Of peace and goodness there.

I know that I am human—  
Surrounded, tempted, vexed—  
Like other helpless women,  
Ofttimes am I perplexed.

O send thy holy angels  
To guide me where I go ;  
If I must be with strangers,  
O soothe all grief and woe !

Help me to give good counsel—  
To live up to the right !  
O may my life be counted  
As precious in thy sight !

May those that may be coming  
To live within my road,  
Be always kind and loving—  
With patience bear their load.

Dear children, that are dwelling  
Beneath this parent roof:  
With care my thoughts distending,  
Whene'er I may reprove ;

O send some holy angel  
To lead me gently on—  
To deal with love to strangers,  
And comfort the forlorn.

Lead me in paths of duty,  
Whate'er may be my part ;  
May I behold thy beauty,  
And do with all my heart.



May I show love and mercy  
To all that come to me ;  
Give drink unto the thirsty,  
And hold them up to thee.

O keep me from temptation :  
If tempted, may I bear  
My lot with resignation :  
Help thou, through all my care.

Keep me from all that's evil,  
And lead me in the right ;  
And may I ne'er be grieving  
Thy Spirit's power and might.

Impartial in my actions,  
'Twixt others and my own .  
Help smooth all great distraction—  
Give bread, and not a stone.

May we all live harmonious,  
While dwelling here below.  
O, Lord, thy grace now give us,  
Where'er through life we go.

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*The Pale Boatman.*

**T**HE pale boatman launches his tiny bark  
Away in the flowing tide—  
To carry us over that river so dark,  
That river so deep and so wide.

He now kindly bids us to come on board  
His boat, so firm and strong ;  
He tells us he carries his little load  
By the oars, so narrow and long.

He points to a land, all fair and bright,  
Just over the other side—  
Where beautiful landscapes gladden the sight,  
And bid all sad fear to subside.

He shows us the narrow, narrow gate  
That mortals must pass through :  
Each mortal must enter—such is the fate  
Of all earth's children we view.

He pictures, within the wicket-gate,  
A garden, rich and rare :  
The fruit of whose trees we all will taste,  
As soon as we enter there.

He says, "Do n't fear to cross with me,  
The river is but a span ;  
Get into my boat, and soon you 'll see  
That beautifl summer-land.

"There's a bridge, you see, just over our heads,  
That you can cross over in time :  
'T is the bridge of Love, that ever doth wed  
Harmonious, happy minds.

"You 'll meet dear friends and loved ones there :  
Come, now, and launch forth with me—  
You then will be rid of this world of care—  
You there can be happy and free.

“A friend am I to all mortals here :

I take them away from strife,  
To a higher, happier, better sphere,  
And give them eternal life.

“Do n’t stand and dread, with shivering hand,  
But now just step on board ;

I’ll land you safe in the happy land—  
Come, help to fill the boat.

“If I leave you now, I soon will come ;

You then must be willing to go.  
The boat that I have here holds just one :  
In future you can not say no.

“I’ve taken the load on board, for now

Away I am rowing, you see ;  
Though pale the face and damp the brow,  
He’ll be glad he went with me.

“Farewell, I am coming another time !

Be ready with me to go.  
Now think, dear mortals, make up your mind,  
Nor wish to tarry so.”

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*The Era.*

**S**URE as the curtain drops at night,  
So sure will come the morn :  
The gloomy mantle hiding light,  
Must pass away at dawn.

All clouds will have their lining bright ;  
All grief must pass way :  
For each dark hour there's one that's light—  
Each night shall have its day.

This is a law of Nature true,  
Given to beings here ;  
For all conditions here, we view,  
Have changes in our sphere.

The night that's hung o'er woman's soul  
Is soon to pass away :  
Her broken heart shall be made whole :  
Lord, hasten soon the day !

Stern Justice stands, with scales in hand,  
And equally they're poised :  
Woman in one—the other, man :  
He gives them equal voice.

She takes the stand in her defense,  
Because she now can plead,  
And stand up for that innocence,  
That every sister needs.

Ere long the clouds will pass away,  
And she will take her place  
Beside her brother's mortal clay,  
All ready for the race.

O bid her welcome to the field !  
Nor scorn her efforts bold !  
Do n't let her stop, nor ever yield  
Till all her rights she hold !

*What is the Cause.*

**P**RAY tell why that sin abounds—  
Is widely seen stalking around  
Throughout our land of liberty,  
With such bare-faced asperity.  
Why is it people grow much worse,  
And to themselves become a curse?  
O tell me, tell me; if you can,  
Why man so hates his brother man?  
Jesus came here on earth to dwell,  
All darkness, error, to dispel;  
A new and better law he gave,  
Which, practiced, would most truly save  
From sin and sorrow, crime and woe,  
That, demon-like, walk to and fro:  
Why do n't the people try to school  
Their minds unto the Golden Rule?  
O tell me why such is the case,  
That mortals will themselves disgrace?  
Never a time in history's page;  
Never such sins in any age;  
Never such crimes, such horrid things,  
That bring but curses, blighting stings:  
Wiser and weaker, we are told,  
Mortals on earth do we behold:  
If wisdom greater they possess,  
Why do n't such horrors, then, grow less?  
Open our understanding here,  
And tell why thus these things appear:  
Give us, O give us light, we pray!

Show why the cause of such sad frays :  
Why hatred, malice, and revenge,  
Where immorality will end?  
Why tyrants' power is felt o'er all,  
To crush the feeble till they fall?  
Licentiousness, perfidity,  
Go forth with such asperity ;  
O can it be some power unseen  
The earth and heaven hath come between?  
Is it behind the screen they come,  
To harass and perplex earth's sons?  
Our blood runs cold, from day to day,  
When reading of such dreadful frays—  
Of hearing daily, hourly, too,  
Inhumanity brought to view.  
Through all the walks of life, we scan  
"Man's inhumanity to man."  
O can it be that beings born  
Came here on earth, in early morn,  
Are bred in lust and passion, too,  
Are acting nature, as they do :  
These dreadful things that greet our ears,  
And fill our hearts, our eyes with tears?  
O can it be a mother dear,  
Ere that wee infant may appear,  
Tries every means at her command  
That she a mother may not stand :  
Uses all artificial means—  
As o'er our land is daily seen—  
To thus dispatch the life within  
That infant form, so free from sin?  
With vengeance wreaked on innocence,

Going by this emolument,  
Society has been the cause  
Of violating Nature's laws :  
The gayety possessed by others,  
Is coveted by this poor mother ;  
And that design to be fulfilled,  
Acts in the way her mind has willed.  
Perhaps, unable to perform  
The task devolving here upon  
That envious mother, to her care  
Gives it oblivion's lot to share.  
Perchance her efforts here may fail ;  
If so, henceforth she must entail  
Within that infant heart, in time,  
Revenge and murder, guilt and crime.  
If this be so, O mother, thou  
In shame and sorrow need'st to bow,  
If after time reveals to thee  
That this condition thou must see.  
What horror fills that mother's heart,  
To see that child in crime take part ;  
And know the cause of this, his sin,  
Sees where his tendencies begin.  
Is this the cause? O look, beware!  
Have you in crimes like this e'er shared?  
Through your instrumentality  
Gave birth to such atrocity?  
Such beings have a place, while here—  
Live, act a part in this, our sphere ;  
Perchance they meet the law in force,  
For crimes that you must e'er indorse—  
Crime that, in true reality,

Belongs to our society.  
 If this is so, and crime abounds,  
 From these conditions seen around,  
 O, mother! seek at once the means  
 Of stopping these heart-rending scenes!  
 Act wisely! show your own good sense!  
 And drive those low conditions hence:  
 Stand firm in principles of right!  
 Rise up in womanhood's true might!  
 If married, live in married life  
 As doth become a noble wife.  
 And if conditions you surround  
 Bind you in poverty around,  
 If your relations here in life  
 Forbid you thus to act as wife—  
 If mother you in life can ne'er  
 Be, without suffering too severe,  
 O, stand up firm! maintain your right!  
 Live in the great and present light!  
 Control your own identity—  
 Maintain your true position free!  
 Thine individuality.  
 O *never* give this treasure free:  
 God made you—gave you power to act—  
 O never from his law detract!  
 Act wisely, truly, here in mind—  
 Show forth the power of love divine.  
 But *never* lay this crown of thine  
 Beneath the feet of any shrine;  
 If husband you may here possess,  
 He should ne'er ask you nothing less  
 Than this, to stand up noble—free—



Not place unwilling care on thee,  
But freely let thee choose for thee  
The time for thy maternity.  
If such were thy conditions here,  
Such dreadful things would not appear:  
The star of love would truly shine,  
And would unfold in truth divine;  
And beings free from taint or crime  
Would then inhabit this, our clime.  
If this is so, the cause, we see,  
Of such things, is society.  
O, woman! now at once awake,  
That of those things thou 'lt ne'er partake!  
Act wisely while 't is called to-day—  
Help put these dreadful things away!  
If we must help to mold the mind,  
The best material let us find,  
That we may do our work well here—  
In future will our star shine clear.

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*Life and Eternity.*

**B**EYOND, around, on every side,  
Comes here before our view  
Forms, given to all that here abide,  
Which tells us life is true.

Naught can we judge within this sphere,  
We ne'er conclusions find;  
Without a form, naught we see here  
Capacitates our mind.

All objects here that meet our eye  
New light to us impart ;  
Life, within all that walk or lie,  
Does give to all a start.

We dig down deep beneath our crust ;  
We find those metals rare :  
Secure from mold, they ne'er can rust—  
A form of life is there.

Down deep within the ocean's bed  
We may observe, with care,  
The insect small, that forms and molds  
The coral, rich and rare.

Though small it be, yet *life* we find  
Within that rocky bed—  
Each form of life brings to our mind  
That all are wisely led.

The tiny plants we scarce can scan  
Are forms through which unfold  
The life. 'T is given in God's own plan,  
For good to all untold.

We still see higher forms of life  
In trees, so noble, grand ;  
This world of ours, all o'er, is rife  
With work of God's own hand.

The animal still higher stands,  
And shows a higher form  
Of life, that wisdom doth command,  
That here on earth are borne.

This is the highest and the best,  
That holds this principle—  
This life within the human breast  
Holds all invincible.

All forms below this latest one—  
Of bird, or plant, or brute—  
This higher form, this last that comes,  
Hath form of life astute.

This hath the power of reason fine,  
Which gives pre-eminence  
O'er all the past—the lower kind—  
Stands on its eminence.

This life within—this form of man  
That dwells upon our sphere—  
Goes forth, life's mysteries to scan,  
Through all that doth appear.

Not satisfied with this short time,  
As *other* forms brought on :  
But with capacity of mind  
Seeks to look out beyond.

It climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Leading from heaven to earth :  
Sees God is working *all through law*—  
Scans e'en the heavenly birth.

Naught but to go beyond this plain  
Can satisfy the mind—  
Eternity, the endless chain,  
That heaven and earth must bind.

All forms of life created are,  
 For one great object tend:  
 To lead the human being or  
 Aid to its footsteps lend.

Through form, this mortal here may rise,  
 While dwelling on this sphere,  
 Until it nears the sought-for prize—  
 Life, beyond mortals here.

'T is but a step, and soon it stands  
 O'er all the bounds of time,  
 And lives in the eternal land  
 The same as here, in mind.

It sees the past, the future life—  
 Time and eternity  
 Comes now before the quickened sight—  
 Their vision now is free.

Life is the great, true principle,  
 Unfolding here, in form,  
 Eternity— the invincible  
 That carries life beyond.

This lower form of life that's seen  
 The *future* can not find:  
 Imperfect forms of life, we mean,  
 Without the reasoning mind.

These do their work, then pass away,  
 And leave our earthly plain;  
 Sustaining human forms each day  
 While here they may remain.

'T is for the mortal that they live;  
 Our Father, good and wise,  
 Unto his children ever gives  
 These forms so highly prized.

Life and eternity are one:  
 Commenced upon this sphere,  
 Life takes on earth the mortal form,  
 Humanity, while here.

The mind, the great true principle  
 Of life's unfolding here,  
 Lives on, although invincible,  
 In other, higher spheres.

Life, here unfolding through the form,  
 In all humanity  
 Must live forever—ever on  
 Through all eternity.

## Night.

**S**ILENCE—quiet all around us—  
 Stillness seems to me like death;  
 Yet the cuckoo hymns his chorus,  
 Coming with the zephyr's breath.

All God's beings now are sleeping;  
 Hear ye not that breathing low?  
 All unconcious of their being—  
 Of existing here below.

Sleep, thou comest here to mortals,  
Tired nature to refresh;  
Then our spirit leaves this portal  
While our forms are laid to rest.

All God's children, that he loveth  
Through this still and noiseless night,  
Take this blessing that he giveth  
When they labor in the light.

Guardian angels come in silence,  
Watch their Father's flocks below,  
Bearing ever in remembrance  
That their Father loves them too.

Utter darkness now is hovering  
O'er the angel of the night:  
Why this dark and gloomy covering?  
Are thy works not good and right?

Now we see in yon horizon  
Is a tiny strip of gold;  
Now old Luna's light is blazing,  
Showing forth her splendor bold.

"Ah!" this angel, Night, is saying,  
"Do n't you see that blazing light?  
That's my lamp, that I keep burning—  
All the deeds I do are right.

"But within this great dominion  
There are those whose deeds are bad,  
And I give you my opinion,  
They oft wish my lamp to fade.

“Thus I often, as requested,  
O'er my lamp will cast a shade ;  
Thus their motives have I tested,  
By the plots that have been laid.

“While the good, the true are sleeping ;  
While their forms are laid to rest,  
Then the cruel plots are breeding  
That doth many homes infest.

“O wish that all would heed me,  
When I put my garments on,  
And would try and let their deeds be  
Good as e'en at light of morn.

“Still, to those I prove a blessing ;  
Others will advantage take—  
This will teach you all a lesson,  
Of the human family's state.

“If you you heed when I'm approaching,  
Do as Nature tells you to,  
You will never hear reproaches  
From me when I come to you.”

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*Jennie and I.*

**D**OWN by the river we've often played—  
Along its banks we've often strayed ;  
Picking butter-cups and daisies that grew  
Along the banks, our attention drew.

Jennie was three years old—I was five:  
We were as busy as bees in the hive;  
Our cottage stood by the river brink—  
A beautiful place, I would have you think.

One day mamma told us to go out and play,  
But we must not go very far away:  
Must not go beyond the cottage foreground,  
For fear we might fall in the stream and get drowned.

So Jennie and I played there for awhile,  
But presently tried to climb o'er the stile  
That led to the river bank beyond;  
We succeeded and soon were traveling along.

The flowers we loved we knew were there:  
We picked every one that we saw with great care;  
A lily white—so *very* fair—  
Grew close on the brink of the river there.

Little Jennie soon saw the beautiful flower;  
(Her doom was sealed from that very hour;)  
She ran to the spot, very near the brink;  
She grasped the frail flower and began to sink.

She screamed, "I am going! O dear! O dear!  
I wish that mamma was somewhere near!"  
I heard the scream, and I quickly ran  
And tried to reach her, but she slipped from my hand.

I caught myself by a little bush,  
And gave myself a very hard push;  
I reached the top of the bank again—  
Away to the cottage in haste I ran.



“O, mamma!” I said—and all in a breath—  
 “Jennie’s fell into the river and got all wet :  
 Yes, into the river—over the brink,  
 I saw her there—she began to sink.”

Mamma screamed, and ran with all her might ;  
 But Jennie, poor Jennie, had sunk from sight ;  
 The neighbors were called, they brought her out,  
 And the water then streamed from her ears and mouth.

They worked very hard to bring her to life ;  
 But all they could do I knew was not rife :  
 Poor Jennie was gone!—her soul had now fled—  
 I see her just now, lying motionless—*dead*.

We buried her under the willow tree—  
 O lonely, so lonely, it seemed to me ;  
 Alone would I sit and think of the time  
 When we worked hard the stile to climb.

But *this* have I learned—mamma to obey,  
 And ever to mind and not run away ;  
 To do as she tells me, and not disobey,  
 As did Jennie and I that unhappy day.

### Little Children.

**L**ITTLE angel faces peep  
 Through the lattice where I sit ;  
 † Tiny little forms I meet,  
 With their frolic, fun, and wit.

Happy hearts, so light and free,  
    Gliding quickly round and round,  
Showing forth their childish glee,  
    That doth plenteously abound.

Now romp away they run,  
    Now a skip at rope is seen ;  
Soon they gather one by one,  
    Now they deck their fairy queen.

Gaily singing as they go,  
    Happy as the birds that fly ;  
As they hurry to and fro,  
    See the sparkle of each eye.

Lovely creatures—blessings given—  
    Mortals, look within thy sphere ;  
Could the dwellers now in heaven  
    Be to mortals half so dear ?

What would earth, with all its care,  
    Be to us, who live below,  
If the darling prattler there  
    From our hearth-stones forth should go.

How they teach us in this life,  
    Of trusting faith, of filial love ;  
How we face a world of strife,  
    For that innocent, pure dove.

See the Savior lay his hand  
    Gently on those children's heads,  
As he, to that little band,  
    Words of kind instruction said.

Let the kingdom of our Lord  
Like unto a little child—  
Learn, O learn, with one accord  
To be humble, meek, and mild.

Take the angel given to you ;  
Love it as it truly needs ;  
Learn it that you 're ever true ;  
Sow within that heart, good seed.

Teach the little feet to walk  
In the ways of truth and right ;  
Never at their sorrows mock—  
Try to lead them to the light.

Watch their goings forth with care ;  
To your Father look for aid ;  
He will all your burden bear  
Through the sunshine and the shade.

Those little ones so pure and sweet,  
O may we ever have them near !  
Their shining faces may we greet,  
Their merry voices may we hear.

God bless the children as they go  
Through life. O may we ever be  
Like little children, here below—  
Go forth in *true simplicity*.

*The Weed.*

**H**IS everlasting chewing, chewing,  
 Over our land is seen ;  
 And snuffing, filthy snuffing,  
 That looks so low and mean.

Then comes a pipe—and what comes next?  
 Why smoky, smoky clouds ;  
 Till o'er the form we see it rest  
 Like a great murky shroud.

A furnace of the mouth is made—  
 The smoke—away it goes ;  
 It rises higher—now it makes  
 A chimney of the nose.

Now spit away upon the floor,  
 Or on the carpet new ;  
 Repeat the practice, o'er and o'er,  
 As all partakers do.

Now sneeze away, now sneeze away—  
 The nose becomes so red ;  
 The eyelids heavily now lay—  
 Numbness comes o'er the head.

Then take another pinch or so,  
 To lift the heavy load ;  
 Then sneeze again, it helps, you know—  
 (Yes, I should think it would!)

Now, how you feel ; you take a *smoke*—  
Perhaps the cloud will rise—  
And pretty soon 't is passing—note,  
'T is going to the eyes.

This heavy weight is not removed—  
You 'd better take a *chew* ;  
Now spit again—you always do  
Whene'er the quid renew.

You 're growing feeble now, that 's true,  
In body and in mind ;  
You can not tell what troubles you—  
Still, ease you can not find.

Soon you grow gray—your sight grows dim—  
You scarce can see to read ;  
Your stomach has a pain within—  
You 're growing old indeed.

At forty you have grown so old  
You hardly know yourself ;  
You now, with sorrow, can behold  
The waning of your health.

Still, chew and spit, and snuff and smoke,  
Till all your days are run :  
Of *this* you ever may take note—  
This mischief *you have done*.

*You've* brought gray hairs upon your head,  
*You've* caused that hand to shake :  
*You've* made those eyes so very red,  
*You've* made those nerves to quake.

The poison you have taken in  
 Will penetrate the whole;  
 Will fill each pore upon your skin,  
 From crown of head to sole.

'T will shorten days on earth begun,  
 And bring you to the grave;  
 Your sands of life will all be run  
 Ere you to manhood raise.

But never mind, still smoke and chew—  
 Enjoy your life while here;  
 Nor care what ill may come to you,  
 While dwelling in this sphere.

If you ne'er live out half your days,  
 Or e'en the half you find  
 That you have, through these direful ways,  
 Ruined your noble mind.

Still, go ahead and use the weed,  
 Care not for what is said;  
 Go on, defile this form indeed,  
 Till it lies cold and dead.

### *The World is Growing Better.*

**O**UR world is growing better, we may note it every day:  
 In many, many ways a better part some play;  
 Richer in wealth of mind, we know to-day we are;  
 Yes, we are growing better and wiser every year.

Progress is seen in every thing pertaining to this life—  
In knowledge of our duties and aims while facing strife:  
We find more liberal views accepted by the mass  
Than ever, long ago we knew, away out in the past.

Great minds are bringing science down more fully to the  
mind

Of people's understanding. More real worth we find  
To-day within our nation, than in days long ago,  
When Salem witchcraft ruled, and caused such scenes of  
woe.

Yes, we are growing better as time is rolling 'round,  
And up the hill of progress the people are all bound:  
More generous to our neighbors in thought we daily grow,  
Nor try to crush the weak ones, as once we did, you know.

Great, noble hearts are toiling to equalize more true  
The distance 'twixt the high and low, that 's often brought  
to view—

True principles are studied, and better understood,  
And those conditions plainer shown betwixt the ill and  
good.

Advanced are we in models great, to satisfy a claim  
Of life's great avocations, our natures to sustain:  
Machinery provided to do the work of hands,  
And give the mind a chance rich culture to command.

Our sisters now have studied to speak for truth and right,  
Denouncing, in strong terms, the rule of power and might,  
Declaring to the world that *man* must never *rule*  
The *woman* with a scepter, or e'er make her a tool.

She boldly stands for rights that God hath given her,  
 And, with a noble stand, these rights will she aver ;  
 And brother man is coming out, and standing by her  
     side,  
 Upholding the true sister with noble, manly pride.

Yes, we *all* are growing better, and daily do unfold  
 Those inward intuitions that help the mind to mold  
 In ways of holy wisdom, that leads us up, and on  
 To ways of light and goodness, to give us hope beyond.

In arts, and all the sciences controlling earthly minds,  
 We find that daily, hourly, new beauties brightly shine :  
 As we unfold and study life's book from page to page,  
 We find we all are better than in a former age.

We've often heard it spoken, "There never was a time  
 Whene'er this earth was covered, as now it is, with crime ;"  
 But taking all together, the age of progress, too,  
 We've come to the conclusion 't is not exactly true.

We count the great upheavings those principles show  
     forth,  
 And many things we count as good that some think of  
     no worth :  
 Beneath a rough exterior oft truth is plainly scanned,  
 Which shows to us quite clearly that God hath wisely  
     planned.

Take courage, bold inventor ; go on, and labor well :  
 In future, if not present, your works for you will tell :  
 Do what your noble mind unfolds to you as right—  
 Bring forth the product fearlessly, O bring it to the light !



All minds are growing better and wiser every day,  
And driving gloom or darkness and bigotry away :  
Each rolling of our orbit brings forth to every heart  
A more intense decision to act a better part.

Go on, my noble sister. Stand up, and advocate  
Those principles of righteousness that will a difference  
make :

Stand firmly—ever, *ever*—until you take your crown,  
And never, for a moment, consent to lay it down.

O let us all take courage, and labor with a will,  
Till every thing like evil within our land is killed :  
We'll fight our battles firmly, still trusting to the  
end,

That God will give us victory for all the lives we spend.

Our world is growing better—we know that this is  
true :

O let us ever follow the wisest path we view !

Keep pace with every movement that time to us unfolds,  
And learn these truths, while passing, and treasure them  
as gold.

O yes, our world is better, *much* better than in past :  
Great lessons are we learning, those that will truly last :  
We will accept the truth, and error cast away :  
'Tis thus we're growing better, yes, better every day.

## The Moneyless Man.

THE moneyless man, who can care for him?  
 No praises of such a being we sing—  
 No care or thought will ever arise  
 For him, as he weeps, or e'en does rejoice:  
 No business on earth for him we scan—  
 This miserable being, this moneyless man.

He comes to our door, we answer his call—  
 He's nothing or nobody, after all;  
 He may have good logic, his mind may be stored  
 With gems of truth; he has upward soared  
 To the realms of light, yet still we scan  
 No worth he has now—this moneyless man.

If he passes along our quiet street,  
 Perchance our faces may often meet;  
 No pains would we take to speak to *him*,  
 To shun *such* a person would be no sin.  
 We care not to hold out a friendly hand  
 To this being we meet—this moneyless man.

If sickness should hover around him here,  
 We care not how much, if e'en so severe,  
 He be racked with pain, if he must be  
 A man without money, no mercy have we:  
 Like the Levite, we pass on the other hand,  
 Nor wish to be cursed by this moneyless man.

No place on earth to him belongs;  
 He never does right, but *always* does wrong—

A bore to society he doth abide—  
We give him a passage by us quite wide:  
Nor let him in friendship near by us stand—  
This miserable being—this moneyless man.

Should trouble assail us on every side,  
And we should assistance require, betide,  
We'll open the door and bid him come in,  
For we know that he has a warm heart within:  
He'll do for us all, and as well as he can—  
This worthless incumbrance—this moneyless man.

When the hand of affliction has been withdrawn,  
We'll turn from this being with looks of scorn;  
We need his assistance no more, we say,  
He'd better be going another way—  
He'd better be working another plan  
To care for himself—this moneyless man.

Death opens the portal, he passes away:  
The last great summons must he obey.  
He leaves this, his form, and soars up higher,  
To join with angels and strike the lyre.  
His form we see, taken by strangers' hands—  
In the potter's field lies this moneyless man.

We leave this form, in after time,  
And take our exit to another clime.  
We are buried in pomp—with splendor crowned—  
And little memorials our graves surround;  
But our head takes the level in earth, we scan,  
With the poor, honest head of the moneyless man.

To the future we go, from the earthly form,  
 But can we this being thus meet, with such scorn?  
 Ah, no! He has soared away from our sight,  
 And our minds are now groping in darkness and night.  
 We see a form given—our visions now scan  
 The *worth* of this being—this moneyless man.

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### Our Social.

“**C**OME, go with me, my friend, you know  
 Our social meets to-day;  
 Now tell me you will surely go,  
 If so, I ’ll call this way.”

“Well, really, Mrs. Jones, I ’d like  
 The social to attend,  
 But then, I feel that I must write:  
 I ’ve not the time to spend.

“But call—perhaps I ’ll go—I ’ll see,  
 If nothing does prevent;”  
 So, Mrs. Jones call’d ’round for me—  
 We to the social went.

We were two sisters in the church,  
 And zealous members, too,  
 And willing were to do our work,  
 As most church-members do.

The social was at Mrs. Brown’s,  
 A lady of degree—  
 The upper-crust of this, our town—  
 The *aristocracy*.

When we arrived at Mrs. Brown's,  
Of course we there must meet  
The minister. His wife came down,  
With greeting e'er so sweet.

Said "Mrs. Strong," with voice so bland,  
And spoke to every one;  
So cordially he gave his hand,  
Saying "Good afternoon."

And after that, he took his hat,  
"Excuse me now," said he,  
"I've little matters to look at,  
Then I'll be back to tea."

So saying, bowed, and left the house—  
Not until Mrs. Brown  
Had said, "Be faithful at the hour;  
Do n't fail in coming 'round."

Now, there sat Mrs. Tattler, in  
Her listening attitude,  
And Mrs. Nonsense sat so prim  
By Mrs. Attitude.

Just over there sits Mrs. Gray—  
That quiet little one;  
Right here sits Mrs. Popinjay,  
All glistening like the sun.

Said Mrs. Tattler to her friend—  
That Mrs. Nonsense, there—  
"I've something now to tell you, lend  
To me a listening ear.

“Say, did you hear of Mrs. Sykes?  
That story ’s what I mean—  
She tries to do whate’er she likes,  
You know she *is n’t seen.*”

“No I’ve not heard, do tell me now—  
The news to me impart;  
Oh! where’s my fan, to fan my brow!  
(I’m troubled with my heart.)”

Thus Mrs. Nonsense fans away,  
And flutters all around;  
She says: “Who cares, let ’s all be gay—  
Now to the crouquet ground.”

Now Mrs. Tattler steps around  
And whispers to another,  
And pretty soon we hear a sound  
As whispering to each other.

Now hands are raised in awful dread!  
It goes the circle round;  
You ’d thought our greatest statesman dead,  
Could you have heard the sound.

Now quiet Mrs. Gray, she spoke  
In her sweet, quiet way:  
“That story is not worth your note,  
I see her every day.

“She calls on me, and I’ve been there;  
I like her very much:  
She labors and has many cares;  
She ’d like to ’ve been with us.”

Now all commence, the talk begins;  
 Poor Mrs. Sykes must feel  
 Her ears to burn, (if aught is in  
 This sign) way to her heels.

But now the tea is just announced:  
 In comes the minister;  
 He kneels, and prays God to denounce  
 All sin that may appear.

They take their tea and then depart,  
 Each one to go her way;  
 But are they *better* now at heart,  
 For being there that day?

I ask my readers, one and all,  
 That 'tend church socials here,  
 If this is following the call  
 Of this our pattern dear?

No matter where we go in life,  
 O let us all do good;  
 Avoid all turmoil and all strife,  
 As all true Christians should.

### Watching.

**S**HE sat there, sad and lonely, lost to hope,  
 Beside that wretched couch of misery  
 And want. A prostrate form now lay thereon.  
 Unhappiness, and want, and sickness there  
 Was to be seen. Her sunken eyes, so dim:  
 Her hollow cheek, with palid look, gave forth

To the beholder that some sorrow deep,  
Deep down, within her soul's dark recess lurked.  
Her only child—her *all*, as one might say—  
Now lay there moaning, sick and weak. Her heart  
Was filled with anguish ; yet she faithful was  
To this, her trust. She noted every pain  
And every movement of that feeble form.  
Her anxious heart went forth to God, in prayer,  
So deep and earnest, from her inmost soul,  
For some relief. She felt that could her child  
But just recover, this was all she e'er  
Would ask in life. Then, with a deep-drawn sigh,  
She thought who could the sequel of his life,  
In after years, unfold. She felt the state,  
The sad condition of the drunkard's wife.  
And could she wish to see her darling one  
Thus follow in the footsteps of the man  
That now a father was, to him, by kin?  
Her thoughts went far, far back to days of yore,  
To where she played upon the grassy lawn  
Beside her father's door—the petted one  
Of all the household there. Her mind was then  
Carried to after years in life, when she  
Had given her heart and hand to him she loved,  
And his to her he'd given in return :  
That genial warmth of true affection, his—  
She stood beside the altar now a bride.  
A strong and loving nature was the one  
That now stood there beside her. Now she felt  
Secure from all the future ills of life.  
As passing time gave forth its many life  
Unfoldings there, she finds herself within



That quiet, happy home, to her so blest.  
Ere long a change is seen. The partner of  
Her sorrows and her joys—if sorrows ere  
There be—began the downward road to go.  
The demon drink had entered there. All night,  
With tearful eyes and aching heart, she watched  
The coming footsteps of the one she loved—  
That, years ago, stood up in manhood's pride  
And made that solemn promise then to love  
And cherish her. All hope had fled. She now  
Felt that her life henceforth would be a blank.  
Ere long another came within that home:  
A little stranger came to fill her heart's  
Void with a mother's love. That father now  
Became more as in days of yore—a man.  
New life was now begat within his soul,  
As this his child he saw. He made such firm  
Resolves that in the future time he would  
A father and a husband truly be.  
But ah! alas! the vow was soon to be  
But empty words, all broken, all in vain.  
Down, down, deep into degradation there  
He went. Companions came around him now,  
To draw him on into the dark abyss.  
They with his warm and genial heart now played,  
And he became forever lost in shame.  
She watched beside her boy, and now she prayed—  
“O, God, if 't is thy will that he should live,  
O, spare my boy! If not, thy will be done.”

*Thought.*

**O**pen the words that would unfold,  
 The power, the force remains untold;  
 The mighty weight that's felt around  
 By thought embodied onward bound.

Look back to ages long ago:  
 See those of old dig deep to know—  
 To cast before the coming man  
 Pearls found for him in far-off lands.

These ages gave us mighty thought—  
 Thought that can never come to naught—  
 That guides us on to latter years,  
 And helps unfold great minds so dear.

In latter times we may look up  
 And drink deep draughts from Wisdom's cup;  
 Those gems so dearly to be sought  
 We find embodied here in thought.

Deep thought will make us truly wise;  
 Each day we higher, higher rise;  
 From the great point of love divine  
 Bright, sparkling gems will surely shine.

In searching all that was before,  
 We long each day for more and more;  
 We drink, nor can be satisfied,  
 Yet still we drink. The fount ne'er dries.

If we impart each day we live,  
We more receive, the more we give;  
Still hunger for the bread of life,  
And bear the hardship, toil, and strife.

Of digging deep for thought so great,  
Of truth no sacrifice can make  
Us falter, as we seek to plod  
Into the mysteries of God.

Inspired with wisdom from above,  
We seek true spheres and works of love;  
All, all our lives may we seek naught  
But to dig deep for noble thought.

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*Valedictory.*

**T**HE time has come for us to part,  
Kind readers, one and all:  
With the best wishes of a heart  
Of love, to great or small.

Within these lids, dear patrons, friends—  
For such I trust you are—  
Truth I've brought out, and tried to pen  
With labor and with care.

Evils within our land and world  
Are many times enthroned;  
And some have 'neath our feet been hurled,  
While friendless and alone.

Therefore, I feel the keenest touch—  
Can sympathize, in truth,  
With all who suffer here, as such,  
And pity the uncouth.

Within the pages of this book,  
Pictures you'll often find ;  
Which, as you may upon them look—  
Will help unfold your mind.

The greatest wish within my heart,  
Has been to do you good ;  
And, as in life we take a part,  
May we be understood.

May we all live the lessons true,  
Of Jesus Christ divine ;  
And may our lives be here imbued,  
With purity of mind.

May we be led in paths of right,  
Dealing with beings here ;  
Then joyfully we'll hail the sight  
Of that bright, happy sphere.

My task—this work—is now complete :  
Finished, I say, at last ;  
May you, in reading here, find meat—  
In truth, is all I ask.

This ends the present volume, true,  
But, in some future time,  
I may again speak unto you  
In other ways than rhyme.

As changes mark each day in life,  
So I must, this time, close :  
I soon may come before your eyes,  
In something more like prose.

Good-byes are spoken often times,  
Between friends near and dear,  
And I am very much inclined  
To say "good-bye" just here.

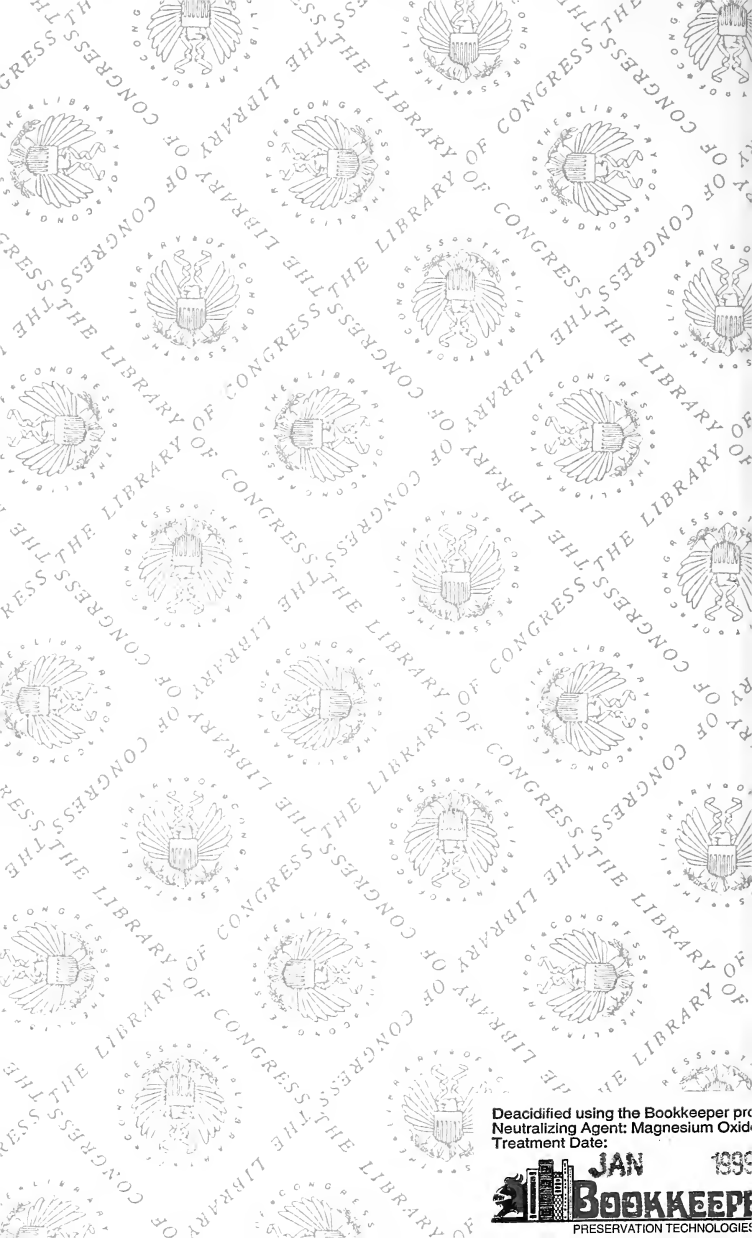
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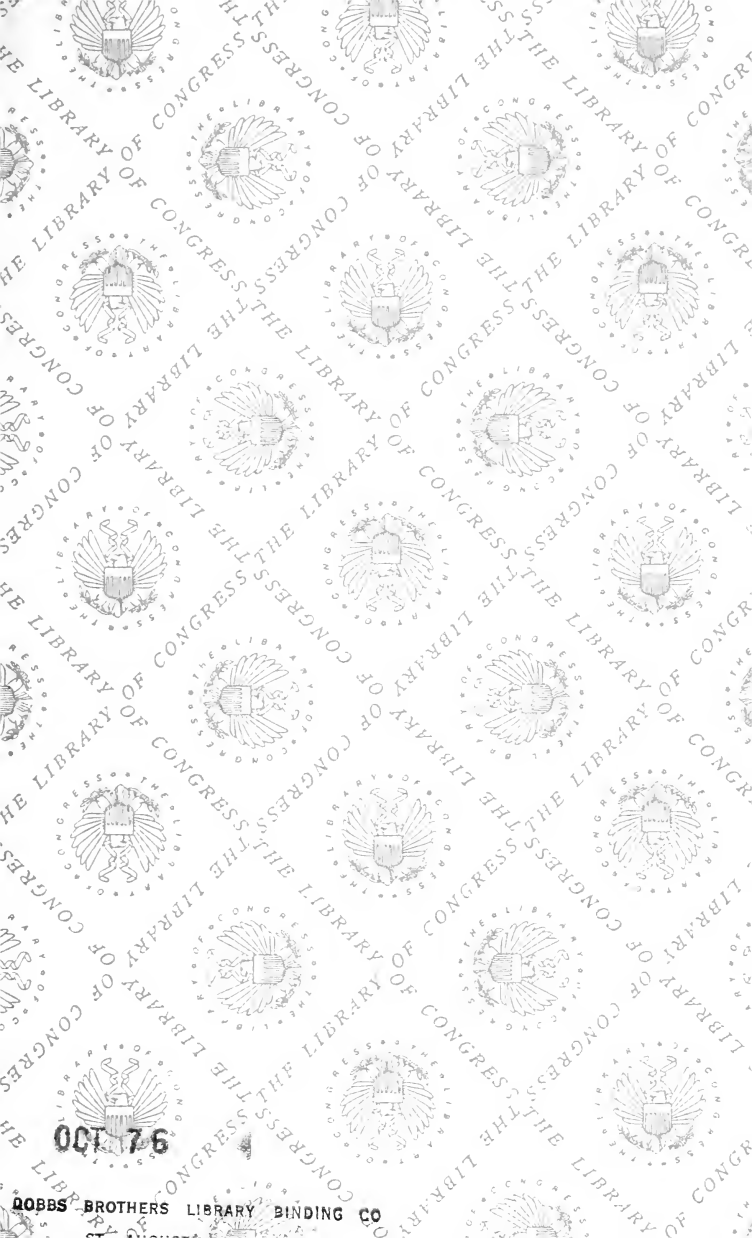






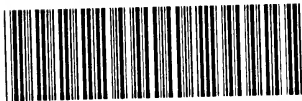
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