



A large, ornate, diamond-shaped decorative label is centered on the page. The label is highly detailed with floral and geometric patterns. At the top, the word "HILLSIDE" is written in a semi-circle. Below it, the word "VIOLETS" is written in a horizontal bar. Underneath "VIOLETS", the words "BY" and "Jennie Muehmore" are written in a semi-circle. The entire label is framed by intricate floral designs, including what looks like a crown at the top and a base of leaves and flowers at the bottom.

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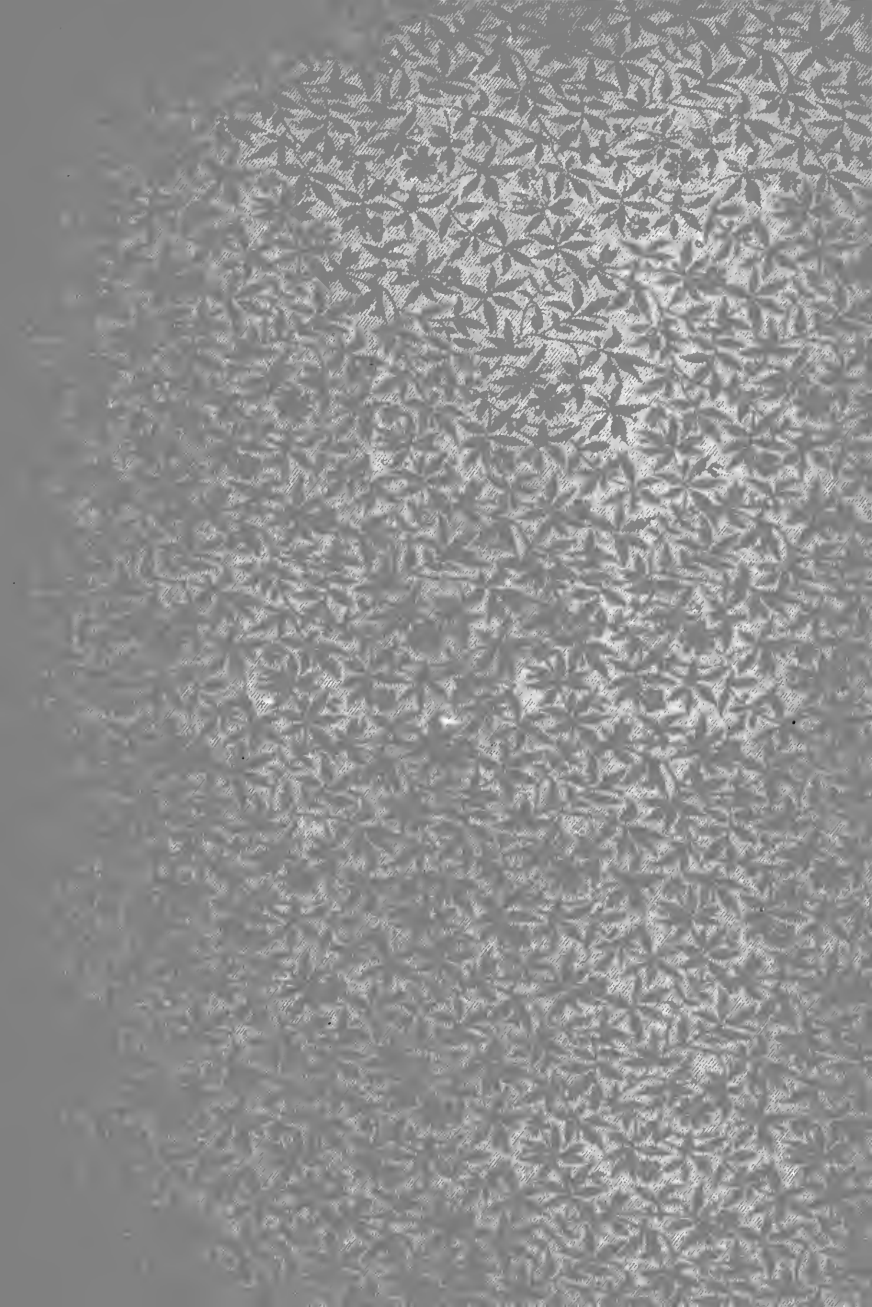
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1888

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





















Jennie Muchmore.

POEMS.

Hillside Violets.

By JENNIE MUCHMORE.



DES MOINES, IOWA.
IOWA PRINTING COMPANY,
1888.

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1888

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DEDICATION.

TO THE OLD SOLDIERS
OF THE UNION, AND TO THE MEMORY OF
ALL THOSE WHO FELL IN BATTLE, OR WHO NOW FILL
A SOLDIER'S GRAVE; IS THIS BOOK RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHORESS.



PREFACE.

I have, one by one gathered these "Violets" from the hills of imagination, and made of them this "Boquet," which I trust may give a few hours of pleasure to my friends; if so, the knowledge will add greatly to the joy I have had in gathering them.

JENNIE MUCHMORE.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To Teacher,	9
God is The Maker, Christ is The King,	14
A Pockage of Old Letters,	16
Her Autograph Album,	21
Mother, Home and Heaven,	23
Mother's Portrait,	27
Books,	30
On the Beach,	31
My Treasure Casket,	34
Childhood,	41
Two Brides,	42
Three Sisters,	45
She Loved Them Both,	48
The Best Book,	51
Secret Prayer,	53
Climbing the Mountain,	57
Dying Visions,	60
Beside the Rose-Bush,	64
Two May Days,	67
To a Friend,	70
Galilee, Galilee, Sweet Galilee,	74
Von Arden's Dream,	76
In the Moonlight,	82
Private and General,	85
Life's Goblet,	89
Memory's Album,	92
Their Diamond Wedding,	95
A Heart Twice Conquered,	102
How Harry Won the Prize,	105

Twilight, Come to Me,	109
Work,	111
Only,	113
Origin of the Ivy,	116
Jewels, Precious Jewels,	120
A Drunkard's Vision,	122
The Wine-Cup,	127
Life, a Book,	129
Which Was Charity,	132
A Christmas Vision,	136
Nothing in My Hand I Bring,	138
One Day Nearer,	141
A Piece of Marble and its Work,	143
Nothing Here, All in Heaven,	146
My Hero,	148
The Girls We Used to Know,	151
Let the World Do What it Pleases,	156
To The G. A. R.,	158
I Shall Be Satisfied,	164
In Memory of A Friend,	166
To Remember—To Forget,	169
The Heathen,	171
Woodland Meditation,	173
Duty and Talent,	177
The Minister's Sermon,	180
Youthful Vows,	184
To My Little Sister,	186
Three Chains,	188
Only a Cottage Home,	191
Ada Wayne,	194
A Bunch of Faded Flowers,	196
A Little Grave,	197
A "Good-Bye" Recitation,	199
The Grave-Yard's Secret,	201
When I am Dead,	203
A Light in the Window,	205
A Picture,	207
Kiss Me When I am Dying,	210
Jesus Doeth All Things Well,	211
A Brother's Wedding Present,	214
Their Air Castles,	216
Met As Strangers,	221

TO T E A C H E R .

(MY FIRST POEM.)

When the years have come and gone,
And school days are passed and o'er,
And bright and gay together,
Our "A" Class meet no more.

I'll think of my dear class mates
When the future is at hand,
Yes, I'll think of all of them,
As a dear and happy band.

Fast in memory's chain,
That is twined around my heart,
Their names are linked together,
And can never break apart.

And you, my dearest teacher,
I will always think of you,
As a teacher, mild and gentle,
As a dear friend, kind and true.

In that memory's picture,
I'll not forget sweet Belle,
Nor tall and stately Anna,
Who does her work so well.

Nor Lee, the pride of the school,
With his gentle, manly grace;
May he win the world's high honors,
And hold the most honored place.

Nor charming, dark-eyed Minnie,
And Mary, her bosom friend;
May they always love each other
And be faithful to the end.

And Clara and fair Mittie—

I could think of memory's chain
As but an empty symbol,
If it could not bear each name.

Then comes merry Sidney,

Who was always full of fun;
May his life be grand and noble
And all its work well done.

And then comes friendly Angie,

Our gentle, gay brunette,
And Fannie and quiet Abner,
That I never can forget.

And roughish, laughing Fred,

Who never could be still,
And gentle, blue-eyed Nellie,
And noble, upright Will.

And you, my dearest teacher,
I will always think of you,
As a teacher, mild and gentle,
As a dear friend, kind and true.

In that memory's picture,
I'll not forget sweet Belle,
Nor tall and stately Anna,
Who does her work so well.

Nor Lee, the pride of the school,
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And Fannie and quiet Abner,
That I never can forget.

And rougish, laughing Fred,
Who never could be still,
And gentle, blue-eyed Nellie,
And noble, upright Will.

Next comes Frank and George,
Who, for drawing have a taste;
May their lives be full of pleasure,
Without one barren waste.

And laughing, fair-haired Laura,
And Mollie, bright and gay,
And merry, dark-eyed Annie;
May their lives be one long May.

When your thoughts are free, dear teacher,
From the world and all its fuss,
May you gaze back with kind wishes,
And often think of us.

And when the years have fled,
And the school of life is o'er,
May you meet each happy pupil
On the golden, happy shore.

And they, as they pass the pearly gate,
 May each and every one
Hear the good judgment,
 From the blessed lips, "Well done."



GOD IS THE MAKER; CHRIST IS
THE KING.

All nature is tuned to one golden harp,
And linked together in one golden chain,
In soft, sweet music it reaches the heart,
Chiming one glorious, one glad refrain,
Over the mountains
The glad anthems ring:
 God is the Maker;
 Christ is the King.

The sweet song is hummed
By the soft April showers,
And echoed and whispered
By the sweet summer flowers,
Is heard in the notes
Of the glad birds of spring:
 God is the Maker;
 Christ is the King.

We read the same letter
 In the pale moon on high,
 And trace the same words
 In the soft evening sky;
 See them in the bright beauty,
 The autumn leaves fling:
 God is the Maker;
 Christ is the King.

In the snow-covered vale,
 On the hill, o'er the plain,
 In the soft, sighing breeze,
 Is heard the sweet strain,
 To the soft, sighing dew-drop,
 The sweet words cling:
 God is the Maker;
 Christ is the King.

When we have passed over Jordan's cold wave,
 When through the Valley of Shadows have passed,
 When by His blood, we triumph o'er death,
 When through His love, we reach home at last,
 We will join the glad choir,
 And with angels will sing:
 God is the Maker;
 Christ is the King.

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.

They lie in an old oaken chest,
Tied with a ribbon blue,
And when I long for a rest,
I am wont to read them through,
For they carry my heart far away,
Back to the time of its happier day.

Go, bring the package to me;
The letters I hold so dear,
They will take back my memory,
To a day that is far from here,
And make me dream of a happy time,
Of faces I loved and forms divine.

This one, so full of love,
Is traced in a girlish hand;
She is dwelling now, above,
She has reached the better land;
And yet, when I think of the young hand, slim,
Which penned these lines, my eyes grow dim.

This letter, I read with joy,
And hold with a gentle caress;
It was sent by my sailor boy,
As he sailed o'er the ocean's breast;
Full of his love and sweet good will;
Darling boy, he is living still.

Happy in peace,
With friends by his side,
Sailing with him
O'er life's changeful tide,
Rich and honored, the noblest of men,
As humble and true as he was then.

This one, as I read it over,
 Brings a sense of pain;
For memories around it hover,
 Of a bloody battle plain,
Where the best loved one of my early youth,
 Fought and died in the cause of truth.

This one is full of pleasure,
 Happy, bright and gay,
And can, with its joyous measure,
 Take my pain away,
For it was penned by a cousin dear,
 On the happy eve of a glad New Year.

When she was expecting her happiest day,
 Her youthful heart aglow,
She wrote the words I read to-day,
 In the years of long ago:
Ah, her happiness has ever proved,
 Complete and true in the one she loved.

This one is written with care,
But, in a childish, unfirm hand,
And I think of the little one, fair,
As oft I have seen him stand,
Trusting and truthful, by my side,
In the blush and promise of childhoods pride.

He is a youth more learned now,—
I met him the other day,—
With his handsome form and noble brow,
He smiled in his old time way,
And with his gay heart, free from every fetter,
He jestingly spoke of his childish letter.

Ah, this one, did you ask?
It is dearer than any other,
The token of one most loved,
The lines of my angel mother,
Who is waiting now, on the golden shore,
Waiting 'till we shall meet once more.

Sweet letters, they can cheer me
 When nothing else hath power,
They take back my memory,
 To happy girlhood hours,
When I received each missive fair,
 And read and cherished them with care.

Daylight is fading fast, I see,
 You can take the tokens blest,
And lay them in their place, my dear,
 In the drawer of the oaken chest,
And sometimes in the sweet twilight,
 I'll read them again as I have to-night.



HER AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

What is it, Gracie? an album old,
Bound in velvet, clasped in gold.

With lines from a friend on each written page,
Yellow now, and dim with age.

And you would hear about them dear?
Well, bring the book and sit you here.

And I will tell, as I turn each page,
Of a time when I was just your age.

These first merry lines, were written by George,
He was a gay, young, English lord.

Who, in the days of youth time sweet,
Laid title, gold and love at my feet.

But I scorned them, and sent him away,
And to-day he's a batchelor, bent and gray.

This sober verse, with a mournful end,
Was penned by Belle, my bosom friend.

Lovely Belle, she is a countess now,
Before whose beauty, the wealthiest bow.

On this page, the one sweet line,
Was traced by the hand of a young divine.

He is the gray-haired minister we heard to-day,
Preach in the chapel, old and gray.

And this—but there's the tea bell, dear;
We'll close the book and leave it here.

You think me sad to-night? Oh, no,
I have present joys, tho' the past must go.

And yet, I would not for India's gold,
Part with this album, yellow and old.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

Mother is the sweetest name,
Ere' by a child's lips spoken,
And when the mother has passed away,
Earth's sweetest tie is broken.

Mother, who can pity us,
And sooth our every sorrow,
Who watches o'er our dreams to-night,
And guards our steps to-morrow.

Mother is the truest friend,
That dwells with us on earth,
Mother weeps at all our care,
And smiles at all our mirth.

Mother hovers o'er us,
When sickness, pain and care
Have touched our brow with fever,
And left their dark prints there.

Mother, a dear home angel,
Who bears each weary care,
With meek and patient heart,
And wafts our names in prayer.

Ah, how we love and prize,
Far more than any other,
The loving household watch-word,
The beautiful name of Mother.

Home! what loving memories,
Clusters around that name;
It can soften the sinners heart,
And make it throb with pain.

As he thinks of the many virtues,
Of the joy and peace and love,
That clustered around that home,
E'er he left it, alone to rove.

Play but the tune of "Home,"
On a distant, foreign shore,
And the wanderer, roving there,
Will seek his home once more.

Home! if in the raging battle
That word is lightly spoken,
The heart of the bearded soldier,
Is crushed as a flower, and broken.

Home! where father and mother
Make the fireside blest;
Home! where sisters and brothers,
Find from care, a rest.

Heaven! that land of peace,
Which all the weary seek;
Where our bark of hope is drifting,
O'er life's troubled deep.

Heaven! where the tired soul,
Is freed from weariness,
And earth's sad ones, find peace,
In perfect love and rest.

Heaven! where the flowers of love,
Once blighted by the tomb,
Shall in the Garden of Eden,
In radiant beauty bloom.

The sweetest joys of earth,
To weary mortals given,
Are sweet home ties and Mother,
And a hope of rest in Heaven.

MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I have been looking to-day at a portrait,
Which leans from the parlor wall,
The portrait of a lady,
Slender, fair and tall.

Long have I scanned it over,
Noting each feature rare,
Charmed by the hazel eyes,
And wealth of shining hair.

I have noted the costly robes,
Of crimson silk and lace,
Fitting the slender form,
Becoming the girlish face.

And I remember, years ago,
When I lingered by childhood's stream,
Of seeing that beautiful face,
As fair as an angel's dream.

Bending over my pillow,
And kissing my fevered brow,
So, I turn from the gilded frame,
To watch the sweet face now.

Dim to-day are the soft, brown eyes,
And faded the blooming face,
Stooped and bent, the slender form,
Marred is the witching grace.

Yet, just as fair as the picture,
Painted twenty years ago,
When her eyes had the diamond's luster,
Her cheeks had the rose's glow.

To me, is the sweet-faced Mother,
In the high-backed rocking chair;
Whose calm eyes tell the story,
Of a heart in the Saviour's care.



B O O K S .

—

Judge not a book by its binding,
For, as a beautiful form may hold
A heart devoid of passion,
A soul, as marble cold.

So, beautiful books may contain
Teachings that kill the soul,
Tho' they are bound in the richest velvet,
And clasped with the finest gold.



ON THE BEACH.

A stately man upon the beach,
A slight girl form beside,
Lightly leaning on his arm,
Watching the ebbing tide.

Thus I passed a couple by,
On the shining sand,
She, with her trusting, pure eyes,
He with his smile so bland.

Each honeyed word he uttered,
Was treasured in her breast,
While he—he only won her heart,
To boast of its conquest.

Thus I watched them, through the summer,
 Reading all her trustful heart,
Seeing, how through vanity,
 He had played a heartless part.

He, sighing softly, left her,
 When the summer days had flown,
With no conscience, pang of pity,
 For her heart, so cruelly wrung.

* * * * * * * *

Once again, I passed her by,
 On the sandy beach,
But the happy light had fled
 From her true eyes sweet.

She was leaning on the arm
 Of one who called her wife;
He was wealthy—years her senior,—
 Kingly in his love and pride.

Oft I wondered, as I watched them,
If he could her secret know,
If he dreamed her heart was yearning
For that other summer's glow.

And he, her false first lover,
Beyond the blue seas' roll,
Just wonders if she is walking,
Where so oft' they used to stroll.

The proud world calls them happy,
Envies her her wealthy lot,
But I know her heart is breaking
For the love that's unforget.



MY TREASURE CASKET.

There is a shining rose-wood casket,
In my chamber, hid away,
And I unlocked its golden clasp,
With trembling hands to-day.

Opened it my box of rose-wood,
To add to all its store
Of precious, gathered treasures,
One precious treasure more.

Lying hidden in this casket,
From the cold world's haughty stare,
Is placed my dearest treasures,
That I hoard with tender care.

Here lies, in flashing splendor,
The costly garnet set,
Which my soldier father gave me,
On a night I'll ne'er forget.

He came into my chamber,
In the twilight's early fall;
Where I in snow-white garments,
Was arrayed for my "first ball."

"You are like your mother, daughter,
You have her many charms."
And father clasped these jewels
About my neck and arms.

Here lies a faded letter,
That sweet thoughts to me bring,
And folded in its pages,
Gleams my diamond wedding ring.

Here is a tiny golden locket,
 With my brother's pictured face;
In the long ago, we parted,
 May God keep him with his grace.

This is a note that Nannie "tossed me,"
 Much against the teacher's rule,
Who, unjustly, had forbidden
 Any "tossing notes" in school.

Ah, my willful, little school-mate,
 Made a woman true and sweet,
And unlike her later life,
 Seem the penciled lines I read.

"Oh! Kate, father bought me
 Such a lovely, blue silk dress!
I shall have it made like yours,
 Like your violet one, I guess."

Darling Nannie, pure souled Nannie,
For her earnest, christian life,
Has received, from Christ, the Savior,
Long ago, a "dress" of white.

Here is a tiny, ruby bracelet,
That my little daughter wore,
To-day her arms are stretching
To me from the other shore.

Here lies the satin robes,
And the snowy, misty veil,
That I wore when vows were plighted,
Which completed love's sweet tale.

Here is a lock of silvery hair,
And one of golden hue;
The silvery one belonged to mother,
The golden one to sister Lue.

Here, flashing forth in splendor,
Its transparent rays of blue,
Is a tiny cross of sapphires,
And donor's heart was true.

As I look upon its beauty,
I can smile, in spite of sadness,
As I think of him who gave it;
With a thrill of grateful gladness.

Handsome Frank, my boyish lover,
Vowed to me, with kindling eye,
That he'd never love another,
Said none were as fair as I.

And I smiled and said 'twas folly,
He was but a mere boy then,
I, a woman years his senior,
Knowing how his love would end.

Years have passed and Frank is wedded,
To a wife fair, good and true;
Her locks are dark as midnight,
Mine has the chestnut's hue.

And he loves her with a passion,
That no youthful bosom warms,
And he thinks her dusky beauty
Fairer than my paler charms.

I am glad "my boy" is married,
Glad he sees his folly now,
Yet I keep the costly trinket,
In remembrance of his vow.

Ah, my heart again is saddened,
As fond memories stir within,
And I'll close the treasure casket,
E'er my eyes again grow dim.

For the friends, who gave these tokens,
Made my heart what it should be,
Strong and true to bear the sadness,
That has later, come to me.



CHILDHOOD .

Childhood, sweetest of life's hours,
Spent in play-time's joyous bowers,
Wreathed with free joys purest flowers.

Childhood: free from every care,
Guarded by a mother's prayer,
Time unsoiled by sin or snare.

Sweetest hours of innocent plays,
Beautiful childhood, are thy days,
The childish heart is glad always.

Enchanted childhood, soon, in truth,
Too soon, you give away to youth,
Youth, a fleeting dream, forsooth.

Beautiful childhood, may you be,
A star to light life's gloomy sea,
And brighten its dreary voyage for me.

T W O B R I D E S .

Well, the dreaded ordeal is passed,
And I can think it over at last,
All alone in my silent room,
In the shimmering rays of the cold, white
moon.

How calm was the bride with her doll-like face,
In trailing white and veil of lace.
It seems like a dream, that I heard her say
The words that bound them forever and aye.
And the groom, so proud of his beautiful bride,
Knows not the secret her false smile hides.
She, like many another, herself has sold,
For high position, rank and gold.
She blushes to-night, 'neath my cold glance keen,
Remembering well, the day, I ween,
When she promised, just one year ago,
To share my life, its joys and woe.

Ah, well, her promise to me is a tale that's told,
 And to-day, the idle I thought of gold,
 And cherished as such for many a day,
 Fell at my feet in a heap of clay.

* * * * *

How lovely she was, to-day, by my side,
 Trusting and truthful, my dark-eyed bride.
 Like a dream, seems that other night,
 When my old love became a millionaire's wife.
 She, beautiful still, is a widow now,
 And before her shrine many lovers bow.
 Can it be that three years ago
 I thought her blond face the fairest below
 The angels? Ah, yes: but to-day, I know
 A face that is fairer, a face with a glow,
 That comes from the depths of an earnest heart.
 A face unmarred by fashion's vile art,
 It matters not, though my false love will smile,
 And try, from my wife my heart to beguile.
 Her soft, tender smiles are nothing to me,

Compared to the deep, earnest love that I see
 Shining on me from my wife's tender eyes,
In whose deep, dark depths there ever lies,
 The calm reflections of a noble soul,
That prizes honor far above gold.

 And looking, to day, on my old love fair,
With her violet eyes and her golden hair,
 I thought how our ideals rise with the years,
And how they fall when they cause us tears.



THREE SISTERS .

Three beautiful sisters, robed in white,
Started together in the morning light,
 To seek the dark homes
 Of poor and oppressed,
 To ease the sick soul,
 To the weary, give rest.

One sought the abode of a widow, lone,
And sat with her by her cold hearth stone,
 And bade her trust God
 In her sorrow's dark night.
 It was fair gentle Faith
 In her robe of pure white.

Another, went softly where a weary man toiled,
And clasped his rough hand, hardened, soiled,
 And talked with him gently,
 Of a day of pure rest,
 And beautiful Hope
 Made his hard labor blest.

The other, the last of the sisters three,
But the fairest of all, sweet Charity,
 With willing hands entered
 A low cottage door,
 And toiled with its inmates,
 Discouraged and poor.

Lightened their burdens of sorrow and pain,
Till a smile hovered o'er the tired lips again,
 And each tired soul, looked
 Up with new courage and love,
 And offered a prayer
 To the Saviour above.

In the still hours of twilight, in evening's sweet glow
These three gentle sisters, in robes white as snow,
Entered the house of
Our Father of Light,
And kneeled, with hands folded
Around the throne white.

And each, in their turn, gave account of the day,
Of the souls they had helped or from sin turned
And Faith, Hope and Charity, [away,
In fullness, found rest,
When Jesus, their brother,
Called them his blessed.



SHE LOVED THEM BOTH.

Which do I love best, Nellie,
Is that the question you ask?
To answer it truly, my darling,
To me is no difficult task.

When the cry of war filled the land,
To which was my heart most true,
The men who donned the gray,
Or the ones who donned the blue?

Well, listen, Nellie darling,
And I will tell you all,
My heart is true to both,
For at the war's fierce call.

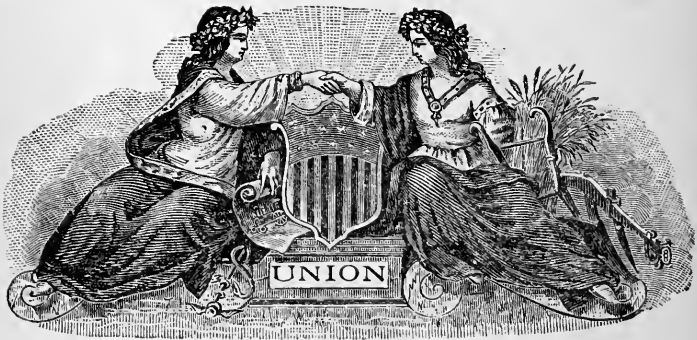
And brave men left their homes,
The wild cry to obey,
My bonny sweetheart wore the blue,
My brother wore the gray.

Both noble, good men, Nellie,
And loved me more than life,
Each did what he thought his duty,
Each walked by his given light.

One fell in the fire at Shiloh,
My darling one in gray;
Cold and still they found him,
When the smoke had cleared away.

And the other, to-day is sleeping,
Neath the southern, flowery sod,
They buried him where he fell,
With his blue coat for a shroud.

So this is the reason, Nellie,
I cannot teach my heart to say
That either, to me is dearest,
For I loved both, blue and gray.



THE BEST BOOK.

A little child with sunny hair,
Dainty, sweet as a lily fair,
Played alone one sunny day,
Plucking the fragrant buds of May,
And sang, as she wove the roses red,
Into a wreath for her dolly's head;
Sang in a childish, stammering way,
The song she would prize in a later day:
 "Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine."

Years passed by and the golden hair
Had changed to brown, and the maiden fair,
Decks herself with loving pride
In the snowy veil and robes of a bride,
And with a tender light in her eyes,
She glances to where the bible lies,
Then, when expecting her happiest day,
She sang in the twilight soft and gray:
 "Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine."

At a vine-clad window the mother stands,
Training the vines with her skillful hands;
Watching the children at their play,
Prizing the merry words they say;
Then turns from the window with a prayer,
"God keep my darlings in your care,"
And hummed as she opened the bible wide—
The book that had ever been her guide:
 "Holy bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine."

The grand-dame sits in her easy chair,
The sunset's light on her soft, white hair,
Her gentle eyes, with age quite dim,
Still seek to read the words of Him,
Who had been her strength, her hope and light,
Through all the years of her useful life,
And sings again in the twilight dim,
As long ago, the treasured hymn,
 "Holy bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine."

SECRET PRAYER.

Oh, the wonderful power there elings
To secret prayer, when its sacred wings
Wafts our trials, our grief and woe,
To the Father above, "Who doth all things know."
Ah, what a privilege, 'tis to us,
To depart from the world's alluring fuss,
And in secret prayer our sorrows tell,
To the One, "Who doeth all things well."
Perhaps we will never know all the worth
Of secret prayer, 'till on this earth
At death's door we lay our burdens down,
And freed from the crosses, grasp the crown.
In a gilded city, where grim sin sleeps,
A youth is treading its lighted streets;

A bright-haired boy with manly air,
Seeking for pleasure anywhere.
He paused one moment, where a chandelier
Threw on the stræet, its radiance clear,
Little dreaming, that in that glittering saloon,
Thousands had sank to Hell's dark doom:
With an eager look on his young face, fair,
He ponders a moment, will he enter there?
No; far from the city's clamerous din,
A sweet-faced sister prayed for him,
And a thought of her face in its youthful bloom,
Drew him back from the gambling saloon;
And wafted down from the great, white throne,
On a secret prayer, an answer shone.
A weary mourner, with grief burdened heart,
Stood at the river where fond friends part,
Stood on the banks of Death's chilling stream,
Saw her loved one pass to the world unscen,
And feeling her burden too great to bear,
Fled to her closet, in secret prayer;

And there alone, in the silent night,
Communed with the Father "who rewardeth in
light."

And "a still small voice," from the Father's throne,
Came softly down to the heart so lone,
Said to the waves of grief in her breast,
"Peace be still," and her soul found rest.

Far away on the dark, blue deep,
Where sea-fish dance and mermaid's weep,
A gallant ship, with her seamen brave,
Battled long, with the mountain-like waves,
But in vain, seemed her efforts against the gale;
The cheeks of the hardy crew grew pale,
And each drew back with fear sick soul,
From a watery grave 'neath the ocean's roll,
And gave himself up, in despair, as lost,
As the gallant ship, by the waves was tossed.

But, ah, over the ocean stole a calm,
As o'er Galilee, in the years ago,
For a loving mother, in secret prayed,

For her sailor boy, and the ship was saved.

Oh! the power of sacred prayer;
The guard from sin, the shield from care,
The strongest link in faith's firm chain,
That binds us to hope, in the hour of pain,—
Seek it in heaven, you will find it there,
Treasured above—secret prayer.



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.

We are climbing, ever climbing,
The wearisome mountain of life,
Soon, by patient endeavors,
We will reach the summit bright.

We are climbing up this mountain,
With sad and weary souls,
Through the ravine of tears,
Where the river of sorrow rolls.

Slowly, we are climbing,
Over stones of care,
The summit shining,
In the sun-lit air.

Climbing up the mountain,
Slowly, day by day,
Sometimes finding friends
And sweet flowers on our way.

We are climbing up the mountain,
Sometimes weary, ill;
Still we keep ascending,
Doing God's sweet will.

We are climbing the mountain in hope,
We are climbing the mountain in love,
We are stretching our hands for aid
To the ones who smile from above.

Some are far below us,
Just starting the hill to climb,
Others are high above us,
Far on the road of time.

Some are needing our help,
As they sink under sin's grim blight,
Some who are climbing the mountain,
Without the Saviour's light.

Oh! throw light on their way,
Help them the top to win,
Throw God's light around them,
And show them the rocks of sin.

O'er which their feet are stumbling,
As they tread the darkened way;
Lend them a helping, a helping hand,
Throw them the Gospel's ray.

Climbing up the mountain,
Soon our journey's o'er,
Soon we'll reach the summit,
And will climb the hill no more.

DYING VISIONS.

When the fire-light glows and glistens,
 Making shadows through the gloom,
Do I but to fancy listen,
 Or are there voices in the room.

Yes, the sound comes clearer, deeper,
 And sweet notes of music ring—
Now the strains grow nearer, sweeter—
 Can it be that angels sing?

Can it be that I am dreaming,
 Or do I see those visions fair,
Coming with their white robes gleaming;
 Flowers of victory in their hair.

Is it but the flickering fire-light,
 Dancing on the parlor wall;
Or do I see those fair forms white?
 Can it be, I know them all?

Yes, the first bright face I know;
 It, to me was early lost—
For thirty years has lain below
 The summer flowers and winter's frost.

And the next, my patient one,
 Who through tribulations went,
Up to meet the Father, Son,
 Who such bitter crosses sent.

I can trace no pain or woe,
 In the now bright face,
It was marred by both below,
 Now 'tis bright with Heaven's grace.

Ah! I see another face,
Floating towards me through the air,
I would know it any place,
With its crown of silvered hair.

He has been to me a father,
Loved me both as child and man,
Sharing all my cares and bother,
He has made me what I am.

There is another and another!
Standing smiling, side by side,
One is she, my sainted mother,
One is she, my sainted bride.

Ah, the throng is coming nearer--
Standing all about my chair,
Their sweet, tender words I hear,
I can touch their floating hair.

And there is a radiant vision,
 Standing in the midst of them,
Praise God! for the sight Elysian,
 'Tis the Christ of bethlehem.

* * * * *

Dead, they found the dreamer lying,
 In the gray dawn, bleak and chill,
With the joys that came while dying,
 Resting on his cold face still.

And they wondered, through their sorrow,
 Why his face looked so divine,
He had found a glad to-morrow,
 When he bade "good-night to time."



BESIDE THE ROSE BUSH.

Beside a cottage of home-like grace,
A happy child, with a merry face,
Planted a rose bush, slender and green,
Close to the porch, 'neath the window screen.
Her work, completed, she turned away,
To join the others at their play,
And soon forgot, in the innocent glee,
The slender slip of the young rose tree.
Years passed on, o'er the sunny head,
And every year the rose bush shed,
Its fragrance sweet, 'round the cottage door,
Making it fairer than ever before.
Beside the rose bush a maiden stands,
A bunch of its flowers in her slender hands,

And a far-away look in her dreamy eyes,
As she gazes back, where the dead past lies.

And thinks of the time of long ago,
When she planted the bush with heart aglow.

Ah, me, she sighed and turned away,
There's naught as fair as childhood's day.

Beside the rose bush, a woman dreams,
Of childhood's days and girlhood's scenes.

She had won honor, wealth and fame,
The proud world smiled and praised her name.

Her winning face and cultured voice,
Had made the critical world rejoice,

Yet, she turned from all its laurels rain,
With a feeling, almost akin to pain.

And now, for peace, repose and rest,
She had sought again, the old home nest.

'Neath a coffin lid, in a darkened room,
An aged woman lies in the gloom.

In the icy hands on her quiet breast,
Is a pure, white rose, the fairest and best.

Plucked from the bush, which, when a child
She had planted there in the spring-time mild.

In a quiet nook in a church-yard lone, [moan,
Where the soft winds sigh and the tall trees
Stands a rose-bush, stately and tall,
And lets its wealth of white leaves fall.

Year by year o'er the silent tomb
Of one, who in her childhood's bloom
Had planted it close to the dear old home,
Where harm was not, nor sin could come.

Sweet emblem of her childhood's hours,
It stands and blooms, the sweetest of flowers.



TWO MAY DAYS.

We gathered the beautiful flowers
And choicest buds of May,
To deck our household darling,
One year ago to-day.

His eyes were blue as the violets,
His hair like fine, spun gold;
Our precious, sweet-faced baby,
That day he was two years old.

We wove the soft-eyed pansies
In the waves of his golden hair,
And hung a wreath of roses
About his soft neck fair.

We heaped his tiny apron,
 With the low, meek, violets blue,
And the pale forget-me-nots,
 With rose of crimson hue.

We wished our laughing darling
 A happy christian life;
We prayed he might bring laurels,
 From the envied hall of might.

But to-day, with breaking hearts,
 And voices hushed and low,
We decked our pale, cold baby
 In satin, white as snow.

We have strewn with pure white roses,
 The sweetest flowers that grow,
The tiny rose-wood casket,
 In the darkened room below.

On its snowy, silken cushions,
Rest our darling's lovely clay;
The more lovely soul has flown
Where flowers bloom alway.

Oh, our darling sweet-faced treasure,
Fairer than all earth's flowers,
God's answered our prayers for you,
But, in a different way from ours.



TO A FRIEND.

Often, alone in the twilight,
Dear friend, I think of thee,
And I need not tell you, Myrtle,
'Tis a pleasant memory.

For in childhood was a friendship,
That we now renew again,
When in the prime of girlhood,
We link its broken chain.

'Tis sweet now to remember,
How we waded the brook, between
Us and our playing ground;
The hill-side, darkly green.

And a yearning wish steals o'er me,
That we could, for one brief day,
Put aside our graver fancies,
On the hill-side, romp and play.

But another brook is flowing,
'Twixt us and the green hill-side;
Wider, deeper than the old one,
'Tis the brook of woman's pride.

Tho' we cannot stem its current—
Never play in childish glee—
Yet the years hold many pleasures,
Truer ones for you, for you and me.

May you find life's truest pleasure,
All unmarred by doubting, care,
Pleasures that are found by trusting,
Taking all to God in prayer.

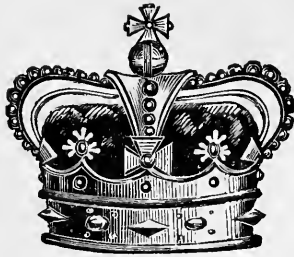
I will ever, hold you, Myrtle,
As among my friends most fair,
And before I close this missive,
Let me give my wish and prayer.

'Tis:—may the rose of content,
Ever bloom in your heart—
There the lily of peace,
Burst its white leaves apart.

There the fair pearl of kindness,
In its whiteness be found,
And the bright gold of hope,
In its richness abound.

There may the ruby of faith
Shed its soft radiance bright;
And the diamond of love,
Cover all with its light.

And when you leave this earth,
 May you all these treasures find
Awaiting you in Heaven,
 In a jeweled crown combined.



GALILEE, GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE.

I love thee, I love thee, sweet Galilee,
 Why? because on thy watery breast
My Christ, my redeemer, has often found rest,
 When, by the multitudes sorely pressed;—
Thus, thou art sacred, deep Galilee.

Pure are thy waves, to me, Galilee,
 For they speak of a time,
When the Saviour, divine,
 Suffered on earth with all mankind;
Fairest of seas, blue Galilee.

Galilee, Galilee, Oh! Galilee,
 Were I to travel by sea and by land,
To find for myself, the fairest strand,
 I would, by thy calm, blue waters stand,
And know I had found the fairest in thee.

Galilee, sacred, beautiful sea,
Had I granted, to-day,
Only one wish—this would I pray--
That, kept from thy waters, forever and aye,
All that is false or untrue, should be.



VON ARDEN'S DREAM.

Von Arden stood at a window,
Alone, one New Year's night,
He saw himself an old man,
With hair of snowy white.

He had passed many of the years,
Which lead to the silent grave,
But no fruits had he from the journey,
For he had been, to sin, a slave.

He raised his eyes to Heaven,
Where the stars gleamed pure and bright;
Then cast them on the earth,
Where all seemed gloom and night.

There he saw other beings,
Whose remorse, like his, was vain,
For having sown a life of sin,
They now, reaped its bitter grain.

As he looked upon them,
His eyes grew dim with tears,
As he thought of his early youth,
And all his mis-spent years.

He thought of the solemn moment
When his father with pious care,
Showed him the two roads of life,
And bade him, of one beware.

One led into a fair, bright land,
Where sunny harvests wave;
The other, into a cave,
As dark as the silent grave.

As he thought of the one he had chosen,
His heart for peace did yearn;
And he cried out, in grief and terror,
Oh! days of my youth return.

Oh, my father, come back to me,
And point out the roads once more,
That I may choose the one
Which leads to the sunny shore.

But his cries were only mockery,
His tears were shed in vain;
For father and youth had gone,
To never return again.

He saw floating, gleaming lights,
That vanished in darkness away;
These were but the emblems
Of each sinful, mis-spent day.

He saw a star gleam brightly,
Then fall from the blue vault above,
This was like himself, who
Had fell from truth and love.

He thought of the friends of his youth,
Who had entered with him in life,
Who walked the narrow way;
Were happy this New Year's night.

The clock tolled one, in the tower,
Recalling the vanished years,
Recalling his father's prayers,
And his mother's parting tears.

As he thought of their early lessons,
He bowed his head in shame,
Dreading to look at the sky,
Fearing to speak each name.

When he thought of the last dreaded hour,
And what, then, his soul would lack,
He cried out in a hopeless voice,
Oh, days of my youth, come back.

And lo! his youth did return,
With many a promise bright;
For he had dreamed all this,
On that happy New Year's night.

He thanked God from his heart,
That time was still his own;
That all was but a dream,
And his faults were real, alone.

Thanked Him that far below him,
Lay the gloomy eave
And lying strait before him,
Was the land where harvests wave.

Now you, like Von Arden,
Stand by the roads of life,
Doubting which one to take,
To travel in toil and strife.

Remember, in choosing the broad one,
You go to the dissolute cave;
Nothing to hope for in future,
But a dark, unhonored grave.

And remember, when years have fled,
Your heart, for hope will yearn,
And you will cry out, but cry in vain;
Oh! days of my youth return.



IN THE MOONLIGHT.

I stood in the soft moonlight,
 In the garden's fragrant bower,
In the solemn hush of midnight,
 That kisses the sleeping flower.

I gaze at the moon in her splendor,
 As she throws her silvery beams
To kiss the flowers tender,
 And the distant landscape scenes.

And somehow, I love to-night,
 Far dearer than ever before,
The Summer's white moonlight,
 As it falls on hill and shore.

For I know it falls on a new-made grave,
In gentle arrows of light,
As it flickers through the trees that wave,
And moan through the silent night.

I know the soul of the sleeper,
Is as calm as its gentle rays,
As it rests in the arms of its keeper,
In the light of Heavenly days.

I know he crossed the river,
Death's dreaded icy stream,
With a faith that did not quiver,—
As firm as the soft moon-beam.

I know his gentle spirit,
In the unknown, happy land,
Has received rewards for its merit,
While with our earthly band.

Oh! moonlight, how it thrills me,
With a joy I cannot tell,
As it brings back the memory
Of him I love so well.

Oh! moonlight, sweet moonlight,
Let your pale rays, dim,
Go to his grave to-night,
And carry my love to him.



PRIVATE AND GENERAL.

That is a general over there,
With crimson sash and sword's bright glare
Flashing bright in the sun-lit air.

He is a king of Liberty,
The savior of our nation free,
The one who severed slavery.

Yes, that is a general; but I ask of you:
Who is that there in a blouse of blue,
With courage as great as your general too?

Say, who is this here, with one arm gone?
And a weary look on his face so worn,
As he looks at you 'neath his hat brim torn.

Who fought through battles dark and drear,
Who left their homes, to them so dear,
Say, who is this, now that is standing near.

Oh! with a scornful smile, you haughtily say:
That is only a soldier, who followed the way
The gallant general took in the fray.

Only a soldier—God forbid that you,
Should say such a thing of one so true,
Who was true to his country and manhood too.

You say the general saved the nation, true,
Then what did the men in the blouses blue;
Say, what did the private soldier do?

Did they idly stand through the fire and fight,
And but cheer him on to do the right,
Was it he alone, put the army to flight?

No, true it was the generals, who showed the way
The gallant soldiers took in the fray,
But it was not the generals who won the day.

Nor is it the generals, who, now war is o'er,
Is driven cold and hungry from door to door;
Weary and sick, worn and foot-sore.

It is the general, whom you call great,
Who dwells in a mansion on a grand estate,
With nothing to do but fight a fair fate.

While the private soldier, weary and poor,
Dwells in a cottage with low thatched door;
You have no honor for him now the war is o'er.

Well, you say from out your scornful lore,
We did not send him from door to door,
There are plenty of soldiers who are rich, not poor.

Yes, plenty of soldiers that are rich to-day,
But they are not the ones whose health gave way,
As they fought in the battle from day to day.

Well, honor the general, for it is his due;
Give him great honor and laurels too,
But honor the same, the boys in blue.



LIFE'S GOBLET.

Life is like a goblet,
From which we all must drink,
We take the first sip in our cradles,
The last, on Jordan's brink.

For some, the goblet is small,
And only a few sips taken,
When it is broken by God's hand,
To be repaired in Heaven.

But for some, the goblet is long,
And filled to the very brim,
With only a little pleasure,
Amid its grief and sin.

For some, it is fully filled
 With sorrow, woe and shame;
For some, it is filled with honor;
 For others, filled with pain.

Some fill this cup with pleasure
 As sweet as the honey-comb,
While others fill it up
 With the service of God, alone.

For some, it is filled with knowledge,
 And virtue, pearly white;
For some, it is filled with ignorance,
 And crime as dark as night.

Yet, life is a glittering goblet
 Of which, each mortal sips,
Yet, when drinking its drops of sorrow,
 We would dash it from our lips.

Oh! strangely enchanted cup,
He in Heaven blest,
Will choose among us all,
Who has filled you best.



MEMORY'S ALBUM.

Like an album filled with pictures,
In the memory of long ago,
As we turn its pages over,
Sitting in the fire-light's glow.

Many a long forgotten picture,
Glowing with a tender hue,
Is presented to our vision,
E'er we turn the album through.

Many bright and lovely pictures,
Painted, in childhood's early hours,
Bring to us a sense of pleasure,
Like the fragrance from the flowers.

And yet, in memory's true album,
Mixed with the pictures bright,
Are some that are tinted with wrong,
And far from the beautiful right.

Some, which we gaze on in grief,
And would take from the pages there,
But they must rest forever,
Among the good and fair.

Faces of friends, who were dear,
And from this earth have gone,
Fill up sweet memory's album,
That now we are alone.

Faces of friends who were with us,
But from our side have gone
To sail o'er life's swift billows,
And conquer its waves and foam.

But of all the beautiful pictures,
 On memory's pages pressed,
We find the fairest scene, is
 The home of our childhood's rest.

Faces of father and mother,
 Smile from those pages white;
Forms of sisters and brothers,
 Give the leaves a holy light.

Oh! given is memory's album,
 To cheer our saddest lot,
By it we see past pleasures,
 With the cares of life forgot.



THEIR DIAMOND WEDDING.

We are sitting alone, to-night wife,
Alone in the same old room,
Where I brought you, years ago wife
In all of your youthful bloom.

Now our hearts are not so free, wife;
Our hearts are not so free;
Then you were eighteen, wife,
An' I, just twenty three.

I have been thinking of the past, wife;
Of all these many years;
We have had many pleasures,
Yet, not unmingled with tears.

I have been thinking of the time, wife;
That time, so long ago,
When, with me you stood at the altar
In bridal robes of snow.

Of all the brides I have seen, wife,
You was to me most fair;
With your shining, violet eyes
And your floating, chestnut hair.

You thought me handsome, too, wife,
In that time of long ago;
Now I am bent and feeble, Kate,
With hair turned white as snow.

Time has not spared you, Kate,
Your charms have faded too,
But you are just as dear to me, wife,
As when in youthful hue.

One by one the years went by,
 Bringing children to our home;
One by one our children left us,
 And again we are alone.

You think of stately George, I know;
 Our eldest joy and pride,
Who went to seek his fortune,
 Upon the ocean's tide.

You remember the sad day, wife,
 When the news came home to us,
That a grave he had found 'neath the ocean,
 Away from the world and its fuss.

There, you must not weep, wife,
 That time has long gone past,
And we are nearing Jordan,
 Nearing its banks at last.

You remember our Alice, love;
Our gentle, brown haired pet,
With her sunny, winsome smile—
I can almost see her yet.

She wedded a good man, wife,
With wealth and a stately home;
And lived as grand and happy
As a queen upon a throne.

Then next there came to us,
The baby boy who died;
And next, our tall, young Violet,
Who slumbers by his side.

And last, came our Edith, Kate,
With a face and form like you;
The same meek, gentle air,
The same heart, warm and true.

I seem to see her again, wife,
As she stood by her husband's side
At the altar, in the dim-lit church,
And whispered the vow of a bride.

And again I can see her, Kate,
As she lay in her coffin, cold;
When many years had passed
And she was growing old.

I remember of thinking then, wife,
That the last of our flock had gone,
And we, just as we began it,
Are ending our life alone.

To-night is our diamond wedding,
And you are ninety three,
And I am ninety eight, wife,
And still you are left to me.

Strange that I should be thinking
Of all the past, to-night,
Strange that there seems around us,
A bright, unusual light.

What is that sound I hear?
Perhaps some friend has come,
Why no! it is our children,
I know them every one.

Give me your hand, wife,
I feel so numb and cold;
Perhaps they've come for us,
For we are very old.

* * * * *

Yes, the time had come for these two,
Who had lived so long together;
Who had shared life's trials and sorrows,
Its cloudy and sunny weather.

On the night of their diamond wedding,
Those aged hearts filled with love,
Together entered the portals
Of an azure home above.



A HEART TWICE CONQUERED.

Midnight, and in a chamber,
In ancient splendor furnished;
With amber satin hangings,
And carved oak panels, burnished;
Before an ancient fire-place,
Where ashes alone, remain,
A girl in glittering ball dress,
Battles with love and pain.

For, ah! to-night at the ball,
With its music softly pealing;
Its laughter and dancing feet,
And fragrance of flowers stealing,
She had learned of his marriage, afar,
In a land beyond the water,
The marriage of him she loved,
To an English Duke's fair daughter.

They had been lovers once,
But two years had passed away,
Since he tenderly bade her good-by,
Swearing devotion for aye;
While she had been true to him,
Patiently waiting, the while,
He had been dazzled and won,
By an English beauty's smile.

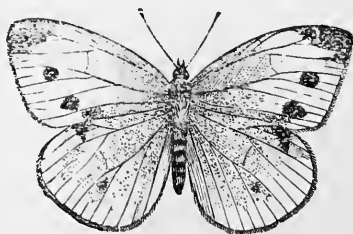
Calmly she smiled to-night,
'Neath the critical eyes of the crowd
That sought to read her heart;
Yet heard not, its beating loud.
But now, alone with herself,
She battles, but not in vain,
For of the fire of love in her heart,
Naught but its ashes remain.

* * * * *

A white-haired dame is sitting
In the embers dying glow,
Where the girl had fought and conquered
Her mad heart, years ago,
Again she with her heart, is striving
In bitter, burning fight,
But it is pride and revenge,
And not with love to-night.

Can she give her fair, young daughter,
The joy of her widowed years,
To the son of the false hearted lover,
Who had gave her life its tears;
Long she sat and pondered,
In that spacious, ancient room,
With the fire-light's fading glory,
Falling softly, through the gloom.

And when the east was rosy,
With dawn of a morning fair,
The dame, with a tender smile,
'Rose from her carved oak chair,
And penned a gracious letter;
Her consent, on its shining page,
And the heart she conquered in youth,
Was conquered again in age.



HOW HARRY WON THE PRIZE.

Harry sat in silence,
 Searching his history's pages,
Reading with eager eyes,
 The records of by-gone ages.

Grandma dropped her knitting
 To watch the bright, young face,
In which the father's beauty was
 Combined with the mother's grace.

Father and mother were sleeping
 In one grave, far from home,
But grandma had their likeness,
 In their bright, young, noble son.

Her faded face grew bright,
 With a tender, loving look,
As she watched the troubled face,
 Bending over the book.

“Grandma,” and there was trouble
 In the depths of the deep, blue eyes,
“I must answer, to-morrow, three questions,
 Or I will lose the prize.”

“Which was the greatest battle,
 The world has ever known?
Which was the greatest victory?
 And where was the victory won?”

The light of beautiful thoughts,
 Shone in grandma’s eyes,
As she looked at the youthful face
 In tender, reproachful surprise.

“Which is the greatest battle?

Why! that is easy I see,
The greatest battle, Harry,
Was fought on Calvary.

When Christ the king of mankind,
Nailed to the cursed tree,
Battled with grief and pain,
And died for you and me.

And the greatest victory, darling,
Was when he arose from the tomb,
And over death and the grave,
A glorious triumph won.

And the place where the holy light
Of that glorious victory shone,
Was a snow white sepulchre,
Hewed and cut in stone.

So, answer your teacher, to-morrow,
In the way I have answered you,
And tho' expecting other answers,
He will tell you they are true."

The prize, a golden watch,
Lies to-day in Harry's desk;
For of all the answers given,
His was the truest and the best.



TWILIGHT, COME TO ME.

Twilight, sweetest hour of hours,
Coming like the sweet spring flowers,
Coming to my aching heart,
Bidding all its care depart;
Coming with each youthful scene,
That my memory still holds green;
Gentle twilight, come to-night,
Bringing all my memories bright,
Of my childhood, of my youth,
All the joys of friendship's truth,
Dreamy twilight, hour so fair,
Take this silver from my hair,
Make my heart grow young, and ring
With the memories that you bring;
Make my eyes, now dim with pain,
Shine with love and youth again.

By the joys, too sweet to last,
Which you bring from out the past;
Sacred hour of memory,
Gentle twilight, come to me,
Come to me at close of day,
Take my weary care away,
Take me back, on memory's wings,
To the place where Mother sings;
To the old home, by the shore,
That will sooth my heart no more.
Friendly twilight, let me see,
By the light of memory,
All the scenes my heart holds dear,
Whisper sweet songs in my ear,
Sweetest hour of all the day,
Gentle twilight, come and say,
That they often think of me,
In the old home by the sea;
Lay my head upon your breast,
Gentle twilight, give me rest.

W O R K .

Work, tho' you may not have won
At the eve of life, at the the set of sun
The object sought for when you begun.

Work, though it may not bring you fame,
Work, though it may not win you a name,
Work, tho' your object is never gained.

Work, tho' the task be but lowly,
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Find some labor that's noble and holy.

Work through sorrow, work through hate,
Work through love and trials of fate,
Work for some good, early and late.

Work for some loved one, loving and true,
Work for the ones, who are trusting in you,
Their love will repay whatever you do.

Work for the home that is waiting above,
Work for the Saviour and nobly prove,
That you are doing your duty in faith and love.

Work, do the work that to you is given,
So that when from this Earth you'r bidden,
You will be proud to see it in Heaven.



O N L Y .

Only a word, idly spoken,
And yet the trust in you
Of some dear friend is broken,
That you never can renew.

It is only a mother's prayer,
To God, for her darling boy,
As she kneels at the throne of care,
And prays for her first-born joy.

That leads him safely through
The cares and battles of life,
That keeps his heart e'er true,
And strengthens him for the strife.

It is only a little word,
Spoken softly, lowly,
Which brought a soul to Lord,
And made it pure and holy.

It is only the clasp of a hand
Of a friend as we say "good by,"
When they leave this earthly band,
When the angel of Death is nigh.

That gives us power to say,
When our hearts feel sad and lone,
And we kneel in grief to pray;
"Father, thy will be done."

It is only the memory sweet,
That comes to the exile afar,
Which brings him back in peace,
Where the home and loved ones are.

Only the kiss of a child,
On the brow darkly stained by sin,
That made the hard heart mild,
And let the love-light in.

Only a kind word spoken,
In a soft, sweet pitying voice,
Has healed a heart crushed, broken,
And made it again rejoice.

Only the love of God,
Only his promise of light;
Gives us strength to trod
The thorny road of life.



ORIGIN OF THE IVY.

In a land beyond the ocean,
Where with steady, constant motion,
Flows the swelling Rhine,
Dwelt a maiden young and fair,
With lily cheeks and golden hair,
And warm heart, truly kind.

Had this charming lass a lover,
And she pledged him that no other,
Only he her love could claim,
Yet she bade him "wait a time"
Ere she, her girlhood left behind,
Ere she changed her life and name.

But he of waiting, wearied soon,
And begged her grant him just the boon
Of an early wedding day;
Again she told him, with a smile,
He would have to wait a while,
And he must her wish obey.

Growing jealous, ere a while,
Of her merry glance and smile,
He sought the maiden's side,
Saying, Ivy, hear me now,
If you longer slight your vow
To become my bride.

If you longer bid me wait,
You will but decide our fate,
It shall be for aye and ever;
She, thinking that he spoke in jest,
Said, her power o'er him to test,
"Then kind sir, just wait forever."

With a look of deep despair,
He turned and left her standing there
By the river's side;
She knew then, he in truth had spoken,
And her young heart crushed and broken,
She faded, pined and died.

And one day as the mourners wept
O'er the grave where Ivy slept,
By the flowing Rhine;
There before their wondering view,
Above the breast of her so true,
Sprang a curious vine.

Then the mourners ceased to weep,
As day by day they watched it creep,
Till her grave it covered over,
And as it crept from knoll to knoll,
They said it was sweet Ivy's soul,
Going forth to find her lover.

This is how the ivy came;

The lovely plant, so known to fame,
With which is decked both cot and hall

When you twine its dark, green leaves,
Think of the girl beyond the seas,

Whose life's honey turned to gall.



JEWELS, PRECIOUS JEWELS.

You may sigh for the wealth of India,
And work for the glittering gold,
You may weep for the jewels of Russia,
And long for her wealth untold.

Yet, more precious still, is the jewel
That every man may hold,
The snow-white pearl of kindness,
The peerless gem of the soul.

You may search for the costly diamond
Deep down in the ocean caves,
You may seek the gleaming sapphire
Beneath the deep, blue waves.

You may toil for the pure, white silver,
In America's bountiful mine,
But by a patient, holy effort
You, purer things may find.

Go, when you seek for jewels,
To the deep caves of the soul,
Seek its fair ruby of faith,
More precious than diamonds or gold.

Go, search out its emeralds of love,
Its diamonds of patience find,
Go, seek the sapphire of hope,
In the caves of the human mind.

Search long for these jewels in hope,
Toil and strive for them now,
And in eternity's peaceful hours,
You will wear them upon your brow.

A DRUNKARD'S VISION.

A drunkard went staggering down the street,
In the winter's storm, with its driving sleet;

His thoughts were bitter, wild and dark,
No sense of honor dwelt in that heart.

He cared not for honor, for home nor friend,
Nor, did he think of the bitter end,

Which awaits all drunkards, Hell's despair,
Removed forever from the good and fair.

He thought, not of the time when, free from sin,
He had hated whiskey, brandy and gin;

But cursed himself with a bitter oath,
That he had not the liquor, which he loathed.

Adown that street, came a fair, sweet child,
With a face so gentle, meek and mild;

She raised her face so sweet, so fair,
In a white hood framed, to the drunkard's stare,

And with a pitying thought in her heart unguiled,
She looked straight into his eyes and smiled.

Then hastened past with careless feet,
And was lost in the crowd of the busy street.

And the drunkard said, as she vanished there,
And was lost in the distance and snow-filled air,

What does she care, in her warm furs clad,
Whether the weather is good or bad.

But, somehow her smile to his cold heart went,
And the drunkard's thoughts on the past were bent.

I know not how, but that winsome child,
With her tender heart and her pitying smile,

Had awakened a cord in his heart that slept,
And brought tears to the eyes, which seldom wept.

A bitter pain in his mad soul burned,
As his thoughts to the time of his childhood turned.

He thought of a time, when as free from care
And as sweet as she, he had kneeled in prayer,

And looked up into his mother's face,
As she taught him to say the words of grace.

He thought of the time when he went, alone,
Out in the world from his boyhood's home;

Of the years of content, success and work,
When he sought each duty, but never to shirk.

He saw again the scenes of light
That thrilled his heart on his wedding night.

He saw the church and the bridal veil,
The white satin robes, through the long aisle trail;

He seemed to hear the girl by his side,
Whisper again the vows of a bride.

He saw a home in a love-blest spot, [sought.
Where his friendship was courted, his presence

He saw again, the gilded hall,
That cursed place where the righteous fall.

He saw that time again, alas!
When he was tempted to take one glass.

With a smile he drank to the health of a friend,
Little dreaming of this bitter end.

Then, to resist their words was all in vain,
He drank with his friends again and again.

No harm to drink to friendship free,
No, not in the act, but in what may be.

As he thought of how he had been beguiled,
His thoughts turned back to the winning child.

She is so pretty, so winning, so mild,
I wonder now, that on me she'd smile—

I wonder if I could be as pure again,
As once I was, without sin or stain.

* * * * *

I will reform, he softly said,
As he crept that night in the charity's bed.

And the gentle child, in her princely home,
Prayed for the drunkard so wretched and lone.

And God spoke peace to that heart of blight,
And answered her prayer, in the fullness of might.



THE WINE-CUP.

Fair is the sparkling wine-cup,
 When filled with the odorous wine;
Sweet is its fragrant odor,
 As roses of southern clime;
Yet touch not the ruby liquor,
 Though the cup is wreathed in flowers,
Though it is passed by friends
 In friendship's social hours.

Beware, ye ardent lovers
 Of the tempting liquor bright,
For, down in its rosy depths,
 Are demons, black as night.
Demons, who are waiting
 With eager, longing hand,
To crush the joy and honor,
 And kill the soul of man.

Sit not down, with a friend
 To his ample, cheerful board,
If on that friendly table
 The tempting wine is poured,
For wine is ever treacherous
 Though the glass you drink is small,
And down in the tiniest cup,
 The demons beckon and call.

O, wine-cup, treacherous monster,
 A demon black, thou art;
A serpent, which is coiling
 Around the human heart.
God pity the helpless mortal,
 Who of thy poison sips;
God give him power and courage
 To dash you from his lips.



LIFE, A BOOK.

Life is a volumn, large and bright,
And upon its pages white,
Young and old alike must write.

First, upon the snow-white sheet,
We write the name of the baby sweet,
Then lay it open at its feet.

Then baby's timid hand
Writes each word as it should stand,
Whether of good or evil brand.

All through babyhood and childhood,
All through early youth and manhood,
Every action kind or good.

All are written on those pages
And must live through coming ages,
Though the war of life fierce rages.

Every action, dark or fair,
Every grief and weary care,
All are stamped forever there.

If we love the God above,
Meek and lowly as the dove,
In that book is all our love.

All through sin and strife and ruth;
All through kindness, love and truth,
Trough weary age and happy youth,

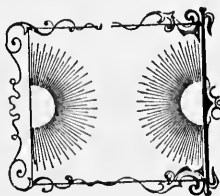
We are writing, writing ever,
And our hands are lifted never
'Till the knife of death doth sever.

When our years have come and fled
We will finish the book on our dying bed,
Soon by God to hear it read.

And as our friends around us stand,
Weeping for us as we leave their band,
"The End" will be traced by an angel's hand.

Let us write this book, in mercy given,
So we will be prepared to see it in Heaven,
When by death's call from earth we are bidden .

Prepared, because on its pages white
We have traced only what is right,
And pictured it with patience's light.



WHICH WAS CHARITY?

One day when the snow was falling
In fleecy, feathery flakes,
Covering, with a pure, white mantle,
The rivers, hills and lakes,
I stood at my office window
Looking out on the busy street,
Watching the eager crowd
Hastening past with flying feet.

There were workmen hastening home
To a well-earned peaceful rest,
And boot-blacks and small news-boys
Whistling with merry zest;
There were merchant-kings and bankers
Hastening with clerks along,
And rich-robed, haughty ladies
Mingled with the throng.

And pretty, bright-eyed shop-girls
Passed, with cheeks aglow,
Reminding me, in their beauty,
Of roses in the snow.

But there was one still figure, that
Moved not as the crowd swept by,
A slight girl, pale and cold,
Yet uttering no word or cry.

Elegant city dames, on
Some charity's work intent,
Drew back their silken robes,
And scornful looks on her bent.
Why should they term her an outcast,
Her heart was pure as the snow,
No act of her's, but of others
Had wrought her life its woe.

I watched as another drew near,
A girl with the air of a queen,
With eyes of dusky midnight,
And hair of sunlit sheen;
I knew her as an heiress
Of untold wealth and gold,
The star of social circles,
With a heart, as I was told,

As cold as any marble,
And she, a sworn enemy
Of all societies and plans
In the name of charity.
Charity's enemy—and yet she went
In her splendor and beauty fair,
Took the out-cast to her breast,
And pillowed the tired head there.

Spoke of peace and rest
To the hungry, yearning heart,
Told of a pleasant home, where
Care had no place or part.
And then all unmindful of
Her own rich cloak and gown,
She walked, as with a sister,
With the outcast of the town.

To her own home, out of the street,
Tenderly brought her in,
Saved her bright, young life
From the blighting brand of sin;
And to-night; when the bands were playing
In honor of the dames,
Who, in all the city chaities,
Have enrolled their honored names,

I thought, in the deed of the heiress
Far more charity gleamed,
When she, unplauded and unlaureled,
The outcast had redeemed.



A CHRISTMAS VISION.

T'was Christmas eve, and I was dreaming
By the fire-light, in my chair,
When upon my startled vision,
Burst a strange scene, quaint and fair.
T'was a small church, rudely furnished,
But above the alter there,
Fashioned by a maiden's hands,
Was a star of ever-greens.
And above in bright, gilt letters,
The name of Christ, in beauty gleams;
And just below it "Bethlehem" caught
The lamp-light's quivering beams.
And another place I saw,
The court of a mighty king,
And I heard, from the harps of his
Minstrels, the Christmas anthem ring,
A soft, sweet tender carol,
Like as the angels sing.

And there, on the satiny wall,
 Above the royal throne,
Fashioned of countless diamonds,
 A star in beauty shone.
And "Bethlehem," above it
 Gleamed of precious stones.

While in the center of the star, that
 The light of the sun-beam enticed,
In beautiful, pure gold letters,
 Glistened the name of Christ;
Sweet name, that the angels are singing
 By the throne in Paradise.

I awoke with a start from my dream
 As the clock tolled the hour of ten;
But my glad heart beat in rapture
 With thoughts of the glad time when
Rich and poor shall greet him,
 The Christ of Bethlehem.

“NOTHING IN MY HAND, I BRING.”

One evening, as homeward I wandered
Through the city's surging tide,
I passed a row of dwellings
Where laborers abide.

And there, from the humblest cottage,
Through the half-way opened door,
Came the words of an old hymn,
Dear to Christians ever-more.

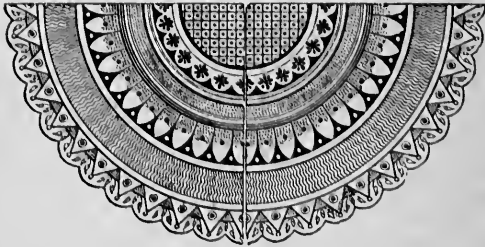
The bitter sting of poverty,
The strife for right o'er wrong
Had not the power to tarnish
The sweet faith of the song,

“Nothing in my hand, I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

I heard, one day, as I tread the hall
Of an elegant mansion fair,
From one of its upper chambers,
The wails of grief and despair.
There knelt a beautiful, haughty dame
In robes of silk and lace,
A look of bitterest agony
Deep-lined on her high-bred face.
Ah, then, against its God,
Her proud heart ceased to rebel,
And from her quivering lips
Humbly the sweet words fell,
 "Nothing in my hand, I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling."

So, I pray that the Father
May give day by day,
To me, the humanity
To teach me to say
The words I heard the laborer sing
As he sat in his cottage, shabby and old;

Well I know, that within his labor-bent form
There beats a heart as true as gold,
And if like "my lady" I
Am bowed down with grief,
May He make me more humble
'Till I shall repeat,
 "Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling."



ONE DAY NEARER.

When the evening hour approaches
And the shadows darkly fall;
When the sun has sank in the west
And twilight is over all;

Do you think, ere the lamps are lighted
And you sit in the gloom alone,
That you are one day nearer the grave—
One day nearer your home?

One day nearer the close
Of this long and weary life;
One day nearer the end
Of its ceaseless, endless strife.

One day nearer the time
When you see death's billows roll
And hear the voice of Jesus,
In the distance calling your soul.

One day nearer the time
When you kneel at the Saviour's feet
And account for every action,
Every thought and deed.

One day nearer the hour
When you see the boatman's oar
To waft you softly over
To the brighter, better shore.

One day nearer Heaven,
One day nearer love,
One day nearer the crown
From the sacred hand above.

A PIECE OF MARBLE AND ITS WORK.

A piece of Marble as it lay
In the mud and filth of the street,
Chanced to, as he passed that way,
The eye of a sculptor greet.

He stooped and picked it up,
All muddy and defiled,
And as he bore it home,
The sculptor knowingly smiled.

With powerful acid and water,
He soon restored again,
Back to the marble, its whiteness
Without a blot or stain.

Then many a patient hour
The carver worked and planned,
And the chisels did their work,
Beneath his skillful hand.

And lo! from the piece of marble,
That coarse and defiled had seemed,
In glittering, snow-white beauty,
The form of an angel gleamed;

And as I looked upon it
And saw the wonder that was wrought,
I took to my heart a lesson,
And this is what it taught—

That in the vilest of mankind,
Hid 'neath the cloak of vice,
Is a soul of countless worth,
A pearl of royal price.

And that we, with the water of faith,
And the powerful acid of prayer,
Can take the vice away,
And find the treasure there.

And He, who sends his love,
The coldest heart to warm,
Will take the coarsest clay,
And mould an angel's form.



NOTHING HERE, ALL IN HEAVEN.

When weary, almost despairing,
Battling with life and its fate;
Giving gems of love,
Receiving stones of hate;
Yet, cease not to hope, Oh, heart
By sorrow's dagger riven,
Though hate be thy portion here,
Love is thy portion in Heaven.

Tired of the sham and the show;
Tired of the base, the untrue;
Tired of the gilded sin
Which takes the place of virtue.
Still, heart deceived, look up,
Claim the promise given!
So little here is true,
All is truth in Heaven.

Oh! heart that is sadly beating,
Burdened with pain and grief;
Whose joys are few and fleeting,
Let this thought be your relief:
That your heavy, bitter burden,
By God's own will is given;
If grief be thy portion here,
Joy is thy portion in Heaven.

Mourner, whose heart is breaking
And sighing for those who are gone,
Go to their grass-grown graves,
And tune your heart to the song,
That tho' gain is less than losses,
And grief unto thee is given,
Tho' fond friends here must part,
They shall meet in Heaven.



MY HERO .

When in boyhood's hours, I listened
To the tales, in rapture told,
Of some laureled, fabled hero,
And his deeds of daring bold.

Did my young heart beat with envy,
And my cheeks with pleasure flame,
As I vowed when grown to manhood,
I would tread the halls of fame.

Ah! then, in youthful ignorance,
Of stern life and its ways,
I thought the greatest pleasure
Lay in the proud world's praise.

Then I found my ideal hero,
 In the honored, the renowned,
Who, for daring deeds of valor,
 With the laurel wreaths were crowned.

But now, when silvery hairs
 Are shining through the brown,
And firmly on my forehead
 Rests manhood's sober crown,

I find the vain world's praises,
 To a true heart, brings but scorn,
And under the laurel wreath
 Is hidden many a thorn.

And now I find my hero,
 In the man, who, day by day,
Wins the battles o'er temptation,
 Keeps the Evil One at bay;

Who seeks not to have his name
 Enrolled on History's pages,
But thanks God it is penned
 In the Living Book of Ages.

Who, in place of seeking pleasures
 In the fleeting things that die,
Is seeking for the treasures
 Laid up and kept on high.

Who seeks no envied laurels,
 Given by the vain world cold;
But is hoping for that treasure,
 The shining crown of gold.



THE GIRLS WE USED TO KNOW

Draw up your chair, old chum,
Close to the ember's glow,
And let us talk to-night
Of the girls we used to know:
'Tis fifteen years since last we met,
And yet, I'll wager you think of them yet.

A very lily of a girl was Belle;
Tall, and white and fair,
With something like a lily's grace
In her high-bred, stately air;
To call her friend was a joy to me,
For I knew how true her heart could be.

Jenny was merry, full of life,
Loving pleasure and fun,
And yet, she became a minister's wife,
And, as I have heard, a model one;
Quiet, settled and subdued now, [brow.
With the light of content on her calm, white

Grace was sweet as a violet,
Thoughtful, timid and meek,
With the beauty of the wild rose
Glowing on lips and cheek;
She has the wise world's praise attained,
Dear little Grace is writer-famed.

Saucy Kate was a beauty fair,
Who had lovers by the score;
Yet, vowed she would never marry,
This side of England's shore;
She, none but a titled peer would wed,
If she died an "old maid" she gaily said.

She wedded a grave, young doctor,
And settled down in life,
A happy, gay, contented
And wholly loving wife,
Who laughs to-day, in her matronly pride,
At the empty title for which she sighed.

Silver-voiced Rose, was a blonde,
Of snow-white beauty rare;
I lost my heart at eighteen,
In the waves of her golden hair,
But she laughed at my love, and called me a boy,
And played with my heart as she would a toy.

I saw her the other night
In a crowded opera hall,
She, the queen of singers;
Her grand voice thrilled us all,
And yet, as I watched her, cold, fair and tall,
I wondered that I ever loved her at all.

Helen, grave, sweet Helen,
Was as true as any steel,
She showed me life was earnest
And Heaven near and real;
She is a christian, one that fills my ideal quite,
And is a missionary in far Japan, to-night.

But of all the girls we knew, Jack,
In youth's bright, early day,
The dearest one of all, to you,
Was gentle Mollie Gray,
With her fairy form and child-like face,
Her stainless heart and womanly grace.

And she was fond of you, Jack,
And would have been your bride,
But for her mother's tears,
And her father's stubborn pride,
Ah! the true, gentle heart that to you she gave,
Lies broken, to-night, in her silent grave.

And I knew one among those girls,
To me, dearer than a friend;
You remember her I know, Jack,
That sweet coquet, Blanche Brend;
She jilted me to wed another,
And to-day is a happy wife and mother.

But there, cheer up old boy,
And do not look so blue,
Sweet dreams lie buried in the past—
I don't mind telling you—
And yet, why should it matter, Jack,
Since you and I are wed,
Though sweet Blanche Brend is married
And Mollie Gray is dead.



LET THE WORLD DO WHAT IT PLEASES.

Let the world do what it pleases,
I will ever trust in Jesus,
He, who gave to me one day,
A peace, which naught can take away,
A peace, which grows more bright, more dear,
With the dawning of each year;
A calm, sweet peace in which I rest
And know my life is fully blessed.

Let the world go where it pleases,
I will ever follow Jesus,
For I know that narrow road
Is the one the saints have trod,
And I know that way so old
Leads me to a home of gold;
Thus, I take the narrow road,
Tho' the world may choose the broad.

Let the world have what it pleases,
I would give my all for Jesus;
Without Him, fame, friends and gold
Would be but symbols vain and cold.
I care not who may honor gain,
My honor is to praise His name;
To know that in my feeble way,
I may own Him day by day.

Let the world sneer when it pleases,
I will ever speak for Jesus,
Till I reach death's chilling stream;
See beyond the pastures green;
Hear the Father's tender tone,
Saying, "thou art welcome home,"
And say, as I feel death's billows roll,
And I yield to Him my soul,

Let the world say what it pleases,
I have gained a home through Jesus.



TO THE G. A. R.

Dear Grand Army Soldiers,
With Freedom's flag bright,
You meet in your hall
'Neath the chandeliers light,
Just the same as you met
Many long years ago,
On the green Southern hills
'Neath your tents white as snow.

Just the same, did I say?
Yes, but yet not the same,
For it was then that you met
In war's fiery name.
Now you meet in your halls
In peace pure and bright,
And you hear the sweet words
From the true Book of Life.

Then you met in your tents
From your dear homes afar
To conquer, or be conquered
By long years of war;
In place of the words that
Your Chaplain now reads,
You heard the loud cannon
And the trampling of steeds;

And the bugle's clear notes,
The fifes and the drums;
The bursting of shells
And the firing of guns;
The brave thrilling words
Your Generals' command,
"On boys and win the victory
And save our nation grand!"

O'er rolling hills and valleys,
Through swamps of Tennessee,
You obeyed each brave commander
And fought for Liberty.
In fancy, I see the vision
Of the struggle at Bull Run;
Oh! Soldiers, the work you did there,
Can never be undone.

You never thought of faltering,
You never thought of rest
In the raging fire of Shiloh,
Nor the smoke of the "Wilderness."
In the battle of Antietam,
In "Sherman's March to the Sea,"
Your cry was for the Union,
For love and loyalty.

Three days at Gettysburg
Has won you deathless fame,
And the helpful siege of Corinth
Does honor to your name.
Ah Soldiers, many a comrade
You saw on the bloody field
When the long, fierce fight was over,
Who could die but would not yeild.

You saw their cold faces
Pale with the shadow of death,
And heard them call for some loved one
With their last, feeble breath;
Heard them call for the loved ones
They would never more see
In the fair peaceful North,
In the home of the free;

Who were watching and waiting
With sore aching heart,
For the one to return,
That war took apart.

You saw your comrades
Laid in trenches so dark,
With no stone placed above them,
Their low graves to mark;
Yes, you saw all this, soldiers,
This sorrow, this blast,
Yet, you thought not of faltering
But stood firm to your task.

Stood firm to your task,
'Till the struggle was o'er,
Then came back to your friends,
And your dear homes once more;
Came back to your friends
In sad crippled bands,
Yet, they welcomed you gladly
And clasped your tired hands.

They were proud of you, Soldiers,
When you came marching home,
A triumphant band, yet,
Some hearts felt alone;

Some hearts that were yearning
With a cruel, bitter pain,
To see the form of some loved one,
That returned, not again.

Some loved form, lowly sleeping
Beneath the green sod,
In an unknown grave
Where the war-horse had trod;
Some loved one, who fell
In the fierce, burning fight,
Who fought for his country
And died for the right.

Yet they hide, in their hearts,
The memories so dear,
Of the loved ones, who fell
In the battles so drear.

And say with a smile,
Though with hearts full of pain,
"With them I can part,
They died not in vain."
No, they died not in vain;
O! say that never,
They died for the Union
And slavery to sever.

Ah, Soldiers, dear Soldiers,
That has long passed away,
And, to-day with forgiveness,
The "Blue" meets the "Gray,"
And now each noble soldier,
Brave martyr of the war,
Is guarding his well earned glory
In the posts of G. A. R.

Dear Grand Army Soldiers,
May you ever fight,
In the battles of life,
For the side that is right;
And when life's war is over,
May you meet in halls above
With God for your commander,
And for your flag, his love.

And there around the dazzling throne,
May "stack arms" and rest,
And dwell in peace forever,
Among the good and blessed;
And when the final roll is called
By the gentle voice of God,
May you and all those answer
Who now sleep beneath the sod.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

("As for me, I shall be satisfied when I
awake in thy likeness.")

How sweet, when worn and weary.
Of stern life and its ways;
Its long nights restless, dreary,
Its weary toilsom days,
Is the precious promise given,
That sorrow's fetters break,
That I, like Thee, in Heaven,
O, Christ shall soon awake.

When I see the haughty faces
Lined with seeming passion;
The artificial graces, that
Throng the world of fashion;
Heart-sick, I turn away,
Sighing for the worldlings' sake,
To dream of the dawn of that day,
When I, in Thy likeness, shall wake.

Soul-sick of the glittering world,
Of the show of its "Vanity's Fair;"
When my soul, with its longings is whirled
Close to the brink of despair;
Still that promise, soft steals o'er me,
Bidding me more courage take,
Whispering, nothing can o'er throw thee,
And you, with His likeness, shall wake,

Then, O Father, all the pain
Gone from my heart forever;
The light of thy love made plain,
To darken for me never,
Then Hell and the Devil defied,
And I, the new life take;
I shall then, be satisfied,
When I in Thy likeness awake.



IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Faded and gone in the bloom
And beauty of girl-hood's prime;
The lovely form, to the tomb,
The soul too, a home divine.

Gone, as the beautiful flowers,
Gone, as a fleeting breath;
Yet, gone in a living faith,
That triumphs over death.

Gone from the father and mother
And friends who held her dear,
To join the friends and brother
Beyond the vale of tears.

And though we weep for her,
With hearts that are vacant and lone,
Let us say, with true submission,
"Thy will, Oh! God, be done."

Father and mother, struggling with
The waves of grief in your breast,
Look to the One, who said,
"Come unto me and rest."

Think not of the lovely elay
In repose 'neath the coffin-lid,
Think not of the silent grave
Where the joy of your home is hid;

But of her, as next you'll see her,
White-robed in Paradise,
With a crown on her pure, white brow,
And joy's light in her eyes.

Think of the fair, sweet rose
That grew in your happy home,
As a beautiful, treasured flower,
Blooming around God's throne.

And there, by the grace of God,
When your journey through life is run,
May you meet your beautiful Rose,
In the Christian's "Home, sweet Home."

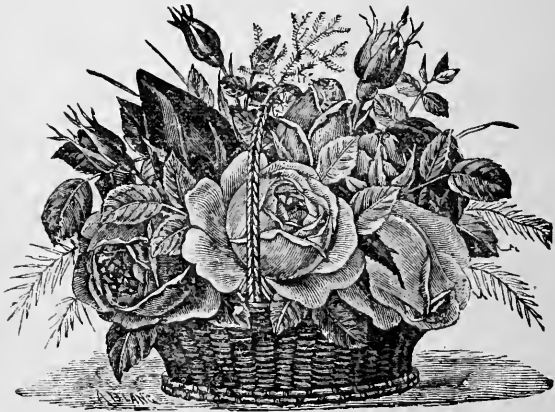


TO REMEMBER—TO FORGET.

The falseness of a friend
In whom we put our trust,
That showed us that our idol
Was made of common dust;
The haughty, scornful glance
Which, in bitterness we met,
 It is easy to remember,
 It is better to forget.

The fond, sweet vows we made
In "first love's" rosy gleam,
That we thought was true reality,
And since have found a dream;
Those vows, now lying broken,
Bring to us a vain regret;
 It is sadness to remember,
 It is better to forget.

The sweet, bright hopes of joy,
Which in early youth, were blasted;
The fleeting hours of pleasure,
That all too shortly lasted;
The dead forms of our friends,
With our burning tears made wet—
It is heart-ache to remember,
It is better to forget.



THE HEATHEN.

Far beyond the rolling billows,
Far beyond the dark, blue sea,
Is a nation clad in darkness,
From which we must set them free.

Is a nation clad in darkness,
And knows nothing of our Light;
Nothing of the God we worship,
Nothing of the Christian's right.

All the gods they know or worship
Are but made of wood and stone;
And they daily bow before them
As we bow before God's throne.

And the mothers in their blindness
Hoping to please their gods of stone;
Throw their children in the rivers
Heeding not their dying moan.

Christians, is it not our duty
Now to send to that dark land,
Word about our loving Saviour,
And his free salvation plan.

Tell them gently, tell them plainly,
Till they hate those gods of stone;
And believe in Jesus only,
Jesus on his great white throne.

The time is coming, Christians
When we'll see the work we have done,
When we will hear His judgment,
Your name of Christian, you have won.

WOOD-LAND MEDITATIONS.

How sweet it is to roam
Through the wood-land haunts,
And there alone and in silence
To meditate upon the life of
Christ. To picture, in fancy,
The places where he used to be:
Jerusalem, glorious, ancient city;
Blue Galilee, with its deep, calm
Waters; The mount of Olives, rising
In all its beauty, have all been
Graced by His glorious presence.

How sweet! to think of Bethlehem,
Where He lay, a helpless infant,

In a manger, meek, fair and lowly;
Of Egypt, dark Egypt, where He
Was ordered by the voice of
The Father; of Nazareth, where
His childhood was spent; of the
Deep Jordan, where He was baptized;
Of Syria, where his name was
Blessed by those whom He healed;
Of the high mountain where He was
Transfigured! all the glorious inward
Man beautifying the outward,
Until it glowed with a Heavenly beauty;
Of Judea, where He blessed the
Little ones; where He pointed out
To the rich, young ruler, the
Way to eternal life; Of historical
Jericho, where He restored the glorious
Gift of vision to the two beggars,
Sitting neglected by the wayside.

What a pleasant picture was

The table where He gave the bread
And wine, symbols of His own
Broken body and spilled blood, to
His disciples. But what a sad
Picture was the garden of Gathsemane,
Where He prayed with such bitter
Tears; where the traitrons Judas
Betrayed Him into the hands of
The chief priests, His bitter enemies.

How the true heart beats in anger,
As we picture Him as He stood
Before Pontius Pilate, scorned and mocked,
By those base men, His accusers,
And how our hearts yearn, as
We see, in fancy, this glorious
Being, nailed to the cross, on Calvary,
In the agonies of death, dying for His
Enemies. Beautiful in His last hour.
But how they thrill in triumph,
When three days later we see

The victory at the sepulchre of
The rich man, Joseph. The glorious
Victory over death, Hell and the grave.
How sweet are these thoughts
And meditations to our souls.



DUTY AND TALENT.

Do we, always, do our duty?
Do we always do our best?
Can we say, when night approaches,
I have earned a peaceful rest.

You may say, "I have no talent,
I have no gift from Heaven,
How am I to use a blessing
Which to me was never given?"

True, you may not have the talent,
Of an author, great and grand,
And it may not be your duty
To sing throughout the land.

You may not have the talent,
Of a speaker, to win renown,
And it may not be your duty
To rule, and wear a crown.

No, it may not be your duty
To sit in the halls of state,
And you may not have the talent
That marks a speaker great.

It may only be your duty
To speak in a gentle way,
To some sad and lonely heart
And soothe its grief away.

Or, it may only be, to struggle
Day by day, against life's fate,
Or, but to feed the beggar
Standing humbly at the gate.

You may only have the talent
To do the homely work of life,
And learn the worth of patience,
By long and constant strife.

But if we use our talent
And do the best we can,
We will receive a vast reward
From the ever willing Hand.

For Oh! we have a talent,
Be it either great or small,
And we have to answer for it,
When the Master's voice doth call.

Then let us use our talent,
However small it be,
And say, as we give it to the Lord,
"I have gained ten more for thee."

THE MINISTER'S SERMON.

The evening was calm and pleasant,
The bell rang clear and sweet,
Calling each to house of prayer,
Calling each to the Savior's feet.
The church was softly lighted
And had a holy, home-like air,
Ah! I feel that the vilest sinner,
Could feel and be happy there.

The hymns were sung with reverence
By those in the eve of life;
And some who were young and careless,
Mingled their voices bright.
And the minister, Heaven bless him,
Was beautifully, saintly fair,
With the light from the chandelier
Falling down on his soft, gray hair.

He spoke in a voice that could thrill
The heart with divinest love;
So sweet and pleading was it,
When he spoke of the God above,
"Who will render to every man
According to his deed."
Thus, he spoke upon the subject
Of our grand and noble creed.

To me his words had a meaning
More powerful than I can tell,
By our deed we win Heaven's blessings
Or the dark, bitter doom of Hell.
He spoke of the weary cares
That fall to our lot in life,
Which, tho' they seem burdens to us,
Prove to be help in the strife.

Yes, in the long, fierce battles,
In which each must take a part,
Sorrows prove but blessings,
To strengthen the sinking heart.
He spoke of the time when all
Must kneel before God's throne,
And account for every word,
And every thought make known.

He told us our love for Jesus
Would strengthen us in that hour,
When we feel the cold air of death,
Chilling us with its power.
And the words he spoke so truly,
Came like a breath of flowers
From his warm and ardent heart,
To the colder ones of ours.

And I know that each in that church,
When the service was over and done,
Felt a blessing resting upon him,
As he went through the distance home;
And I! I said in my heart,
As I left the church for my home,
That I could never forget that sermon,
Wherever I might roam.

And you, minister, I can ne'er forget you,
Nor the picture you formed that night,
Like a saint, you looked in the pulpit,
As you stood in the soft lamp-light.
No, tho' years may roll o'er my head,
And, tho' memory's lamp burn dim,
I'll ever remember the sermon,
The church, the prayer and the hymn.

And noble gray-haired minister,
Wherever you may be,
I trust in the hour of prayer,
That you will think of and pray for me;
Pray for me that I may ever
In the paths of virtue stray,
Pray for me that I may never
From the Saviour turn away.

And I, Minister, Heaven helping,
Will always pray for you;
Pray that you may be strong and firm
In the work that you find to do,
And when your sun of life has set,
Behind the clouds of many years,
May it rise in a brighter realm,
That is free from clouds and tears,
And there may it shine forever,
Lit by the light of the throne;
In the land where the weary find rest,
In the Christian's "Home, sweet Home."



YOUTHFUL VOWS.

When in youth our vows we plighted,
In the silvery, white moon-shine,
When your eyes, with rapture lighted,
As they fondly gazed in mine,
To my heart seemed Heaven opened,
Shedding on it all its joys,
Yet a warning came unspoken,
'Tis not a man's love but a boy's.

Then I thought, if false, untrue
You should ever prove to me,
Dark would grow my life's bright hue,
Shattered all its hopes would be,
And the golden crown of fame
That was weaving for my brow,
Would be but an empty name,
If you left unfilled your vow.

Yet still, the voice said in my heart,
 "His love is but a boy's,"
It seemed to come of love a part,
 Clouding all its joys;
And the awaking came at last,
 You found it but a dream,
So our love lies in the past,
 With the joys that might have been.

And I—I did not find my life
 Blighted as I had thought;
It has its blessings and its light,
 In its good to others brought,
I have learned, although bereft
 Of your love and praise,
Much it is, I still have left
 To brighten life's sweet days.

And to you, the love so sweet,
 That lit youth's early hours,
Is like the fragrance, faint and sweet,
 Of some fair, but faded flowers;
While that frail, sweet dream of youth,
 Has taught me, by its sadness,
True pleasure lies in truth;
 In giving others gladness.

TO MY LITTLE SISTER.

A wealth of beautiful, chest-nut hair,
Cheeks with the glow of the roses fair,
And tender eyes of a brown tint rare,
Of such are you, little sister.

As I look at the form of grace,
Clad in simple robes of lace,
And note the childish, merry face,
Of you, little sister.

I wonder if your heart's as fair.
As your face is pure and rare;
May God keep in His care,
O, my little sister.

And I pray, that, all my life
 May be an example, pure and bright,
To teach you the ways of truthful right,
 Sweet-faced, little sister.

When you leave your bright child-hood,
 For the joys of woman-hood,
May you be firm, true and good,
 Darling, little sister.



THREE CHAINS.

There is a chain of many links,
That I see by memory;
Those links are marred and rusty
That once seemed gold to me.
And still there is one link,
Which bears in letters of gold
The tale of a faithful friend-ship,
That never grew tired or cold.

The others are marred and shrouded
By the dark reeking mould of time
And the chain, that once, so glittered,
Has ceased, for me to shine.
Oh! chain of the past, lie buried
With all the joys you gave;
It is better, for me, that you are hid
In old times grass-grown grave.

For I, today have another chain,
with links of purest gold,
That brings less grief and pain
Than the one that glittered of old.
Its links gleam bright, untarnished
By thought or word or deed.
Yet a word or deed I must write
On each, ere I find my chain complete.
Oh! chain of the pleasant listen,
I must trace on your golden links,
Some deed or word, that will glisten
Beyond Jordan's chilling brinks.

And another chain I dimly see
Half hid by a mystry veil,
And though it is near to me,
To grasp it, my hand may fail.
Its link, though seen but dimly,
With a radiant splendor gleam;
Oh! never was such a lovely chain
Gained by mortals, I ween,
Oh! half hidden chain of the future,
If ever you may be mine,
Only sweet thoughts and words
Will I carve on those links of thine.

Oh! chain of the mouldering past,
Oh! chain of the present bright,
Oh! dim, misty chain of the future,
With your links of starry light,
In the "Home of many mansions,"
Preparing now for me,
Linked in one long chain
By the hand of God you'll be,
And your links will tell the story
Of what my life has been.
O, may the links of good
Out-number the links of sin.



ONLY A COTTAGE HOME.

I dwell in a humble cottage
Yet love and peace is there,
And the smiles and love of my dear ones
Make it to me, a spot most fair.
It seems to be the fairest
Of any place I have been;
It shields my heart from trouble
And keeps back the dark world's sin.

I have been where the chandeliers
Threw down a soft radiant light;
But, some-how the lamp on the table
In our parlor seems more bright,
Tho' the parlor is only common,
The carpet neither rich or grand,
But the group, around the table
Make it the fairest of the land.

I have stood where the music floated
On the heart with a soft, sweet thrill,
But some-how the dear home voices
Are sweeter, to me still.
I have listened to words of praise,
I have answered with a smile,
And tho' they filled my heart with rapture
I was thinking all the while,
That tho' the proud world smile upon us,
And the wise one call us great;
It cannot help us much
To battle against our fate;
It cannot drive from out our hearts
Ambition's cry so wild;
It cannot make our hearts more tender,
Or make our cares more mild.
But the soft voice of a mother,
Or, that of a father dear,
Can ease the world-sick soul,
And make the sad heart cheer;
They can pity us gently,
While the world but rejoices;
They sooth our tired hearts
By their kind, gentle voices.

And as I think of the virtues,
Which cluster around my home;
I prefer the dear home praises
To that of the wide world's tone;
Far sweeter, to me are the praise,
To help me all the while,
That fall from the dear home lips,
Than all of the wise world's smile.

And, so I hold dear in my heart
The home with the loved ones, all.
Without them, I would not exchange it
For the fairest palace or hall.



A D A W A Y N E .

Ada Wayne, do you remember
That moon-lit walk down by the sea,
When, in accents soft and tender,
Confidingly you talked to me?
The moonlight touched, with soft caress,
Your shining, light-brown hair,
It glittered on your snow-white dress,
And kissed your pale check, fair.

You spoke of your father, my friend—
Of how he had often talked of me,
But said, you never thought we'd spend
Hours together by the sea.
Yes, he and I were the best of friends,
Tho' I am younger by years, than he,
Ah, that early friendship can never end
On this side of Eternity's sea.

Oh! Ada Wayne, I read your heart
That night by the sad sea shore;
Saw the friendship you gave me, was in part,
The same as your father gave of yore;
Of loving me you never dreamed;
Nor dreamed that I loved thee,
While I would have gave the world, I ween,
To know you cared for me.

You never thought, as you talked to me,
Your father's old college chum,
That your words would live, in memory,
For me, 'till life is done?
Oh! past is that summer, Ada Wayne,
Oh! past are those walks by the sea,
And yet, a wound that is deep in pain
All unconcious, you gave to me.

I read your father's letter, to-day,
That said you were a bride;
He said it was hard to give you away,
His darling, his joy and pride,
But he cannot feel the parting, such pain,
As I felt that night by the shore,
When I read in your dark eyes, Ada Wayne,
That I was a friend and nothing more.

A BUNCH OF FADED FLOWERS.

Love, faded is the bunch of flowers,
 You gave that night at the ball;
When hours, with me were your brightest hours
 And you were my all in all.

And as I take them from the desk,
 Where they have lain for ten long years,
My heart is filled with a strange unrest
 That dims my eyes with tears.

For tho' our love is crushed and dead
 And faded like these flowers,
It does a soft, sweet fragrance shed,
 And brings a memory of those hours.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

In the quietest nook of the grave-yard,
Where, often I go to roam;
I, once found a tiny mound
Away from the others—alone.

A small, white slab of marble
With "Baby" in letters fair,
Is all I see to tell me
Who is sleeping there.

I never saw the tiny form
Nor the cold, pale baby-face,
That is quietly mouldering away
In that quiet, lonely place.

Yet, sometimes I strew with sweetest flowers
That little grass-grown tomb;
And sigh for the baby-bud, that died
Ere it glowed with perfect bloom.

And I love to think as I stand by its grave
That, although a stranger I be,
One day, in Heaven, the baby-soul
Will know and welcome me.



A "GOOD-BYE" RECITATION.

Dear teacher and school-mates,
The time has come at last,
When our pleasant term is ended
And lies buried in the past;
May the glad vacation
Hold many joys for you.
But school-mates, mid its pleasures,
Let's be, to each other, true.

And let us, too, remember
While we are out of school,
Our teacher kind and gentle
And every golden rule.
And when we are far from her
In the harder school of life
Let's remember her true teachings
Amid its toil and strife.

In that school of life
May you learn each lesson given,
And when its term is ended,
Be promoted into heaven.
And you, our dearest teacher,
We thank you for your care,
And of your friend-ship, always
We hope to hold a share.

If ever again you chance
To stand in a teacher's place,
May a loving smile, on seeing you,
Light up each pupil's face.
And, when life's teaching term is over
And your report made by the Lord,
May you find it is a good one
And a crown for your reward.

And now the time has come
Which we wish could not draw nigh,
The much regreted moments,
When to all, we say good-bye.

Read on the last day of school in May, 1885.

THE GRAVE-YARD'S SECRET.

I walked along the grave-yard,
 Among the tomb-stones white,
And some-how all seemed gloomy
 Tho' the earth was bathed in light;
For I know that under the ground,
 Beneath the dark, green trees,
Lay the treasures of fond, fond hearts
 That knows not a moment's ease.

As I stood by the graves of fathers;
 The graves of sisters and mothers;
As I stood by the grass-grown mounds
 That forever parted lovers;
As I stood by the graves of brothers •
 And tombs of friends, held dear;
As I stood by graves of enemies,
 Whose lives were blighted here.

I thought, what a secret a grave-yard holds,
A secret profound and deep;
The secret, that while some laugh
Others sigh and weep.
For those who have never felt sorrow,
Cannot fathom other's grief.
Yet all must learn the secret,
What it is to sigh and weep.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

I often think that, when I am dead,
The gay will be merry still,
And some one will come, in my 'stead
My vacant place to fill.

When I am dead the roses will blush;
The violets shed their bloom;
The sun-light will be just as bright
As it falls upon my tomb.

When I am dead, the birds will sing
Each merry, thrilling song;
The summer dawn, and soft snow fall,
And just as now, the world go on.

When I am dead, the hearts that are sad
Will be healed by time's fingers tender,
And they will find other friends to love,
And their grief will cease to remember.

But Oh! to know that when I am dead,
Some one could this tribute give;
The tribute, to say, as they kiss my clay lips:
"I am better because she has lived."



A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

We were bidding each other good-night;
My sweet, young friend and I,
The night was inky blackness,
But dim stars lit the sky.

We had been to see a neighbor,
Who was lying, poor and ill;
My fair, young friend was, thus, ever
Doing in deeds, God's will.

And now, after brightening the hours
Of a darkened, saddened life,
She was bidding me good-bye,
In the chilling, summer night.

Far down the country road,
And almost out of sight,
In the window of her home,
I caught a gleam of light.

“Are you not afraid,” I asked,
“To go so far alone?”
“Afraid? why no!” she answered,
“There is a light in the window at home.”

And kissing me, she left me,
In the summer's darkness, there;
But the words her soft voice spoke,
Had sent to my heart, this prayer:

That, thus, may our hearts be strengthened,
As we tread Death's road alone,
By seeing, just across the valley,
A light in the window at Home!

A PICTURE.

There hangs a treasured picture
On the walls of my heart to-night,
It hangs, framed in golden memory,
And the picture itself is bright.

A rose twined cottage, nestling still,
In a bower of trees, at the foot of a hill;
A singing brooklet running near,
Falling like music on the ear.

All about on every side,
Rises sloping hill-sides green;
And far away, beyond them all,
Are the trees of a dim old forest seen.

Just between, on a sloping hill,
Just in view, lies a grave yard still;
'Tis the sweetest scene of the picture fair,
For many dear ones are sleeping there.

To soften the picture—over all,
The lights and shades of a sun-set fall,
Touching the cottage, the hill-sides green,
The grave yard and forest with tender sheen.

This, the picture, my childhood's home,
Treasured by me as afar I roam;
I have seen beautiful scenes apart,
But none as fair as this to my heart.

So fair it is, that to-night, I pray,
When life has spent, for me, its day;
When my hopes are sinking low,
To rise beyond cold Jordan's flow.

When I lay life's burdens down
From my aching, weary breast;
When I go from cross to crown;
From earthly toil to heavenly rest;

When life's sun is sinking low,
In death's gloomy, darksome skies;
May this picture be the scenes,
That shall greet my dying eyes.



KISS ME WHEN I AM DYING.

When life's hours, for me are fleeting,
When my heart has almost ceased its beating,
And dim my vision, once so clear,
When the angel of Death is hovering near,
When my spirit, home is flying,—
Kiss me darling, when I'm dying.

Darling, I have trusted you,
Loved and ever found you true;
Weep for me, then if you will,
When dead I am lying cold and still;
But ere then, and just as my soul
Is crossing Jordan's icy roll,
Come, without tears, without sighing,
And kiss me darling, when I'm dying.

JESUS DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

Should our faith in Christ grow weaker,
When our dearest treasures fly?
Should we think that He has left us
When our best hopes fade and die?
No, tho' the heart's best hopes may perish,
Leaving pain too deep to tell;
There comes to the trusting heart the whisper,
Jesus doeth all things well.

Once I lost, in early childhood,
A play-mate, who, to me was dear,
And its tiny grave, I watered
With my bitter, scalding tears,
Till my mother, one day whispered,
As in prostrate grief, I fell,
"It is wrong to weep so, darling,
Jesus doeth all things well."

Ah, 'twas then I learned to lean
On that strong, sustaining arm,
And know He sent that childish grief
To guard my youthful heart from harm,
As then, I vowed before my Saviour,
O'er my heart a sweet peace fell;
A calm, sweet peace that seemed to say,
Jesus doeth all things well.

And once again, in early manhood,
Just at the noon of life,
When the future was lying before me,
Colored with golden light;
The one most loved and trusted,
Proved false to me one day,
And the future, once so golden,
Changed to ashen gray.

Yet the sweet words, that had helped me
In boyhood's unforgotten hours,
Now came to my troubled heart
Like a breath of fragrant flowers,
And as I faced my shattered hopes,
As my heart with sorrow swelled,
I felt, tho' I did not see His way,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

Years have passed and I am happy,
All my sadness, buried lies,
And I see my youthful idol,
Now with clear, unblinded eyes;
I am better, far, to-day
Than if she had proved true to me,
For I know how cold and selfish,
How unworthy she can be;
Thus, tho' sorrows close around me,
And like billows o'er me swell,
I will ever rest assured,
Jesus doeth all things well.



A BROTHER'S WEDDING PRESENT.

So you are going to leave us, Nellie,
To brighten the life of another?
Ah, you'll forget, in your husband's smile,
To love and think of your brother;
You won't? Well, well, little sis;
Be sure your promise, you keep,
For when you are gone, I shall greatly miss
Your soft voice, tender and sweet.

Don't toss your head, I'm not flatterer, Nell,
Tho' perhaps you may never know
The good you often did me,
By your kind words, tender and low,
You may never know the power for good,
The wonderful strength, that lies
Hidden from all, save a brother,
In a sister's pleading eyes.

Among the wedding presents
Your many friends shall bring;
From me, in a golden casket,
You will find a diamond ring,
But the present I would give you,
Dear little sis, is this;
The blessings of a thankful heart
And a brother's grateful kiss.

For you Nellie, by your own pure life,
(Such a life is a blessing to man,)
And by your patience and your love,
Have made me what I am;
May Heaven's richest blessings
Rest upon you and your choice,
May your heart ever be as true,
And ever as now, rejoice.

But there, I'll have no tears,
On this, your bridal night,—
And there's the bride-groom coming—
You look like a saint in white?
So kiss me little sister,
Ere you are made a bride!
If ever I wed, my sweet one;
One like you must be my wife.

THEIR AIR CASTLES.

Four bright-eyed school-girls sat, one day,
And talked of great things to be done
When school-books, forever, were laid away
And they, to woman-hood had grown.
Oft it was, these maidens fair
Talked and dreamed and planned;
"Building castles in the air,"
Large and bright, but based on sand.

Said May, the eldest of the group:
"I will win an author's fame,
When I am a woman
All the world shall praise my name,
I will scorn all lovers
And will never, never wed.
You may wear the wedding ring,
I, the laurel-wreath instead."

Next Amy spoke, with silvery voice,
And gave her wish and plan,
"When I am a woman,
I will be a singer grand;
Through the grandest opera halls
I will make my rich voice swell,
'Till it charms the audience
And holds them like a spell."

"When I am a woman,"
Said Kate, with shining eyes,
"I will be an artist
And paint the seas and skies,
I will draw such glowing scenes,
And paint such faces sweet,
That the world will wonder,
And lay laurels at my feet."

Then said Maud, the youngest there,
Raising her violet eyes,

"I can neither write or sing,
Nor paint the seas and skies;
But when I am a woman,
What-ever else I do,
'Tis one thing I know,
I will be a woman *true*.

* * * * *

Years have passed and to them brought
The wished-for, looked-for time,
For the thoughts of woman-hood,
On each fair face shines.
May, who was to be an authoress,
And all lovers, send away,
Is writing the joys of a loving wife
In the joyful heart to-day.

For when love had sought her heart
As he came on joyful wing,

She let the laurels go,
And wore a wedding ring.
Amy, who was to charm the crowd
As she stood in a singer's place,
And win its plaudits loved
By her wonderful voice and face,

To-day is using her rich voice clear,
In sweeter, grander and nobler sphere
Far away in a heathen land,
Giving the tidings, "good will to man;"
And Kate, whose wonderful pictures
The world was to seek and prize,
Has never painted the seas
Nor the glowing sun-lit skies.

But to-day, on the hearts of her children
She is painting a picture rare,
The picture of a happy home
Tinted with a mother's prayer.

While Maude, who sought no worldly fame
To gild her humble name,
Who longed to be a woman true
Without a thought of fame,

To-day, in the world of authors,
Is praised and honored now;
And the starry crown of fame
Is resting on her brow.
And with all her wealth and fame
Her girlish prayer is answered too,
For among earth's sweet, true women,
She is the truest of the true.



MET AS STRANGERS.

We met, to-night as strangers
In the glittering, merry crowd—
I almost fear they heard my heart
It beat so loud.

Yes, we met as strangers,—
Why not? Our love has fled
And I, for eight long years,
Have been, to you, as dead.

Those years have made you famous,
And added to your grace;
You are sought for your wonderful voice,
And loved for your beautiful face.
I have watched, through all these years,
And loved you from afar,
As one would watch the radiance
Of a bright, undying star.

To-night, we met as strangers,
 After our youthful dream;
But you, the girl I loved,
 In the world of song, is queen;
Yet we did not meet as strangers,
 For into your eyes to-night,
There flashed, for just a moment,
 A ghost of the old love-light.

And into my heart, the old love,
 As our hostess spoke your name,
With some of its old-time rapture,
 And passionate pleasure came.
To-night we met as strangers,—
 How well you acted your part!
None, by your beautiful face,
 Would dream of the pain in your heart.

But I saw your heart and its pain,
 By the look of pained surprise,

That I saw, for just a moment,
 Darken your calm, grey eyes,
And I thought, as so coldly, so calmly,
 So proudly you greeted me,
That never a woman of Sparta
 Was braver than you can be.

We met to-night as strangers,—
 Ah, well, it is better so;
Since we cannot repair the past
 It is better to let it go;
'Tis well to hide our hearts
 From the proud world's searching stare;
Let them only see the roses,
 Though the thorns are hidden there.







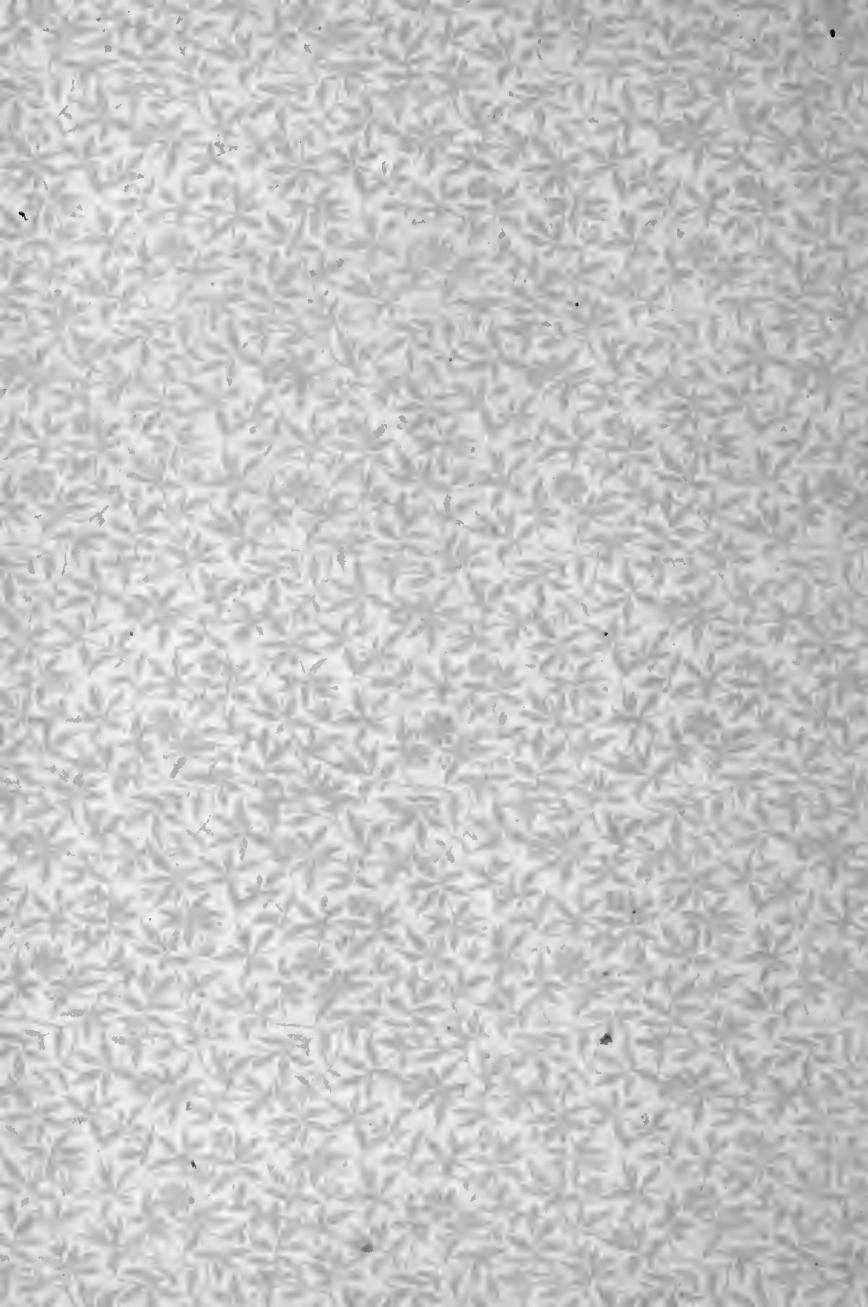












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