

The Poems
of
John Francis Myers



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Lincoln, June 21 + 27



THE POEMS *of*
JOHN FRANCIS MYERS

TOGETHER WITH
BIOGRAPHY



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PRESS OF FRANK I. MILLER COMPANY BLOOMINGTON, ILL.



To My Beloved Wife

Minnie Lee Myers

This Book is Respectfully Dedicated

By

The Author





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John Francis Myers
the Author



Home of John Francis Myers, the Author, 904 West Front Street, Bloomington, Illinois.



Mrs. Sarah C. (Birdsell) Myers
First wife of the Author



Mrs. Minnie Lee (Barrett) Myers
Second wife of the Author.



A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

JOHN FRANCIS MYERS was born in Christian county, Kentucky, on December 13, 1834. At the age of ten months he came with his parents to McLean county, Illinois, where they purchased, settled on and improved what is now the McLean County Poor Farm. The wife and mother passed to spirit life in September, 1857, and in 1859, the children all having grown to maturity, the father sold the farm to the county.

John F. Myers attended the country district schools a part of each year from the time he was six years old until he reached the age of nineteen, when he entered the Wesleyan University, of Bloomington, Illinois, attending that school several terms while Prof. Sears was in control, and Prof. Northup, Profs. McNulty and Adams were teachers. Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, Hon. James S. Ewing, Hon. Geo. P. Davis, and many other worthy youths of Bloomington and vicinity were students.

On December 22, 1857, he was married to Miss Sarah C. Birdsell, of Randolph's Grove, near Heyworth, Illinois, and has resided on a farm the greater part of the time since his marriage, locating at his present residence, 924 West Front street, Bloomington, Illinois, March 1st, 1898. He resided on a farm near Fairbury, Illinois, for twenty-three years, and during that time engaged in general farming, raising, feeding and dealing in hogs, cattle and horses. He held the offices of school director, justice of the peace and commissioner of highways, the most of the time conjointly, for twenty years.

He inherited from his parents a natural talent for music and poetry, he played the fife for military drill for the McLean county regiment of militia, a regiment of which his father was fife major, at the age of eight years. At twelve years he developed a talent for poetry, and wrote numerous ditties and ballads on comic and dramatic circumstances in rhyme for the amusement of his friends, many of which were too full of mirth and sarcasm to meet the approbation of the author at this time and so will be omitted from this volume.

As he grew to manhood he could not see sufficient money in music and poetry, to satisfy his financial ambition, as a profession, especially in that early day, consequently he stuck to the farm and contented himself with occasionally playing the violin, fife, guitar or

violincello for his friends when solicited to do so, and writing an occasional poem or instrumental piece of music when the muses would bring the inspiration so strong that it would boil over of its own momentum.

The author being independent and conservative in politics and religion, and believing that there is some good in almost all parties and sects, and that all sects and secret orders, and organizations that make men and women better citizens and better at heart, are good for the world—as we can not all see alike—yet he believes that few of them are perfect, and in his comments has tried to call things by their right names, and has pointed out with impartiality and malice toward none, a few vices and errors which have crept into our social, civil, political and commercial systems, and made some suggestions which he would rejoice to know, will be received in the spirit of kindness in which they are given, and will bear fruit for the betterment of mankind, feeling that the whole world should regard each other as brothers, and work together for mutual good. And he earnestly hopes the gentle readers will pardon the eulogistic effusions of love and admiration displayed in his personal, memorial and eulogistic poems, when they know (as his near friends know) his sympathetic heart and strong love for those near and dear, and for old and tried friends.

John Grove Myers, the father of John F. Myers, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, in the year 1799, was the son of Henry Myers and Catherine Negley-Myers who were born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and were sturdy scions of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Henry Myers was a man of sterling worth and irreproachable character, a mechanic and farmer, his wife Catherine Myers was a lady possessing a high order of intellect, and they raised a family who were an honor to their memory.

John Grove Myers had much natural talent for mechanics, music and poetry, was a fine vocalist, taught vocal music in his early manhood, and was a man of much intellectual ability, industrious, temperate, honest and affable. He wrote many poems, which were printed in ballad form, nearly all of which have been lost, the few which the author has been able to collect were mostly in manuscript, among his old papers (he having passed to spirit life in 1869) and they will appear in this volume.

Mary Lindley-Myers the mother of John F. Myers, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, in the year 1800, was a woman of many lovable traits and a shrewd, philosophical, business woman, giving her husband timely and inestimable aid in keeping the ship of finance afloat, and in stamping a character for morality and business on her family. Her father, John Lindley, Sr., was of English descent and

a man of sterling worth and character, born in Kentucky and a pioneer of McLean county, Illinois. Her mother, Elizabeth Gray-Lindley, was a lady of high born Scotch Irish ancestry, possessing a high order of intellect and a lovable woman of many good traits of character.

Sarah C. Birdsell-Myers, first wife of John F. Myers, was born at the beautiful residence of her parents, William and Lovina Paswaters-Birdsell, on the west side of Randolph's Grove, McLean county, Illinois, April 23 A. D. 1842, being the youngest child of the family. She grew up in ease and comfort, enjoying the beautiful scenery around the home, of grove, meadows, orchards and pastures, where the quails, squirrels and beautiful songsters of the grove were her frequent companions as she took great delight in out door recreation. That beautiful life with nature nursed into active life her natural love for the beautiful and developed her fine artistic powers as a sketcher and painter, enabling her to paint birds, animals, trees, flowers and portraits of persons (with accuracy surprising to old artists) without teacher, design or theorems, and her own home was decorated in the main by her own beautiful paintings. She often referred with pleasure to her school days at the beautiful grove where she spent many happy days and formed many warm friendships never to be forgotten, and dwelt with reverential love upon the beauties of her childhood home. Though raised in ease and comfort and married very young, she entered into her wifely duties with an interest and ability far beyond her years, and has done well her part to keep the domestic ship of finance afloat. She passed to spirit life August 21, 1906, leaving many sorrowing friends.

Minnie Lee Barrett-Myers, second wife of the author, was born near Leesburg, Ohio, April 11th, 1880. Youngest daughter of Eli and Martha E. (Wirght) Barrett, she was married to the author February 23rd, A. D. 1909. She was born and spent her whole life on a farm until married to the author. Being of a very intellectual, musical, artistic and studious mind, with a desire for outdoor recreation, the association with nature, around her beautiful home, among the lovely trees, flowers and feathered songsters, nursed into active expression her natural talents, and she has produced many specimens of art, that would defy the skill of many popular artists. And with her natural talent for music, she has acquired a wonderful skill on piano and guitar, and a most discriminating ear for sounds and chords in harmony and plays a charming accompaniment for the violin, on piano or guitar, while the author plays the violin, and entertains her friends with instrumental selections with wonderful skill.

POEMS

PIONEERS AND EARLY DAYS IN ILLINOIS

The scenes of my childhood, how
often they haunt me,

With visions of beauty, from nature's grand store,

The beautiful prairies, O how they
enchant me,

The groves in the primeval beauty
of yore;

The creek in the valley, where grew
the wild roses,

The spring, where the cattle oft
gathered to drink,

The lawn, where we gathered the
sweet smelling posies,

That grew near the brooklet, along
on its brink.

The dear old home cottage, where
sisters and brothers,

Made music and song with a rapturous
glee,

The beautiful grove, where I met
with another,

Whose radiant smile, still brings
pleasure to me,

In summer and autumn, those beautiful
prairies

Were decked with wild flowers. a
beautiful chart;

'T was charming, an ideal home for
the fairies.

A scene that is still very dear to
my heart.

Wild fruits, then were plenty, the
grapes, O how charming,

And strawberries too, O how luscious
and sweet;

The plums, how they rattled when
shook, 'twas alarming

To see them come tumbling down
thick at our feet;

The creeks were not bridged, the
roads were not graded

And sloughs were not ditched but
with tall grass grown o'er;

The grass with its sod, bore us up
while we waded

With slow splashing steps, till we
landed on shore.

The first whites who came to this
lovely location,

Were Hendrix and Dawson, the
year twenty-two.

They opened up farms, that was their
vocation,

Their motto, be honest in all that
you do.

The Orendorfs came next, and their
homes soon were chosen,

East side of the grove, where they
lived in content,

With Indians for neighbors, some-
times by the dozen,

They sowed seeds of kindness,
where ever they went.

In '24 came William Hodge, a school
teacher,

With Goodheart and Walker, they
each took a claim,

And Ebenezer Rhodes, pioneer Bap-
tist preacher,

Who built up a church here soon
after he came.

At home of John Hendrix, first Meth-
odist sermon,

By Rev. Stringfield, to a dozen or
more,

They had a good meeting, and there
did determine,

And formed a small class, in the
year twenty-four.

The first couple married, succumbed
to love's passion,

Was Thomas Orendorf, and Miss
Walker they say.

They set the example, it soon was
the fashion,

And thousands did likewise, since
that early day;

Rev. See and James Latta were pio-
neer preachers,

Who came to the grove, and were
then in their prime,

In that early day, they were very
good teachers,

And gave to the people, a share of
their time.

The first white male child, in this
beautiful county.

Was John Lewis Orendorf, the year
twenty-five.

I think he should have a magnificent
bounty,

He lives near the grove yet, and
still is alive,

The name of the grove was proposed
by his mother,

Whose judgment and taste were
considered quite fine,

The name was so pleasing, they
would have no other,

'Twas called Blooming Grove, all
along on the line.

Along in the twenties, the Indians
infested

This beautiful country, Ma-chee-na
was chief,

But after the whites were with power
invested,

They made little trouble, which
was a relief.

They lived here in ease though they
sometimes were grumbling,

With sinister threats, made to scare
us away,

We met them with firmness, so many
whites coming,

They yielded at last and the white
man did stay.

The people built houses of logs for
a starter,

Made clap-boards for shingles, to
cover them o'er,

The cracks chinked with clay, mixed
with straw for a mortar,

And logs split in puncheons, were
laid for a floor;

This country a paradise then, for the
hunter,

For deer, grouse and turkey, then
roamed o'er the hills,

The pioneer's larder, was filled in the
winter,

With savory meat, from the game
that he killed.

The deer were so plenty, were often
together,

And often when hunting we found
them in droves,

They often in winter and stormy bad
weather,

For refuge and comfort, would hie
to the groves.

When snow fell quite deep and lay
most of the winter,

They came to the farms, and the
fields were their beat,

Where often they fell easy prey to
the hunter,

While ranging the fields to get
something to eat.

The wolves were so plenty, we oft
heard them howling,

For thieving and cunning, they car-
ried the palm,

They traveled at night, and did most
of their prowling

For chickens or turkeys, a pig or
a lamb.

We caught them with steel traps and
often we shot them,

And chased them with dogs that
were good on the run,

We frequently went out on horse-
back and caught them,

A wolf chase with dogs made us
plenty of fun.

The bull snake and black snake, quite
many did shy them,

The garter and milk snake were
nothing to dread,

The rattler and copperhead, all did
decry them,

Though on harmless kinds, we had
no fear to tread.

The snake we most feared, on his
tail had a rattle,

His poisonous venom, we soon
learned to fear,

When he was approached, he was apt
to give battle,
And rattle his warning for us to
steer clear.

The people were few, now and then
a plantation,

No houses except near the groves
did appear,

The farms were not large, that were
in cultivation,

'Twas only in stock, that we money
could clear;

They had neither hedges, nor wire,
nor lumber,

To fence in the crops and protect
them from harm,

The men with their muscle, went into
the timber.

Like Lincoln, split rails and then
fenced in the farm.

The prairies were in their primeval
condition,

The few farms were fenced, and the
stock ran at large,

Which gave the stock man a finan-
cial addition;

But now high priced lands make
the stock a great charge.

At that time our stock as to grade
were inferior

Compared with our stock now in
their improved state,

And those we now have, are by far
their superior,

In breeding and form and excel
them in weight.

The hog was quite ancient, his back
like a razor,

His nose was so sharp he could
drink from a jug,

The cattle were fair, and a very good
grazer.

A few fine small horses, but most
of them plug,

Too light for hard drafts, heavy roads,
and hard wheeling

But some were as fleet as the earth
ever trod,

The ox was more patient, less nerv-
ous, less feeling,

And used on the prairies to break
up the sod.

The prairies were many times dotted
with cattle,

That grazed o'er the hills, near the
farms in content,

And fortunes were made, then, by
raising this chattel,

For Uncle Sam's grass did not cost
them a cent;

Ah well I remember! those beautiful
cattle,

In summer their new coats were
glossy and sleek,

The males often met, and then had
a fierce battle,

When coming to drink, at the sweet
Sugar creek.

The plow in those days, was quite
crude in construction,

The bar and shear iron, the balance
was wood.

It rooted the ground, slightly aiding
production,

The land being new, brought a crop
that was good;

The scythe and the cradle, for mow-
ing and reaping,

They used, and with hands, put the
grain into bale;

Then shocked it, and stacked it, to
better the keeping;

And tramped out with horses, or
thrashed with a flail.

Then clothing was high, it was hard
to procure it.

Though fine wool and flax, were
produced in the land,

The matrons and maidens, 't was hard
to endure it.

Made both cloth and clothing, with
dear willing hands.

We then had no coal, neither gas nor
cheap coal oil,

To light up our houses, as now
cheap and good.

We lit them with candles, and lamps
filled with lard oil,

And heated with fuel, split out of
the wood.

In those days the cook stove, was not
yet invented,

The large open chimney, considered
the thing;

- Pots, skillet and oven, the cook was contented,
 And served up her meals, good enough for a king;
 The pots hung on pot racks, for boiling and stewing,
 The oven was made with short legs and a lid,
 Was heated with coals, and kept hot by renewing,
 Both bottom and top, and it baked splendid bread.
- A buggy or carriage, the fact is we had none,
 And folks went on horse back, or walked to the church,
 Side saddles for ladies, that is if they had one,
 If not, rode behind, or were left in the lurch.
 In those early days, it was hard to get money,
 The price of home products, was wonderful flat,
 A horse twenty dollars, or five for a pony,
 Corn ten cents per bushel, and slow sale at that.
- Those having the maple tree, made their own sugar,
 The sap would run freely in spring for a while,
 To get it, we bored in the tree with an auger,
 Say four inches deep, and then put in a spile;
 We caught it in troughs, and then boiled to a syrup,
 Then strained it, and boiled again o'er a slow fire;
 To keep it from burning, we oft did it stir up,
 And made as nice sugar, as one could desire.
- A country church building, we had none what ever,
 The people were few, and the times were so close,
 Those who were inclined to a pious endeavor,
 Held a service at home, or a country school house;
- When met, some good brother would act as their teacher,
 And lead in the service, to sing and to pray,
 They had a good time, if a pioneer preacher,
 When out on a circuit, would come round their way.
- In those days, the people were kind to each other,
 Extended their kindness, to all whom they found,
 They gave the newcomer the hand of a brother,
 And welcomed the stranger, when-e'er he came round;
 No charges for lodging, nor meals, not a shilling,
 The greeting was cordial, when one came about,
 Unless they had proved him a consummate villain,
 Their hearth stone was free and their latch string hung out.
- The harrow we used then, was shaped like an A, sir,
 'Twas made from a tree, that was forked and good,
 Not much like the steel ones, so common today, sir,
 We made it at home, it was all made of wood.
- The old schooner wagon, was then all the go, sir,
 'Twas drawn by four horses, we thought it was fine;
 When loaded and started, it made quite a show, sir,
 The man rode the wheel horse, and drove with one line.
- The year twenty-three, the first school in the county,
 Was taught by Miss Mullen, the scholars were few,
 The room was provided by John Dawson's bounty,
 Tuition was paid by the scholar when due;
- The year twenty-five the first school house erected,
 Stood near William Walker's, south side of the grove,

- For three miles around, all the students collected,
At that dear old school, which they soon learned to love.
- The school house was then built of logs and one story,
The seats were split benches, with only four legs,
Yet we went to school, and were right in our glory,
Hats, bonnets and baskets we hung upon pegs;
The country school, then, taught us reading and spelling,
With writing, arithmetic, geography too,
And grammar to those who desired excelling,
But of higher branches, 'twas little they knew.
- A pioneer school house, stood near Hinshaw's pasture,
Where Oliver March taught an excellent school,
And well I remember, as if it was last year,
How often he punished the boys with his rule;
The rules in the schools, in those days, were quite rigid,
To whisper or laugh, was considered a crime,
The teacher would give them a look sharp and frigid,
With rule or with switch, he would bring them to time.
- We had neither steam mills, nor mills run by water,
And good mills for grinding, were far, far away;
The grain was prepared, and put in a mortar,
And pounded, 'twas tedious, but common that day.
In thirty, I, Baker a mill built for grinding,
It ground very slowly, but made us good meal,
The wheel a flat circle, kept constantly winding,
By weight of the horses, by treading the wheel.
- The next mill was built, by Sam Lander for water,
Which proved so uncertain, it failed him to pay,
'Twas changed to a tread mill, which paid him much better,
And always was ready, in that early day;
In spring of the year, and oft times late in autumn,
The great prairie fires, like demons would bound,
And farms unprotected, it frequently caught them,
And hay, grain and fences, were burned to the ground.
- The year twenty-seven, the first road was laid out,
From head of the Salt Creek, to Mackinaw Town,
It got little work, little money was paid out,
And in rainy weather the wheels cut right down;
First road supervisor was Joseph B. Harbord,
He had jurisdiction for many miles round,
They had no road scrapers, with shovels they labored.
A bridge or a levee could scarcely be found.
- The first justice chosen, to act in that line, sir,
Was William Orendorf, he was one of the best,
He joined many couples, in that he was fine, sir,
He filled many places of honor and trust;
And Thomas Orendorf was made first assessor,
The treasurer also, and coroner too,
For he in that day, was an honest possessor,
Of many good traits, for a country so new.
- The pioneer grand jury, just half a dozen,
Was Peter McCullough, John Rhodes and Lee Hurst,

And Orendorf, Walker and Gilston,
were chosen,

For those men were thought to be
good as the best,

They made William Hodge, the first
pioneer sheriff,

And also he taught them, a pioneer
school,

His official power, extended afar off,
But little to do, in that line as a
rule.

J. W. Fell was first licensed attorney,
A. Gridley soon followed, the law
to expound,

They came from the east, then a long
tedious journey,

In Bloomington's interest, they al-
ways were found.

In thirty, McLean was set running
to order,

The board of election, was Hen-
drix and Cox,

With Benson, good men as they had
on the border,

And men who would work for a
pure ballot box.

The father of Bloomington, and her
projector,

Was Honorable James Allin; soon
falling in line

Were Gridley and Covell, both loyal
protectors;

McClun and Judge Davis, did work
that was fine.

The first store in Bloomington, Al-
lin erected,

In eighteen and thirty he there took
a stand,

This beautiful place, for a town he
selected,

The most favored spot, he had seen
in the land.

In '30 this beautiful country was
booming,

About 50 families, lined round the
grove,

In '31 Bloomington started its loom-
ing,

And slowly, but surely, is still on
the move;

The pioneer doctors were Wheeler
and Baker,

With Haines and Doc Anderson; all
came to stay,

The ague was common, a terrible
shaker,

And hard to get rid of in that early
day.

In '30, the Lindleys, and Harbords
were dwellers,

On farms near the grove; also
Benny DePew;

And Lucas, and Benson—they all
were good fellows—

And Hinshaw and Walker—also
Nathan Low;

The Bakers, the Prices, James Latta
and others,

The Rhodes and Canidas—Coxes
as well;

The Masons and Withers—they all
were like brothers—

And others quite worthy, too tedi-
ous to tell.

In '32 Indian Chief Black Hawk col-
lected

His warriors, for battle, our pro-
gress to end,

The whites organized, and their lead-
ers selected,

And marched to the front, their dear
homes to defend.

They made Covell captain, and Grid-
ley lieutenant,

The second lieutenantcy, Baldwin
received;

Their service was short, as the war
soon was ended,

The Indians went west and the
whites were relieved.

In '24 came Isaac Funk and his broth-
ers,

The Rhodes, the Stubblefields, Rut-
ledges, too,

By dealing in stock they surpassed
many others,

Investing in lands, while the coun-
try was new;

In the year '25 came the Cheneys
and Dimmitt,

The Dickersons, Mitchell, and old
Father Hand,

- Also Jesse Stubblefield, there was no
limit,
For all who came then, could get
plenty of land.
- The year '26, came the Guthries and
Trimmer,
And William McCullough, also
David Cox;
- J. Spawr and Vansickle, were '26
comers,
In those early days, all had many
hard knocks;
- The year '27, came Thomas McClure,
Also Dr. Baker, and Stephen Webb,
And Buckles, they all came good
homes to secure,
And Jonathan Hodge, also came
Matthew Robb.
- In '28, came William Lindley, and
Haner,
James Rayburn, the Barnards, the
Henlines came too,
Ben Patton, Hieronymus, were all the
gainer,
They located farms and found
plenty to do;
- James Allin, James VanScoyc, also
Levi Danley,
Lee Downs, Nathan Low, came the
year '29,
- The Crumbaughs came also, and all
got farms handily,
And Moots and John Thompson,
both fell into line.
- In '30, came Presley Brooks, and Wil-
liam Beeler,
And some of the Crumbaughs, and
honest John Moore.
- D. Simmons, Eph Myers, and Ben-
jamin Wheeler,
John Smith, as good men as had
come here before;
- Also Peter Hefner, Will Riggs, Silas
Waters,
With Jonathan Maxon, and Mat
Coverdale,
- Also Patrick Hopkins and Purnell
Passwaters,
Jake Bishop and Birdsell, men who
did prevail.
- The year '31, came Dave Noble and
brothers,
A. Gridley, Green Larrison, Ike
Turnipseed,
The Stewarts, James Bishop, the
Houghams and others,
Abe Carlock and Washburn, all
good men indeed;
- The year '32, came Crog Dawson
and brothers,
John Ogden, McAlfertys, Dimic as
well,
John Bishop, James Harbord, Stans-
berry and others,
And Wilcox, and Weaver, all come
here to dwell.
- The year '33, came the Prices and
Warlow,
John Lindley, Sam Ogden, Mat
Young, Lewis Bunn,
A. Withers, H. Noble, and Hiram
Buck also,
While plenty of game, every man
kept a gun,
And came William Bishop, M. Bat-
terton also,
And Jonathan Ogden, also Lewis
Case,
Also Harvey Bishop, Elias H. Hall,
sir,
And after wild game they had many
a chase.
- The year '34, came James Adams, and
others,
Also Shelton, Smith, A. P. Craig,
Walter Karr,
And Sylvester Peasley, and all the
Rust brothers,
Also F. R. Cowden, this good land
to share;
- And many who came, in those days,
in their boyhood,
Still working at home, of their
own not a cent,
They learned to be frugal and honest
in manhood,
And now they have plenty of good
land to rent.
- The year '35, came the Majors and
Lander,
James Miller, John Enlow, also
Thomas Fell,

And Judge David Davis, the people's
defender,
John Myers, the fifer, and poet as
well;
Also came the Wileys, and William
H. Temple,
The Karrs, Campbell Wakefield
and Jimmy Depew,
Milton Smith, John Magoun, who
were noble examples,
Henry Welch, Matthew Hawks, all
were men, tried and true.

In '36, came William Thomas and
Lewis,
Also Wesley Bishop and Jonathan
Coon,
And W. T. Flagg, Thomas Gilmore
and Burtis,
To all was this country a glorious
boon,
And came Joseph Horr, also Isaac
Stansberry,
John Longworth, came also, and
Kersey H. Fell.

There was yet vacant land, they for
homes had no worry,
John Cusey came also, and Richard
Rowell.

The year '37, came John W. Billings,
And Dr. C. Wakefield, and Joshua
Fell,
And Abraham Brokaw, who came
with few shillings,
And Jonathan Glimpse, and Eleazer
Munsell,
And John E. McClun, also Isaac L.
Coon, sir,
And A. W. Scrogin, also William
Crose,

This beautiful land was to all a great
boon, sir,
Though money was scarce, and the
times very close.

Our patriotism, was kindled each
summer,
The law, called all able militia for
drill,
John Myers was fifer, John Rochold
was drummer.
H. Miller, the captain's position did
fill.

Each autumn, they met for a bar-
becue dinner,
From all o'er the county, in brilliant
array,
And marched to the music, 'twas al-
ways a winner,
When Gridley or Covell, was chief
of the day.

In summer we used to go bathing and
swimming,
Along the green banks, of the old
Kickapoo,
The trees clothed with green, and
the birds sweetly singing,
Had charms that no one but a coun-
try boy knew,
The deep shaded pools, and the shal-
lows of gravel,
Had exquisite charms, that to na-
ture is true.

I've seen many streams, in the course
of my travel,
But none had the charms of the
old Kickapoo.

Then Pekin, Peoria, and far off Chi-
cago,
Were our best markets, for grain,
beef and pork,
No railroads, 'twas wagons, that car-
ried the cargo,
The fat stock were driven, 'twas
slow tedious work;
When all was disposed of, and money
collected,
The teams fed and rested, and
ready to come,
We bought the few extras, that we
had expected,
And loaded with goods, for the mer-
chants at home.

Dear Bloomington, then, was a vil-
lage, a small one,
The houses were mostly but one
story high,
The streets were not graded, and
sometimes would stall one,
When coming to market to get a
supply;
No mail cars, no telegraph, telephone
either,
The mails were conveyed on a
horse or a stage,

A message must wait, either good or
bad weather,
To pass o'er mud roads, in that pio-
neer age.

'Tis needless to tell what we now are
achieving.

In every conceivable line of today.
Just look all around you, to see is
believing,

The eye can behold, more than pen
can portray;

Our wonderful progress, today, O
behold it,

The genius of man, we descry on
each hand,

No prophet, no sage, could have
dreamed or foretold it,

The picture of progress that covers
this land.

O beautiful country! Thy charms so
alluring,

Have Wooed to thy bosom, all
men to be free,

O beautiful city, thy fame is endur-
ing,

For culture and progress, thy motto
shall be;

Yes beautiful Bloomington, gem of
the period,

Home of the cultured, the good and
the brave,

With fine schools to educate, parks
for the wearied,

May God add His blessing, thy
people to save.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

January A. D. 1906.

In viewing memory's pages o'er, to
where they first begun,

The incidents of childhood days,
are bright as noon day sun,

The cabin home in Blooming grove,
the first I seem to know,

My father built in '35, seventy
years ago.

Soon after that he bought the land,
the County Farm 'tis now,

Improving it from time to time,
with honest sweat of brow,

The house was built while at the
door wild prairie grass did
grow,

We moved there from the cabin
home, sixty-eight years ago.

There were nine children, four were
girls and five were ruddy boys,
And we were then a jolly set, for
music, fun and noise,

The work, it first had to be done if
weather fair and bright.

The music, mirth and pleasure
came, when raining and at
night,

In those primeval days of yore, we
walked three miles to school,

The teachers' eyes and ears were
sharp, and iron clad the rules,

And if our studies fell behind, did not
the lessons know

They made us study recess hours,
just sixty years ago.

Those early days the law compelled
militia men to drill,

Fife major's place, when on the
march, my father had to fill,

At seven years, I learned to play
quite well upon the fife,

My brother Will he did the same,
of music we were rife.

At eight years old, I used to play for
military drill,

At ten years old, my father's place
I sometimes had to fill,

At twelve years, on the violin I was
not very slow,

I often played in public then, just
sixty years ago.

Our marbles then we made at home,
with which we used to play.

We rolled them out perfectly round,
from subsoil prairie clay;

We roasted them within the fire till
hard as any rock;

They proved to be the very thing
to stand a heavy knock.

In spring we tapped the sugar trees,
their water pure and sweet,

We put into the kettles clean, to
syrup boiled complete,

'Twas then all emptied into one and
boiled down very low,

And moulded into sugar cakes, just
sixty years ago.

- And, O, the splendid tea we made to drink, it was a treat,
 'Twas made from roots of sassafras and sugar water sweet.
- And if we longed for taffy, we would save some syrup for night,
 The girls and boys would boil it down, and pull by candle light;
 And when it ceased to freeze at night the sugar water stopped,
 Then work upon the farm commenced, the putting in the crop.
 With ten-inch wooden mould board plows the work went very slow,
 The same plow used for cultivating, sixty years ago.
- And when preparing for the crop and cleaning up the land,
 We cut the corn stocks down with hoes and picked them up by hand;
 And if for corn we plowed the ground, then cross marks made for rows,
 One ran the plow, one dropped the corn, two covered it with hoes.
 In harvest one man cut a swath, with cradle swung by hand,
 One raked it into bundles and another tied the bands,
 When dry enough we stacked it near the threshing floor, you know,
 Then boys on horseback tramped it out, just sixty years ago.
- Then Blooming Grove was in her prime, wild fruits and nuts to spare,
 Summer and autumn's balmy days brought us a liberal share.
 The walnuts and the butternuts and hazel nuts were prime,
 The berries, plums and hickory nuts and grapes came in their time,
 And pawpaws, my! I taste them yet, it was a splendid treat,
 When frost had fairly mellowed them and made them good and sweet,
 To shake the trees, and stand abate, while they came tumbling low.
 O, how we loved those fruits and nuts of sixty years ago!
- When frost had nipped the pumpkin vines, we pumpkins gathered in,
 Potatoes dug and stored away, crab apples in the bin,
 The prairie hay we cut with scythes, for stock from off the range,
 The work was then preparing for the winter's bitter change.
 The new corn mush, with milk, was great, at night we used to take,
 And luscious corn meal dodgers, that my mother used to bake,
 And fresh pork sausage made at home, such living was not slow,
 With pumpkin pies to finish up, just sixty years ago.
- In winter some would snap their corn and pile it in the shuck,
 And he who had the biggest pile, he thought himself in luck,
 At night his neighbors gathered in, the jokes and fun were loud,
 They chose two captains for the job, each chose one-half the crowd,
 And then the work went merrily, they husked with all their might;
 The corn was husked and in the crib by ten o'clock at night.
 Then smoking hot, a lunch was served, and all rejoiced to know,
 The music for the dance was there, just sixty years ago.
- The people were quite happy then, were equal and content,
 The right hand of a brother, you received where-e'er you went.
 The farmers were a brotherhood, whose interests were allied,
 The village, cursed with very few, who all the laws defied.
 Now, fashion is the people's God, they try to live too fast,
 The poor will imitate the rich, their money does not last.
 Good people, you should never try to make such customs go,
 Far better practice frugal traits of sixty years ago.

**BLOOMINGTON, THE EVER-
GREEN CITY**

*To be sung to the tune of Tramp,
Tramp the Boys are Marching. Re-
peat the air proper before singing the
chorus.*

This great agricultural state, rating
near the top of late,
Now has many splendid cities on
her plain,
But a very few that rate, in a general
estimate,
With the lovely county seat of old
McLean,
This young city always seen, sitting
lovely, calm, serene.
With her many lovely mansions
mounted high,
Is a glorious summer scene, with her
many trees so green,
And her splendid towers pointing
to the sky.

Chorus:

Tramp, Tramp, thousands will be
coming,
Here to settle while there's room,
In this lovely city wide, they can
settle side by side,
And be happy in their pleasant city
home.

Here she sits in regal state, she is
on a boom of late.
And for her there is in store a
glorious name;
Her resources now are great, no
place better in the state;
She's destined to climb to glorious
heights of fame.
This grand city of the plain, watch-
ing every chance for gain,
Has twelve railroad avenues already
made;
To increase commercial gain, she soon
others will obtain,
And enhance her splendid revenues
and trade.

With her grand electric lines she
has made a loop combine,
With her lovely daughter Normal,
evermore;

And her interurban lines, penetrating
her confines;
Now her many lines are passing
many doors.
She has coal a boundless yield, in
her bosom yet concealed,
Which will bring enormous trade
and cash as well.
It is now a fact revealed, she's a
glorious mining field.
That will fast her wealth and pop-
ulation swell.

All around her farms are nice, and
they bring a gilt edge price;
You no better in the country can
obtain.
She's a farmer's paradise, stay with
her is my advice;
Here to educate your children and
remain.
She has rural mail of late, and they
bring it to your gate,
And a telephone system far and
wide.
You can write or stand and prate to
all cities in the state
While you quietly at home with
friends abide.

Here in central Illinois she has agri-
cultural joys,
In her lands, and many avenues
for gain;
And I frankly tell you boys, there's
no place in Illinois
For a home, I'd rather settle and
remain.
Bloomington can, if you please, grind
or store your grain with ease,
Or will buy and ship it to the marts-
of trade;
And her merchants can supply any-
thing you wish to buy.
From a needle to the biggest thing
that's made.

She, with many mills combined with
her shipping plants so fine,
And her canning plants, all prod-
ucts can consume;
With a home demand benign, here
the chance is superfine.
For an extra price for products
right at home.

Shops and factories immense she has
 built at great expense,
 And they manufacture many lines
 that pay;

They're the laboring man's defense,
 for the wages are immense.
 They distribute through the city
 day by day.

She has grand electric lights for your
 streets and house of nights,
 Making many streets and houses
 bright as day;

If you wish to work at night, making
 everything so bright,
 If you travel, lights and guards you
 on the way.

And her sewer system grand has not
 yet come to a stand,
 But is growing to perfection year
 by year;

'Twill continue to expand until all
 the city land
 In its splendid healthful benefits
 will share.

With great pumps she water takes
 from subterranean lakes,
 It is healthful, pure and better far
 than gold;

If your health inclines to break, then
 her healthful water take,
 To prevent your prematurely growing
 old.

From a tower grand, complete, up
 in air two hundred feet,
 It is forced through many mains the
 city o'er;

She will pipe through any street,
 if it your approval meet,
 Also pipe it in your house or to your
 door.

She has many streets that's paved,
 some as smooth as faces
 shaved,

With asphaltum, brick and stone
 superbly fine;
 Everyone would like to pave, it will
 health and money save,

And the people now are falling
 into line.
 Every person wishing work, who
 their duty will not shirk.

Can get steady work and wages
 every day;

But the one who always shirks, also
 some dishonest clerks,
 Sometimes have to look for places
 far away.

Any man, who has a care, with his
 family to share
 All the proceeds of his labor day
 by day;

Can for all have decent fare, have
 enough to eat and wear,
 If he neither drinks or gambles on
 the way.

Men who drink and loaf around, oft
 in gambling hells are found,
 Are as lice upon the city where
 they thrive;

For a living they are bound, like a
 hunter's hungry hound,
 They're the drones who steal the
 honey in the hive.

She has stores of many kinds, better
 stores are hard to find,
 And their prices lay Chicago in the
 shade;

If to doubt it you're inclined, go and
 disabuse your mind.
 For both cities buy the goods right
 where they're made,

And the merchants selling here have
 much less expense to bear,
 For their rents are not one-fourth
 Chicago rate;

And their living is less dear, pay the
 clerks no more than there,
 They can sell as low as any in the
 state.

Her court house is superfine, stand-
 ing stately, grand, sublime,
 A fit palace for a president or king;
 Built upon the fireproof line to defy
 the hand of time

And for usefulness and beauty just
 the thing.

She has many mansions fine, many
 business blocks combine,
 Ten, eleven stories looming to the
 sky;

Many others now incline, to be falling
 into line.
 And will build up many mansions
 by and by.

Education is her rule, and she has
excellent schools,

She will educate all students who
will come;

Here no child need be a fool, if sa-
gacious as a mule,

They can get an education right
at home.

She has universities, just as good
ones, if you please,

As are any in the wide world to
be found;

Yet through false pride some are
pleased, of their money to be
squeezed,

And to send the child to Europe
they are bound.

If to churches you incline here the
chance is superfine,

To attend most any kind on Sab-
bath day;

If you wish for strength divine, you
can fall right into line,

But you'll have to live uprightly on
the way.

She has ministers divine of most
every creed and kind,

And they all seem to be working
for the Lord;

And their sermons all incline to be
on the Bible line,

But they differ on the meaning of
the word.

Yet there really seems to be one
thing on which they agree

You must live the golden rule in
thought and deed,

If done consciously, it will set your
spirit free;

A pure life of love will save you—
not your creed.

She has doctors many kinds, and they
cure on many lines;

Some the chronic, others all disease
defy;

Some will heal with pills benign, oth-
ers heal through faith divine;

If your faith is good you never
need to die.

Her hotels are really grand, and they
are in big demand,

For the travelers and visitors of
late,

When they in this city land, think
their ideas do expand

As to where the best hotels are in
the state.

To maintain the public peace, she has
many brave police,

If to keep the law and order you
should fail,

Her sworn guardians of the peace
soon your pocket book will
fleece,

Or will board you at our splendid
county jail.

She has lawyers not divine although
many are benign.

Wise and eloquent—of excellent re-
port;

If to law suits you incline—peace is
much the cheapest line—

Go and hire them to keep you out
of court.

She has free delivery, and your mail
comes twice a day;

'Tis no matter where you live, if
rich or poor,

You can write at home and stay, they
will take your mail away,

And bring all your mail that's com-
ing to your door.

She has seven solid banks, to avoid
thieves and cranks

You can there deposit all the cash
you own.

For its care they ask no thanks—
always ready at the banks

When you want it to invest or make
a loan.

They have millions of their own if
you wish to get a loan

They will make you terms that
are extremely low;

If you're favorably known or good
property you own;

You can do no better anywhere you
go.

She has many men of late who are
selling real estate

And will thousands on your real
estate advance.

Or, if you anticipate buying in another state,
 They have splendid bargains waiting for a chance.
 As a place for residence she is now par excellence.
 Her good people social, courteous and plain;
 It is said in her defense she entails as light expense
 As the cheapest town in Illinois domain.

Her newspapers stand the test—
 there's no better in the west—
 And they circulate the country far and wide.
 And it is at their behest Bloomington is now abreast
 Of the cities in our great commercial tide.
 And she has good people here who to many hearts are dear,
 Who divide with sick and worthy helpless poor.
 The disinterested care that the charitable bear
 Will bring them a rich reward at heaven's door.

She has music grand and sweet—
 many instruments complete—
 Many teachers known to honor and to fame;
 We think it a real treat when an audience they greet
 And we always wish another of the same.

She has youths whose skill is fine and whose talents are divine
 Who will for themselves achieve a glorious name,
 For their music now is prime—very soon will be sublime—
 And they proudly will ascend the mount of fame.

She has gorgeous pleasure stands if it's pleasure you demand
 And your happiness such pleasure so require.
 At the Coliseum land, or go over to the Grand,
 You can there see anything that you desire,

And her park has charms divine with a lake that's superfine.
 Many animals and birds within the zoo.
 When you wish for thoughts sublime and can spare a little time,
 Then repair to Miller Park, it waits for you.

Thou, dear city Bloomington, noble work thy sons have done.
 On the scroll of fame thy name will ever stand;
 Many laurels thou hast won—thy good work has just begun—
 Thy brave sons are justly honored o'er the land.
 Brightest gem upon the plain thou art destined to remain
 For progression is the watch-word of thy joys.
 Great will be thy temporal gain, to great culture thou'lt attain,
 Thou art now the inland queen of Illinois.

RENDER EQUAL HONORS TO ALL.

You are building up monuments, massive and high,
 To lift a few names out of reach,
 And lauding some heroes almost to the sky
 With eulogy's flattering speech.
 But I will pass on from this rage of renown,
 This narrow commotion and strife;
 Pass by where the granite and bronzes look down,
 And tell of a once noble life.

On out to the comrades who lie 'neath the gloom,
 Of pitying graves where they fell,
 For I, while I honor the man with the plume,
 Will honor the private as well.
 I would not detract from the brave in command,
 Who led in the battle's array;
 Let those have due praise who, with musket in hand,
 Bore bravely the heat of the fray.

For, had it not been for those heroic
 men,
 Who fought in combat with the
 gray,
 This union divided would surely have
 been
 A prey for all nations today.
 Those heroic soldier boys did well
 their part,
 Ne'er braver was king on his
 throne;
 The throb of each soldier boy's chiv-
 alrous heart
 Gave answering stroke to my own.

I knew them, and through them the
 gold and alloy,
 Together ran equally free;
 I judge, as I trust God will judge
 each brave boy,
 For they were true patriots to me.
 'Midst cannons' loud roar, in the bat-
 tle's eclipse,
 Life shook out its lingering sands;
 They died with the names that they
 loved on their lips,
 With musket still grasped in their
 hands.

Up close to the front many braves
 met their doom,
 Up close to the flag many fell;
 While praising the men with the
 sword and the plume,
 Praise those with the musket as
 well.

There's peace in the quiet and sweet
 restful hours
 That come when the day's work is
 done;
 And peace, with those brave ones who
 under the flowers
 Lie sleeping—their life's race is
 run.

Old comrades in arms, in the fast
 waning years
 That lead to mortality's goal,
 With hearts full of love, oft with
 eyes full of tears,
 We hold you most dear to our
 soul.

We march with the May, and its flow-
 ery charms,
 And tenderly lay on the sod

A sweet, fragrant emblem, dear com-
 rades in arms
 Of love and approval of God.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

*Is our Schools, and a reverence for the
 flag by celebrating our Natal Day.*

Ye Sons of Columbia, rejoice that ye
 live in
 This fair land of freedom, we love
 as our own,
 And meet once each year on the day
 God hath given
 For Liberty's Goddess to sit on her
 throne.
 That day is enshrined in the hearts
 of the nation,
 And sealed with the blood of our
 patriot sires,
 So then on that glad day, whatever
 our station,
 Our hearts should be burning with
 patriot fires.

Unfurl to the breeze the bright folds
 of Old Glory.
 To music march forth, let her wave
 o'er the stand.
 And tell to the people our nation's
 glad story
 Of blood-purchased freedom and
 bright happy land.
 And tell to our children how patriots
 freed it,
 And made the day sacred, that first
 gave it birth;
 And pledged it to freedom, for God
 had decreed it
 A haven for all the oppressed of
 the earth.

Where man is the noblest work of
 creation,
 Each man is a monarch and should
 be content;
 His home is his kingdom, whatever
 his station;
 His rights are as sacred as if pres-
 ident.
 Our free schools are truly the cradle
 of knowledge,
 And mother of liberty; also the
 door

To freedom and progress, and so is
the college
A glorious boon for the rich and
the poor.

Then rock every youth in that cradle
of knowledge,

For ignorance marks every man for
a slave,

For liberty dwells in the school and
the college,

And there lies the power our free-
dom to save.

Teach justice, and honor, and knowl-
edge together;

Instill in each heart what all just
laws demand,

To treat the whole world as your
neighbor and brother,

Thus cherish forever a free happy
land.

This heaven-blest country, the gem
of the ocean,

The heir of all nations since God
gave her birth;

She now stands the queen of all lands
and all nations,

And freedom is destined to compass
the earth.

If God rules this nation he surely de-
signed it.

A home, where all men of all climes
can remain

And worship their God, as each con-
science defines it,

Where none dare molest, or against
them complain.

Then patriots are safe, have God's
full approbation.

Who left home and friends, to their
country were true,

And fought to defend and protect this
great nation;

With musket in hand, fell while
wearing the blue.

Then each natal day let us unfurl
Old Glory

And teach all the people that day
to revere,

Be often repeating this nation's glad
story,

And floating from house-top the
flag everywhere.

FREEDOM

We're sailing on the ship of state,
she's rocking fore and aft

And every son of freedom should be
skilled in statesmen's craft,

And every enemy on board should be
made to stand abaft,

And honor the laws of this great
nation.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Let trusts no longer
stay.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Drive anarchy away;
And let the grand old ship of state
triumphantly display

The unsullied flag of this great na-
tion.

Is this a land of freedom, when the
rich usurp the field,

Combine and fix the prices and con-
sumers have to yield?

As long as this we tolerate the poor
man's fate is sealed,

And he will be servant of the na-
tion.

Is this a land of freedom, when the
manufacturers' lust

Has grown so strong that they cre-
ate a sacrilegious trust,

Control the quantity and price of pro-
ducts so unjust,

And swindle consumers of the na-
tion?

Is this a land of freedom, when the
railroad kings with ease

Unite and pool their profits and fix
any price they please;

For hauling products of commerce,
the people's pockets squeeze,

And trample the rights of this great
nation?

Is this a land of freedom, when the
laborers form a trust

And try to run all business by acts
that are unjust,

And he who heeds not their demands
 his plans they try to burst,
 And bring sore distress upon the
 nation?

Let every man remember that this
 country is not free
 While freedom uncontrolled grows
 bold and ends in tyranny;
 And all combines that break the law
 engage in anarchy,
 Defying the laws of this great na-
 tion.

If we will learn what freedom means,
 and freedom will promote,
 And will protect the people's right
 whene'er we cast a vote,
 'Tis then the grand old ship of state
 triumphantly will float,
 And freedom will reign throughout
 the nation.

True freedom does not mean that we
 can do just as we please,
 And trample on our neighbor's rights;
 by fraud each other squeeze;
 But means to live the Golden Rule,
 which we can do with ease
 In this great enlightened Christian
 nation.

True freedom does not mean that we
 can swindle, cheat and steal,
 Or any other unjust act, against the
 public weal,
 But always means, if we are wronged,
 the case we can appeal
 To just judge and juries of the
 nation.

True freedom means the people rule,
 and righteous laws project,
 Which gives us sure protection if we
 other rights respect;

No tyrant's arbitrary rule, nor mon-
 arch to object,
 But we help to rule our own great
 nation.

The Tariff should be the difference
 of cost in foreign lands,
 And cost of articles the same of our
 own home-made brands,
 Then that would leave no margin on
 which wicked trusts could
 stand,
 And all would have justice in the
 nation.

When law makes him a criminal, who
 helps to form a trust,
 Such schemes for unjust money, as
 in many lines we're cursed,
 And officers enforce the law, such
 wiles and schemes will burst,
 And this be a free and happy nation.

All inter-state utilities your Uncle
 Sam should own,
 And run them for the people, be the
 power behind the throne;
 Municipal utilities, experience has
 shown,
 Should be run by the cities of the
 nation.

Each manufacturing plant that runs
 should to its workmen grant
 An equitable portion of the profits
 of the plant;
 Then such colossal fortunes as are
 o'er the land extant,
 Would justly be scattered through
 the nation.

All laboring men and capital should
 travel hand in hand.
 For one without the other one would
 meet with no demand,

And idle would continue, which would
desolate the land
Of this wide-awake, progressive na-
tion.

ADJUST THE LAWS

*Written in the interest of Western Ag-
riculture and American Labor.*

Awake, ye mighty laboring throng,
Gird on your armor, strong and
bright;
Defend your rights, vote down the
wrong,
Haste, haste ye onward to the fight.
Take justice for your General,
On steeds of wisdom firmly ride;
Take for your sword the ballot box,
Let reason be your constant guide.

For moneyed kings now proudly
reign,
With purse and pockets lined with
gold,
While ye are bound with slavery's
chain
And are by unjust laws controlled.
The millionaire, he holds the bonds,
And we're assessed his tax to pay,
While he on luxuries daily feasts,
We're forced to labor day by day.

We pay for all, 'tis truly said,
Their victuals we are made to carve,
We furnish all their daily bread;
If we'd stop work the world would
starve.

We ship our produce to the east
To feed the Tariff-protected rings,
And with an unjust freight are fleeced
Through trusts made by the rail-
road kings.

And of the manufacturers
Our goods are bought at prices high,
For they've protected by a tariff
That we must pay when'er we
buy.

A tariff high has proved unjust,
Creating margins broad and high
On which to build a mighty trust
And rob consumers when they buy.

High tariff men oft say 'tis true,
That we have got a tariff on grain,
And other western products too,
And ask: "Pray why should we
complain?"
Ah, that sounds well, but be no fool,
'Tis ours to sell, we don't import,
Our price is fixed at Liverpool,
We can't protect what we export.

They also say high tariff will make
All kinds of laborers' wages high,
And for the laboring man's dear sake
We ought to make protection high.
Be not deceived, we cannot stay
By tariff, the foreign laborer, when
He comes, who will, employers pay
According to supply of men.

The laboring men they must com-
pete
With all who come from foreign
lands,
A tariff on what he buys to eat
And all he wears he has to stand.
If labor then you would protect,
All foreign laborers turn away,
Let Uncle Sam as tariff collect
From all who come, one-half their
pay.

The labor fields would then be clear,
For men who labor day by day;
Protection all alike would share,
And foreign labor stay away.
It must be so, or else reduce
The tariff on what we eat and wear
To just the difference to produce,
Or ship from foreign markets here.

They also boast that factories make
For us a market close at hand;
What good to us if we must take
A price that's fixed by foreign
lands?

Their trusts are so adroitly made
They fill the manufacturer's purse;
No imports made, no revenue paid,
And to consumers are a curse.

Let laboring men of every brand
Unite upon one common plane,
And vote together, hand in hand,
That all their sacred rights may
gain.

Let education be the source
To show the wrongs you long have
borne;

United ballots be the force
That places justice on her throne.

Take off the tariff, that now they
boast,

On imports from a foreign shore,
Except the difference in cost

Between the making here and there.
With such a tariff, fair and just,

On goods and products of the
earth,

Untrammelled by a wicked trust,
All things would sell for actual
worth.

Then mighty, noble, laboring throng,
High tariff and trusts ye should
dissect,

Throw off the curse ye've borne so
long,

Thereby the people's rights pro-
tect.

The right is yours good laws to
make,

Then yield it not to cliques and
rings.

Teach money sharks to fear and
quake,

The scepter take from railroad
kings.

Select ye men to make the laws,
Whose interests are with yours
allied,

Whose hearts are with the people's
cause,

Whom you can look upon with
pride.

Then strike, ye mightly laboring
throng;

Gird on your armor strong and
bright;

Defend your rights, vote down the
wrong;

Haste, haste ye, onward to the
fight.

Ye sons of toil arise and free
From unjust rule and tyranny

This glorious land, America,
This blood-bought land of liberty.

Stand firmly by the people's cause,
Instruct your lawmakers to see

By wise and equitable laws
That poor as well as rich are free.

AN ADDRESS TO LABOR

Both city and rural.

Capital of late is bold, to combine
and get a hold

On the public, and their ample
purses drain,

And this truth I will unfold, that you
always will be sold

Until you adjust the laws that you
maintain.

You have no protecting care, from
the laws in which you share,

'Gainst your labor every nation can
compete,

Then why do you vote to bear such
discriminating fare,

And accomplish by your votes your
own defeat?

If the laws a tariff would lay on all
men who come this way

From all foreign lands to labor,
and for gain,

And collect one-half their pay; in
their native lands they'd stay,

Then you could your price on labor
well maintain.

You should change the tariff wall,
that in legislative hall

Your lawmakers have built for the
money king;

You should by your votes install laws
to benefit us all,

Equally and just alike in every-
thing.

Tariff is mother of the trust, a plain
truth, confess you must,

Trusts control products and prices
of today.

A united vote would burst every sac-
rilegious trust

And supply—demand, make prices
on the way.

Tariff, take from every line, that is
run by a combine

Formed to get fictitious prices
when they sell.

Then your living will in fine cost
much less in every line

And you then can have some lux-
uries as well.

And you farmers should reflect that
the law cannot protect,

By a tariff, any product you export;
When lawmakers you elect, this fact
you should recollect,

You export farm products and do
not import.

I beg you be not deceived when they
ask you to believe

That you have protection for your
grain and meat.

From such laws as now aggrieve you
should vote a quick reprieve,

Laws that are for you a financial
defeat.

It is only a decoy when they say that
you enjoy

A protection on farm products for
support,

As the surplus you enjoy, all pro-
tection does destroy,

For you always have a surplus to
export.

And the railroads all combine, raise
the freights on every line,

And your profits clip unjustly when
you sell.

Manufacturers fall in line and go into
a combine

And unjustly raise on what you
buy as well.

Farmers' labor, true, benign, raises
bread for every line,

And the laborer their victuals daily
carve.

Labor should of every line, form one
grand voting combine,

Hold all trusts to righteous laws
or let them starve.

Now you men who daily toil, and
ye tillers of the soil,

You will never get full justice and
your dues

Until by your votes you foil, and the
machinations spoil,

Of the men who now their privi-
lege abuse.

Uncle Sam should run and own, be
the power behind the throne,
Of all interstate utilities today.

And experience has shown that each
city now should own

All her street cars, lights and
water—it will pay.

If you always will be fools, and the
corporation's tools,

You deserve the fate that they for
you prepare;

You should change the present rules,
run your own financial schools,

Guard your laws and your law-
makers with great care.

And you never will succeed, control
avarice and greed,

Until in the halls of congress you
procure

A majority to lead, and pass laws
for which you plead,

Wise and just, that will your rights
to you secure.

AN ADDRESS TO LABOR UNIONS.

Labor unions are all right, if you
wage a peaceful fight,

And decide your peaceful battles
at the polls;

But when'er you swerve from right
your success will grow less
bright

If you fail the lawful mandates to
uphold.

You are not from law exempt, it is
vain when you attempt

To control by force or boycott any
line,

And for such a rash attempt you in-
cur the just contempt

Of good men, and you deserve a
heavy fine.

When you strike and work refuse,
and non-union men abuse

And the labor of all men try to
control,

It is anarchy you choose, and the
sympathy you lose

Of good men who would have
helped you at the polls.

You by your financial lust have a far
more dangerous trust

Than has capital; it only works
for gain.

- While, in trying its powers to burst,
 you both friend and foe disgust,
 When you peace and life and liberty disdain.
- And it plainly can be seen your own
 house you need to clean,
 And discipline all on whom you
 now depend.
- Then a barrier now between you and
 full success serene
 Will be swept away and you'll retain
 your friends.
- Now most every long dispute, when
 it comes to a law suit,
 Has two sides from which to view
 the matter o'er;
- And oft-times the most astute will
 the other side refute,
 While the justice of the case they
 both ignore.
- Now it truly can be said, how would
 people all be fed
 If all capital investments would decline?
- Some would have to go to bed, and
 soon many would be dead;
 Laboring men could find no work
 along the line.
- Do you think that men will run and
 do business for fun,
 And donate to labor all that can
 be made?
- If no profits can be won they will
 quit where they begun,
 And the labor be left lying in the
 shade.
- I regret to have to say that you have
 some men today
 Who like much by other unions to
 be fed;
- When they want a holiday they will
 strike and have a play,
 If they think their own employers
 can be bled.
- Any person wishing work, whom their
 duty will not shirk,
 Can get steady work and wages
 every day;
- It is only those who shirk, or some
 vain dishonest clerk,
 Who have need to tramp for wages
 far away.
- Every man who has a care with his
 family to share
 All the proceeds of his labor, day
 by day,
 Can for all have decent fare, have
 enough to eat and wear,
 If he neither drinks nor gambles
 on the way.
- You have many men today who work
 well when not at play,
 But in support of their families
 they fail;
- When night comes they hie away,
 spend the wages of the day
 In saloons, and sometimes lodge
 within the jail.
- And you often hear them bawl that
 their wages are too small,
 That they never can a family support,
- And when in the union hall they vociferously call
 For a strike for better pay on
 which to sport.
- Those who drink and loaf at night,
 always foremost in the fight,
 Are as lice upon the city where
 they thrive;
- Often want to strike and fight when
 the wages are all right;
 Want the biggest share of honey in
 the hive.
- Many times you rush ahead, are by
 others blindly led,
 When the price is not exactly what
 you like.
- You can have more cash ahead and
 can be much better fed
 If you work instead of going on a
 strike.
- If you prices would adjust and would
 regulate the trust,
 You must do it through the ballot
 at the polls;

Select men whom you can trust to
make laws both wise and just,
That all immigrants and tariff will
control.

Lay a tax on every man who comes
from a foreign land
To compete with you for labor of
the day;
And one-half his pay demand for a
labor tax to stand,
Then the foreigner will kindly stay
away.

THE PATRIOTISM OF PEACE.

*Sung to the tune of "Marching
Through Georgia."*

Honor give to heroes, who defended
us in war;
Honor to the brave on land, and also
to the tar;
Glorify that valiant band who carry
many a scar
For the defense of this great na-
tion.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Let wars forever
cease.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Let harmony in-
crease.
Patriotism now we need to build a
lasting peace;
Peace to perpetuate this nation.

Glory to the memory of our immor-
tal dead;
Died within the hospitals, in battles
where they bled.
But for their great sacrifice our free-
dom would have fled.
They paid the cost for this great
nation.

Glorious freedom purchased by their
blood and widows' tears,
Let us keep inviolate forever, endless
years.
Guard it as a heritage from Angels of
the Spheres;
Bought with their blood for this
great nation.

Foreign nations knows the prowess of
our soldier boy;
Recognize his power other armies
to destroy;
Recognize the honor o'er the world
that we enjoy.
All stand in awe of this great na-
tion.

Deadly roar of battles fall no longer
on the ear.
Foreign nations treat our flag with
honor everywhere.
North and South united the same
glorious banner bear;
Yet we have foes within the na-
tion.

Foes within more dangerous than
those who dwell afar;
Avarice and greed and lust degrade
us more than war.
Honor, justice, charity, should be our
guiding star.
Such will perpetuate a nation.

Men in high position oft betray the
public weal,
Sell their sacred honor and in many
ways they steal.
When weighed in the balance and
their perfidy revealed;
Sorely demoralize this nation.

Corporations have no soul, their greed
is unsurpassed,
Bid defiance to the laws, while for-
tunes they amass,
Avaricious tyrants, they oppress the
common class,
Getting the profits of the nation.

Many now manipulate our food just
as they will;

Mix it with cheap nostrums their own
purses soon to fill.
Caring not how many unsuspecting
ones they kill.
Shame and disgrace confronts this
nation.

Greed so vast and virulent, for much
ill-gottetn pelf,
Soon will blight this nation and will
lay her on the shelf.
Patriots of peace, awake and save her
from herself.
Thus you'll perpetuate this nation.

This is God's own haven for all
worthy and oppressed.
Such of foreign nations come to us
for peace and rest.
Greed and lust is sacrilege in this
land of the blest,
Tainting the morals of this nation.

Each one an integral part of this
great commonwealth,
Individuals must be pure if nations
have good health.
Let us cleanse our impure hearts from
avarice and stealth.
Thus will we purify the nation.

Be a patriot for peace, it is a noble
cause.
Vote for public servants who strictly
enforce the laws.
Men who do their duty always win
the world's applause.
Such will perpetuate this nation.

Give us men of honor for our legis-
lative halls;
Give us judge and jurors true, when
sacred duty calls.
Send dishonest tricksters to adorn the
prison walls.
Thus you'll perpetuate this nation.

Give us Folks and Hanleys when you
mān the ships of state;
Bryans for the pilots and LaFollettes
for the mates;
Roosevelts for the captains, and the
crews will be kept straight.
Then we will have a prosperous na-
tion.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION AND RETRIBUTION

The law of compensation,
Inexorable and sure;
The law of retribution
Pays full measure, often more.

Then let each one be brave and true,
And always on his guard;
Each word or act we say or do
Will bring its just reward.

If in your heart the world you love,
And you are kind and true,
Your actions will the world improve,
The world will then love you.

If to the world you kindness show,
You'll get what is your due;
The world much kindness will bestow,
And with its love bless you.

But if you measure to the world,
Envy, malice and strife,
The same will come to you ten-fold;
Bitter will be your life.

A word or act, though good or bad,
Will bring its duplicate;
You will rejoice or will be sad,
Just as you may dictate.

Then let your life the world impress
With love and kindness true.
Do all you can the world to bless
'T will live long after you.

Let every act and word be good
Give to the world your best,

Meet all in loving brotherhood
And you'll be ever blest.

If all the world would realize
That compensation's laws
And retribution just and wise
Will reward every cause.

And bring to them the measure
That they do to others mete,
'T would fill this world with pleasure
And this life would be more sweet.

MUSIC

The following lines were written for a Friday evening essay while attending school at Wesleyan University in 1855, at Bloomington, Ill., and never before printed.

O, music, thy melody all do admire,
Though all have not talent thy art to acquire.
A natural genius some gladly possess,
While others fail even thy notes to express.

O, charmingly sweet are thy soft trilling notes,
They fall on my ear and enchantingly float;
They fill the glad heart with a rapturous zeal
That none but the happy hath power to feel.

O, music, thy power the soul it inspires
With blissful emotions and lovely desires,
Directing our thoughts to the heavens above,
To God who looks down with compassion and love.

The soul of Apollo still playing the lyre,
And spirit of Marcius' flute in the air,
Still charms with a power, most sweet and sublime,
Refined by the ages—increasing with time.

When artist is playing the harp or the lyre,
Violin or piano, with notes loud and clear,
Or nature's grand organ, the sweet human voice,
Thou makest the depths of the soul to rejoice.

Yet issuing forth from the sweet human voice
Are tones more divine, more exquisitely choice,
That charms with a power the soul and the mind;
Far sweeter than all other music combined.

No grander conception of heaven have we
Than oft to the soul is suggested by thee;
The Father above, as thy melodies roll,
Through thy magic notes ever speaks to the soul.

There's something sublime as thy notes float along,
That tells us of joy and of bliss yet unknown;
They cheer us with charms that we truly confess
We joyously feel, but cannot express.

To thy magic power the savage will yield;
Thy charms maketh tame the wild beasts of the field.
Thou'rt a heaven-born blessing of countless worth; -
Indeed thou'rt a foretaste of heaven on earth.

The Father hath clothed thee with sweet chords of cheer,
While angels attend with a listening ear.
Our souls catch the bliss thou to angels hast given
And visit in spirit the mansions in heaven.

LOVE

Since God is love, then love is life,
and good,
And love deals justly with what is
his own.

He made the world for one great
brotherhood,
From peasant to the king upon his
throne.

Love is divine, love is of heavenly
birth.

'Tis pure affection, love is grand,
sublime;

When cultivated here upon the earth,
Luxuriantly it blooms in every
clime.

A precious boon, a joy it doth impart.
No sweeter joy or bliss can e'er
be given;

Designed to soften every selfish
heart,

And guide our wayward souls to
peace and heaven.

When in the bosom burns love's
sacred fire,

We are content to feel the passion
burn;

Consuming selfish purpose and de-
sire,

We take no heed if it brings no re-
turn.

It hides a mighty multitude of faults,
Gives to the heart great pleasure and
good cheer.

The favored heart that tender love
exalts,

Is rich beyond all else, beyond com-
pare.

Love was designed for every human
soul,

And 'tis in giving love's best rap-
ture lies;

And he who hath not loved hath
missed his goal.

'Tis love that binds the world to
heaven's ties.

Love's sharpest grief, with subtlest
pleasure lies;

Love is the same with peasant, lord
or kings.

Love is its own reward, which heaven
supplies.

The same sweet passion subtlest
pleasure brings.

Love o'er the world a conquering
sovereign reigns;

Leaps over mountains, verdant
plains and streams;

Defies all prisons, with their locks
and chains,

And visits us in sweet nocturnal
dreams.

Defies the ocean's boistrous rolling
waves,

With lightning speed it leaps from
shore to shore;

And often from ill fate the convict
saves,

And oft its power unlocks the
prison door.

It soothes the many sorrows of this
life.

Peace is its beacon light, its guid-
ing star.

True love will teach the trusting man
and wife

To be a loving, helpful, happy pair.

If every nation, land, and tongue
could see

That love to fill each heart was
freely given,

Then love would reign supreme eter-
nally,

And every land on earth would be
a heaven.

A mother's love hath wondrous force
and power

When she would aid her children
in distress;

Her prayers and tears in darkest try-
ing hour,

Like guardian angels shield them
for to bless.

No greater love did mortals ever know
Than Jesus Christ to fallen man
hath given.

He gave his life, none greater love
can show.

That sinner through his love can enter
heaven.

Where love supreme hath conquered
 every foe,
 And filled the hearts of all that
 happy throng,
 'Tis love can soothe each sorrow and
 each woe,
 And only love can triumph over
 wrong.

SLANDER

I have heard it faintly hinted,
 With a wink, also a smile,
 By one of my closest neighbors,
 Who I thought was free from guile.

Next I heard it in a whisper
 From my neighbor next in line;
 Now "The facts you must not men-
 tion,"
 Said she, with an air divine.

Once again I heard the rumor,
 And this time 'twas spoken out,
 And this one gave particulars,
 Also peddled it about.

Thus one innocent was shadowed
 With a stain upon his name,
 Without one thing to verify
 Or justify the blame.

If thy neighbor is not perfect,
 By example do not fail
 To show him he is in error,
 Let another tell the tale.

Then dear friends I here implore
 thee,
 Put a bridle on thy tongue.
 Lest thy neighbors should deplore
 thee,
 Guard thy tongue from every
 wrong.

TOBACCO

Tobacco is a curse to man,
 A poison to the brain,
 For many from the cigarette
 At last become insane.

And those who chew, expectorate
 And spit their strength away;
 Their breath smells like a slaughter
 house;
 You wish it far away.

And those who smoke, weaken their
 nerves
 A little day by day;
 They soon become a nervous wreck,
 Their muscles waste away.

And oh, their breath and filthy mouth!
 Let every one in youth
 Beware of such a filthy curse,
 Indecent and uncouth.

And then the hard-earned money
 spent
 Is worse than thrown away,
 Their earnings and their vigor gone,
 Still going day by day.

And many a tobacco fiend,
 Homeless will sadly roam,
 And for tobacco spend the wealth
 That would have bought a home.

O, if I was a lady fair,
 No man could marry me
 Who used tobacco any way;
 From his embrace I'd flee.

And if my husband did begin,
 After the knot was tied,
 I'd call for a divorce from him,
 And out of that I'd slide.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

'Tis being, and doing, and having,
 that make
 All pleasures and pains of which mor-
 tals partake.

You are as God made you, with un-
 folding mind.

If you would be happy, endeavor to
 find

A helpmate congenial, both honest
 and true.

Be honest and faithful, whatever you
 do;

Use all your spare moments unfold-
 ing your mind,

In doing your duty, you'll happiness
 find.

If you will be guided by justice and
 right,

And stick to your purpose with valor
 and might,

And do not succeed, and your purpose complete,
 Your conscience will bless you, although in defeat.
 But he who is right rarely ever will fail;
 Truth, honor and justice always prevail.
 Then stick to the right, if you wish to succeed,
 For he who is right will be happy indeed.
 In having, if you enjoy what you possess.
 It must come honestly, if you it bless.
 For he who possesses much ill-gotten gain,
 He cannot be happy if it he retain.
 Then be what God made you, do always your best,
 And be true and faithful, if you would be blest,
 Pursue for your calling your natural bent,
 And you will be happy and will be content.

SUCCESS

To whom this comes, greeting; give ear to my story.
 Who soon will embark on the journey of life,
 That you may be crowned with success and full glory;
 A hint from your friend might with blessings be rife.
 Select occupation, a trade, or profession;
 Choose something congenial, by which you can live;
 Stick close to your work until in your possession
 All knowledge and skill your instructor can give.
 Then gird on your armor, with honest endeavor
 Proceed with your work, set your talisman high;
 Whate'er may oppose, never falter, no never,
 Success crowns the man who with firmness will try.

The man without energy, purpose or calling,
 And void of ambition, who lies on the shelf;
 In other men's traps he is constantly falling;
 The world helps the man who will first help himself.
 And while on life's journey, if trials offend you,
 And time with the gold also brings you some dross,
 Stick close to your line and success will attend you;
 A stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.
 A great many men, wealthy, honest and clever.
 Are men born where poverty lurked in the door;
 By close application and honest endeavor
 Abound now in wealth, who in childhood were poor.

The man who succeeds, starts aright and stays by it.
 And hangs to the willows with body and soul;
 Whate'er may oppose, he'll press on and defy it,
 By firm will and energy reaching the goal.

WATCH THE TIDE AND HUSTLE

No matter what your calling, or your occupation be,
 The room is plenty at the top, the way for all is free;
 Be always ready to mount every stepping stone you see;
 Your actions and purpose will commend you.
 Don't sleep away your chances till another will observe,
 And gather in the prizes while you halt for want of nerve.
 If you get up and hustle you will get what you deserve,
 And sure success will then attend you.

There's honors plenty to go around,
 and wealth enough to spare,
 Then never falter on the way until
 you win your share,
 For he will wear fame's laurel wreath,
 who honestly gets there.
 The world will applaud and tell the
 story.

Then watch the tide, be wide awake,
 honest, upright and true;
 Strike hardest while the iron's hot in
 every thing you do;
 And you will have a host of friends,
 your enemies be few;
 In age you'll receive a crown of
 glory.

Then make each opportunity a step
 upon the way,
 Let honor and integrity your every
 action sway.
 If you press upward step by step,
 you'll surely win the day,
 And good men's approval will be
 given.

And if you have a brother who is
 worthy, feeble, slow,
 Who needs a friendly helping hand
 the proper course to show,
 Lead him across the turbid stream,
 show him the way to go
 And you will receive reward in
 heaven.

PROMPT ACTION IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

*The following lines can be sung to the
 air, "Marching Through Georgia."*

If you, from indecision, loiter on and
 lose today,
 'Twill be the same tomorrow in your
 dilatory way,
 For every indecision you indulge will
 bring delay,
 And you'll be less able to command,
 sir.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! If you would make
 it pay.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Then lose no time
 today.
 For every moment that you lose is
 gone and gone to stay,
 And you are still nearer to the
 grave, sir.

If you have need to do a thing,
 and it is in your power,
 Decide at once to do it, and com-
 mence this very hour.
 If you meet opposition, do not hesi-
 tate and cower,
 But do what your needs and will
 demand, sir.

A forceful and determined will the
 means will soon suggest,
 And all such opposition melt away
 and be suppressed,
 And add unto your force of mind
 more strength for future tests
 To get what in future you desire.

Only commence, the thing is sure,
 you then more strength will
 gain,
 Your interest be increasing as your
 object you obtain;
 The work will be completed and a
 conqueror you will reign.
 The world will applaud and will
 admire.

Wait not until tomorrow for what
 should be done today,
 For things done at the proper time
 in many ways will pay,
 While many losses you'll incur from
 neglect and delay.
 The prompt man will soon get to
 the top, sir.

OPPORTUNITY

You will not say I come but once,
 and then return no more,
 If you a daily vigil keep when I knock
 at your door.
 For every day I'm at your door, that
 you success may win,

And bid you open wide the door and
let success come in.

Though dire affliction be your lot,
have courage, do not mourn,
For very long must be the lane that
never has a turn.

The worthy do not strive in vain,
nor have to beg their bread;
I clothe all honest, worthy poor, and
see that they are fed.

If you have come too late today, my
star you did not see.
Be out on time tomorrow, and you
surely will find me:
For I am watching every day to find
whom I can serve,
And if you come to me in time you'll
get what you deserve.

Grieve not for chances you have
missed that never can return,
The records of misfortunes I each
night essay to burn;
Let vanished griefs and sorrows be
forgotten, then be true.
And rise each morn for chances new,
that I prepare for you.

'Tis seldom wealth or honor come
by accident or fate,
And many who attain success work
early, also late;
Their vigils keep, and watch for me
lest I should pass them by;
I help all those who say they can, and
get right out and try.

HOPE

There's not a heart so dreary
That time cannot heal in years.
There's not a day so cloudy
But the light of day appears.
The sun will shine the brighter
When the atmosphere clears.

There's not a dream so horrid
But the waking brings delight.
There's not a life so cheerless
But it has some rays of light.
On the right side of the picture
It is always still more bright.
There's not a cup so bitter
But it can be made more sweet,

And not a path so rugged
But it can be trod by feet.
We first have to clear the way
Of all obstacles we meet,

There's not a man so destitute,
If his health and strength abide
But can have comforts plenty
If with care he'll watch the tide,
And diligently hustle,

All his needs can be supplied.
There's not a maid so homely,
If she keeps in perfect state,
But in this cold world somewhere
Can find a loving mate.
Kind words and acts of kindness
Will enlist him soon or late.

There's not a married couple,
Who have trouble on the way,
But soon can have it pleasant
As the flowers that bloom in May,
If they show love and kindness
To each other day by day.

There's not a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot;
The blood of Christ can soften
And wash every stain and blot.
'Tis free just for the asking
Sinner, O, forget it not.

SECRET OF CONTENT

'Tis not a vast amount of gold that
brings you sweet content,
And soothes the restless, grasping
heart, with many pleasures
blent;

It is not fabulous amounts of stocks
and bonds on hand,
Nor is it ready cash in bank, payable
on demand.

Nor is it fame throughout the earth,
nor genius on your part,
Nor heritage of noble birth that sat-
isfies the heart.

Possession will not shield the mind
from cares that daily haunt;
The only thing that brings content is
what we do not want.

If you are modest in your wants, sup-
press each vain desire,

To what in reason you expect, to
what you should aspire.

Covet no more than is your due, ac-
cept what God hath sent,

Be satisfied with what you are, then
you will be content.

If truly you are satisfied with bless-
ings God hath given,

And satisfied with what you have,
and honestly have striven;

Let others worry and complain, and
nurse their discontent;

With honest purpose do your best,
and you will be content.

You cannot change Dame Nature's
laws, which God hath made for
man,

But you can change environments,
though life is but a span.

With honest purpose do your best
with what the Lord hath sent,

God will your honest efforts bless,
then you will be content.

Then if we ever are content, our
wants we must curtail

To what is just and right for us,
then we will seldom fail.

If we will do the best we can, with
honest purpose blent,

Our modest wants will be supplied
and we will be content.

DARE TO DO RIGHT

When I was young I knew a man,
who lived across the way,

He had a very slanderous tongue, yet
tried to preach and pray;

His neighbors would not go to hear
the slang he tried to blow,

He'd crowd the stand when others
preached, and try to make it go.

The preacher would extend to him
a friendly attitude;

Before the close, invited him the
meetings to conclude.

'Twas then in truth, the fun began,
the boys were tickled so.

With laughter they would often burst,
he could not make it go.

Now, Christian friends, take my ad-
vice, if others you would teach,

Let all your words and acts be good
before you try to preach;

For if your daily walk is bad, your
neighbors soon will know,

And leave you hunting for a job;
you cannot make it go.

Another one I knew in youth, and
scanty was his store;

A gourmand of the purest type, his
stomach kept him poor.

'Tis said he ate a dozen quails, still
wanted more, you know.

And ate good apples by the peck; he
made the victuals go.

He seldom cut, or combed his hair, it
really was a sight;

He sat at church one Sunday night,
near by the candle light;

In leaning back too close the light
his hair caught fire, you know,

He danced a double shuffle then, try-
ing to make it go.

And now dear friends, whene'er you
eat, do try and be content;

To guard your appetites with care,
'twill pay a big per cent.

And lest, like this dear little man,
your hair catch fire, you know,

Keep hair and whiskers neatly trim-
med; then you can make it go.

I knew another, big and strong, who
always had a plan

By which he would exterminate, or
whip some other man.

But when his man came to the front,
for battle made a show,

That windy man was not on hand, he
failed to make it go.

If you are blessed with health and
strength, your rights you would
protect,

Do not tramp on your neighbor's
toes, his sacred rights respect;

His love and kindness you'll secure,
and soon will come to know,

That kindness is the only way that
you can make it go.

And still another one I knew, who
would a neighbor strike;

He had the nerve at sixty-five, to
whip young Jacob Zike.

His great big boys soon came to think
they more than dad did know;

He came with mowing scythe in hand;
he surely made 'em go.

His cows went to a neighbor's field,
and o'er the fence they went;

His neighbor chased them with his dog,
and they were homeward sent.

He went and cursed his neighbor blue,
with loud and angry tone;

He said: "Now, sir, I'll draw my coat;
then I will draw your own."

His neighbor was a quiet man, and
not inclined to fight,

Then Isaac came to father's house
in somewhat better plight.

Exultantly, he told the fact of his
unpleasant show,

And said: "If curse is in the heart,
'tis best to make it go."

Come, all ye fractious, nervous men,
be always on your guard;

No matter what the cross may be,
in action, deed, or word;

Let reason sit upon her throne,
the proper course to show.

Do as you'd have them do to you;
then you can make it go.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CHORD.

Thy thoughts and thy actions influ-
ence thy neighbor

For good or for evil, as thou may
direct;

Then let thy example, without fear
or favor,

Be such as to merit his love and re-
spect.

Thy thoughts, they are things often
caught by another,

While passive, and brain in a re-
ceptive plight.

Thus thou art the keeper oft-times of
thy brother,

Then keep thy thoughts pure that
thou guide him aright.

There is a strong sympathy binding
together

With magnetic power the whole
human race;

It winds through each heart a mys-
terious tether,

In every kind action its presence
we trace.

It winds through the hearts of each
land and each nation,

While sojourning here on this
earthly domain,

And when our friends pass to that
bright spirit station

That chord reaches out and unites
us again.

No matter how high or how humble
our calling,

Our thoughts and our actions the
world will impress;

If noble and pure, lift up those who
are falling,

And charm with a power the whole
world to bless.

But all impure thoughts, selfish deeds,
unkind actions,

Are felt everywhere on that mag-
netic wave;

A message is sent on that chord of
attraction,

Impressing its victims from cradle
to grave.

Then through loving thoughts let us
influence others

And hold them, through kindness,
that magnetic chain

And likewise acknowledge all men
as our brothers,

And raise them through love to
a high moral plane.

That magnetic chord, with its strong
mystic tether,

Hath bridged o'er the chasm to
that world beyond;

And through loving thoughts we can
soon call together

Those who, are in spirit, who
promptly respond.

GUARD WELL THY THOUGHTS

Thy actions are an index of thy
thoughts,

Thy countenance a symbol of thy
heart.

thou wouldst be without a stain
or blot,
Then bid all impure thoughts from
thee depart.

thy mind upon thy body deep and
strong
Is stamped so all who heed the
marks may find
the impress of its lines for right or
wrong;
Thy destiny is governed by thy
mind.

Indulge no evil thoughts, they weave
a chain
Whose subtle links thou ever will
deplore.
Let none but pure thoughts in thy
heart remain,
And thou on wings of love will
safely soar.

"Can I control my thoughts?" thou
fain would ask.

Yes! If thou place thy moral bea-
con high,
It will soon become a very easy task,
And will become a pleasure by and
by.

Thy motto place upon thy beacon
light;
Truth, Virtue, Honor, Charity and
Love;
And always keep it in thy memory
bright,
And it a perfect talisman will prove.

And thus, if evil thoughts come to
thy mind,
To shun the cause will drive them
all away.

Thy talisman will then be ever kind,
And give thee strength to conquer
day by day.

A passing bird may light upon thy
head;
Thou dost not have to let it there
remain.

It may be thrust and it will very soon have
fled,
And it will never trouble thee again.

Thy firm resolve of a determined soul
Will stop opposing forces, soon or
late;

No circumstances will hinder or con-
trol;

No power as the human will so
great.

No obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of Mississippi's waters to the sea,
Or stop the earth from moving in its
course;

A mighty will hath fixed their des-
tiny.

Likewise, he who succeeds and wins
the goal

Is he whose honest purpose never
swerves;

Whose thoughts and acts the one
great aim control,

Eternal justice brings what he de-
serves.

COMPEND OF THE DOCTRINE OF PREDESTINATION

*The author believes in the free moral
agency of man and wrote the following
lines to more vividly show the absurdity
of the doctrine of predestination.*

When God made man it was his will
That part of his creation
Should wear a magic coat of mail,
And fill his heavenly station;

The rest he doomed to endless flames,
Where they cannot expire;
He Satan made, to list their names,
And kindle up the fire.

Those who are chosen, fore-ordained,
For heaven are elected;
By will or acts they cannot change
The end for them selected.

He fore-ordained for each a trail,
He's bound that they shall track it;
He clothes each with a coat of mail,
A magic iron jacket.

Those magic jackets are so nice,
A charming thing to wear, sir;
If born in one it will suffice,
You'll have no cross to bear, sir.

If you should murmur or complain
And should refuse to wear it,

Your murmuring will be in vain,
He'll make you grin and bear it.

From his decree there's no appeal;
All those whom he selected
Can murder, lie, and cheat, and steal,
And will not be rejected.

For when they die and heavenward
sail,
Should Satan overtake them
And see their magic coats of mail,
He'll very soon forsake them.

If you are chosen prior to birth,
And heaven made your portion,
Your privileges here on earth
Are boundless as the ocean;

To get much cash and pleasures too,
No matter how selected,
If you'll be sure, what e'er you do,
That you are not detected.

Then why should preachers waste
their breath,
Except for earthly union?
It will not change you after death,
Your portion or communion.

If you are one of God's elect,
Blest will be your condition,
But if he did not you select
You'll go down to perdition.

THE THREE WISHES

Three boys their wishes did express;
One dark, with brilliant curling hair;
One tall, erect, with bland address;
One unassuming, calm and fair.

"I wish," quoth he with curling hair,
"For wealth, for gold, and courtly
life;
Were I a wealthy millionaire
All maids would wish to be my
wife."

"I wish for fame throughout the
earth."
The tall one said, with bland ad-
dress;
"An heiress wed, of noble birth,
Who will by acts her love confess."

Then gently spoke the third and said
"I wish for love; a loving wife;
If trials come and tears be shed,
True love will soothe the trials of
life."

Years passed, again there chanced
be
Three men, and all were bowed with
years,
Relating each his destiny,
His joys through life, also his tear

Thus spoke the one with curling hair
"My wealth of jewels, and my gold
Attracted one with stately air,
Who loves me not since I am old.

"Fame is not all," the tall one sighed
"Her empty bubbles bring no rest
She brought to me an heiress bride
I cannot brook her vain behest."

Then gently said the third: "My life
Hath neither wealth nor fame sup-
plied,
But I am loved, and love my wife
Am happy, and am satisfied."

THE GIRL AND WHAT SHE LIKES

A part of the girls, seven days of the
week,
Like a wee bit of powder and paint
on their cheek,
And like to make frizzes and curls of
their hair,
And wear pretty clothes to make their
look fair.

And some of them like the bicycle to
ride,
And have their best fellow to ride by
their side,
While some of them like to sit up
late at night
And get their hair mussed, till it is
in bad plight.

And others, still, like to be walking
the street,
And make many mashes on boys
whom they meet,
And have not a care whose affection
they blight,

ly that they can catch them, regardless of right.

at the girl who is thoughtful, honest and true,
e seeks but one fellow; she thinks one will do;
nd he must be honest, be manly, and just,
nd true to his promises, true to his trust.

e likes in the morning to rise with the sun
nd help her mamma till the work is all done.
e then fixes up, after playing the cook,
nd practices music, or reads a good book.

e likes to attend Sabbath school the year round,
nd when Sunday comes, at the church she is found.
e likes to dress well, but is vain not at all,
nd she always is loved and respected by all.

e likes to ask mamma's advice all about
ho are fit companions to be with when out.
ith kind words and smiles always sweetens her life.
such is the girl who will make a good wife.

THE FIRST WEDDING

e read in the Bible, as all should know,
nd made the first girl, she did not grow.
es, made her; though some folks pronounce it a fib,
ough plainly it says she was made from a rib.

he rib was taken from Adam's left side
hile he was fast sleeping—sure he might have died,
e did not, for sure as the story I tell,

When he did awaken his side was quite well.

He opened his eyes and beheld with surprise
A beautiful maiden, with bright beaming eyes.
And curls so bewitching her brow did relieve,
A model of beauty; he called her name Eve.

Now Cupid was ready for playing his part,
For he had been with fair Eve from the start;
With bow and with arrow concealed in a curl,
He always lay ready her love darts to hurl.

Now Eve upon Adam quite soon made a mash,
Gave Cupid the hint, and he made a bold dash;
He leveled his bow and he sent a keen dart
That pierced Adam deeply, far down in the heart.

Then Adam in tones that were almost divine
Said: "Sweet, charming Eve, wilt thou ever be mine?"
She gave her consent, but she thought it quite fair
That half of the time she the breeches should wear.

Then Adam a grape vine did quickly prepare
Between two nice fig trees suspended in air;
They joined their right hands, he was tall and she plump,
And then they together the grape vine did jump.

And then made a vow that they sealed with a kiss,
Together to live in contentment and bliss;
That each share the joys and the sorrows of life;
That he be her husband and she be his wife.

Then all things went lovely and well
 on the start;
 While honeymoon lasted they lived
 heart to heart.
 She loved Adam dearly, with him
 gladly stayed;
 While Adam thought her the best
 thing ever made.

God planted a garden supplying their
 needs
 And gave them to care for, and keep
 down the weeds;
 A fine tree of knowledge, in bearing
 complete,
 But said of its fruit they were never
 to eat.

Now that tree of knowledge was nice
 to behold,
 With beautiful fruit that held curses
 untold.
 And God gave this order, to pass its
 fruit by
 For "the day that thou eatest thou
 surely shalt die."

Now Adam attended that garden with
 care,
 While Eve played around and fell
 into a snare;
 Quite ready for gossip or pleasure
 to take;
 And Satan came around in the shape
 of a snake.

"My dear Madam Eve," he compla-
 cently said,
 "This is a fine garden from which
 you are fed,
 And that tree of knowledge, such
 beautiful fruit,
 You'll be wise as God if its fruit you
 will eat."

Then Eve plucked the fruit and it
 tasted so fair
 She thought it quite time she the
 breeches should wear,
 She gave it to Adam and bade him
 partake.
 He yielded, and Eve was beguiled by
 the snake.

That nice fruit of knowledge soon
 opened their eyes

To their nude condition, and the
 great surprise.
 Not being content with their natura-
 rig
 They made themselves aprons c
 leaves of the fig.

Then God came around that fine gar-
 den to view
 And see if his children were faithfu
 and true;
 He then called for Adam, but the
 both had run
 And hid, while repenting of what the
 had done.

Then God called for Adam, "O wher
 hast thou been?"
 Then they both came creeping out
 bowed down with sin.
 Said Adam, "The woman, that love
 helpmeet,
 She plucked the ripe fruit, sir, she the
 bade me eat."

Then God said to Adam, "Forever
 I vow,
 Thou shalt eat thy bread by the swea
 of thy brow;
 And Eve, thou shalt serve him the
 days of thy life,
 Thy husband shall rule thee whils
 thou art his wife."

Then Eve soon protested against this
 decree,
 And still keeps contending that she
 shall be free,
 And have her own servants, and live
 at her ease,
 And put on the breeches whenever
 she please.
 But Adam quite often puts in a pro-
 test,
 And claims that the breeches fit him
 much the best;
 And holds to the breeches and makes
 it quite plain
 That Eve must let go, or they'll rend
 them in twain.

That old Bible story, I think, is un-
 fair,
 Gives women more blame than good
 women should bear,

For men without women would die
in despair,
From this lovely world they would
soon disappear.

For woman, God bless her, is oftener
true
Than man, to good morals, and what
she may do.
And woman's influence, though fet-
tered its course,
With great moral power moves the
world by its force.

PSEUDO—CHRISTIAN

*To the man who prays for his neigh-
bors and brothers, but votes to license
the sale of intoxicants to drag them
down to hell.*

'Tis sad to reflect on your moral con-
dition,
You pose as a moral example to-
day.

You surely are on the broad road to
perdition,
You need moral courage to vote
as you pray.

Your sordid desire for wealth and
position,
Is searing your conscience, your
vote is for self,
To save your own purse, without
fear or contrition,
You sacrifice neighbors, for lucre
and pelf,

By voting for license you give to
another,
A weapon for death for it kills by
degrees,
And say, "Here's your victims, my
neighbors and brothers,
Your license is ready, go kill whom
you please."

The crime rests with you when you
license another,
And sell your poor soul, your own
coffers to fill,
You thus press the cup to the lips
of your brother,
The cup that contains all the hor-
rors of hell.

Then rise above self and throw off
party thralldom,
Behold the vast legions you're help-
ing to slay,
While Satan is after their souls to
install them,
Then you will have courage to
vote as you pray.

Not he who says, "Lord, Lord," is
always rewarded,
And decked with a crown, that was
made for the just,
But he who the weak, and the needy,
hath guarded,
And brightened their lives, will be
crowned with the blest.

Then woe to the man, who, to save
his own treasure,
Will license another whose aims
are not good,
To deal out destruction and death, at
his pleasure,
And thus rob his victims of money
and blood.

Then do your whole duty to those
who are falling,
Too weak to resist it, O, tempt
them no more,
But strangle the serpent whose wiles
are enthralling
And slaying his victims by thou-
sands galore.

Close up the saloon, 'tis a nursery of
evil,
A school to make drunkards, where
thousands have fell,
A real kindergarten of crime for the
devil.
A hot bed preparing his victims
for hell.

O work, brothers, work, while your
life lamp is burning,
And use every effort, the weak ones
to save,
Remove every snare, that to evil is
turning,
And never cease working this side
of the grave.

AN ANSWER TO THE ASSERTION THAT PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT

Does any law prohibit, every crime
it would prevent,
Does everyone obey the laws, to their
fullest extent,
If so this country soon would have
a perfect government.

And this land a heaven would exhibit.

Laws to prohibit murder do not all
murders prevent,
We still have willful murders to an
alarming extent,
For some, regardless of all law, are
upon murder bent,
And laws do not fully crime prohibit.

Laws to prohibit stealing do not stop
it, thieves are bold,
We still have stealing, right and left,
as people did of old,
It is regardless of the laws, increasing
manifold,
And yet would you all the laws
repeal, sir.

If this fair land of freedom had no
laws to check the crimes,
Its grief and woe would greater be
than that of other climes,
And we would have a hell on earth,
instead of prosperous times,
No power to protect the public
weal, sir.

Then would you license murderers
and tell them all is well,
If they will pay a license fee, the
city's fund to swell,
Because you cannot stop it would you
make this world a hell,
Get blood money for a license fee,
sir.

Because laws do not stop it would
you license men to steal,
Laws wise and just made in the past,
such laws would you repeal.
And license men to rob and steal,
against the public weal,
Because they will pay a license fee,
sir.

Wise laws made to prohibit and suppress
the liquor trade,
Have proven as effectual as other
laws that's made,
If not suppressed entirely, 'tis crippled
and delayed,
Which lessens the crimes within
the city.

The model town or city is not cursed
with a saloon,
Built up by people who regard sobriety
a boon,
Such towns are less afflicted with the
bawdy and buffoon,
Have less pauper families to pity.

You'd better license stealing than saloons
with liquor rife,
Thieves only take your property, saloons
will take your life,
Disgrace your orphan children and
impoverish your wife.
And you fill a drunkard's grave forever.

For when you license a saloon you
license murder too.
For men who drink at the saloon will
sooner crime pursue,
It lowers their moral powers, it their
honor will undo,
And stifle their every good endeavor.

Not one redeeming feature of saloons
have you to tell,
For they defy all righteous laws,
the Sabbath day as well.
They blight the very atmosphere, and
drag men down to hell,
And that's why the people all should
shun them.

The history of the saloon is strewn
with blood and tears,
With crime, rapine, and misery, for
lo, these many years,
They fill the jails and prisons, with
their liquor and their beers,
And surely degrade the men who
run them.

THE SWEET KANKAKEE

The author owned a farm near the Kankakee river and was so charmed with the beautiful valley and its prospects and possibilities, that the following lines were the sequence.

'Tis sweet to reflect on the scenes of my childhood,

As often fond memory brings them to view,

The beautiful prairies, the grove with its wildwood,

The creek in the valley, where wild flowers grew.

The spring and the lawn, where I with my brothers

So many times played with a rapturous glee,

The grove where I many times met with another,

Whose radiant smile still brings pleasure to me.

Now other scenes greet me, quite lovely and charming,

With beautiful groves wrapt in verdure so green,

A valley extensive, a haven for farming,

A beautiful river, meandering is seen.

And on the green banks of that beautiful river,

A beautiful city stands, charming to see,

An island, the work of the bountiful giver,

That river was christened the sweet Kankakee.

That valley, the once paradise of the hunter,

With tent, dog, and gun he would sally with glee,

As being transformed quite according to Gunter,

They're draining its lands, to the sweet Kankakee.

That beautiful river, with rock for its pillow,

Hath green mossy banks, that are fair to behold,

And bright sparkling water, with scarcely a billow,

So placid that fishes do sparkle like gold,

And fishes and fishermen love that sweet river,

A fisherman's haven 'tis destined to be,

And fish of fine quality you will discover,

If ever you fish in the sweet Kankakee.

That beautiful island hath charms beyond measure,

By nature bestowed with a bountiful hand,

No place can compare as an Eden of pleasure,

With that lovely park, 'tis the best in the land.

Momence on both banks of the stream is reclining,

The island and river reposing between,

With beautiful buildings and streets all combining,

Presents the beholder a beautiful scene.

O, beautiful valley thy charms beyond measure

Have fallen a mantle, that rests upon me,

O, beautiful river, 'tis surely a pleasure,

To dwell on the banks of the sweet Kankakee.

WE ALL WEAR CLOAKS

The author calls attention to the fact that the following lines do not apply in all cases, but it is a lamentable fact that there is more truth than poetry in them. There is another song extant that runs in the same lines, but with different words, but uses the same chorus.

My friends come and list while I sing you a song,

And tell you how people of late get along;

'Tis true I declare without any joke,
The world of mankind, one and all,
wear a cloak.

Chorus:

And we all wear cloaks, we all wear
cloaks,
To be in the fashion, we all wear
cloaks.

In the garden of Eden old Satan you
see,
Told Eve to partake of the fruit of
the tree,
He told her to eat and be wiser to-
morrow,
Then off went his cloak, and he left
her in sorrow.

O, there is the Preacher, your name
he'll enroll,
He tells you he'll preach for the good
of your soul,
To fill up his coffers if you should
decline,
Then off goes his cloak, and he soon
will resign.

O, there is the lawyer, and what careth
he,
To plead for his client, except for a
fee,
He'll talk, and he'll blarney, he'll gas,
and he'll croak,
When he's got all your money, then
off goes his cloak.

You call in the doctor, to cure your
disease,
He tells you that thing he can do
with great ease,
But if he should learn that you're
poor, bye the bye,
Then off goes his cloak, and he leaves
you to die.

O, there is the merchant, both sly
and discreet,
Extending his hand, like a friend you
he'll greet,
While driving a bargain cracks many
a joke,
But gets all your money and still
wears his cloak.

The ladies of late they will fix up
their hair,
And paint up their faces, to make
them look fair,
And flatter with tongues that are
loose at each end,
But it's only a cloak to ensnare the
young men.

The young men say they will no
single remain,
When trying young ladies' affection
to gain.
They woo, and caress and declare it
no sin,
But it's often a cloak to wrap young
ladies in.

The bland office seeker says, "How
do you do,
My dear sir, I really am glad to see
you,"
But if he's elected 'tis not as before,
Then off goes his cloak and he knows
you no more.

While farmers are often both honest
and true,
Too honest to ever take more than
their due,
When selling their products, I frankly
must state,
That some wear a cloak, while they
cheat you in weight.

Now friends I will say, without any
joke,
Too many of late wear a very long
cloak,
And also I'll say, before closing my
song,
I wear a cloak myself, but it's not
quite so long.

FOR THE INDIAN GROVE REVIEW

*(Lines by the author for the Indian
Grove Lyceum paper, while editor for
the same.)*

Let all who wish our paper well,
Contribute largely to it,
Enabling it the news to tell,
'T will then be sure to do it.

Let each one wield the mighty pen,
The current news to give us,
Write very often if you can,
'T will very much relieve us.

Deal kindly toward all alike,
Lest some one should resent it,
And you a tender chord should strike.
And then oft times repent it.

When writing, proper subjects choose,
And write your items quickly.
That we may publish all the news,
Let items come in thickly.

Let no one swerve from duty's path,
For all should pull together;
Let nothing kindle up your wrath,
Treat each one like a brother.

Then peace and happiness will reign,
And all will profit by it.
Then friends come join, you've much
to gain,
Write down your names and try it.

THE TIPPECANOE

A beautiful river in Indiana.

In bright golden autumn, at dawn of
the morning,
All nature was clothed in a mantle
of dew,
I hied me away to the country adorn-
ing
That beautiful river,—the Tippe-
canoe.

We heard it in song, and we read
it in story,
How sparkling that river, and lovely
to view,
I found her still clothed in the mantle
of glory,
That long ago fell on the Tippe-
canoe.

Her rich mossy banks are too high
for o'erflowing,
Her farms and her forests are fair
to behold,
Her clear sparkling water so gently
is flowing,
That fishes and pebbles do sparkle
like gold.

Her towns and her cities all seem
to be moving,
And speeding along in prosperity's
track,
But foremost of all in the race of
improving,
Is the beautiful city, the fair Wina-
mac.

That city has dwellings, ilke mansions
elysian,
Macadamized streets, that are fair to
behold;
Her beautiful court house, a charm to
the vision,
A spring that has health giving
treasures untold.

She sits on the bank of the beautiful
river,
No city more comely, or fairer to
view.
Her seat was designed by the boun-
tiful giver,
And now she is queen of the Tippe-
canoe.

I've traveled the west to the coast,
o'er the mountain,
And sweet sunny South, I have
traveled there, too.
I've seen sparkling rivers that gushed
from a fountain,
But none had the charms of the
Tippecanoe.

Some go to the West, simply seek-
ing for treasure,
While many go south, failing health
to renew,
But I, for the blessings of profit and
pleasure,
Would dwell on the banks of the
Tippecanoe.

MISSOURI

Sung to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

The great State of Missouri is lovely
to behold,
Her hills and fertile valleys yield a
vast amount of gold,
Her mines and fertile prairies yield-
ing countless wealth untold;
And that's why I'm going to Missouri.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Missouri's on the
boom,
Hurrah! Hurrah! High up she's
bound to loom,
For thousands, now, are going there,
to settle while there's room;
And that's what's the matter with
Missouri..

The cruel war swept over her—de-
vastated her farms,
Retarded her development—bedimmed
her many charms,
And now she stands, inviting us to
come, with open arms,
And settle in the good old State Mis-
souri.

Her people are quite chivalrous, and
courteous, and plain,
Hospitable and sociable, to all in her
domain,
And when you view her landscape
o'er you will go back again,
And buy you a home in Old Missouri.

Her rainfall for the past ten years
has averaged thirty-eight,
While Illinois was thirty-five, which
is a lower rate
And Iowa was thirty, which is less than
either State;
And that's why I'm going to Mis-
souri.

Her mountains with their many
charms are now a bounteous
field,
With climate mild, salubrious, for
health a mighty shield.

Their live stock, fruit and minerals
make an enormous yield,
Inviting her thousands to Missouri.

Great fields of corn, and grass, and
fruit, on her fair bosom rest,
Much coal and other minerals, con-
cealed within her breast,
For products taken as a whole, Mis-
souri is the best;
And that's why I'm going to Mis-
souri.

She stands the peer of many states,
in unencumbered farms,
Of Iowa and Illinois and Kansas with
her storms,
In live stock, grain, and grass, and
fruit, she has so many charms,
That thousands are buying in Mis-
souri.

At the World's Fair, Chicago, she
stood bravely at the head,
In numbers, and in quality, there all
the states she led;
More prizes won than any state, with
her fine catchy spread,
And caught many settlers for Mis-
souri.

Her prizes won at Omaha, were just
and truly great,
On agriculture and live stock, were
more than any state.
For her display at St. Louis, the anx-
ious world now wait.
Then, all want to visit Old Missouri.

Dame Nature greatly favored her, and
countless blessings sent,
Diversified her products, to a wonder-
ful extent,
So she can live, within herself, and
prosper in content.
And be independent Old Missouri.

The mighty Mississippi gently sweeps
her eastern shore,
The majestic Missouri through her
fertile valleys pour,
No state within the middle west, of
cheap freight rates so sure,
As now is the good Old State Mis-
souri.

She has some famous cities that for
beauty do excel,
As marts of trade are at the front,
as her statistics tell.

For business and pleasure, splendid
homes in which to dwell,
Are those lovely cities of Missouri.

Her lands will all appreciate, and
prices soon will boom,
And level up with sister states who
long have had a boom,
And reach the hundred dollar mark,
then all will wish for room,
To settle in the good old state Mis-
souri.

I've traveled over many states, their
farming lands to test,
And at current prices think Missouri
land the best.

If you want wealth and pleasure, and
a social place to rest,
Then settle in the good old state
Missouri.

ARKANSAS

*(Sung to the tune, "Tramp, Tramp, the
Boys are Marching.")*

There's a grand southwestern state,
that is looming up of late,
And the Mississippi's waters kiss her
shore;

Her resources now are great, more
than many other states,
And her immigrants are coming more
and more.

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, thousands now are
marching,
There to settle while there's room;
On her fertile prairies wide, they can
settle side by side,
And be happy in their new Arkansas
home.

There are many reasons why, you
should go at once and buy,
Now there's splendid opportunity for
you.

For prosperity's her cry, for her flag
her sons would die,
And her people brave and generous
and true.

Then her climate is so nice, that she
has but little ice,
And for agriculture none can her defy;
defy;

Fertile prairies that are nice, very,
very low in price,
That will pay enormous profits by
and by.

Crops are so diversified, she can cul-
tivate with pride,
Many fruits, and many kinds of grass,
for hay;

All cereals growing wide, corn and
cotton side by side,
She can raise most any crop and
make it pay.

As a live stock growing state, her
Angora goats of late,
Cattle, horses, mules and hogs, good
profits pay;

Ten months grazing is the rate, little
feeding in the state,
And a good home market for them
any day.

And her timber is so fine, walnut,
hickory, oak, and pine,
Many other kinds upon her vales and
hills,

If to lumber you incline, there the
chance is superfine,
And a splendid source of revenue for
mills.

And her present milling force, in its
infancy of course.

But a portion of her timber will
consume;
Leaving forests still in course, for a
future milling force,
And for future milling interests plenty
room.

She has coal a boundless field, in her
bosom yet concealed,
Cannel, anthracite, bituminous as well,

Other ores a countless yield, she's a
glorious mining field,
That will soon her wealth and popu-
lation swell.

In her beautiful confines, she has
ores of many kinds,
Iron, zinc and lead, and carbonates
as well,
And her splendid railroad lines, will
develop many mines;
Her own oil and gas the engines will
propel.

And her hills and mountains fair, with
their mild and balmy air,
Have commercial orchards, many
that are fine,
Her fine fruits and berries rare, extra
prices always bear,
And she soon will lead all states in
grapes and wine.

She has building stone that's great,
splendid marble in the state,
For a mansion when a fortune you
have made,
Which is possible of late if you settle
in the state,
And you understand the rudiments
of trade.

She has much wild game that's nice,
you can get at your own price,
If you are an old expert with trap
and gun;
And for fishing she'll suffice, she's
a hunter's paradise,
Where the profits will be large also
the fun.

And her famous health resorts are a
most important part,
And their healthful waters better far
than gold,
Will give vigor to your heart, and
good health to you impart,
And prevent you prematurely grow-
ing old.

O, Arkansas thou art fine, thy re-
sources all combine,
And predict for thee a glorious time
to come;

For homeseekers now incline, to be
crowding into line,
And are marching to Arkansas for
a home.

RIVERDALE

I stopped in dear old Springfield one
pleasant, balmy day,
And rode with S. E. Prather, to his
farm, six miles away,
The fine Short Horns I there beheld,
will with my memory stay;
They were the best that I have seen
for many, many a day.

'Twas in the land of plenty, where the
Indian in his pride;
With bow and gun the forest roved,
and in canoe did ride;
Where Lincoln built his flat-boat, and
the rolling waves defied,
'Tis now the white man's paradise, and
bounteous crops provide.

'Twas in that land of plenty, by the
lovely river side,
Young Prather, in the glow of youth,
came with his blooming bride,
And settled on a charming hill, above
the fertile vale;
With courage built his splendid farm,
now known as Riverdale.
The view from near the mansion is en-
chanting to the eye;
A lovely vale, and then beyond, a forest
mounting high,
Is kissed by crystal waters of that clear
and sparkling stream;
A landscape so alluring, that it haunts
me like a dream.

That lovely vale was all bedecked with
bounteous crops of corn;
The yield immense, with foliage the
landscape to adorn.
The scene would please a critic, and
would cheer the most forlorn;
I've met no scene more lovely, since the
day that I was born.

I turned and viewed the highlands, and
beheld a lovely scene

Of verdant pastures, gently rolling,
 clothed in lovely green.
 Here roved the famous Short Horns,
 grand and noble, calm, serene;
 The choice of Scotland's breeding
 herds, no better to be seen.

King of the herd at Riverdale, for color,
 blood and size,
 and quality, is grand, superb, a beauty,
 a surprise!

The offspring rank among the best, for
 they are superfine,
 and soon will be to Riverdale, a gold
 and silver mine.

Could I call back the fleeting years of
 pleasure, joy and strife,
 and purchase lovely Riverdale, I'd settle
 there for life,
 in that fair land of plenty, and at Riv-
 erdale would dwell,
 and breed those famous Short Horns,
 whose worth we know so well.

Oh, thou blest land of plenty, thou hast
 power to enchant;
 thy landscape so alluring, my memory
 they haunt.
 thy verdant hills and valleys, and thy
 sparkling crystal stream,
 hath charmed my waking vision, and
 they haunt me when I dream.

THE WIRELESS PIANO

*ung to the tune of "Marching Through
 Georgia."*

Music lovers all rejoice, the youth,
 also the sage,
 Now we have an instrument, the won-
 der of the age,
 Wireless pianos will be always on
 the stage.
 Grand is the wireless piano.

Chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! herald the great
 success,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! proclaim it through
 the press.

I. F. Gilmore, the inventor, came the
 world to bless,
 With his wireless piano.

Wireless pianos are to man a precious
 boon,

Charming with a lovely voice, will
 always stay in tune,

When you hear the music you will
 buy one very soon.

All want a wireless piano.

Money saved for tuning is an item
 all will heed,

Always will be ready when good
 music you will need,

Costing little money, an important
 fact, indeed.

All want a wireless piano.

Old wire pianos are so often out of
 tune,

Cost so much for tuning, you get
 tired of it soon.

Wireless pianos ready morning, night
 and noon.

All want a wireless piano.

Ready and in perfect tune, with golden
 tones so neat,

Lovely voice, enchantingly melliflu-
 ous and sweet,

Charms the rhythm of the soul with
 melody complete.

Such is the wireless piano.

*(The wireless piano was invented by
 Ira F. Gilmore. For any information
 in regard to the same, address him at
 Bloomington, Ill.)*

TO MISS SARAH C. BIRDSSELL, MY FUTURE WIFE

There is an ideal of my heart,
 Whose lovely face methinks I see.
 Is she content that we're apart,
 Or does she often think of me?

Love seemed her banner to unfurl,
 When first my ideal I did see,
 She seemed with lightning's force to
 hurl,
 Young Cupid's darts direct at me.

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd gladly to her bower soar,
And softly whisper to my love,
When she did least expect me there.

I'd go at midnight's silent hour,
When she was wrapped in Sleep's
embrace,
By aid of moonlight in her bower,
I'd gaze upon her lovely face.

And there I'd whisper words of love,
Of love for her, that is divine,
Inspired by angels from above,
I'd ask my loved one to be mine.

Since she has pierced me with the
dart,
In her kind words I will confide.
If Cupid fairly plays his part,
Old Time will give to me a bride.

*The above lines were written to Miss
Birdsell, his future wife, in 1855, when
the author was at school at the Wes-
leyan University, Bloomington, Illi-
nois.*

TO MY FIRST WIFE, WHEN ABSENT FROM HOME

When'er thou art in other lands,
And other friends surround thee,
When thou art grasping other hands,
And other ties do bind thee.

When other thoughts engage thy
mind,
And other friends caress thee,
O, may thy spirit truly find,
My heart is there to bless thee.

Then would'st thou ever think of me,
Thy true and constant lover,
O, may sweet thoughts encompass
thee,
And cause thee to uncover.

A love for me within thy heart.
Sweet incense e'er disclosing,
That never, never will depart,
Eternally reposing.

May happiness remain with thee,
Thy heart receive a blessing,
Thy confidence repose in me,
'Twill keep our hearts caressing.

For loved one, thou wilt ever find,
The love I have to give thee,
Is true and constant, ever kind,
And always will be with thee.

MY DEAR LITTLE FAMILY

I'll ne'er forget the day we met, 'twas
in the mild September,
Her hair was dark, although not black
as I quite well remember,
She was so sweet, so blithe and gay
she filled my heart's desire,
I fell a victim to her charms, the kind
that I admire.

She charmed my life till sixty-four
she looked to be but thirty.
She weighed about a hundred pounds
and I thought her a beauty.
Her face and features smooth and fine,
her eyes quite dark and jetty,
Her tongue was fluently inclined, in
conversation witty.

Her body exquisitely formed and she
was quite athletic.
The thought that she too must grow
old to me it was pathetic,
Her shoe was less than number two,
her glove the size to match it.
Whate'er she undertook to do, like
lightning she dispatched it.

A natural artist from her birth, for she
with no designing,
Could paint a picture perfectly, with
all its parts combining,
To form a perfect masterpiece, with
light and shade so blended,
That nature was exemplified, her work
is really splendid.

She was but thirteen when we met
and Cupid would not tarry,
For she was handsome, lovely, bright
at fifteen we did marry,
Well has she done her part to keep
the ship of finance floating,

And by her cheerful handiwork, every
 success promoting.
 But oh, the bitter change that came,
 death robbed me of my treasure,
 The days now seem like lonely years,
 my grief beyond all measure,
 My loved ones all have passed away
 and crossed the stormy river,
 To dwell in spheres of love and light,
 with joy and peace forever.

And oh, the joys that once were mine,
 dear wife and children with me,
 When trials came their love and care
 soon blest me and relieved me
 Our children were of daughters two,
 our sons were three in number,
 They all were handsome, bright and
 fair, as well we all remember.

With talent fine, and voices sweet, on
 organ or piano,
 They played superbly and complete
 and Birdsell sang soprano,
 While Cora played the instrument
 and sang the air completely,
 Their Pa sang bass, and dear Estella
 sang the alto sweetly.

When Papa played the violin, one of
 the three attended.
 And played a second part with him
 with chords that sweetly blended.
 The sweet guitar with tones so neat,
 they all played when at leisure,
 Our lives were pleasant then and
 sweet
 And filled with joy and pleasure.

Could I roll back the wheels of time
 with those sweet days of
 pleasure,
 My ecstasy would be sublime, my
 joy beyond all measure,
 But greater will my pleasure be, when
 I the spheres ascending,
 Shall with my loved ones ever be,
 midst pleasures never ending.

Our little Ray and Georgie dear, from
 them 'twas sad to sever,
 While young and tender they were call-
 ed to dwell with Christ forever,

And oh, the joy, it will be sweet, when
 we pass o'er to meet them,
 Our happiness will be complete when
 in the spheres we greet them.

*The above family history was written
 Aug. 25, 1906, four days after the
 death of my dear wife.*

THE LOVED ONES AT HOME

*"The Loved Ones at Home" was writ-
 ten in the depot at Quincy, Ill. While
 sick and lonely the author was wait-
 ing for the train to bear him to loved
 ones at home.*

There's nothing enshrined with such
 loving devotion,
 And cherished with joy in the heart
 as we roam,
 That thrills every heart with such
 tender emotion,
 As those near and dear ones, the
 loved ones at home,
 The exile from home, forced from
 loved ones to sever,
 His heart pierced with sorrow, midst
 strangers to roam,
 Would often give life, and its pros-
 pects forever,
 For one happy day with the loved
 ones at home.

Chorus:

O, home, blessed home, where my
 loved ones have blessed me,
 And soothed every sorrow, that
 fell to my lot,
 My heart thrilled with joy when they
 sweetly caressed me,
 Where love dwells is heaven, though
 home be a cot.
 When far, far from home, though in
 May or December,
 No kind friends to greet us and
 none to deplore,
 There's nothing on earth gives such
 joy to remember,
 As loved ones at home on our dear
 native shore,

When stern duty calls us on land or
on ocean,

And fate a long absence decrees as
our doom,

Fond love swells the bosom with
tender emotion,

The heart will remain with the
loved ones at home.

Those sweet, tender home ties can
never be shaken,

Though wander we far to a strange
distant strand,

In dreams we revisit the home to
awaken

And sigh for our loved ones and
dear native land.

Though decked with a crown, in a
mansion of splendor,

Away from our dear ones, to them
cannot come,

Bereft of their kindness, so loving
and tender,

We pine for the smiles of the loved
ones at home.

When life's work is done. Oh, may
loved ones attend me,

And angels of mercy repair to my
room,

And spirits of loved ones be there
to commend me,

O, there let me pass to the bright
spirit home.

Let patriots honor their hero and
flourish

With splendor a monument grand
o'er his tomb.

Let mine rest 'neath evergreen, long
be it cherished,

Bedewed with the tears of the loved
ones at home.

*The author has composed music for
the above lines and it is printed in sheet
form for piano, a copy of which can be
obtained of the author, J. F. Myers, for
fifty cents by addressing him at 924
West Front Street, Bloomington, Ill.*

SINCE SHE WENT HOME

Since she went home a sable pall
hangs o'er the sun's bright
wave,

The summer winds are singing mourn-
ful requiems o'er her grave,

The genial rays of summer's sun ob-
scured and chill and drear,

And every golden summer day seems
like a lonely year.

Since she went home the robin's note
has touched a minor strain,

The old glad songs of happy days
now breathe a sad refrain,

And cheering words of loving friends
now fail my heart to cheer,

And laughter sobs with hidden pain,
so bitter to my ear.

Since she went home her empty
rooms are lonely, drear and
still,

Are now as quiet as the grave that
her dear body fills,

Untouched the pillow now remains,
that once her dear head pressed,

It seems my lonely heart will break,
has nowhere for its rest.

Since she went home the long, lone
days have crept away like
years,

The sleepless nights bring little rest,
but many lonely tears,

The sunlight has been dim with
doubts, its rays have failed to
cheer,

The summer's landscape now appears
like meadows brown and sear.

Since she went home, wilt thou O,
God, my wayward foot-steps
guide,

That I may follow duty's path and
safely stem the tide,

And cross bold Jordan's stormy waves
and o'er them safely ride,

To meet my loved ones, gone before
and there with them abide.

When I get home, within that land,
the haven of the blest,

I have met my loved ones over there,
 them sweetly have caressed,
 My joys and bliss will be sublime, I
 with them will abide,
 My heart will then have found its
 rest and will be satisfied.

*Written August 31, ten days after she
 went home.*

ALONE

*Written one week after the decease of
 my dear little wife, who passed to
 spirit life, Aug. 21, 1906, my children
 having all passed before.*

Alone, alone, left all alone, while life's
 dim light holds out to burn,
 Those dear and loved ones of my
 own, can never in the flesh re-
 turn,
 My heart is filled with dark despair,
 O, could I to some covert flee,
 Where loving friends and balmy air
 would soothe my heart and com-
 fort me.

Alone, alone, yes all alone, to plod
 in sorrow to the grave,
 O, was such sorrow ever known
 while sailing on life's stormy
 wave,
 O, dark despair, could I but see one
 star of hope beyond thy gloom,
 'T would be a joyful sight to me, it
 soon this darkness would illumine.

He called my loved ones, one by one,
 to dwell within the spirit
 spheres,
 While I must travel here alone with
 none to cheer my lonely years,
 'T was pleasure sweet and joy su-
 preme encompassed me when
 they were here,
 But now upon life's turbid stream,
 my life is lonely, sad and drear.

And yet, though stricken sore in mind,
 there's yet a noble work to do,
 Some helpless ones are left behind,
 that I must live for and be
 true,

O, God, encompass me with peace
 and give me strength upon the
 way.

O, let thy blessings now increase and
 lead me kindly day by day.

Until my work is finished here, that
 thou hast made my daily care,
 Be with me through death's valley
 drear, to meet with loved ones
 over there,

While sailing on the wings of time O,
 waft me to that shining shore,
 My ecstasy will be sublime, from loved
 ones there I'll part no more.

But dwell in peace forevermore where
 love and bliss will reign supreme.
 I'll join those who passed on before
 and endless love will be our
 theme,

And there we'll dwell in endless bliss,
 in those bright spheres thy love
 hast given,
 Where we our loved ones will caress
 and dwell in love and peace
 and heaven.

MY DEAR MOTHER

*Written after the death of the author's
 mother, in A. D. 1857.*

The evening shadows are falling,
 'Tis winter the whole of the year,
 The sighing winds plaintively call-
 ing,
 To memory sweet mother dear.

The old songs no more teem with
 gladness,
 Are laden with sorrow and pain,
 The birds seem to warble with sad-
 ness,
 I sigh to meet mother again.

Her room once so pleasant and cheer-
 ful,
 Now still, that her presence once
 blessed,
 Beholding her pillow I'm tearful,
 The pillow her dear head once
 pressed.

Since she from our home hath de-
parted,
The days seem like sorrowful years,
I linger at home broken-hearted,
The sunlight is dim through my
tears.

O mother, I gladly will meet thee,
Where sorrowing souls will find rest,
And there I will joyfully greet thee,
Forever to dwell with the blest.

O God, wilt thou ever be with me,
My faltering footsteps to guide,
Thy blessing and strength ever give
me,
To safely cross bold Jordan's tide.

**IN MEMORY OF
MRS. CORA B. SPENCE**

*Elders daughter of the author, who died
at the age of thirty-two, leaving a
husband and three little boys. Writ-
ten by her father, J. F. Myers, the
next day after her interment.*

Our loved one has gone, whom so
fondly we cherished,
The jewel most prized, in our cas-
ket of love,
Her gentle form bloomed, like the
roses, then perished,
Her spirit awaits us, in mansions
above.

The flower was plucked, when at rich-
est full blooming,
While shedding rich fragrance on
all whom it fell.
O, ne'er was a flower more sweet and
perfuming,
And oft did it charm with a sweet
magic spell.

O Cora, from thee, O how sad 'tis
to sever,
And lay thy sweet form in the cold
silent tomb,
While yet we well know, that be-
yond that dark river,
Thy beautiful form will more loving-
ly bloom.

Thy love like a vine, with its tendrils
enfolding,
Encircled thy friends, in one dear
family tree,
Its fruit laden branches, so nobly up-
holding,
Will still shed sweet fragrance and
e'er with us be.

O, oft have we gazed on thy face
ever beaming
With love, and beheld in thy bright
beaming eye,
An angel of light in its radiant gleam-
ing,
An angel of mercy and love from on
high.

Dear one may the charm of thy sweet
Christian graces,
E'er prove a safe guide to our oft
erring feet,
And point us to Christ, and the bright
loving faces,
Of friends gone before us their
Savior to meet.

**IN MEMORY OF
MISS ESTELLE MYERS**

*Youngest daughter of the author, who
passed to spirit life at the age of sev-
enteen years.*

Estelle, thou loved one, though lost
to our vision,
Thy beautiful form in our memory
is bright,
By faith we behold thee, in mansions
elysian
With glorified spirits, in mansions of
light,

We ne'er can forget thy sweet innocent
childhood,
When thou and dear Cora didst
play by the stream,
And gather sweet flowers that grew
by the wildwood,
And now both are gone, O it seems
like a dream.

Thy cheeks had the blush of the
sweet blooming roses,
And sparkled thine eye, like the
bright morning dew,
Thy lips had the tint of the fresh
budding posies,
Thy countenance beamed with a love
that was true.

We oft think of thee and dear Cora
when singing,
It seems thy loved voices we hear
from afar,
Thy soft trilling notes in our mem-
ory ringing,
And blending so sweetly with chords
of guitar.

O dear one, O loved one, O how we
have missed thee,
Thy sweet soothing voice and thy
bright smiling face,
And fully we trust that the Savior
hath blessed thee,
And taken thee home, through his
rich loving grace.

O Stella, our darling, we gladly would
meet thee,
In dreams oft we visit that bright
shining shore,
And when we are called, we will joy-
fully greet thee,
To dwell with our loved ones and
Christ evermore.

**LINES FROM
MRS. CORA B. SPENCE**

*In spirit life, oldest daughter of the au-
thor. Through the trance medium,
Mrs. Bonney.*

O, I am so happy, dear ones, tonight,
In bringing to you this message of
light,
Although dear friends you thought
me dead,
Yet I am full of life instead.

My darling boys, I will watch over
them,
And be to them all that a mother
can,
As in their physical forms they grow,

Try to teach them these truths to
know.

And by and by, 'twill not be long,
Till we meet here and join in the song,
Be happy in our spirit home,
Rejoice when that glad time shall
come.

CORA B. SPENCE

*The fact of receiving messages from
the spirits of the two daughters, Cora
and Estella, in rhyme, was a revelation
to their friends on earth, as they had
never practised that style of writing in
earth life, it evidently proves that they
had inherited the talent, and that we
take with us to the spirit world our nat-
ural possibilities and talents and can de-
velop them even in spirit life, as Mrs.
Bonney, the medium, was a stranger to
us and knew nothing of our family;
Cora left three little boys whom she lov-
ingly mentions in her message.*

**LINES RECEIVED FROM
ESTELLA E. MYERS**

*Who was in spirit life, through the
trance medium, Mrs. Bonney.*

We come, dear friends, from spirit
shore,
To mingle with you as of yore,
I have waited long for this glad night,
My soul is full of love and light,

And Cora comes here with me too,
And brings you love, so rich and true,
She brings her love to all dear ones,
And wishes you to know she comes.

We are both engaged in beautiful
work,
We meet poor souls who pass from
earth,
Weary and tired and ignorant too,
We meet and teach them what is
true.

Young girls are our especial care,
Many ne'er heard the voice of prayer,
Neglected, sick, weary of life,
Many pass from earth through strife.

We have music, flowers, a lovely
 abode,
 Where we take these weary ones on
 toward God,
 We gather them in with words of
 love,
 'Tis sweet to see how they improve,

Dear friends, I now bid you adieu,
 But I shall often visit you,
 Together sit, which is the door,
 Through which we come from the
 other shore.

Though some in spirit, some on earth,
 Together we'll gain the second birth.
 We'll over you watch, from the other
 shore,
 Till we are a family united once
 more.

ESTELLA E. MYERS

**A MEMORIAL TO
 BIRDSELL F. MYERS**

*Oldest son of the author, who passed to
 spirit life April 11, 1902, aged 43
 years, being killed suddenly on the
 Illinois Central Railroad.*

My darling son, thou first born unto
 me,
 Thou art unto my memory ever
 dear,
 Though five and forty years have
 passed away,
 Since thy dear form was placed
 within my care.

And oft when memory's pages view-
 ing o'er,
 I see thy little form upon my knee,
 O, how our hearts thy cruel fate de-
 plore,
 And wish thou hadst been left to
 comfort me.

How often I live o'er thy childhood
 days,
 When safe at home, I weary worn
 would land,
 My darling Birt with pleasant winning
 ways,
 Was first to greet and take me by
 the hand.

When in thy childhood thou wast so
 alert,
 Also to labor thou didst kindly
 yield,
 In games of childhood thou wast an
 expert;
 In manhood none could lead thee
 in the field.

When in the field of letters thou
 didst soar,
 It was a good one who could thee
 surpass.
 When thou didst view thy lesson
 freely o'er,
 Thou stood among the foremost in
 thy class.

Thy soul was full of music, sweet,
 sublime,
 Thy tones upon piano, rich and
 sweet,
 With lovely chords so perfect was
 the time;
 With violin, 'twas melody complete.

When young my mind and heart were
 set on thee,
 The idol of my dreams, for future
 years,
 But cruel fate decreed it not to be,
 And thy untimely death left us in
 tears.

Thy generous heart was full of love
 and fire,
 Thy love for friends was ever true
 and strong,
 To err was not thy honest heart's
 desire,
 But love to join in music and in
 song.

Dame Nature favored thee with form
 complete,
 With wit, and humor, thou wast
 well supplied,
 That won the hearts of those whom
 thou didst meet,
 And many friends deplore thee far
 and wide.

Since thou hast crossed the valley
 and art free,
 Thy spirit friends so loving and
 benign,
 Will lovingly instruct and care for
 thee;
 And lead thee in the paths of the
 divine.

Where thy untrammelled spirit will
 ascend,
 Will purer, brighter grow till thou
 art free,
 Where love and peace and joy will
 never end,
 And Christ, the Lord, with joy will
 welcome thee.

A MEMORIAL TO GEORGE L. MYERS

*Second son of J. F. and Sarah C. Myers,
 who passed to spirit life at the age
 of one year and six months.*

O, Georgie dear, thy lovely form,
 Was like the morning flower,
 That breaks beneath the blighting
 storm,
 And withers in an hour.

Thy lovely spirit dwells above,
 In spheres celestial bright,
 With Christ, whose great redeeming
 love,
 For us a beacon light.

Thy form was perfect, features true,
 Thine eyes so dark and bright,
 Thy brilliant curls, a golden hue,
 And glistened in the light.

Thy skin exceeding lilies fair,
 Face beautiful and true,
 With countenance beyond compare,
 Bright as the morning dew.

We worshipped thy dear little form,
 Our baby boy so bright,
 So often cuddled in my arms,
 When I came home at night.

O, how we miss our little elf,
 Our baby boy so fair,
 Since God has called thee to himself,
 To lead us over there.

O, loved one, it is joy complete,
 When e'er thou dost impart,
 To us a loving message sweet,
 To cheer our lonely hearts.

By faith we see thy lovely form,
 Mid peace and joy and rest,
 Surrounded by celestial charms,
 In mansions with the blest.

When we pass to that golden strand,
 On that bright shining shore,
 We'll join thee in that happy land,
 To dwell forevermore.

And there with that celestial band,
 That bright celestial throng,
 Make music sweet with harps in hand,
 And endless praise prolong.

And shout Hosannah to the king,
 Whose life for man was given,
 That he might full salvation bring,
 And lead our souls to heaven.

A MEMORIAL TO JOHN RAY MYERS

*Third and youngest son of the author,
 J. F. Myers, who passed to spirit life
 at the tender age of three years.*

O, darling Ray, so lovely and so
 bright,
 With eyes so blue, so radiant with
 light,
 When thou thy loving parents didst
 caress,
 Thy lovely charms our own fond
 hearts did bless,

Thy bright eyes every little thing
 must see,
 When thy sweet little form sat on
 my knee,
 So happy and so full of mirth and
 glee,
 When papa sang his little songs to
 thee.

Thy dainty little hands, and little feet,
So nimble and so delicate and sweet,
When wide awake could scarcely quiet
keep,
Until so tired thou didst fall asleep.

O, dearest one. our darling blue eyed
boy,
Thou wast our pride, our life and
light and joy,
O, why were we so ruthlessly bereft,
O, why our lonely bosom empty left?

And thou our greatest joy and heart's
delight.
Called higher up, to spheres with
angels bright,
Where sylvan zephyrs stir the balmy
air,
Perfumed with roses sweet and
flowers fair,

Where angels fan the air with snowy
wing,
And bask in vernal breezes of the
spring,
And fountains with their sparkling
water bright,
Reflect the trees in mellow golden
light.

Where trees are ever green as vernal
spring,
And birds of gorgeous colors on the
wing,
While many more will perch and sit
and sing,
And cause the air with melody to
ring.

Where Christ, the orb of one eternal
day,
With countenance so bright illumines
the way,
Whose cheering words and wondrous
power benign,
Fills everyone with joy and love
divine.

Our own dear little darling blue eyed
boy,
'Tis sweet that thou canst leave thy
courts of joy.

And linger with us here upon my
knee,
Where thou so joyous used to love
to be.

Methinks I in the evening often hear,
The patter of thy little footsteps
near,
And often feel that thou surely must
be,
Reclining on my arm, upon my knee.

And then I feel thy tender sweet
caress,
Which thou didst often give my heart
to bless,
And oft I feel thy sweet and loving
kiss,
Which fills my heart with ecstasy
and bliss.

O, may thou with thy spirit's lovely
charm,
Still come to me with pure affection
warm,
And keep my lonely heart filled with
thy love,
Until we meet in heavenly courts
above.

A SCHOOL ESSAY FOR BIRNEY SPENCE

Dear friends my name is Birney
Spence, with dearest friends I
dwell.

My aunt and uncle send me here
to learn my lesson well,
They want to make a man of me, an
honor to the name,
And I must every effort use, to rise
to heights of fame.

Some wicked boys loaf on the road,
and ramble all around,
I do not wish to do like them, at
school they should be found,
For wicked boys who loaf and swear,
and run off to the wood,
Will never learn their lesson well, or
come to any good.

I want to be a good boy, too, while
I am in my youth.

and treat all friends and schoolmates
well, and always tell the truth,
When everyone will be my friend, my
enemies be few,
My friends will greet me with a smile
and they will love me, too.

As I grow to a larger boy, if it is
in my power,
will not be a lazy boy, but busy
every hour,
want to be a wise boy too, and be
nobody's fool,
When I must learn my lessons well,
when I attend the school.

When I start business for myself
I constantly will strive,
By every honest means I can, finan-
cially to thrive,
The comforts, and luxury of life, used
carefully, I crave,
Not, what I make will make me rich,
but dollars that I save.

As I grow up to be a man I'll set
my standard high,
and study well and work to reach
that standard by and by,
I will then be nice, if friends pro-
claim, with one united voice,
We want young Spence for Gover-
nor, he is the people's choice.

*The above can be used for any boy
by changing the name.*

Then I will soon promoted be, and
will my time employ,
So I will gain my teachers love, and
give my friends much joy.

Although I'm young and yet am
small, and am not blessed with
wealth,
If I do really know myself, and still
retain my health,
I will not idle time away, of this
please rest assured,
I'll make a mark you will approve,
I will upon my word.

As I grow older don't you see, good
books I will procure,
And all the time I'm not at work
their pages will explore,
I'll try to live the golden rule, be hon-
est as a sage,
Make all the money that I can and
save it for old age.

I want to make a worthy man, whom
people will admire,
To be a good and useful man I have
a great desire,
Then it will be so very nice if people,
one and all,
Choose me to represent them in the
legislative hall.

*The above can be used for any boy by
arranging the name to fit the measure.*

A SCHOOL ESSAY FOR CARLE SPENCE

Dear friends I am a rustic lad, my
name is Carly Spence,
Dear aunt and uncle care for me,
their kindness is immense.
An education I desire, to friends I
will be true,
Then they will all be kind to me, and
help me to get through.

My lessons I will study well, my
classmates to surpass,
That I may stand, when school is out,
at the head of my class,

A SCHOOLBOY ESSAY FOR GEORGIE MYERS

Dear friends, George Myers is my
name, like many other boys
I live right here in Fairbury, and
State of Illinois.
My mother calls me Georgie yet, just
as she always did,
While folks who do not know me call
me a Fairbury kid.

I am not large as all can see, but
I am large enough.
Though I should never large be, I'm
made of real good stuff,

I will excell in pluck and vim, if I do
not in weight,
And I will get up to the top, with big
ones of the state.

As I grow older, don't you see, my
time I will improve,
I will not idle time away, be always
on the move,
I'll try to live the golden rule, as duty
will require,
Then I will live to be a man, whom
people will admire.

I am an orphan as you know, and
nothing else can do,
But go to work with all my power and
paddle my own canoe,
I have resolved to forge my way to
fortune and success,
And trust my friends will stand by
me, and God my efforts bless.

I want to be a useful man, and by
my acts proclaim,
That I am worthy of my friends, who
own and bear my name,
And by good works and energy ascend
the mount of fame.
By honest life, and noble deeds, immortalize
my name.

*Above lines can be used by any boy by
changing name to suit the measure.*

SCHOOL ESSAY FOR JOHNNY MYERS

My name is Johnny Myers, and in
Fairbury I dwell,
My mother sends me here to school
to learn my lessons well,
She wants to make a man of me, an
honor to the name,
I must not idle time away, but try
to do the same.

Some wicked boys loaf on the street,
and ramble o'er the town,
I do not wish to do like them, at
school they should be found.
Such wicked boys who loaf and swear
and run off to the wood,

Will never learn their lessons well,
nor come to any good.

As I grow up—a larger boy, if it is
in my power,
I will not be a lazy boy, but busy
every hour,
I want to be a wise boy, and live
the golden rule.
Then I must always study well when
I am at the school.

I want to be a good boy, too, while
I am in my youth,
And treat my friends and schoolmates
well, and always tell the truth,
Then everyone will be my friend, my
enemies be few,
My friends will meet me with a smile,
and they will love me, too.

And then it will be very nice, if peo-
ple will consent,
When I grow up to be a man, to
make me president.
Sure, if they will, I'll be so good,
that it will be my lot,
To live to serve my four years out,
and never get a shot.

*The above can be used by any boy by
changing the name.*

SCHOOL ESSAY FOR J. MEURL SPENCE

J. Meurl Spence, sir, is my name, to
the world I now proclaim,
I would gladly rise by efforts of
my own,
Rise to fortune and to fame, many
men have done the same,
To success and fame unaided and
alone.

Chorus:

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, I will keep
moving to success, I'm bound
to climb,
For the man who courts delay he will
never win the day,
'Tis the man who meets engagements
right on time.

And as I am young today, I will by
 my interests stay,
 And improve each precious hour
 as I go,
 Every hour whiled away will no fu-
 ture profits pay,
 And a wasted life brings misery and
 woe.

When to school I'm kindly sent, I will
 try to be content,
 Study lessons well, and fool no
 time away.
 On good schooling I am bent, and my
 efforts will be lent,
 For a thorough education, it will
 pay,

All my lessons I will heed, and my
 class I'll try to lead,
 On the ship of fame and fortune, I
 will sail;
 This shall be my living creed, truth
 and honesty indeed,
 Energy, and pluck, and honor,
 never fail.

And when'er I go to work, I my
 duty will not shirk,
 But be faithful as the sun who rules
 the day;
 For 'tis only those who shirk, or the
 vain dishonest clerk,
 Who are forced to look for places
 far away.

In the race for fame and pelf, God
 helps him who helps himself,
 And the race of life is won by
 thought and deed,
 Then if I must help myself, I'll not
 linger on the shelf,
 But to sure success will hasten on
 with speed.

The amount of wealth we have is the
 net amount we save,
 Not the gross amount that comes
 within our door.
 Then no matter what I crave, I will
 wait until I have,
 An accumulated surplus in my store.

From bad fellows I'll refrain from
 their company abstain,
 For bad company good morals will
 corrupt.
 If it's pleasure I would gain, a good
 book will entertain,
 And influence me good habits to
 adopt.

When to manhood I have grown, and
 good character have shown,
 And by education worthy of a place,
 Many friends my worth will own,
 and success my efforts crown,
 And for place and honor I will win
 the race.

On my honor I will stand, my influ-
 ence will expand,
 I will square my thoughts and ac-
 tions with the same,
 Then respect I will command and will
 be in good demand,
 And successfully ascend the mount
 of fame.

*The above lines can be sung to the tune
 of "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are
 Marching," and used by any boy, by
 arranging the name to suit the meas-
 ure.*

MY OWN DEAR SWEET HOME

*The following lines can be sung to the
 tune of the "The Loved Ones at
 Home," composed by the author.*

Though palaces royal, and pleasures
 surround us,
 And kings bestow homage at court
 as we roam,
 And welcome us cordially, no tie doth
 bind us,
 Like those long enshrined in the
 heart for the home,
 Its peace and contentment my heart
 fills with pleasure,
 And charms with a halo that else-
 where I miss,
 Which oft thrills my bosom with joy
 beyond measure,
 A home filled with love is a haven
 of bliss.

Chorus:

O Home, blessed home, I can never
forget thee,
Thy charms are most dear to my
heart as I roam;
Sweet thoughts of thy pleasures en-
thrall and beset me,
And hasten my steps to my own
dear sweet home.
Though rustic our dwellings with
humble surroundings,
Our home be a cottage, and scant be
the room,
If filled with true love, peace and
virtue abounding,
'Tis heaven on earth in that dear
humble home.
An exile from home though surround-
ed with splendor,
His longing for home other
thoughts will eclipse,
While calling for home and friends
loving and tender,
He dies, with the half spoken
words on his lips.

No one e'er awakened to life's full
fruition,
Who lived a life homeless, like the
rolling stone.
Their heart ne'er was filled by that
peaceful condition,
That sweetens this life in a home of
our own
Sweet memories dear, of the home
of my childhood,
I sacredly cherish and love as I
roam,
Sweet fragrance of woodbine and
flowering wildwood;
And prayers of the loved ones still
hallow the home.

When often we think of the beau-
ties of nature,
A lesson we learn from the ant and
the bee,
That God hath provided for each
living creature.
The means for a home, but they
all do not see.
But man, ruthless man, prone to
travel and wander,
And oft among strangers continue
to roam,

His friends' hopes to blast and his
treasure to squander.
And often, too often, no place to
call home.

We see men with talent and fine
education,
Who drink, yet still hope that a
cottage will come;
But down, down they sink, clear be-
low former station,
Have never, no never, a place to
call home.
We see men who labor and thought-
lessly wonder,
And hope for a time when a dear
home will come,
Forgetting the fact while their earn-
ings they squander.
That only who save will be blessed
with a home.

Go ask the young sailor when cross-
ing the ocean,
And riding the storm beaten waves
as they foam,
What place hath most charms o'er
his love and emotion,
He gladly responds "'Tis my dear
old, sweet home,"
Look up, thou unfortunate, poor and
forsaken,
If pure, true, and honest, what-
ever will come,
Thy soul in a far better world will
awaken,
And there will be heir to a glorious
home.

TO ENOCH A. GASTMAN

*The following lines were written in 1905
after hearing of the marriage of the
Hon. E. A. Gastman, who has been
Superintendent of schools at Decatur,
Ill., or county superintendent during
his whole useful life, and an old
friend of the writer.*

The scenes and pleasures of my youth
are in my memory green,
The Wesleyan with many youths, al-
ways a pleasant scene,

'56 when in her youth, she many
did install,
Professor Sears was president, with
teachers for us all;

Professor Northrup, principal, and
others quite as good,
For primaries to languages, those
faithful teachers stood.
Where A. E. Stevenson, then young,
in knowledge fast did grow,
With James S. Ewing in his class, just
fifty years ago.

and there was Dave and Jesse Smith,
preparing soon to bloom,
One Lawrence, and his brother Tol,
were then upon the boom,
and Little Duncan Wallace, too, the
midget of the school,
While Enoch Gastman, always square,
kindly obeyed the rules.

and there was George P. Davis, too,
a nice and quiet boy,
Who kept his studies well in hand,
which gave the teachers joy.
The Flaggs and Holmeses also there
who were not very slow,
Dan Holder, yes, and many more,
just fifty years ago.

But now, dear friends, we're growing
old, no longer in our prime,
The fleeting years pass swiftly by
upon the wings of time,
With hoary locks, and vision dim,
still as we older grow.
We're happy when we meet those
friends of fifty years ago.

Many lie under mounds of green, their
spirits are at rest.
While many seeking after wealth have
moved on farther west,
and very few yet here remain who
then we used to know;
O, how we miss those dear old friends
of fifty years ago.

Yes, I rejoice to know dear friend
that thou dost still possess
Much of thy youthful vigor, yet thy
efforts here to bless.
That Cupid drew his little bow, so
well he played the part.

That thou a wounded victim fell, he
pierced thy lonely heart.

Although the wound was quite severe,
and in thy heart concealed,
Thy friends feel sure the danger's
past, the wound entirely healed,
For thou hast a physician fair, whose
skill and charms we know
Hath made thy heart as young as
'twas, just fifty years ago.

O, may she be like roses fair, her love
as pure as they,
Her heart and hand be ever kind and
bless thee day by day.
And fill thy life with joy and bliss,
like music of the spheres,
And be a guardian angel wife, through
thy declining years.

O, may Apollo crown thee both, with
wreath of love select,
What Cupid planted with great care,
let Hymen well protect,
And when the storms of life are o'er
and we are called to go,
We'll meet those dear old friends we
loved, just fifty years ago.

WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY CHILDHOOD

Where, O where are the friends of my
childhood,
Who often came romping to play
on the lawn,
And then sally forth for a stroll
through the wildwood,
O, where are they now, are they
gone, all gone?

When Jack Frost was king o'er the
fields and the meadows,
At even we hied to the ice on the
pond.
Our skates quickly donned, by the
moonlight, 'tween shadows,
Then swift as an arrow made round
after round.

In summer we hied to the Kickapoo,
 flowing
 Where cool shady pools were en-
 ticing and clear,
 And groves full of music of turtle
 doves cooing,
 Or thrushes' sweet warbles, and
 meadow lark's whir.
 The fish were quite small, except
 sometimes a rover,
 Of uncommon size, came pros-
 pecting along,
 And we were as happy as bees in
 sweet clover,
 When we caught the big ones, of
 that finny throng.
 Ah, that was nice bathing, in warm
 sultry weather,
 So cool and refreshing to body and
 mind,
 When swimming and diving we vied
 with each other,
 None of us were anxious to be
 left behind.
 When school was the order we boys
 were in clover,
 The noon hour was spent in pro-
 pelling the ball,
 When seeming success o'er our efforts
 would hover,
 A miss, and the rival in sport had
 the call.
 The friends of my childhood, and
 scenes so endearing,
 In mind they still haunt me, my
 thoughts they enchain,
 Their jolly young faces, and smiles
 so alluring,
 Rise up like a phantom, and with
 me remain.
 And oft in the progress of sweet
 sleep and dreaming,
 A vision of youth on my mind is
 impressed,
 Collected around me, those youths are
 in seeming,
 Are they now in spirit, their bodies
 at rest!
 Hath breezes of time, with their
 strong ceaseless motion,
 Relentlessly drifted them helplessly
 on,

Their barques rolling high, on life's
 boisterous ocean.

Their rudders all broken, and are
 they all gone.

"Where are they"? the whippoorwill
 asks, full of sorrow,

The turtle dove says, "Beyond life's
 stormy main,"

The nightingale's song, says "Tomor-
 row, tomorrow,"

In bright spheres elysian we'll meet
 them again."

LINES TO MILTON THOMPSON AND WIFE

Written at their wedding.

Let happiness crown the young pair
 With wreaths of joy rare and select,
 What Cupid hath planted with care,
 May the Hymeneal bonds well pro-
 tect.

May each have a friend when in need,
 And their honeymoon last during
 life,

May she have a husband indeed,
 And he have a true loving wife.

May they sail on the ocean of love,
 Have no breakers, nor storms, to
 annoy,

May their little bark peacefully move,
 And their lives be continuous joy.

May they write upon life's snowy
 page.

Truth, virtue, contentment and love,
 That their sky may be clear when in
 age,

And prepare them for mansions
 above.

'TIS SWEET TO KNOW THEY CARE

I would not wish to live a day,
 Or any one to see,
 Would wish no longer here to stay,
 If no one cared for me.

he sweetest pleasure, greatest bliss,
That God to man hath given,
Knowing many care for us,
On earth, also in heaven.

soothes the sorrows of the heart,
When friends our burdens share,
Thrills with joy through every part,
To know they for us care.

Each act and word brings its reward,
Of envy, hate or love,
Let us be always on our guard,
In word and actions prove,

That we have love and sympathy,
And have a heart to share,
The troubles of our fellow men,
And do for others care.

When we will have the knowledge
sweet,
That they our troubles share,
And gladly greet us when we meet,
And really for us care.

THE PIONEER

By J. F. Myers by Edwin O. Ropp

The following lines were received by the author from his young poetical friend, Edwin O. Ropp, in response to verses received by him from the author.

His latch string band hangs always
out,
Replete with generous cheer,
We welcome with a jovial shout.
The genial pioneer.

ling to the winds formality,
With rigid rule and chart,
So long as hospitality,
Still blazes in the heart.

It was the bold frontiersman's toil,
The early settler's worth,
That rendered Illinois soil.
The richest land on earth.

Among deeds of heroes brave and wise,
Who labored long and bled,

Behold the settler's sacrifice,
Wove in with every thread.

Floats freedom's banner everywhere,
While every honest art,
Yields reverence to silver hair,
Loves every honest heart.

We serenade with rhyming lay,
And answering bugle blast,
A singer of the present day,
A musician of the past.

Immortal work is never done,
In glorious brotherhood,
We greet the bard of Bloomington,
Who toils for human good.

The robin trills an ode to spring,
Lo, softly coos the dove,
Let genial poets ever sing,
Long lingering songs of love.

The poet's aspiration soars,
Swiftly on aerial wings,
To him the tender heavenly loves,
Are sweet congenial things.

Is man immortally designed,
To live, enjoy and do?
The thought is pleasing to the mind,
'Tis sweet to deem it true.

'Tis sweet to dream that heaven is
fair,
Fairer than e'er divined,
That angels all are poets there,
And every heart is kind.

TO MY OLD FRIEND D. R. POTTER

After his second marriage, who now resides at Harper, Kansas, was a farmer near Fairbury, Ill., at the time the Fairbury Agricultural Society was organized and resided there until in the 80's and served with the author for years on the board of Fair directors and Highway Commissioners.

Dear friend, I never can forget,
Often think and feel,

A tender love for comrades who
worked for the public weal,
Of thee I often think, dear Dan, for
thou our work did share
As a highway commissioner—director
of the fair.

Then we were young, and in our
prime, ambitious, full of life,
And had the nerve to push our plans,
no matter what the strife.
And always kept our armor bright, no
matter when the fight,
With full resolve to win the day, and
battle for the right.

When Virgin was the president, di-
rectors, you and I,
With many good ones on the board,
the fair was flying high,
And still she soars, with pinions wide,
with satisfactory yield,
She floats triumphantly on top, and
foremost in the field.

When mild September came, dear
Dan, with thousands to the fair,
We always found thee prompt on
time, thy fine stock also there.
When in the ring, awards were made
by judges good and true,
Thy ribbons, Dan, were numerous,
and often of the blue.

When on the highway board, dear
Dan, 'twas splendid work was done,
Then Ed. Mahoney with us worked,
as faithful as the sun.

Our monuments are on the roads,
for ages will remain,
And generations yet to come, will
realize the gain;

For culverts there we made of stone,
with arches covered o'er,
And bridge abutments of the same, we
made a score or more;
And grubbed the stumps from forest
roads, then ditched and graded
low,
Macadamized with stone a few, 'twas
twenty years ago.

But now we're growing old, dear Dan,
and many changes come,

Like thee, some have gone farther
west, some to their spirit home
On many hills 'neath granite gray
where silent graves are seen,
Our dear old friends and loved one
lie, 'neath mounds of mossy
green;

While viewing memory's pages o'er
I wipe away the tear,
When counting up the absent list
who to my heart were dear,
The sable shades of sorrow rise, ob-
scure my pleasure so,
I sigh and long to see my friends, of
twenty years ago.

Yet I rejoice to know, dear Dan, that
thou dost yet retain,
Thy youth and nerve and strength so
well, that they with thee re-
main,
That Cupid did not pass thee by, but
slyly with his dart,
Was ready at the proper time to
pierce thy lonely heart;

We have the news, that to his dart
thou hast a victim fell,
And from the latest bulletin, that
thou art doing well,
That thou hast a physician fair, with
skill, who has no fears,
But hopes to pull thee through, dear
Dan, and keep thee many years.

O, may she be like lilies fair, her
heart as pure as they,
And prove to be God's messenger to
bless thee day by day.
And fill thy life with gladness, Dan,
like music of the spheres,
And be thy guardian angel, Dan,
through thy declining years,

May fair Apollo crown thy brow, with
wreaths of joy select,
What Cupid planted there with care,
let Hymen well protect.
Mayst thou write on life's fair page
truth, charity and love,
And thus prepare a blissful home, in
mansions bright above.

O MR. AND MRS. ALVIN REIK

the following lines were written to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Reik, who have charge of the 960-acre farm of the author near Green Ridge, Mo., after the death of their beautiful little son.

Weep not dear friends, O, weep no more,

For he now dwelleth with the blest,
and God hath called him on before,
To lead thee to that land of rest,

When cheer thee up, and dry thy tears,
For still he lives, his spirit free,
To visit thee in coming years,
Thy guardian spirit soon may be.

For he was only given to thee,
To win thy hearts forevermore,
and taken while yet pure and free,
To draw thee to that blissful shore.

Although his body is at rest,
His spirit in the spheres is free,
He comes his parents to caress,
And often lingereth on thy knee.

He lingereth with thee on thy bed,
And hovereth near thee day by day,
His little form thou canst not see,
When he would wipe thy tears
away.

When weep no more, but dry thy
tears,

Thy loved one will to thee be given;
When thou art done with earthly
cares,

Thou'lt meet him in a blissful
heaven.

TO MR. EDWIN O. ROPP

With cordial compliments of
John F. Myers

The poems: To Edwin O. Ropp, The Bard of the Evergreen City, were written by the author after having received from the brilliant young author, Edwin O. Ropp, his beautiful volume of poems, entitled, Life.

Thrice hail, brother bard, of the
Evergreen City,

With heart full of love let me thank
thee. I find

Thy dainty white booklet so charm-
ing and witty,

Is brim full of exquisite gems for
the mind.

Its dress is as pure as the snow drops
from heaven,

Its rhythm the work of a masterful
mind,

The thoughts are as pure as could
angels have given,

Perusing it exquisite pleasure I
find.

Thy pen has a charm from the muses
alluring,

Imparting a charm to thy songs
from above,

The spirits of bards, with their love
still enduring,

Hath made thy heart beat to the
chords of their love.

Then press on, dear brother with
earnest endeavor,

On life's scroll of fame let thy name
ever shine,

The muses will train with thy spirit
forever,

And lead thee to mansions where
bards are divine.

The man who succeeds, starts right,
and stays by it.

And hangs to the willows with body
and soul,

If forces oppose, he'll press on and
defy it,

By unswerving will he soon reaches
the goal.

And when in those bright spheres
elysian, we meet them,

Those guardian angels of song of
the spheres,

Our souls will o'erflow with sweet
music and greet them,

And joy be our portion, through
eternal years.

TO THE BARD OF THE EVER-
GREEN CITY, MR. EDWIN
O. ROPP

Hail thou with pen so keen,
Bard of the Evergreen,
To thee I sing.
Thy work is superfine,
'Tis full of love divine,
Thy heart is tuned with mine.
'T will blessings bring.

Hail! to thy nimble quill,
May it be never still,
Let it impart
Rich gems of purest thought,
Gems that cannot be bought,
That art with blessings fraught,
To reach the heart.

Long be thy years to live,
For thou hast much to give,
From muses sweet;
Then let thy soul inspire,
With true poetic fire,
Send forth thy heart's desire,
The world to greet.

SUCH IS LIFE

*Written in June, 1906, before the wife
and mother passed to Spirit life.*

In dear old McLean, where the soft
winds blow,
The zephyrs perfumed kiss you all
aglow,
The fields in their splendor, stand side
by side,
And yoemen there in contentment
abide.

Where meadow lark floats on its airy
wing,
Glad notes of the robin are heard in
the spring,
The turtle dove's coo in the grove is
heard,
And blithsome the notes of the mock-
ing bird.

'Twas in thirty-five first my childhood
hours,

Were spent mid vines, and birds, and
flowers,
Where the tall oaks waved in the
breezes fair,
And the maples and lindens were
lovely there.

And my infant mind was awakened
there,
To this beautiful world and life so
fair,
I learned that all things should be
done by rule,
From Oliver March, at the Hinshaw
school.

'Tis nineteen hundred and six today
My near ones, and dear ones, have
passed away,
My parents and brothers and sisters
all,
Have paid the last debt, and answered
the call.

And my beloved children, yes every
one,
All, all to their bright spirit home:
have gone,
None left to cheer, but my little wife
And soon we will meet them in spirit
life.

They oft to our earthly dwelling
come,
And tell of their beautiful spirit home
They bring cheering messages, words
of love,
Consoling our hearts, till we meet
above.

A VISION

Written in June, 1906

'Twas in the lovely month of June,
the sun was setting fair,
In Miller park, nearby the lake, midst
flowers sweet and rare,
The soft moonlight was creeping on,
all nature in repose;
The night bird's warble soft and clear
in melody arose.

The waves stirred by the gentle
 breeze made music soft and
 sweet,
 A quiet peace stole o'er my soul, a
 lovely charm complete,
 And while in silence there I sat, in
 evening's golden light,
 My soul in silent worship charmed by
 the majestic night.

As in the lovely gloaming there the
 fleecy clouds passed o'er,
 I thought of those I loved so well,
 who have passed on before,
 Of those who passed o'er one by
 one, who were my joy and
 pride;
 My children came, all robed in white,
 in front and by my side,

They stood as pure and beautiful as
 flowers in the May,
 Birdsell, and Cora, and Estella, George
 and little Ray,
 They all in sweet and lovely tone said,
 Darling papa, dear,
 We come with messages of love, to
 bring you words of cheer.

With Ray and Georgie on my knee,
 a daughter on each side,
 The eldest, Birdsell, stood in front
 and thus they did abide,
 With loving word and fond caress,
 while I in joyful tears,
 rejoiced in blissful ecstasy, and lived
 one hundred years.

And as they floated from me, sounds
 of sweetest music came,
 I heard angelic voices call my dearest
 ones by name,
 They all said "Good night, papa dear,
 we oft with you abide,
 Mamma and you are not alone, we're
 often by your side,"

MY CREED

Not found in church tenets or phrases
 neat,
 Arranged in numbered articles com-
 plete,

Nor in the loud professions of the
 day,
 Of those who wear long faces when
 they pray.

God's purpose I perceive in sym-
 bled sign,
 In acts of loving kindness, true, be-
 nign,
 The loving thought that shows upon
 the face,
 The symbol of a heart of loving grace.

The open hand that brings the way-
 ward in,
 And heals the wound, and washes
 out the sin,
 The kindly voice that speaks the
 words of cheer.
 Till hope and health and courage re-
 appear.

The honest heart that stands for
 truth and right,
 And works for these with all its
 strength and might,
 With faith and trust in everlasting
 good,
 Beginning here, with human brother-
 hood.

The tongue that speaks no guile in
 time or place,
 But talks to elevate the human race,
 The ear that hears the helpless or-
 phan's cry,
 And lends a hand to help their wants
 supply.

Indeed if to God's purpose you are
 true,
 Do unto all as they should do to
 you,
 In these I find the oracles divine
 On which to build a faith supreme,
 benign.

And shape material for a mansion
 fair,
 In which to dwell, when I am over
 there.
 In these I find the germ, I find the
 seed,
 Of what my soul can call its crown-
 ing creed.

THAT BUGGY RIDE.

John G. Myers, the father, delighting in a joke, and being inclined to tease, wrote the following lines in 1856, when his son, the author, brought his intended bride in a buggy, one Sunday morning, to the Grassy Ridge church.

One pleasant summer morning as I went
out to rove,

I saw a horse and buggy, start off for
Randolph's grove,

This splendid horse and buggy quite
soon returned again,

The buggy was not empty, but I could
see quite plain.

A gentleman and lady, a loving, happy
pair,

Was in it snugly seated, the horse they
did not spare.

This splendid horse and buggy so fleet
upon the track,

I scarce could tell his color but I think
that he was black.

This gentleman and lady was of the
highest grade,

The gentleman was handsome, erect and
finely made;

The lady she was beautiful, her form be-
yond compare,

She filled my heart and eye, and I spell-
bound at her did stare.

The gentleman was happy, and his heart
was in a flame,

"You are my darling angel," he would
now and then exclaim;

Incessantly he gazed upon that charming
beauty bright,

His heart and soul was overrun with
fountains of delight.

Her voice was like sweet music, it elec-
trified his heart,

Until at last beyond a care, he fell by
Cupid's dart.

That buggy ride I'll ne'er forget, it so
attracted me,

I laugh to think about it yet. Guess who
that pair can be.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. M. A. BILL

A beloved sister of the author.

O, loved one, since thou art gone time
lingers weary,

The song bird hath warbled, a sa-
minor strain,

The winds seem to sigh, O, so sad an
so dreary,

And laughter seems laden with sorrow
and pain.

Yet why should we weep, when thy lov-
ing words spoken,

Said "Weep not my loved ones, an-
never deplore,

For Jesus will lead me, and I will
awaken,

To dwell with our loved ones, who
passed on before."

Always for the right, and yet so un-
suming,

Thy kind loving heart no more faith-
ful could be,

Thy pure Christian walk, so discreet an
becoming,

Hath wrought a bright crown full of
glory for thee.

All hail! blessed hope that thy words d-
inspire,

Thy Christian example let every one
heed,

For thou hast been tried in adversity
fire,

And passed through triumphant,
Christian indeed.

We ne'er can forget the last look that w-
gave thee,

For peace, love and innocence, an
loving grace,

Impressed on thy countenance, destined
to save thee,

Effulgently beamed from thy sweet
loving face.

Dear one, may the charm thou hast given
thy story,

To us be a guide over life's troubled
sea,

And light up the way, to a bright crown
of glory,

A haven of safety with Jesus and thee

**ON THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM
CRUIKSHANK.**

*William Cruikshank was brother-in-law
to the author, was suddenly killed by
a pair of mules and was an exemplary
man.*

My brother, since thou art gone sadly
we miss thee.

Deep sorrow o'ershadows the hearts
thou didst love,

My loved ones at home, who so fondly
caressed thee,

Are lonely, and long for to meet thee
above.

My sad cruel fate, it hast sorely bereft
us,

And cast sable shades o'er the heavens
once bright,

Dark clouds seem to gather, no sunlight
is left us,

And noonday seems veiled with the
curtains of night.

But, when, for a moment, we pause in
our sorrow,

And think of thy virtues, for many
were they,

We know that for thee there's a bright
blooming morrow;

A home with the just, where the
bright angels stay.

But he who says, "Lord, Lord," is always
rewarded,

And decked with a crown, that was
made for the just,

But he who the rights of all men hath
regarded,

With honor and love, will be crowned
with the blest.

We feel that thy spirit will often be near
us,

Although at the board will be vacant
thy chair,

My presence will many times lovingly
cheer us,

Our eyes not behold thee, yet thou wilt
be there,

Guard us and guide us, with loving
devotion,

Impressing our hearts with truth, vir-
tue and love,

That we may pass safely o'er life's
boisterous ocean,

And meet thee, with loved ones, in
mansions above.

**FAIRBURY, LIVINGSTON COUNTY,
ILLINOIS.**

In grand old Livingston's confines the
T. P. & W. line,

At the junction of the Wabash quite
serene,

Is a city that is fine, on a beautiful in-
cline,

And among the inland cities she's a
queen.

There she sits in regal state, puts on city
airs of late,

She is building for herself an honored
name.

Her resources very great, more than we
can estimate—

As a trading point she's won an hon-
est fame.

She has railroads that are fine, more
will soon fall into line,

Which predict for her a long and
healthy boom;

And vast beds of coal that's fine, that
will ages take to mine,

And from which great trade and reve-
nue will come.

Of her agricultural joys she is making
little noise,

Of her fertile land and splendid yields
of grain;

But, I say, Fairbury boys, hunt all over
Illinois,

And you'll go back to Fairbury to re-
main.

She has water works that's fine, that for
health is good, benign,

And some streets superbly paved with-
in the town;

And an opera complete, where the peo-
ple often meet,

Where there's many plays and lectures
of renown.

She has churches, many kinds, and has
ministers divine,

Who will give advice to guard you on
the way;
From their influence benign you to mor-
als will incline,
And you soon will learn to watch as
well as pray.

She has doctors that are grand, always
ready and on hand

If their services you think you really
need;
Some are surly, some are bland, but dis-
ease they understand,
And they fix you up, if possible, with
speed.

And she has three solid banks,—they
stand high up in the ranks,—

Are a splendid help to business and
trade,
And her merchants honest, frank, and
not one of them a crank,
They can furnish you with anything
that's made.

And she has a lovely park,—grander far
than Noah's ark,—

Both for meetings and for pleasure it
was made,
If you tire of your work and in leisure
would embark,
You can recreate and rest beneath its
shade.

And her fairground is replete, ground
and fixtures all complete,

And bedecked with many trees in love-
ly green,
And 'tis seldom that you meet with a
track, her track to beat.

For an autumn exhibition she's a
queen.

And her annual autumn fair,—very few
with it compare,—

It is hard to duplicate within the state.
And five days within the year, many
come from far and near,
For it's educating benefits are great.

Oh, thou city, Fairbury! thou art ever
dear to me,

And thy many charms my memory en-
chain,
And should fate encompass me as an
exile o'er the sea,
Yet my heart and love with thee would
still remain.

A PATRIOTIC ODE.

Ye sons of Columbia the fairest of earth
Ye heirs of the land that gave liber-
birth;

Your vigils of freedom oh never resign
Let watch fires of liberty brilliant
shine.

Oh kindle your bosoms with patri-
fires,

And cherish the deeds of your patri-
sires.

Remember how nobly they fought for
our good,

Our freedom and liberty bought with
their blood.

Chorus.

Then rise and shout, Hail! to the patri-
band,

Our glorious banner and free happy land
Sing anthems of praise to our Wash-
ton's name,

Thrice hail to the heroes of untarnished
fame.

Yes, Washington, father; thy praise we
will sing,

From proud, thankful hearts oft thy
glory will ring.

Thy name by all nations respected will
be,

While tyrants will tremble 'neath liberty
tree.

And forefathers bright in our memories
ye dwell,

While thoughts of thy valor our bosoms
doth swell.

The legacy left us we'll ever retain,
Though tyrants and traitors should rail
again.

Oh heaven blest country; oh free happy
land;

The loyal, the faithful, they by thee will
stand,

The patriot's theme and the alien's home
A haven of safety for all who will come

Thy ships are now sailing in every port
Thy flag is respected by every court.

The laurels that crown thy brave sons
ever green,

And thou among nations a recognized
queen.

A glorious banner that heavens adorn,
 Erever thou'lt float on the breeze of the
 morn,
 Thy triumph be glorious, thy destiny
 long,
 The pride of the nation, the theme of
 her song.

When the voice of the eagle is heard in
 the sky
 Invaders and rebels in terror will fly,
 Or she soars high and proudly, with
 white, blue and red,
 Since the palmetto flag, with her ser-
 pents, is dead.

Yes, bright bonny banner that waves in
 the air
 To foe, none whatever, thy beauty shall
 mar.
 Our motto shall be, till our last vital
 breath,
 Our flag and our country, and victory or
 death.

We'll drive all thy foes from freedom's
 bright land,
 And ever Columbia a nation will stand;
 Whilst thou bonny flag shalt continue to
 wave
 O'er a land that is free and her sons ever
 brave.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF DESTINY.

This beautiful land was destined by crea-
 tion
 For freedom and liberty in every state.
 A haven for all the oppressed of each
 nation,
 Where all men can worship as con-
 science dictates.

But men, cruel men, God's own purpose
 perverted,
 Made laws of oppression their own
 hands to save.
 A part of the state were to slavery con-
 verted,
 The negro was forced to work as a
 slave.

The Goddess of Liberty, shorn of her
 glory,
 Came down from her throne and in
 horror did stand.

To God she related her sorrowful story,
 How she was dethroned by the laws
 of the land.

She prayed to the Father to change this
 condition,
 That she might ascend to her lovely
 white throne,
 To turn this dear land from the road to
 perdition,
 That freedom might claim this fair
 land as her own.

"Oh, Father; to sit on my throne for
 this nation
 Would be inconsistent and freedom
 despoil;
 Bring shame and reproach to that ex-
 alted station,
 You never, can never, mix water with
 oil."

She then said in anguish and plaintively
 tender,
 "I cannot be goddess while slavery
 remains.
 If thou art in truth this fair nation's
 defender,
 Oh, come to her rescue, and loosen her
 chains."

The heart of the Father was moved be-
 yond measure,
 To rescue the nation the time was at
 hand.
 Imbued with compassion he acted with
 pleasure,
 And raised up a Moses to free this fair
 land.

He brought forth a child midst the ranks
 of the lowly
 And reared him where poverty lurked
 at the door.
 He there learned to know honest labor
 is holy;
 His heart was imbued with a love for
 the poor.

His great heart with sympathy full to
 o'er flowing,—
 A champion of freedom in youth he
 had been,—
 Proclaiming all men were born free,
 plainly showing
 That justice demands equal rights for
 all men.

His beacon was justice, his talisman
honor,
His password, progression; and wis-
dom his guide,
He scorned to acquiesce in acts of dis-
honor.
Do good to all men was his motto—
his pride.

His voice as the champion of freedom
was heeded,
By lovers of freedom wherever he
went;
They hailed him with joy as the Moses
then needed,
And called him to rule as God's own
President.

The bonds of the nation were then rent
asunder,
By lovers of slavery, who dared to
declare,
A great revolution, a pro-slavery blunder,
Of blood shed and carnage and hor-
rors of war.

The Moses at hand as the head of the
nation,
The ship of state steered over war's
bloody waves,
She floated triumphant through war's
desolation,
And landed to freedom her millions
of slaves.

The Goddess of Liberty, now in her
glory,
Is seated again on her lovely white
throne,
And greeting the world with her won-
derful story,
How freedom triumphed in a land of
her own.

Oh, lovers of liberty—sons of this na-
tion—
Rejoice in your God-given freedom
today;
As guardians of freedom you're now on
probation,
Oh, guard it with care, that it ne'er
pass away.

Oh, Lincoln, thy name is a lamp for all
nations;
Beloved and revered in the land of thy
birth;

A beacon of light for all men in all sta-
tions,
Thy fame is resounding all over the
earth.

**ROOSEVELT, THE PEOPLE'S
PRESIDENT.**

*Written while he was President of the
United States.*

The time is here when every man should
party throw aside,
And vote for brave and honest men the
ship of state to guide,
Such men as Folk, and Roosevelt, then
she to success would glide,
And grafters be scarce throughout the
nation.

He stands for all the people's rights, his
nerve and will are great—
He's using all his force to regulate the
railroad rates,
And stop those corporations granting un-
just freight rebates,
So all can have justice in the nation.

This nation is accursed with many trusts
in her confines,
Absorbing all the profits of the forest,
fields and mines,
He's put your Uncle Sam to work to
burst unjust combines,
And let justice reign throughout the
nation.

The great insurance companies are found
to have no soul,
Absorbing all the profits, while their
patrons they cajole,
But Roosevelt says, the powers that be,
those rascals must control,
And stop disgrace within the nation.

Our navy is superlative, her fame ex-
tending far,
Her past success the joy and pride of
many a veteran tar,
And Roosevelt wants to keep her up in
superb shape for war.
Insuring the peace of this great nation.

The Philippines are struggling from mis-
fortunes of the past,
Advancing and progressing in civiliza-
tion fast,

And Roosevelt wants free trade for them
to weld their friendship fast,
And teach them to love this mighty
nation.

The Panama canal when made, will
spread this nation's fame,
Add millions to her coffers, and immortalize
her name,
And give to her supremacy in the commercial
game,
And Roosevelt will rush it to completion.

All immigrants from foreign lands, objectionable
here,
Who will not make good citizens, of such we
must beware,
And Roosevelt says enforce the laws,
and keep this country clear,
Of unworthy settlers in the nation.

He is the nation's President, both North
and South proclaim,
He labors for the interests of the North
and South the same.
The people of the North and South now
magnify his name,
Throughout this united, happy nation.

PIONEERS OF LIVINGSTON COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

In eighteen and thirty, 'twas late in October,
That Major M. Darnall and wife here
did land,
Grand heroes in courage and honest and
sober,
Midst Indian tribes here they made a
bold stand.

And here consecrated to white men and
farming,
This beautiful land yet by Indians controlled;
From that grand young couple this country
so charming,
Arose like a phoenix, the half yet
untold.

Soon after they came many others collected,
Built up cabin homes near the groves
as of yore.

Their bodies now rest in its bosom protected,
Their spirits have passed to a far better
shore.

In thirty-one Williamson Spence and his
brothers
Came from old Kentucky, and came
here to stay;
Found plenty of room, had for neighbors
no others,
Except Major Darnalls, in that early
day.

The first couple married in Livingston
county
Was Miss Mary Darnall and Williamson
Spence.
They were to each other a glorious
bounty,
For young folks were scarce, and the
country immense.

In thirty-two came Richard Moore, he
selected
A place that was lovely—east side of
the grove,—
Where he from the cold northwest winds
was protected,
And never again had desire to rove.

Also Nathan Popejoy in thirty-two
landed,
James W. McDowell that year took a
stand
Close by the Vermillion, financially
stranded,
By work and industry got plenty of
land.

In thirty-three Sylvester Perry had
landed
And Uncle John Darnall,—a preacher
they say,
Although few the hearers, together they
banded
And Uncle John taught them to watch
and to pray.

In thirty-four came Martin Travis and
brothers,
And located at the south end of the
grove.
Were good, honest fellows, and like
many others,
They helped by their labor the country
improve.

- In thirty-five Glen Moore, though young
when he landed,
Was born in November at his father's
cot.
- In thirty-six John W. Marks, almost
stranded,
Came also and settled and here cast
his lot.
- The year thirty-seven L. Louderback
landed,
Both worthy and honest, he soon made
his mark;
Also George B. Foster a journey had
ended
From Tioga county, the State of New
York.
- The year thirty-nine B. Hieronymus
joined them,
Miss Elvina Darnall he took for a
wife,
Was frugal and honest—the dollars he
coined them—
Bought six hundred acres, the work
of his life.
- In forty-three landed in Pontiac town-
ship
The man Phillip Rollins; he soon did
employ
His time on the farm and his skill as a
millwright,
Bought five hundred acres in age to
enjoy.
- In forty-four came R. C. Straight and
Jake Streamer,
Each had when he landed a small store
of pelf.
Each played well his part as the coun-
try's redeemer,
Made money and also cared well for
himself.
- The year forty-seven Judge Babcock
came also,
And gave to the public a liberal hand,
Was judge and attorney, a great stock
man also,—
A farmer and bought a large body of
land.
- In forty-eight came Uncle Thomas
McDowell,
Far out on the prairie he made him a
farm,
- Where plenty the snakes and wolves
often howled,
Which then had for Tommy an ex-
quisite charm.
- In forty-nine came our Dr. Ostrander,
Was just the right man for the coun-
try you see.
He cured many sick ones, a tiller of land
sir,
A farmer of fruit and the Italian bee.
- In fifty came I. P. McDowell and broth-
ers,
A splendid addition to this favored
land.
They opened up farms as did then many
others;
They prospered and money made hand
over hand.
- In fifty came also our friend Jesse
Hanna,
James Tanner, a good one; and Eph-
raim S. Clark.
Also Eli Myer, also Richard Hanna,
They soon were located and got down
to work.
- In fifty-one came Richard Crouch and
James Madden,
And Joseph S. Tucker and George
Applegate.
When they viewed this country their
hearts it did gladden;
In truth there is no better land in the
state.
- In fifty-two came Hugh McKee here to
settle;
And Benjamin Humiston early did
land;
And Charles S. McGregor, all made of
good mettle,
And for this new country they played
a good hand.
- In fifty-three came John J. Taylor and
Bennett;
Hugh Robinson also and S. L. Conine,
And all were so pleased that they soon
were right in it,
And thought this new country was just
superfine.

- In fifty-four came T. A. Beach and John Virgin,
John Bodly and all thought this country was grand;
And to the investor insured a big margin,
And Tommy and Bodly bought thousands of land.
- In fifty-five came L. B. Dominy and Bartlet,
And A. J. Pillsbury and L. McIlduff.
They found for investment a wonderful outlet,
For safety the Illinois land was the stuff.
- In fifty-six came Morris Johnson and Brydia's,
Also Thomas Spofford, who came from afar,
They proved to be men of good financial ideas
And all built up homes that were quite up to par.
- The year fifty-seven came Strobel and Coomer,
And Joseph S. Babcock and Henry Hornbeck.
Land still on the raise and this country a boomer,
Which brought Joel Tucker, also I. J. Krack.
- In fifty-eight came A. E. Harding, attorney,
Also George C. Taylor and George B. Gray.
To seek out a fortune they came a long journey,
And were so well pleased they concluded to stay.
- In fifty-nine came Robert Elmore and Linscot,
And in their finances success they have won,
And each have procured a respectable land plot;
And came D. L. Murdock and H. Remington.
- In sixty came big-hearted Horace M. Gillett,
A merchant and dealer, he here made a stand.
- A contract he always was ready to fill it.
Came Westervelt also and purchased some land.
Of all who came later and in fact no others,
Contributed more for the good of this land,
Than that old reliable firm, Walton Brothers,
Since here they located and opened their stand.
- And others came early, quite worthy of mention;
The date of their coming I have not at hand.
There was Barney Phillips, full of good intentions,
Also Hughey Steers very early did land.
- And came Henry Darnall and Robin Moore early,
Also Chauncey Standish and Frank Moore as well,
The Donoho's, Cumpston's and others came early,
For pioneer homes in this country to dwell.
- And Decatur Veatch and John Vail came here early,
And Thomas Jones also, all owning much land.
And Fredus P. Beach and Will Bull, good men clearly,
And Coopers and Davis, a good worthy band.
- And also came early my friend Caleb Patton,
Also William Bailey and good Isam Moore,
And Uncle Will Fugate, also M. L. Stratton,
And Benjamin Walton and Uncle John Loar.
- Also my old friend Orin Phelps came here early,
And Jonathan Darnall was one of the first.
And no better men ever came, I think clearly,
Big-hearted and honest and true to their trust.

Dear Fairbury then was a thing of the future;

Tall prairie grass growing where buildings now stand.

Where many wild deer and other wild creatures,

Disported and reveled and roamed o'er the land.

Alas, those old heroes have nearly all left us,

And few now remain of that once stalwart band;

Their passing has sadly and sorely bereft us.

Their mantles now rest on the youths of the land.

On many a hill 'neath the gray granite standing

The graves of those heroes and loved ones are seen,

Their spirits passed over, in glory expanding,

Their bodies lie silent beneath mounds of green.

On that shining shore they received spirit vision,

Attended by friends at their spiritual birth,

Who lead them to rest in bright mansions elysian,

From where they oft visit their friends here on earth.

They bask in the sunshine of summer ne'er ending,

And fragrance of flowers where love never dies,

And soft sylvan zephyrs, with sweet music blending,

Where bright jewels sparkle with gleams from the skies.

Thus man meets his doom, like the flower in blowing,

In vigor and strength he remained but a day.

Oft plucked in the bloom while sweet fragrance bestowing.

His earth life soon ended, he passeth away.

WHAT IS HELL?

Hell's a condition, all should learn,
And not a place where souls will burn,
But to escape it all should yearn,
And strive to shun the hell.

'Tis sore remorse within the heart,
Of those who fail to do their part,
And to dishonest means resort,
Oh such, oh such is hell.

'Tis discord in the brotherhood,
Where dire contention long has stood,
Retarding everything that's good,
Oh such, I say, is hell.

'Tis battles, pestilence and war,
Where reason is dethroned and rare,
Where love and justice have no share,
For surely such is hell.

'Tis envy, jealousy and strife,
A fretful, quarreling man and wife;
And many dwell therein for life,
For hell is always there.

Intoxicants of every kind,
Are full of hell, please bear in mind,
They take your wealth, also your mind,
Of all such hells beware.

Then shun all hells whate'er you do,
To every good impulse be true,
Then heaven will encompass you,
And you will have no hell.

WHERE IS HELL?

'Tis in the heart of those who close
Their eyes to other people's woes,
No sympathy for friends or foes,
Oh there, oh there, is hell.

In every house in this domain,
Where jealousy and envy reign,
No harmony does it contain,
For there they live in hell.

'Tis any place where as a whole,
They try each other to cajole,
And have no love within the soul,
Oh, surely there is hell.

Where war is raging right and left,
And men, of reason are bereft,

Resort to murder, pillage, theft,
Oh there, is red hot hell.

Where rum and brandy, whiskey, beer,
Are sold and drunk through license fair,
The hottest hell we have is there,
For there's a burning hell.

When after death the spirit sees,
Neglected opportunities,
Remorse will then his conscience seize,
And that will be his hell.

He'll occupy a lower sphere,
Than those who have their conscience
clear,
But he can climb to stations higher,
By striving to do well.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Heaven is a condition sweet,
Of love and harmony replete,
You'll find it where all good souls meet,
'Tis a happy condition.

'Tis sympathy for worthy poor,
A helping hand to tide them o'er,
And add unto their scanty store,
Of such, of such is heaven.

'Tis friendship for all whom we greet,
No matter where, or when we meet,
And help to guide the indiscreet,
Of such, of such is heaven.

'Tis love for all humanity,
Though white or black, or bond or free,
All brothers for eternity,
Of such, of such is heaven.

'Tis truth and charity and love,
Eternal justice from above,
For all mankind who live and move,
Of such, of such is heaven.

Then if you dwell in heavenly land,
You by the golden rule must stand,
Give each and all a brother's hand,
For such, for such is heaven.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Where father, mother, daughter, son,
Have love and kindness for each one,
And all are true as noonday sun,
Oh there, oh there is heaven.

Where each their every cross doth bear,
No evil thoughts their lives to mar,
And each their brothers' trials share,
Oh there, oh there is heaven.

If on the land we do reside,
Or sail the ocean's rolling tide,
If peace and harmony abide,
Oh there, oh there, is heaven.

When on the tropics fruitful land,
Or on the frigid, barren strand,
If love directs each thought and hand,
Oh there, oh there is heaven.

If every one their cross would bear,
The golden rule, their actions square,
Be ruled by love no matter where,
The whole world would be heaven.

And when we all pass over there,
All who have done their duty here,
Are full of love and conscience clear,
Will have a home in heaven.

For heaven is in every place,
Where love and harmony and grace
Abound among the human race,
On earth also in heaven.

EULOGY ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The eight following poems were written by John Grove Myers, the father of the author, John F. Myers. The eulogy on Abraham Lincoln and the one entitled "The Great Rebellion," were written soon after the death of the great Emancipator.

This glorious nation mourns her chief,
All patriots are bowed with grief,
His glorious work hath given relief,
He died for liberty.

Ye patriots of every state,
Give praise to Abraham the Great,
'Twas he who opened freedom's gate,
To make the states all free.

He climbed to fame through national
strife,
From out the common walks of life,
When freedom was with dangers rife,
He pleaded freedom's cause.

Through him the ruling powers that be,
 Proclaimed this nation's jubilee,
 That every slave should be set free,
 And help to make our laws.

Historians will record his fame,
 And infants learn to lisp his name,
 Despots and tyrants blush for shame,
 To read his history.

God's chosen instrument was he,
 Proclaiming peace and liberty,
 All honor to his memory,
 He died the slaves to free.

He played for liberty a part,
 That gained his country's thankful heart,
 He's there enshrined to ne'er depart,
 He was God's blessing sent.

It was his policy to see,
 That man should everywhere be free,
 Enjoying life and liberty.
 That made him president.

At freedom's shrine he ever bowed,
 His voice for freedom sounding loud,
 His wish to free all men he vowed,
 And sealed it with his blood.

He left behind a glorious name,
 Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,
 'Twill ever shine a dazzling flame,
 A lamp of liberty.

He was beloved by many men,
 His peer few men have ever been,
 A glorious theme for poet's pen,
 A patriot true and good.

O, parents to your children tell,
 How glorious this martyr fell,
 That ever in their hearts may dwell,
 A love for liberty.

THE GREAT REBELLION.

*This song was written by John Grove
 Myers, after the close of the Civil
 War.*

Air, Lafayette Quickstep.

The great rebellion's overthrown,
 The battle's fought, the victory's won,
 And slavery's dead, and secession,
 Forever, we pray.

Our banner waves in proud array,
 From Mexico to Florida,
 In every state that went astray,
 Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!

The wayward sister states that erred,
 Not one is lost or disappeared—
 The Union's safe for which we feared,
 And peace crowns the day.

Ye loyal, faithful, conquering band,
 Who fought and bled for freedom's land,
 Immortalized your names will stand
 Till time shall fade away.

Ye gallant sons of Washington,
 A glorious piece of work you've done;
 Enjoy the peace your valor won,
 And feast and sport and play.

Your gallantry has won a fame
 That's brilliant like a dazzling flame,
 The traitors all you've put to shame—
 You've well made it pay!

Sit down and rest and take your ease,
 And bathe and bask in Freedom's breeze,
 And marry any one you please—
 Some sweet lady gay.

The ladies now can dry their tears,
 And kiss the illustrious volunteers,
 And parted loves embrace their dears,
 O! happy, happy day!

Old Jeff, they say in wild dismay,
 Adorned himself in woman's 'ray,
 And undertook to run away
 Into old Mexico.

But Col. Pritchard's Yankee band,
 Too swift on foot for Jeff's command,
 Detained his hoops and made him stand
 And will not let him go.

So hang him up in effigy
 Upon a sour apple tree,
 So high that everyone can see,
 And there let him be.

And if again a foe annoys,
 Send a dispatch to Illinois—
 The banner state for fighting boys
 In every emergency.

Our banner waves triumphantly
 Upon the gulfs—upon the sea—

And o'er the brave, and o'er the free,
In sweet America.

Our Constitution ne'er shall end;
Our glorious Union we'll defend
In every state till time shall end,
Hurrah. hurrah, hurrah.

Note—At the close of the War of the Rebellion hoop skirts were worn by ladies and also by Jefferson Davis when he attempted to make his escape from the United States to Mexico.

TO MRS. MARY MYERS.

*After her decease; mother of J. F. Myers,
by her husband, John Grove Myers.*

O, who can give to my sad spirit relief,
I am stricken with sorrow and burdened
with grief;

My Mary is gone and alas I am alone.
That lovely sweet Mary of mine.

She flourished a while like the roses in
May,
But alas, she was smitten and faded
away;

I grieve for her daily, alas she is gone.
That lovely sweet Mary of mine.

She was loving and kind all the days of
her life,
And filled her part well as a true loving
wife,
Her work was well done when her pleas-
ure begun,
And why should I sorrow and pine.

For fifty-six years on this earth she did
sail,
On the ocean of love, in a sweet pleasant
gale,
And when she was called she for Zion
did sail,
That lovely sweet Mary of mine.

She washed her robes white in the blood
of the Lamb,
And she sits at the feet of the blessed
I am.
She feasts upon love in the heavens
above,
That lovely sweet Mary of mine.

Her virtues and piety ne'er can be told;
For the world was not worthy such treas-
ure to hold;
In the cause of her Savior her life did
unfold,
Her work was all for the divine.

A Soldier for Christ, she was faithful
and true,
And finished the work she was given to
do,
Her battles are o'er and her crown is in
view,
That lovely sweet Mary of mine.

Let all who survive her reflect while they
live
On the pious instruction she often did
give,
And meet her above in bright mansions
of love,
To dwell with the Savior divine.

O, sorrow and sighing are you all in vain,
Ah, no; happy thought we shall meet
her again,
For ever to reign with the lamb that was
slain,
And that lovely Mary of mine.

IN MEMORY OF MY BLUE EYED MARY.

The first wife of John Grove Myers.

O, once I had a bosom friend,
The dearest one I knew,
And she was faithful to the end,
Her heart was pure and true.

The dearest secrets of my heart,
To her I did unfold.
Of me she was a precious part,
Of greater worth than gold.

Then on the pleasant stream of love,
We joyfully did glide,
And Hymen's ship did safely move
O'er every rolling tide.

I then was happy, then was blest,
Free from a troubled mind,
My heart in quiet seemed to rest,
From woe of every kind.

But O, the ruling powers that be,
That o'er the fates preside,
That gave the treasure unto me,
Hath plucked her from my side.

The Savior claimed her as His own,
Her spirit took its flight,
To dwell near His celestial throne,
In mansions of delight.

And O, the joy it will be sweet,
When on that blissful shore,
We meet her in those courts above,
To dwell forevermore.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

A true woman's influence over mankind
Has never been measured, dame nature
designed
That she wield a moral influence o'er
man.
It ever was so since the world first be-
gan.

Woman was designed in the great divine
plan,
To bless and improve and to glorify
man:
Without such a blessing we plainly can
see
What the fate of mankind in the future
would be.

When fresh in her bloom, she is lovely
and gay,
And oft has the charms of the flowers in
May.
The lilies in bloom and the dazzling star
Are dim in the radiant gleams of the
fair.

The enchanting smile that some females
impart,
Is balm for the lonely, disconsolate heart,
Like cupid, awakens emotions of love;
That most charming passion that comes
from above.

She wields such a power, it is no sur-
prise,
That the widower weeps and the bachelor
sighs.

She inspires the gallant, with sweet hope
and with fears,
Till often he moistens his pillow with
tears.

Though nations may tremble, and king-
doms may fall,
Yet the ladies will still have sweet charms
for them all,
To bless and improve, elevate and refine,
The heads and the hearts, and the minds
of mankind.

SCIENCE AND ART.

*This poem, Science and Art, was writ-
ten fifty years ago, which proves John
G. Myers to have been a prophet as to
airships.*

In a fast time like this it will not be
amiss,
If we something on science should say,
For science and art is the pride of my
heart,
And the glory and pride of today.

The youth and the sage, who adorn his-
tory's page,
They once were just like you and me.
They learned while at school, things were
done by a rule,
That commenced with an A, B and C.

May the youths of this age, study his-
tory's page,
For a more perfect knowledge we pray
That the forthcoming age, may arrive at
a stage,
Which will far excel that of today.

It is now near at hand, when all over the
land,
Our airships will float on the breeze,
We will fly through the air, in foul
weather or fair,
And travel wherever we please.

Art and Science appealed to the great
Cyrus Field,
When the Atlantic cable was laid,
'Twas a wonder revealed, under water
concealed,
And a great step in progress was made.

am awe struck today, when I see the
display,
through Science and Art we have
wrought.
What wonders, I pray, will have glad-
dened the day,
that one hundred more years will have
brought.

EDUCATION.

all those who fain would occupy an ele-
vated station,
their aspirations should be high, with
love for education;
his education qualifies the student for
professor,
it elevates and dignifies its fortunate
possessor.

science and art we fain would teach, for
everything worth gaining
the child of humble birth may reach,
through scientific training,
it proves a blessing everywhere, a com-
plete education,
for with it nothing can compare to ele-
vate a nation.

men of renown and high degree have
reached a high station,
have climbed to fame from A, B, C, and
honored this great nation,
through application to their work, ener-
gy and ambition,
they reached the pinnacle of fame,
achieved a high position.

it is a fact, we all should know, the
morals of this nation
will higher, higher ever grow, through
moral education;
when let each youth of this our day, be
filled with moral knowledge,
and tax all wealth for means to pay and
put them through the college.

To youth should be content with less
than thorough education,
also the papers, to express, a finished
graduation.
when freedom would untrammelled reign
throughout this glorious nation,
and anarchy, retire for shame, and none
wish its creation.

Some men aspire to higher fame
and others seek for treasure,
While education brings the same and far
more solid pleasure;
Then trust ye not, to house and lands,
to give you higher station,
For this enlightened age demands a
higher education.

A PANORAMA OF LIFE.

How charming and beautiful, lovely and
gay,
Are the buds and flowers in May,
As they open and blow and sweet fra-
grance bestow,
But they perish and soon fade away.

Thus, man meets his doom, like the flow-
ers in bloom,
In his vigor remains but a day.
Often called in the bloom and is laid in
the tomb,
And his glory all passeth away.

This life as a rule, is a primary school,
To prepare for college above.
If our time we will fool, on the do-
nothing stool,
Then this life a sad failure will prove.

Then we ever should move, and our time
well improve,
And be ready when called on to go.
Learn to merit his love, in bright man-
sions above,
A diploma he then will bestow.

Our record will tell, if our passing is
well,
When by death we are taken away,
Where we hope long to dwell and the
grand chorus swell,
And on harps that are golden to play.

And forever to reign, on that heavenly
plane,
With the loved ones who passed on be-
fore,
And forever remain with the lamb that
was slain,
And the Saints of that bright shining
shore.

WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?

We boast of free America, in poetry and song,

And oft extoll her virtues and we laud her army strong;

We claim that all have equal rights under her righteous laws

That pessimists and discontents complain without a cause.

But freedom unrestrained by law, by proper limits bound

Is anarchy, and worse than to be ruled by heads that's crowned.

Our own rights reach their limit where another's rights begin

When we transcend that limit, we against all others sin.

The cry that Prohibition curbs your own inherent right

Is nonsense to a thinking man, who has the truth in sight.

You have no right to drink a dram that stupefies your brains

And takes from you your usefulness, your sense and reason chains;

For you a sacred duty owe to children, friends and wife,

To guard their sacred rights with care, as you would your own life.

Then vote for pure and righteous laws, the helpless ones to save

And watch with zeal, lest any one, shall fill a drunkard's grave.

The weak of will, the wife, the child, have sacred rights to shield,

Right to protection by the strong to whom they all must yield.

Then, if you vote for noxious laws, against the public weal

You're tramping on your neighbor's rights, worse than his cash to steal.

You have no right to vote for laws, to make your neighbor drunk,

Bring grief and sorrow to his home while he in sin is sunk;

His wife and children bring to want their pleading cannot save.

His money all goes down his throat, he fills a drunkard's grave.

If by your vote, you put on sale, intoxicating drink

You know that by its constant use many good men will sink.

Then who is the real criminal in this vile tragedy

You put the weapon in the hand that did your neighbor slay,

That you his hard earned cash might share through license that you sell;

His wife and children come to want and in the poor house dwell.

If you should vote for the saloon to make your taxes light,

You're Satan's agent at the polls waging a wicked fight.

To get your neighbor's money and your own pocket to save

You care not for your neighbor though he fill a drunkard's grave.

The man who runs a vile saloon, home pleasures to destroy,

He is the people's enemy, the devil's lackey boy.

And if you vote for the saloon you're more to blame than he,

You sell the devil's imp the right to kill and then go free.

Then friend and brother, please beware this question ponder well,

Lest you should help to slay your friends and send your soul to hell.

THE CIGARETTE.

Two bright little boys named Charley and Ray,

Were just the same size until one fatal day,

While leisurely walking along on the street,

Another boy, Harry, they happened to meet.

"Oh, Harry!" said Charley, "O please do me tell,

What is it you smoke that has such a queer smell?"

"Here, take one," said Harry. "You like it I'll bet,

'Tis made of tobacco; its name, cigarette"

"Now smoke; it will make you look manly and big,

And add to your looks in your new Sunday rig."

Now Charley soon yielded, but Ray was in doubt

and said, "I think I know what I'm about;

think the tobacco would soon make me sick

and then you would laugh that you fooled me so slick."

O Ray," said young Charley. "Now look!" As he spoke

he took the vile thing and began to puff smoke.

Then Harry and Charley quite freely agreed

that cigarette smoking was manly indeed,

they laughed at young Ray as a cowardly jay,

until he soon left them and went his own way.

Eight years passed away, and they all met again;

the time was at hand when they all should be men.

While Ray was manly and strong as an oak

the others were wrinkled and dwarfed by the smoke,

their swarthy cheeks hollow and shrunken their eyes,

stoop shouldered and nervous, while smoke dimmed their eyes.

While time with her months and her years rolled along

young Ray remained happy and healthy and strong

and lived to a vigorous, healthy old age, a useful, a manly and honorable sage.

While Charley, poor fellow, no doctor could save,

at twenty-five years filled a premature grave.

While Harry, not long with his friends did remain,

before he was thirty was wildly insane.

and such is the fate of the cigarette boy, the poisons his body, his mind will destroy.

O boys, do beware of that poisonous weed;

it is noxious and filthy and costly indeed.

It weakens your nerves and it addles your brain.

You soon become filthy and often insane.

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

The greatest curse on this fair land, assuming giant power,

Is the vile serpent of the still, all men it would devour.

With poisonous slime he smears the path of women, men and youth,

And lures them to his slimy den, the devil's private booth;

And there with rum's hypnotic power, he blights their power of will,

Controls them by his subtle power, the venom of the still.

That serpent throws out his decoy, for men of every line;

They are lured into devil's dens with fixtures rare and fine.

The devil and his imps are there, where serpents love to dwell,

And by their base hypnotic power millions of men have fell.

The almshouse is his heritage where many victims dwell,

The prison is his boarding house, his victim's earthly hell;

For all who enter in his den and trifle with his fare

When its vile charm they would resist, they yield in sad despair,

With his vile fangs still in their flesh they oft resolve anew

To beard the serpent in his den, to wife and friends be true.

But months and years they struggle on to serpent rum a slave,

And often fill a prison cell and then a drunkard's grave.

With tears of grief and aching hearts, in sorrow and forlorn,

The wife and children left in want, regret that they were born.

Let every loyal patriot to home and friends be true,

Drive that vile serpent from this land and fight until they do;

With tongue and pen forever work, vote home and friends to save

And bury that vile serpent deep in dark oblivion's grave.

THE TOBACCO HOG.

We have him in this day and age, Perhaps a youth or middle age,

Where e'er we go tho near or far
We often meet him on the car.

No matter who he chance to meet
He will select the choicest seat.
Tho ladies are on every hand
He holds it while the ladies stand.

He spits tobacco on the floor,
On either side, also before,
And oft from his foul mouth will squirt
Tobacco on some lady's skirt.

But if to smoke is his delight,
His breath is in such awful plight
It gags the ladies by his side,
They wish that out of there he'd slide.

But there defiantly he'll stick
With ladies gagging, turning sick,
They think his chance for heaven slim,
While he thinks God's in debt to him.

Let every youth in this fair land
Now take a vow and by it stand,
That he a decent life will lead
And never use the filthy weed.

TWIN DEMONS.

"O Death," said the grave, "give me food
I am hungry."
Death answered, "My ministers forth I
will send,
Tobacco and Alcohol, two demons serve
me,
And they shall supply thee with food to
the end.
They go in disguise as a food or a medi-
cine;
The people will chew, drink and smoke
till they die."
The grave said, "'Tis well; if those
demons assist thee
For they make their deadly work sure on
the sly."

"O hark! hear the church bells, they ring
in a hurry
They come to thee now," said grim
death to the grave.
"A drunkard has killed wife and child in
his fury,
And then killed himself, work, the hang-
man to save.

"And now others come, followed by
weeping children,
A lady from grief and want died far too
soon
Whose husband spent all by his smoking
and drinking
And he, too, was killed in a drunken
saloon.

"And here comes a young man who had
good intentions,
Who through dissipation, was early to
die.
He smoked, then he drank, then he gam-
bled his money,
Through drinking he comes in thy bosom
to lie.
Hush! Hark! hear that wailing; a poor
widowed mother
Is weeping and wailing for her only son
He smoked, chewed and drank, spurned
her love and her warning;
He now comes to thee and his earth life
is done.

"And thus they are coming by mil-
lions to greet thee,
I lure them with drugs and my poisonous
drink,
And vainly they dream of escape from
my clutches,
But I lure them onward and cause them
to sink.
The strong door of destiny I shut be-
hind them;
While under my power, they still think
they're free
With my fatal spell I then solidly bind
them,
They smoke, drink, and riot, then hasten
to thee."

The grave said, "Thy work is exceeding-
ly pleasing—
Continue to send forth thy demons,
pray,
To entice the young into dissolute habits
To smoke, chew and drink and they'
soon come my way;
Enchant them with base appetite and its
pleasures
That they may forget the true object of
life,
And they will through dissolute habits
die early
And come unto me through debaucher
and strife.

'And thus we will work and will both
pull together
And reap a rich harvest of youths and of
men.
Their souls will be cared for by Satan,
our brother,
Those who don't come early may go to
the pen."
O youths of America, men; heed our
warning
And shun those twin demons, O take a
firm stand,
Come forth pure and bright in eternity's
morning,
Untarnished, to dwell in that bright hap-
py land.

You license to ensnare all men, their
morals to corrupt,
And bring dissension in the home and
families disrupt,
And keep the almshouse well supplied
with victims who have fell,
While you for license get their cash,
your bank account to swell.
You license paupers to increase and thus
augment the yield
Of those to lie beneath the sod, within
the potter's field,
And last, but not to you the least, your
guilty soul you sell
And with your guilty agent send your
guilty soul to hell.

**TO THE MAN WHO VOTES TO
LICENSE THE SALE OF
INTOXICATING DRINKS.**

You license men, you're agents, sir, to
keep on hand and sell
Intoxicating liquor that will feed the
flames of hell,
To run what you call a saloon, a real
devil's snare,
To lure to ruin and to woe all who may
enter there.
You license to debauch mankind and
keep the workman poor,
For rum secure his hard earned cash the
wolf bring to his door,
While wife and children come to want
with sad hearts, sick and sore,
And struggle on without relief, their
cruel fate deplore.

You license to seduce all men and rum is
your decoy,
By rum's hypnotic influence their honor
you destroy.
Their moral standard you bring low, by
your nefarious trade
And fill the prisons of the land with vic-
tims you have made.
You license to prepare all men by rum's
hypnotic fire
To enter the vortex of crime and deg-
radation's mire,
You lure them in, secure their cash, that
wife and children need.
They must appeal to charity to satisfy
your greed.

WOMEN'S WRONGS

Our social system is to women un-
just,
It prescribes for her, and obey she
must,
But sooner or later will come the
day,
When women with men will have fair
play.

Her fond aspirations she must con-
ceal,
Her heart's desire she dare not re-
veal,
She reads by the light of her soul
on fire,
Her secrets of love and her heart's
desire.

She drinks bitter cups of sorrow in
tears,
And holds to her secret through
lonely years.
And if she dare plainly express the
same,
The cruel world will cry "Shame, O,
shame."

Away with such cruelty, it is un-
fair,
She has the same right as have men
to declare,
The right to express by her actions
and voice,
And choose from the world the man
of her choice.

For women have shown that the feminine class,
 Are equals to men and oft times men surpass,
 In morals and intellect, also in tact,
 In diplomat circles, when called on to act.

And man is ungenerous, also unjust,
 To urge a fair lady in his love to trust,
 If she has proclaimed by a hint or a sign,
 That his overtures she would rather decline.

The mothers most often the children impress,
 To form future habits, to curse or to bless,
 Then educate women, in all that is good,
 Preparing their minds for a pure motherhood.

The thoughts of the mother most surely will be
 Impressed on her children, while yet round her knee,
 Then educate women in statecraft secure,
 If you wish our national politics pure.

When women by laws have the honor to vote,
 They will by their power good morals promote,
 And evils that now on our statutes appear,
 Will soon be supplanted by laws that are pure.

Since women are equal to men in this age,
 Her voice should be heard on political stage,
 Our national welfare her voice will promote,
 A wave of morality bring by her vote.

Then let us unite for the good of mankind,
 The vote of our sisters with ours combined
 'T would many an evil from statute erase,
 Add blessings in laws for the whole human race.

O, hasten the day, when our laws will declare,
 That women and men equal rights shall share,
 That each in all things shall the other promote,
 And either shall go to the polls and vote.

WHO KILLED AMOS BROWN?

Amos Brown, City Marshal of Fairbury, Ill., was killed by Ray Scriven, May 5, 1910, while the latter was intoxicated.

On May the 5th 'tis sad to tell,
 Fairbury's worthy marshal fell
 A victim to the power of rum,
 Imbided by one whose brain was numb.
 On last election day to get
 Open saloons they voted wet
 And May the 5th was opening day
 And beer and whiskey held full sway.

The drinking men who voted wet,
 Rejoicing at the chance to get
 A full supply of Satan's fire,
 Imbided to their heart's full desire.
 Ray Scriven, on that fatal day
 While whiskey o'er him held full sway,
 Laid sense and honor all aside
 And for a pistol quickly hied.

His actions were so indiscreet
 When Marshall Brown he chanced to meet,
 The marshal's power he did defy
 And told the marshal he must die.
 The marshal told him he must cease
 And go with him and keep the peace.
 'Twas then, while whiskey swayed his will
 He fired the fatal shot to kill.

Now men of honor of each town
 Tell me, who killed poor Amos Brown
 The worthy guardian of the peace,
 While at his duty as police?
 Was it young Scriven, was it not
 Who fired at Brown the fatal shot
 King Alcohol then had full sway,
 Was licensed on election day,

To numb men's brains and fight and kill
 And break the peace whene'er he will
 And hypnotize the brains of men
 And lure them to his slimy den.

Now is King Alcohol to blame
 If he's sent out to do the same;
 If sent out by the men who vote
 To shoot men down, o'er sin to gloat?

If you should sell a man the right
 To murder, cheat and steal and fight;
 If those vile deeds he then should do
 Would you be blameless? I mean you.
 Ah, take this question to your heart,
 Digest it well in every part;
 Let justice in your heart prevail,
 And see which one will tip the scale.

Ye men who vote to license sin
 The victim's revenue to win,
 Do you expect to blameless be
 When judged for all eternity?
 O God, we pray thee, haste the day
 When men will vote for what they pray.
 Their honest conscience will obey
 Then; they King Alcohol will slay.

VERSES FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Since thou hast pierced with cupid's dart
 And filled with love this heart of mine,
 Long to win thy loving heart
 And be thy chosen valentine.

O, I would pierce with cupid's dart
 And win thee, ever to be mine,
 I would fill with love my lonely heart,
 If thou wouldst be my valentine.

O loved one, thou, with cupid's dart,
 Hast deeply pierced this heart of mine.
 O wilt thou heal this bleeding heart
 And be my loving valentine.

TO THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

New Year bells, whose midnight knells
 Proclaim the passing year,
 Ring thee slow and soft and low,
 For sorrowing hearts will hear.
 Thy soft sad toll to many a soul
 Will tell of hopes now dead,
 And dear old things to memory clings
 Pass with the year just fled.

We'll bury thought that last year brought
 Of sorrow, grief and pain,
 On this glad night renew the fight,
 New courage take again.
 When with delight this New Year's night
 The waiting watchman hear
 Thy sweet clear note, so gladly float,
 Ring in the glad new year.

'Tis then, sweet bells, thy music swells
 Both loud and sweet and clear.
 Let all rejoice with heart and voice
 And hail the bright New Year.
 Then ring this night with wild delight,
 To cheer and give new life,
 Put courage in those who would win
 Success with little strife.

LOVE OF THE HEART.

No matter what Dame Fortune may
 deny,
 As long as health and strength shall
 with me stay,
 She cannot shut the windows of the sky
 And rob me of the glorious light of
 day.

Though cruel fate should thwart my
 fond desire
 And baffle every effort of my own,
 She cannot quench the ever-living fire
 Of love, while reason sits upon her
 throne.

The love of all things just and true and
 good,
 The beautiful, the lovely and benign,
 That views the world as one grand brother-
 hood,
 Will ever live to cheer this heart of
 mine.

The love of nature glowing in my heart
 Is heaven born and ever will be mine,
 At no decree of fate will e'er depart,
 For it is part of God and is divine.
 That love will be my guide, my beacon
 light,
 And point the way through my declin-
 ing years,
 My glorious sun by day, my moon by
 night,
 To guide me to the higher, better,
 spheres.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O snow! thou beautiful snow,
 Gift of the clouds to earth below,
 Kissing the mountain, the hill and dale;
 Flirting with zephyrs, riding the gale;
 Child of the clouds on a cold, bleak day,
 Laughing and chasing in gleeful play;
 Whirling with many a frolicsome freak,
 Kissing and moistening many a cheek.

Borne on the crest of the raging storm,
 Chilled by his breath into crystal form,
 Skipping and dancing upon the breeze;
 Weaving a mantle for earth and trees;
 Joys of the winter thy coming doth
 bring:

Youths of the land many snowballs fling.
 Thou dost make merry the bells and
 sleigh,
 Beautiful snow, thou art king of the day.

wooing the flowers of earth to sleep,
 Out of thy mantle in spring they'll creep;
 Melting with joy thou wilt greet the
 flowers,

Leave them in care of the April showers.
 No purer gift e'er to man wast given,
 Emblem of love and truth and heaven,
 Cleanse me, O God, thy rich love bestow,
 Make me as pure as the beautiful snow.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

Sweet is thy music in woodland re-
 sounding,

Softly it echoes and lovely the lay,
 Babbling and singing o'er bright pebbles
 bounding,
 Joyfully rippling and gliding away.

Pleasing thy rhapsodies, joyfully lending
 Charms to thy dancing and frolicsome
 play;

Sweet are thy notes with the soft zephyrs
 blending,
 Joining in chorus by night and by day.

Brilliant as diamonds thy ripples un-
 folding,

Sparkling with sunlight thy bubbles
 and spray,

Mingling with shadows that green leaves
 are holding,

Adding sweet charms that now over
 thee play.

Birds perched aloft in their gladness are
 singing,
 Songs with a cadence and melody
 sweet,
 Soft zephyrs play on the trees sweetly
 ringing,
 Filling my heart with a joy most com-
 plete.

Flow on sweet brook with thy song to
 the river,
 Sound thy glad notes over valley and
 lea.

Thou art the child of a bountiful giver
 Destined to carry his gifts to the sea.

Flow on forever, the Father will bless
 thee,

Ever thy thirst he will quench with
 the rain;

Green banks and willows will kiss and
 caress thee.

Flow on, thy waters will come back
 again.

Flow, gentle brook, the good angels will
 guide thee

Through lovely valleys, twixt moun-
 tain and lea.

Rivers benign in their bosom will hide
 thee,

Give thee a haven of rest in the sea.

WHEN YOU KNOW.

When you know the nervous anguish
 That an unkind word will cause,

When you study compensation's
 Also retribution's laws,

And you place yourself one moment
 In the other person's place,

You will meet them with contrition
 And a smile upon your face.

When you know the heartfelt sadness
 That each kind word drives away,

When you know the joy and gladness
 That kind words bring, that you say,

You will keep a watchful vigil
 O'er your tongue from day to day.

Then forgiveness and sweet charity
 Will dictate what you say.

When you know the peace and pleasure
 That will calm your troubled breast

And bring overflowing measure
Of sweet joy and peaceful rest,
You will look upon all others
With much charity and love,
And greet all the world as brothers
As do angels from above.

WHERE IS GOD?

I feel Him in the wind that blows,
And when the earth quakes in her throes.
His pulse vibrates from pole to pole,
I feel His presence in my soul.

I see Him in the clear blue sky,
The rocks, the hills and mountains high,
And in the ocean's rolling wave
The rain that falls the earth to lave.

I taste Him in all that I eat,
In cereals, salt, and sugar sweet,
And in the fruit of every clime,
That he provides from time to time.

I smell Him when the flowers fair
Exhale their fragrance in the air,
And all sweet odors that I smell
Their fragrance sweet His presence tell.

And in my brother, God I see,
He is a part of you and me
And in our hands we hold the key
To set His mighty forces free.

God is in everything we see,
In the unseen also is He;
He rules the universe as king,
He is the life of everything.

THE MODERN GIRL.

The modern girl is made to feel
That she is something superfine,
And in her egotistic zeal
Sometimes she thinks she is divine.

She ever tries with saintly grace
To make herself look wondrous fair,
With talcum powder paints her face,
False curls and frizzles hide her hair.

In masking she is an expert
Either at home or on the street,
Behind a mask she'll laugh and flirt

Her natural self you never meet.

Give me the girl with ruddy face
That simple nature maketh fair,
Endowed with modesty and grace,
Her head adorned with natural hair.

Who at necessity's demand
Will happily assist with joy,
And lend a willing, helping hand

As kitchen maid or parlor toy.
Although the sphere in life they fill
Is crowned with wealth and free from
cares,
Each girl should with consummate skill
Be trained in all household affairs.

TO OUR ESTEEMED DECEASED FRIEND, C. C. HASSLER, BARD OF BLOOMINGTON.

Tune, "America."

Dear bard of Bloomington
Thou many hearts hast won
Through muses sweet.

O thou with nimble quill
Thou oft our hearts did thrill.
On earth thou'lt e'er be still
Will'st angels greet.

Bright angels heard thee sing
Of flowers, birds and spring
And did rejoice.

Thy songs sweet as the dove
And full of fervent love,
In heavenly courts above
Are treasures choice.

The Father called for thee
And thou will'st ever be
In mansions bright.

Thy muse will sing for thee
Through all eternity,
With angels thou'lt be free
In spheres of light.

We mourn thy sudden call,
The grief of one and all
Is absolute.

When thy dear hand was stilled
 All hearts with anguish thrilled.
 Thy place can ne'er be filled
 Thy muse is mute.

Thy spirit will be free
 Through all eternity
 And oft retire.

To earth with muses sweet
 Thy dearest friends to meet
 And will them gladly greet
 When they desire.

Thou'lt worship at the shrine
 Where muses sweet, divine,
 Are wont to dwell.

Where bards celestially
 Are buoyant, joyous, free
 In peace and harmony
 Their voices swell.

FORGET NOT THE OLD.

Fond hope brings us visions of pleasures
 in store
 Awaiting our coming within the new
 year,
 And oft lures us heedlessly onward to
 press,
 With hopes that Dame Fortune with
 pleasures will bless.

We build up air castles of fortune and
 fame
 And hope to establish an immortal name,
 Forgetting the gems of the years that
 have passed
 That crowned us with pleasure and joys
 to the last.

O let us remember the good of the past,
 Forgetting misfortunes that o'er us were
 cast,
 'Twill bring a sweet charm from the old
 to the new,
 To bless us as flowers are quickened with
 dew.

Hope oft paints a picture so bright and
 so fair
 And lures with false charms from her
 castles in air,
 Obscuring in memory blessings of old,

We ever should cherish as diamonds and
 gold.

God bless the old friends, may they with
 us remain
 In memory sweet and oft bless us again.
 Though blessed with new friends may
 the old long remain
 To charm and to bless us again and
 again.

Let the charms of the old sweetly blend
 with the new,
 Let us save from the twain all the good
 and the true
 And cherish those jewels in memory
 sweet,
 'Twill make our lives happy, our pleas-
 ure complete.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Oh tell me not that wealth brings joy
 And happiness without alloy,
 That young and old who hath much gold
 True happiness enjoy.

When fortune hath our wants supplied
 A great abundance doth provide,
 And still adds more unto our store
 We are not satisfied.

Though we have much more than we
 need
 It does not satisfy our greed.
 The more we save the more we crave,
 To wisdom give no heed.

And while we do to wealth aspire
 To satisfy that vain desire,
 We toil till old to get much gold,
 Neglect a life that's higher.

Happiness comes from good done here,
 Good deeds and smiles and words of
 cheer.

Such kindness done will soon have won
 The love of friends most dear.
 Our lives will happiness supply
 If we with faith and courage try,
 And do and dare our lives to square
 The golden rule thereby.
 If love we make our constant guide,
 With acts and words to coincide,
 True happiness will come to bless
 And we'll be satisfied.

THE THUNDER STORM.

O God, it seems that in thy wrath the
 clouds Thou fain wouldst ride
 and bring forth to deluge the earth the
 waters of the tide,
 and turn loose thy war dogs of wrath
 in thunder tones to yell
 and with them flood the earth with rain
 and mighty rivers swell.

t seems that thou wouldst curse the
 earth from out the frowning cloud
 and in thy wrath would shake the earth
 with thunder strong and loud,
 from center to circumference vibrations
 seem to roll,
 With wonderful electric power shake her
 from pole to pole.

t seems that thou from out the cloud
 thy breath of wrath would blow
 and in thy vengeance sweep the earth
 and everything lay low.
 With thunder's roar and lightning's flash
 the earth would tear in twain,
 and devastation o'er the earth would
 then supremely reign.

but ah, when viewed with judgment
 calm thy mysteries unfold,
 We then after the raging storm a smiling
 face behold.
 The storm is o'er, the sun shines bright,
 the air is pure and clear.
 All nature with new life is glad, rejoic-
 ing, lovely, fair.

O Lord, what seemed to be thy wrath
 was mercy, grace and love,
 Upon the earth we could not dwell with-
 out rain from above.
 The cloud must rise to bring the rain,
 the wind must bring the shower.
 The lightning purify the air, all by thy
 wondrous power.

We see that o'er thy children here thou
 hast a watchful eye,
 With many blessings held in store to give
 us by and by;
 Although the clouds may gather dark
 and threaten to destroy,
 O him who puts his trust in thee, it
 brings him peace and joy.

Then we should work and trust in thee,
 against thee ne'er complain.
 Thou knowest what for us is best and
 when to bring the rain.
 To him who lives and trusts in thee, his
 life for good is given,
 Will after death rejoice with thee, his
 portion will be heaven.

A WISE WOMAN.

A woman is wise who to ideas will cling
 That buying on tick is a dangerous thing,
 Who mends all the clothing to save a
 few dimes,
 By kindness and love mends her husband
 at times.

Who keeps well her temper and servants'
 bills paid,
 And keeps herself neatly without ser-
 vants' aid,
 Who learns by experience in every day
 cares,
 There's room for improvement in house-
 hold affairs.

And every good mother and dutiful wife
 Will teach the child good moral lessons
 of life.

Her life is devoted to loved ones at
 home,
 Who ne'er forgot mother though far
 they may roam.

Oh how I love mother, who first gave me
 birth,
 Without her I ne'er would have lived on
 this earth.

She taught me some lessons I learned not
 in school,
 To practice and live by the true golden
 rule.

If all the dear mothers were wise and
 discreet,
 Would spend less time in the club and
 the street,
 And teach their dear children the good
 righteous way
 We'd have less inmates of our prisons
 today.

Oh when will our women arise and de-
 clare
 For less time for fashion and more time
 for prayer.

If such a phenomenon now would begin
We'd have peace on earth and good will
toward men.

WHAT WILL IT BE?

O what will it be when our life's work
is done

And our years of probation are o'er,
To grasp the glad hands of the beckon-
ing ones
Who wait on that bright shining shore.

O what will it be, in the sweet by and by,
To kiss our beloved over there,
To bask in the gleams of their bright
beaming eyes
And to dwell in that land bright and
fair.

O what will it be in those flowery vales
To walk with our loved ones so true,
Where springtime with flowers and fruit
never fails,

With roses and violets blue.
O what will it be in that flowery vale
With rivers eternally fair,
To peacefully float without rudder or
sail,
Propelled by our thoughts through the
air.

O what will it be when we dwell in the
spheres
And sail through the air with such
ease,
To travel in minutes what here would
take years,
And go quick as thought where we
please?

O what will it be when we reach the
white throne
And hear that sweet welcoming voice
Say, "Come to my home, thou art one of
my own,
Dear child, thou hast made a wise
choice."

BE HAPPY.

Your life is what you make it with your
thoughts from day to day,

Then keep in view the bright side as you
travel on your way.

You'll find this consolation for the case
you have in hand,
A healing balm for every wound, what-
e'er you may demand.

This lovely world was made for you, en-
joy it while you're here.
Some day you will be moving on into
another sphere.
Then look upon the bright side and be
happy every day,
Give only loving words and smiles, 'twill
cheer you on your way.

If thou wilt count thy blessings o'er, and
pass thy troubles by,
Thy life will be a happy one, without a
grief or sigh.

Then every time thou art in doubt, just
count thy blessings o'er;
They will discount thy sorrows, thou'lt
find happiness in store.

When yonder glorious morning sun,
beams forth her golden light,
And clothes all Nature with her robes
of gorgeous beauty bright,
Then, dear one, please do not forget
beauties of every hue
Were all made by a master hand, all to
delight thy view.

The moon with mellow golden rays with
radiance so bright,
And stars adorning heaven's dome, makes
glad the darkest night,
The grass and flowers at thy feet spon-
taneously bloom,
Dame Nature's pageantries are spread
to drive away thy gloom.

Go listen to the song bird's notes of joy,
and then give heed,
Thou wilt be thrilled with pleasure and
from trouble will be freed.
Then listen to the music of the brook
so sweet and rare
And view on yonder hill and dale the
gorgeous robes they wear.

Then listen to the music in the gentle
balmy breeze,
A thousand golden harps played by the
zephyrs in the trees,

Then dear one please remember those
sweet charms thy spirit sue
To make thy life a happy one, and make
thee good and true.

The patient seasons serve thee with their
bounteous annual yield,
Thy spirit loved ones guard thee both by
day and night thy shield.
Dame Nature ever greets thee with a
cheerful, pleasant smile,
And tries to teach her children to be
happy all the while.

The full years pour upon thee all these
gifts from Nature's store;
They all are for thy happiness, dear one,
what wouldst thou more?
Then always view the bright side, 'tis the
sure road to success.
'Twill always make thee happy and thy
life 'tis sure to bless.

NEVER TRUST TO LUCK.

If there's a man who is content
With what he has in store,
Who is not on its increase bent
And wishing to have more—

He is a man who has no goal,
He also has no grip,
No inspiration in his soul,
No stiffness in his lip.

For such a man believes in luck
And thinks it comes by chance.
To that fool idea he is stuck,
No courage to advance.

He lays him down to sleep at night
With no thought for tomorrow;
With want he sometimes has to fight,
Must beg or steal or borrow.

Give me the man with vim and pluck
Who never is content;
Who never trusts to luck,
Who is for fortune bent.

For such a man will find success,
Events he will control;
His honest efforts all will bless
And he will reach his goal.

The honest man who has the vim
And longing to possess,
His honest efforts bring to him
Good fortune and success.

THE SIMILARITY OF THE RAIN- BOW AND OUR NATION'S FLAG.

God set the rainbow in the sky
His promises to verify
That ne'er a deluge flood of rain
Should drown all life on earth again.

Noah was righteous on his part,
Was upright, after God's own heart;
And trusted God in every way,
And did his bidding day by day.

When God foretold the coming flood
To drown all those who were not good
And said to Noah, "Build an Ark,"
He doubted not and went to work.

He soon had built the grand old boat
And had her ready up to float.
Of beasts and fowls of every kind
And creeping things that he could find,

Both male and female entered in
Before the deluge did begin.
He snugly fastened up the door
And soon the rain began to pour.

Forty days and nights of rain
Submerged each mountain, hill and plain
And every living thing was dead,
Except what in the ark were fed.

And all that to God's words did hark
Were saved from drowning in the ark.
For Noah and all others' sake
Then God a covenant did make

That he would ne'er destroy again
All life upon the earth with rain,
God said, "My pledge to verify
I'll set my rainbow in the sky.

"'Twill ever be a sign to you
That I am God and I am true."
Then all who travel error's way
Should trust in God and live today.

And like the rainbow in the sky
Our nation's flag will ever fly,

A covenant from Uncle Sam,
Who is our nation's great I am.

And all who dwell beneath its fold
His great protecting arm will hold,
In life and liberty secure,
Forever and forever more.

Where'er the stars and stripes shall wave,
His subjects, his strong arm will save,
And other western nations weak
His great protecting arm will seek.

With love for all humanity
His great heart beats to see them free,
Where'er the stars and stripes shall be
They'll wave for peace and liberty.

LIKE THE BILLOWS OF THE OCEAN.

*Lines from a lady friend to the author
after having received from the author
a copy of his song, "Loved One's At
Home."*

Like the billows of the ocean,
Like the glorious golden sun,
Is the power of the eternal
That may come to everyone.

Like the wondrous glow of sunset,
Like the stars that twinkle bright,
In the firmament of heaven,
To make earth's pathway bright.

Like the golden moon, that wondrous
orb,
That lights the sky by night
And penetrates to many spheres
Beyond our mortal sight,

Is the power that seems to touch me,
With its inspiration bright,
And I know that you have felt it
As I read your song tonight.

A RESPONSE TO THE POEM "LIKE THE BILLOWS OF THE OCEAN."

Your charming message came to hand in
due and proper time.
It's lines are lovely, beautiful, indeed
they are sublime.

In truth thou art an instrument, on
which the muses play,
A golden harp with silver strings vibrat-
ing day by day;
And when they touch those tender chords
rich music, soft and sweet,
Rolls forth with sweetest melody and
prompts thy heart to beat
With charming inspiration echoes of the
great Divine,
And I rejoice to know it beats in unison
with mine.

I feel that thou art on the plane of sym-
pathy and love,
Thy angel friends inspire thy mind to
dwell in courts above
And thus direct thy inmost thought and
cause thy heart to feel
A love for all humanity and work with
noble zeal.
'Tis glorious to be imbued with sweet
poetic fires
When muses fill our heart with love and
heavenly desires;
With rapture grand we soar aloft and
view the heavenly spheres
And loving angels bless the world
through us in future years.

The noblest impulse of the heart while
we are here below
Is to relieve the weak and helpless of
their grief and woe,
And charity to others with a pure, unself-
ish love
Will fit us for the higher sphere where
angels dwell above.
Oh could I wield, unbridled power, like
many kings of old,
I'd send o'er mead and plain and bower
relief and help untold,
I'd see that each and every class should
each a blessing share
And each and all have equal rights and
equal burdens bear.

BEHIND THE GOLDEN GATE.

They say, behind the shining gate of gold
Is paradise, adorned with golden
streets,
And ever blooming flowers there unfold,
And fill the air with fragrance rich
and sweet,

And mansions where the saints in glory dwell
 And praise the Lord in robes as white as snow,
 And temples where melodious voices swell,
 And jasper walls where crystal waters flow.

I wonder if there's waving in the breeze
 Green sun-lit thickets, where sweet songsters dwell,
 With plums and cherries hanging on the trees,
 And nuts and grapes that children love so well.
 I wonder if there's prairies vast and green
 Where waves the grass and flowers of the lea,
 Where roses sweet and lilies fair are seen
 That in my childhood were so dear to me.

I'll want the modest violet so blue
 And honeysuckles that were growing wild,
 For-get-me-nots that in the valley grew,
 That sweetly charmed me when I was a child.
 I'll want the meadow lark's sweet morning call,
 The shepherd dog's shrill bark at twilight hour,
 The lovely fields behind the garden wall,
 The lawn behind the brook and shady bower.

I'll want the creek with water lilies fair,
 The spring whose crystal waters fed the stream,
 The hum of prairie chickens in the air,
 They haunt me when of childhood's days I dream.
 I'll want the children's laughter when they play
 In hide and seek and romp in childish glee,
 I'll want my darling babies every day
 To sing and prattle while upon my knee.

I'll want the dear old friends I loved so well
 And loved ones near and dear who were my own,

Whose love and kindness did my bosom swell,
 Who passed away and left me all alone.
 I wonder if in paradise are these
 And many other blessings to be given,
 To give us joy, and sorrow to appease
 That we may have a happy home in heaven.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

No sentence so great that will prove such a winner
 Or bring such relief when we worry and fret
 And soften the heart of the saint or the sinner
 As those magic words "I forgive and forget."
 In weighing the act of the life of another
 Let charity balance the scale every time.
 Remember some things are no sin in your brother
 That in your own acts would be really a crime.

Oft times education will work as a leaven,
 An unbalanced temper our actions will tell,
 And what to our brother is pleasure and heaven,
 To us it would sometimes be sorrow and hell.
 The sin of an act lies in the intention,
 Not measured by passion or impulse at all,
 But when the conditions should be a prevention,
 'Tis then that the crime should the actor enthrall.

All men God hath made, we cannot make them over,
 Then let us not censure nor worry and fret
 But let us their faults with sweet charity cover
 And learn that grand lesson, forgive and forget.
 Oh think of the pattern that Jesus hath brought us
 To love all our neighbors and pay every debt

And heed that grand lesson He also hath
taught us
To ever and always, forgive and forget.

And oft there's a cause that we fail to
discover

That prompted their acts and we censure
them, yet

Their innocence, justice and time will
uncover

And prove it is best to forgive and
forget;

And oft inborn passions become the
prime mover

And cause the weak victims to act in a
fret,

Then let us their faults with sweet charity
cover

And learn that grand lesson, forgive
and forget.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive thy erring brother and forget
And throw revengeful feelings all
away;

Such charity thou never will regret
Thy heart will feel much lighter day
by day.

Thy steps upon life's path will lighter be
If from thy heart the heavy load is
cast,

Thy mental sky so clear that thou canst
see

And look with charity upon the past.

Let not thy anger swell thy passion high
That thou wouldst hurl injustice back
again;

Let all in sweet oblivion's ocean die,
Remembrance will still augment the
pain.

Let not the grief and sorrow of today
Return tomorrow and thy peace de-
stroy;

Oh let the spectral shadow pass away
And in its stead will come sweet peace
and joy.

Our lives like variant rivers onward glide,
Then let us watch the rudders of our
keel

That we may stem the waves of anger's
tide

And guide our lives to bless the public
weal.

Stir not to wrath by words or acts un-
told,

Its consequence thou ever will regret.
Let love and kindness erring brothers
bind,

With charity forgive them and forget.

Kindness and love the weapon thou
shouldst wield,

Will melt the hardest heart, though
made of stone

Its adamant to love's great power will
yield,

And bring kindness and love back to
thy own

And change the line that Dame Nature
hath laid.

By love and kindness change his trend
of thought,

'Twill change the path environment
hath made

And surely bring the glorious object
sought.

Environment and education, too,
And temperament, are influences strong

That cause our brothers unjust things to
do,

And leads them in the path of vice and
wrong.

Then we with love and charity should
view

All men as real probationers of fate
Who have not power otherwise to do,

And we should pity rather than to hate.

SUCH AS YOU GIVE YOU WILL RECEIVE.

As like begets like in material things,
The same in a spiritual sense is true;

So when you give love unto others there
springs

A love in their hearts that comes back
to you.

But if you give malice and envy and
strife

And selfish desires your acts control,
Your friends will be few in this earthly

life—
Your own thoughts and actions will
dwarf your soul.

So with ocean's water, the clouds are
blessed,
The clouds send it back to the earth as
rain.

Through rivers it goes to the ocean's
breast,

And the ocean receives her own again.
If you want good neighbors, be good
yourself;

Be honest, be just, be upright and true;
Do right as pertaining to lucre and pelf,
The world will then honor and ever
bless you.

The man who is honest, is just and fair,
Who works for the right and will on-
ward press,

His portion is peace and his conscience
clear,

For he ever liveth the world to bless.
When cultivate love for all human kind,
Nor from the true path of your duty
swerve,

It will ever bring to you sweet peace of
mind.

The world will give to you what you
deserve.

No matter how far your soul hath flown,
Eternal justice awaits you there,
And you will there reap what you have
sown.

Then in deeds and actions beware, be-
ware,

And when you are done with these
earthly cares

If you have done right you will be at
peace,

With joy you will enter those heavenly
spheres,

For ever and ever your joys increase.

IS LIFE WORTH THE LIVING?

This life is worth living a thousand
times o'er,

For nature hath furnished a bountiful
store

For all who will use it with body and
mind.

Where you go where you will, you her treas-
ures will find;

Go on to the mountain and there take a
view

Of nature's grand treasures that were
made for you.

The sight you behold is most charming
and prime,

'Tis lovely, enchanting, 'tis grand and
sublime.

In viewing the landscape o'er mountain
and lea,

O'er meadows and valleys so lovely to
see,

Your heart swells within you, your love
will revive,

For nature's grand beauties, you're glad
you're alive.

Then view the grand rills as they rip-
pling go,

Meandering down to the river below,
Now babbling, now rippling, to angels
they sing,

To lovers of nature sweet pleasure they
bring.

They run to the river through valley
and lea,

Whose waters majestically flow to the
sea.

The glorious sun, with her soft, mellow
light,

The landscape illumines, 'tis enchanting the
sight.

She clothes with rich verdure the hill and
the dale,

Bedecks in rich grandeur the mountain
and vale.

Among such grand beauties that nature
doth give

'Tis lovely to dwell and 'tis glorious to
live.

Then eat of the fruit that Dame Nature
doth give

And lovingly sends it to help us to live;
'Tis lovely and beautiful, charming the
eye,

A boon to the palate to bless you and I.
The flowers so lovely, so sweet and so
fine,

Exhaling a fragrance so pure, so divine,
Makes life worth the living a thousand
times o'er,

When we know the beauties of nature's
grand store.

When viewing the gifts nature's God
sent to bless,

Is life worth the living? I know you'll
 say Yes.
 When taking a look into nature's grand
 store,
 You'll wish to be living this life ever
 more;
 The peace and contentment oft found in
 the home
 Surpasseth all pleasures we find when we
 roam;
 The sweets of the home life with those
 we adore
 Makes life worth the living a thousand
 times o'er.

Then go to your home, to the loved ones
 who spend
 Their lives for your pleasure till this life
 shall end;
 For sweet is the bliss when your loved
 ones you kiss,
 A halo of gladness that elsewhere you
 miss.
 I say, my dear brother or sister, 'tis true
 This world and its treasures were all
 made for you.
 Enjoy a full measure, this life's but a
 span,
 Be happy and stay here as long as you
 can.

KENTUCKY.

Tune, "Marching Through Georgia."

Come dear friends, and listen while a
 story I relate—
 Tell you what's the matter with my old
 Kentucky state.
 When competing with the states, she at
 the top will rate,
 That's what's the matter with Ken-
 tucky.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! praise her with joyful
 song,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the gladsome phrase
 prolong,
 Old Kentucky's at the front when com-
 petition's strong.
 That's what's the matter with Ken-
 tucky.

She has royal products of Kentucky soil
 and air,
 Horses exquisitely fine, and lovely ladies
 fair.
 Scattered o'er her landscape you can find
 them everywhere,
 Fine ornaments for old Kentucky.

Fine stock is her great success, there's
 no one will deny,
 At the front for many years with banner
 flying high
 When on exhibition she contestants did
 defy,
 Sweeping the prizes for Kentucky.

Her tobacco is a source of wealth from
 out the land,
 Giving ample revenue to all who take a
 hand.
 In the commerce of the world it has a
 royal brand,
 Filling the coffers of Kentucky.

Fuel is abundant and bought cheaply as
 a whole,
 Forests of fine timber that are underlain
 with coal,
 Made to warm the body and to satisfy
 the soul,
 While you remain in old Kentucky.

A happy, genial spirit is peculiar to the
 air,
 Also in the gentlemen and in the ladies
 fair,
 Also in the products of the still so com-
 mon there,
 She's a prolific old Kentucky.

Her people are chivalrous, hospitable and
 kind,
 Courteous to all who come, if honest
 true and kind.
 Those who act dishonestly will soon be
 left behind,
 If they remain in old Kentucky.

If you're out for pleasure and they know
 you to be square,
 No place in the universe that you will
 better fare,
 But to trample on their rights you never
 never dare,
 Such is the style in old Kentucky.

Many sons are honored with a handle to
 their name—

Majah, sah, or Colonel sah, upon the
 scroll of fame,
 Air of old Kentucky is conducive to the
 same,
 When you are dwelling in Kentucky.

He has many loyal sons the statesman's
 ranks to swell,
 Also many statesmen who in knowledge
 do excell,
 Many who could fill the president's chair
 full well,
 Now bringing honors to Kentucky.

And for ladies beautiful, none with her
 can compete,
 Every type of beauty with her daughters
 is complete;
 Who contests her honors to themselves
 will bring defeat,
 Also bring honors to Kentucky.

Oh my old Kentucky, thou art very dear
 to me,
 Thy dear hills and valleys always beauti-
 ful to see,
 Where e'er I chance to roam, my heart
 remains with thee,
 My native land, my own Kentucky.

CONSCIENCE IS A CREATURE OF EDUCATION.

In every man's brain is a monitor dwell-
 ing
 Who watches his master by day and
 by night.
 He sits as a judge of his acts, ever telling,
 And pointing the way unto justice and
 right.

This monitor judge is a part of his being
 And always believes what his master
 believes.
 He cannot progress or have power of
 seeing
 Except through the knowledge his mas-
 ter receives.

His master's belief formed by his edu-
 cation,
 Will dictate the question the judge has
 to solve.

The judge will decide by his master's dic-
 tation
 And say right or wrong at the master's
 resolve.

This judge is his conscience, and his
 education
 Has molded his sentiment and his be-
 lief;
 And conscience the child of his mental
 dictation
 Decides with its master, for he is its
 chief.

So if you believe that a wrong is a right,
 sir,
 When you do that wrong you will feel
 you've done right,
 You'll have no remorse but will feel in
 good plight, sir,
 Your conscience will have no rebuke
 to indite.

A man who is honest will always en-
 deavor
 To say and to do what he thinks to be
 right,
 And when he thinks wrong 'tis a power-
 ful lever,
 It governs his acts with great power
 and might.

His conscience is clear and his judge will
 approve him,
 And tell him to go on repeating with
 might,
 And no opposition will change or will
 move him,
 Because he believes that he is doing
 right.

Then we should weigh well all our acts
 before doing
 And see that they accord with the
 golden rule,
 Do justice to all while life's journey
 pursuing,
 Be ever a student in justice's school.

Then parents and teachers beware what
 you're teaching
 Lest you propagate an approval of sin,
 And clergymen all please beware what
 you're preaching
 Lest you preach an error and let Satan
 in.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A mighty power for good in man is love,
It rules the universe and all therein;
It emanates from heavenly courts above
And overcomes and dwarfs the power
of sin.

If true love should pervade all human
mind
From peasant to the king upon his
throne,
And with an endless tie all hearts should
bind
And make each view all interests as
his own;

Then every heart would be imbued with
love,
Our judges would vacate and courts
adjourn.
In peace and harmony the world would
move
And lawyers to pursuits of peace re-
turn.

Then every one the power of love could
see
And realize its glory and its worth;
This world a mighty paradise would be,
And heaven would be here upon the
earth.

O Father come with love and quickening
power
And cleanse each sinful heart and en-
ter in;
Be to each heart as dew is to the flower,
er,
And purge the world of selfishness
and sin.

TO THE OCEAN.

Thou mighty ocean, crystal flood,
Thou to the world's great brotherhood
Art giving blessings every day,
To help the millions on their way.
Their ships upon thy bosom fly,
Thy fish augment their food supply,
Thy majesty, grand and sublime,
Will long defy the hand of time.

And when thy restless waves doth pour
Thy rolling waters 'gainst the shore,

It proves thy destiny to be
To lave the earth from sea to sea.
To bathe her face and bring to life
Rich treasures, of which she is rife,
That those who on her bosom rest
Be ever by thy bounty blest.

The mighty hand that doth control
And calm thy waves, that onward roll,
Will also send thy rich supply
Of crystal waters from the sky;
Will keep thee full and ever free
To loan thy waters ceaselessly,
Unto the earth by giving much
To bring to life by moistening touch.

And kisses sweet and gentle grace
With verdure clothe her lovely face.
When thou hast bathed her lovely face
She soon returns, with thankful grace,
The sparkling waters thou hast given,
The blessed gift to thee from heaven,
Are thus returned again to thee
In grateful reciprocity.

The sparkling drops of dew and rain
And thou receivest thine own again.
Thus mighty ocean thou hast taught
A truth, with a grand lesson fraught,
That what we to the world shall give
The same we'll from the world receive.
Oh then we should in all we do,
In word or act, be always true.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

When frost begins to chill the breeze
And strip the leaves from lovely trees,
And wild geese seek a southern clime,
Foreboding signs of winter time.
'Tis then to southern ports I go,
Where winter's sun shines with a glow
Of mellow light that warms the air,
And flowers are blooming all the year.

And gentle breezes, sweet, benign,
Like angels' voices 'mongst the pine,
Play with the branches to and fro.
Those voices soft and sweet and low
With gentle zephyrs sweetly sing;
With melody the heavens ring,
And when the evening shades appear,
With anthems soft and sweet and clear

As twilight golden hours creep

They lull you into balmy sleep;
 And many flowers rich and rare
 With fragrance sweet perfume the air;
 And lovely birds flit on the wing
 From tree to tree and sweetly sing,
 And tropic fruits of golden hue
 Are ever ripening fresh and new.

And tourists from many a state
 From early autumn until late
 Are going there from northern climes
 To spend the winter and their dimes.
 It is delightful and so nice
 To leave behind the snow and ice
 And while the winter hours away,
 Where flowers are blooming every day,

Returning with the balmy spring,
 When northern birds begin to sing
 And northern suns, with golden sheen,
 Clothes hill and dale with lovely green.

**BE HONEST, JUST AND
 CHARITABLE.**

Covet not thy neighbor's wealth,
 Claiming 'twas procured by stealth,
 Yield to others all their due,
 Though they have more wealth than
 you,

Look with kindness on the poor
 Who have little wealth in store,
 Help the helpless on their way,
 Help them to withstand the day.

Always train within the school
 That will teach the golden rule;
 Ne'er for lucre or for pelf
 Bring dishonor on yourself;
 Ne'er oh ne'er betray a friend,
 One on whom you can depend.
 Let all actions on your part
 Prove you have an honest heart.

Let your life forever be
 Filled with love and charity,
 Then you will by angels be
 Blessed through all eternity;
 And the Father will bestow
 Many blessings here below,
 Bless you with His boundless love,
 Crown you in His courts above.

POETICAL APHORISMS.

If truth and honor guide you
 No friend will ever chide you
 And no evil betide you,
 When virtue is your creed.

If you are in a hurry
 Then don't begin to worry
 And get up a great flurry,
 If you want to succeed.

If you should sing a ditty
 A something that is witty,
 Please never say you pity
 All those who cannot sing.

Because they might compel you
 To listen while they tell you
 They really can excell you
 In many another thing.

And if you should be wearing
 Rich silk and satins daring,
 Do not go to comparing
 With people who are poor.

For they will think it shocking
 And be your friendship blocking,
 And soon would cease their knocking,
 So friendly, at your door.

And if you make a blunder
 Please never stop to wonder,
 But tear yourself asunder
 From such a careless mood.

Please never go to sighing
 Because the case is trying,
 At once commence your vying
 For everything that's good.

If you should be quite dashing
 And many hearts are smashing
 Please don't keep up your mashing
 So many hearts to win.

And please beware of flirting
 And false pretense exerting,
 For you will be converting
 Your own poor soul to sin.

But if you are good looking
 And have to do the cooking
 Then you will soon be booking
 For some young lover's heart.

If when hungry and tired
 He gets what he desired
 The cook will be admired
 If well done is her part.

If you should go for schooling
 Please stop nonsense and fooling,
 And sure obey the ruling
 Of all the teachers there.

If good health you desire
 Be early to retire,
 And loose clothing acquire,
 'Twill make you fresh and fair.

ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS.

Father thy loving kindness unto me
 Awaketh in me reverence and love:
 But for thy wondrous love I would not
 be
 An heir to everlasting courts above,
 Thy mighty power unbounded and sub-
 lime
 Hath called me to exist and dwell with
 thee
 That I may, through eternity and time,
 Enjoy thy boundless gifts so rich and
 free.

Within this lovely world how sweet to
 live
 And reverently worship at thy feet,
 And to thy children everywhere to give
 A pleasant word and smile to those
 we meet.
 Thy glorious sun thou madest to kiss
 the earth
 And clothe with royal robes each hill
 and dale,
 Its golden rays thus bringing into birth
 The lovely trees and flowers of the
 vale.

Thy lakes and rivers beautiful to see,
 Thy hills and mountains co-equal with
 time,
 Thy rocks and rills, so beautiful to me,
 Thy oceans fill my heart with aw-
 sublime.
 Thy moon, thou madest to gild the earth
 by night,
 And starry gems to aid her grand dis-
 play,

To crown the earth with soft and mellow
 light,
 To guide our footsteps safely on the
 way.

Father all these through love thou madest
 for me
 That I might live and love through
 endless time.
 Oh may I live through all eternity
 And worship thee with joy and love
 sublime.

JOURNEY HOME FROM THE SOUTH.

From Hopkinsville, Kentucky, on a sleep-
 er homeward bound
 A pleasant way to travel, I no better way
 have found,
 It wafted me into Mattoon at six A. M.,
 about,
 And it was 7:35 when I from there got
 out.

I had a sleep while in the car, promoting
 much content,
 Then, after eating breakfast, for Decatur
 I was bent.
 When at Decatur I arrived, a little after
 nine,
 'Twas there I had three hours' rest and
 plenty time to dine.

Then I from there at 12:15 my journey
 did renew,
 Arriving at dear Bloomington, five min-
 utes before two.
 Now when I started from Mattoon the
 weather was serene,
 From there to dear old Bloomington I
 viewed a lovely scene.

One solid block of prairie farms with
 lovely roads between,
 The birds were sweetly singing and the
 meadows getting green.

"Indeed this is God's country," I was
 tempted to exclaim,
 I plainly realize it since from Florida I
 came.

For there on sand and sunshine and on
 citrous fruit they feast,
 While here we can raise everything we
 need for man and beast.

I found my tenants right side up, within
my dear old home;
It seemed that one and all rejoiced to
know that I had come.

Found everything about the city taking
on new life,
The ladies out in gaudy dress, of which
the town is rife.
The temperature was in the eighties for
the last two days,
You know the month of March is wont
to have some freakish ways.

We now have August weather on the
21st of March,
Which starts the perspiration good and
takes out all the starch;
But I am looking for a change before
the month will close,
I think we'll see it cold enough almost to
freeze your toes.

EARLY WINTER.

Now the days are growing shorter
And the weather's growing cold,
And the snow comes for a starter
As it ever did of old.

But here within my sitting room
The fire is growing bright,
While all without is on the boom
And hustle day and night.

I sit me by my nice grate fire
And read and write, and play
The violin and sweet guitar,
And wonder if the day

Will come to me, while yet there's room,
Strew flowers in my way,
With fragrance rich and sweet perfume
In my declining day.

This life is but a fleeting span,
A year, a month, a day,
Though we may do the best we can
To bridge the thorny way

Old time will soon life's story tell
When it has just begun,
And calmly sound our funeral knell,
Proclaim life's setting sun

We ever should the bright side view,
While traveling on our way;
Instead of thorns should flowers strew
For others every day.

And meet all others with a smile
And to all men be true,
And do to others all the while,

As we would have them do.

Be kind to everyone we meet,
No matter what they do
And all the world as brothers greet
And to ourselves be true.

TO OUR NATAL DAY.

Thou glorious Independence day,
Our beacon light to point the way;
Thou sacred guard of freedom's home
For countless ages yet to come;
Thou glorious day of freedom's dawn,
Thou art the grand foundation stone,
The temple grand of liberty;
Its lofty pillars rest on thee

For freedom's gate thou opened wide,
For which thou art this nation's pride.
A sacred day thou'lt ever be,
This glorious nation's jubilee.
Yes, glorious day thou gavest birth
The greatest nation on the earth;
A glorious haven did prepare
For the oppressed from everywhere.

Thy annual round will ever be
The guardian of our liberty.
Let all with tongues to lisp thy praise
On thy glad morn thy banner raise,
The stars and stripes proudly unfurl,
And teach thy precepts to the world.
Let every nation, land and tongue
Oft sing thy praise all men among;

And burn for thee much incense sweet
And bow with homage at thy feet.
Cold is the heart and dull the mind
That cannot in thee pleasure find,
For justice is thy guiding star,
For men and nations everywhere.
May all the world call thee divine
And bow with reverence at thy shrine.

SHAPE YOUR OWN DESTINY.

Oh never grieve about the past
Nor let misfortunes hold you fast,
But rise with all your strength and might
And set all things to working right.

Trust not to luck or fate or chance
To bring a happy circumstance.
But look with keen, sagacious eye
On all events that's passing by.

And so manipulate their acts
As to produce desired facts.
Use honor as the master key
To wealth, peace and prosperity.

You can a child of fortune be,
Shape your own life and destiny,
The man who tells himself to wait
For luck or chance or fickle fate

To bring him fortune, wealth or fame,
And many friends, an honored name,
Is apt to miss Dame Fortune's car,
Be always on the tug of war;

And never by his power and sway
Brings opportunity his way.
The man who will successful be
Makes his own opportunity.

And works with power, might and main,
Until success he will obtain;
Then he looks back upon the same,
With mind and heart calm and serene.

**CAMP CASADAGA, LAKE HELEN,
FLORIDA.**

Oh Casadaga, thou art fine
Amongst the palmetto and pine,
Upon the banks so fresh and green
Of Spirit lake where thou art seen,
Thy cottages of pearly white
Illume the darkness of the night,
Present a scene both grand and nice,
A spiritualistic paradise.

Thou dost in regal grandeur stand,
Where from thy courts thou dost com-
mand
A lovely lake, with banks so green,
That charms the vision when 'tis seen.
Thou art a lovely warm retreat

Where spiritualists in winter meet
From northern states, and many rare
And gifted mediums gather there.

And many tests of spirit power
Are manifest at stated hour,
And spirit friends rejoice to meet
And join us in communion sweet.
Thou blessed camp in Florida
Art permanent and there to stay,
For whene'er thy loved patrons meet
They get a spiritualistic treat.

Of sweet communion and good cheer
From loved ones who dwell over there
In that bright summer land so fair
That seemeth distant, yet so near.
Oh Casadaga, lovely spot,
Thou art with many blessings fraught
And many worship at thy shrine,
Receiving messages divine.

Oh keep thy glorious banner bright,
Unfolding God's celestial light,
Where all benighted souls can see
The vistas of eternity.

Oh may thou be the guiding star
Of many pilgrims, near and far,
To guide them in the paths of right,
To harmony and truth and light.

Their darkened mental visions clear,
Their paths to higher life prepare,
Make it so bright, in after years,
That they'll attain to higher spheres.

TO COL. JAMES FREEMAN.

My dear old friend, with friendship true
I sit me down to write to you,
Hoping to get a kind response
And that you will respond at once.

When far away from friends I roam
A letter from a friend at home
Is balm unto my lonely heart,
When friends and I are far apart.

No winter here in Florida,
It is a lovely place to stay,
There's many winter tourists here
And flowers blooming all the year.

But when the songbirds fly that way

And warble music every day,
 And spring-time comes, while flowers
 fair
 With fragrance sweet perfume the air,

'Tis then I'll homeward wend my way
 To Bloomington a while to stay,
 And join the pleasures and good cheer,
 I've many friends abiding there.

I'll drink the sweet of social life
 With dear old friends, where pleasure's
 rife,
 Where all are kind to me you know
 And on me honors oft bestow.

Then when the days are long and warm
 And May and June have lost their charm
 And July is becoming stale,
 I'll hie me off to Lilly Dale.

To Northern Casadaga fair,
 Where flowers sweet perfume the air
 And spirits come with snowy wings,
 Sweet messages of love to bring

And demonstrate and make it plain
 That after death we live again,
 And in that spirit land so fair
 We'll join our loved ones over there.

TO ELENOR, A FAVORITE NIECE.

Elenor, the blue-eyed girl is lady of the
 town
 Eyes so bright they shine at night, she
 wears a pretty gown
 Pretty locks of golden hair bedeck her
 pretty crown;
 She is a dandy little lady.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for locks of golden
 hue,
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for eyes so bright and
 blue,
 She's the lady of the town, she's pretty,
 kind and true
 Such is Miss Elenor the lady.

She has a nice driving horse, she calls
 him Dandy Jim,
 Horse and harness, buggy too, all look
 so nice and trim;

Has a nice and speedy clip and always
 full of vim,
 Proud of Miss Elenor, the lady.

When she goes out riding in her pretty
 Sunday gown
 She's the great attraction of the day
 within the town,
 And her driver must be nice or she will
 turn him down;
 She is Miss Elenor, the lady.

If I had a little girl to come and dwell
 with me,
 Nice as Lady Elenor to sit upon my
 knee,
 Wouldn't I be happy every time she
 came to me;
 She'd be my darling little lady.

THIS LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

This life is worth living when we count
 its pleasures o'er;
 We find that nature always keeps a sur-
 plus in her store,
 Prepared for us by master hands, if
 right we time employ,
 We'll soon unlock her treasure trove
 and find a world of joy.

We see the lofty mountains decked in
 gorgeous beauty rare,
 The lovely fields of ripening grain, dame
 nature doth prepare;
 The lovely hills and valleys decked with
 flowers o'er the lea,
 The grand majestic rivers, all were made
 for you and me.

We hear the song birds warble in the
 verdant fields so fair;
 Their happy notes of gladness making
 music rich and rare;
 We hear the rippling babbling brook, so
 sweet while on its way,
 They tell us to be merry and be happy
 every day.

We feel the mild and balmy air fanned
 by the gentle breeze,
 The lovely zephyrs of the spring 'mong
 flowers, lawns and trees;
 But sweeter far the loving kiss of dear
 ones in the home,

Why should we not be happy there and
never wish to roam.

We taste the fruits so rich and rare, of
which we have our choice,

The cereals of many fields which makes
our hearts rejoice;

The luxuries of many climes are coming
our way,

Why should we not be cheerful and be
happy every day.

We smell the charming fragrance of the
lovely flowers fair

As they perfume the breezes with odors,
rich and rare;

Then tell me not my brother that you do
not wish to stay,

That you cannot be happy and be cheer-
ful every day.

And when our dear friends greet us with
a loving word and smile,

We feel we want to always live and stay
here all the while;

Then let us meet our trials and our
troubles with a smile,

With full determination to be happy all
the while.

FAREWELL BUT NOT FOREVER.

*Lines to Mr. M. V. Dulin, who nursed the
author through a spell of sickness at
Camp Casadaga, Florida.*

Farewell but not forever,

Out upon life's boisterous sea

I will sail but not forever,

I will meet again with thee.

Here's a smile for those who love me

And a tear from sorrow free,

It is shed because I love thee

And thou hast cared for me.

For thy heart was moved with sorrow

When affliction came to me,

Thy reward will come tomorrow,

For the Lord will care for thee.

Though with other skies above me

I may joy and pleasure see,

I will never cease to love thee

And will sweetly think of thee.

If I ne'er again shall meet thee
On this boisterous earthly plane,
I with joy and love will greet thee
Where together we'll remain.

And will join in songs of gladness
With loved ones who passed before,
And we'll know no grief or sadness
But have bliss forevermore.

TO MISS SHAW.

*A response to a little girl friend of the
author in her first attempt at writing
rhymes.*

Dear little Miss, I wish to say
Your letter came to hand today,
For one so young in writing rhyme
I think the effort really prime.

Now please permit me here to say
Repeat the effort, day by day,
And you will realize indeed
That by and by you will succeed.

And when at school, please let me say,
Do never while your time away
In idle gossip or at play,
But get your lessons every day.

And it will surely come to pass
That you will stand first in your class;
And with a kind and loving smile
Be kind to schoolmates all the while.

Greet every one you chance to meet
With pleasant words and smile so sweet;
Be good in everything you do
Then everybody will love you.

LILLY DALE, N. Y.

It was July the 5th on a bright and balmy
day

I hied me off to Lilly Dale to while the
time away,

For time was passing wearily since I
was left alone,

I had no friend to comfort me that I
could call my own.

And Lilly Dale's a lovely place, 'twould
 charm your eyes to see,
 Where many charming people in the
 summer love to be.
 'Tis in Chautauqua county, in the grand
 old state New York,
 Where spiritualists assemble for spiritu-
 alistic work.

'Tis near by Lake Chautauqua where
 the land is high and dry,
 She sits in regal splendor and is charm-
 ing to the eye;
 Her mansions are all pearly white midst
 lovely shaded bowers,
 That's kissed by gentle breezes and the
 sweet perfume of flowers.

Where all is peace and harmony and
 everything so nice,
 A lovely spot, in truth, a spiritualistic
 paradise;
 Where mediums phenomenal their psy-
 chic powers display,
 And spirit friends commune with us so
 sweetly night or day.

Those lovely trees and shady bowers,
 with foliage so green,
 And mansions white with pebbled streets,
 suggest a heavenly scene,
 Where spirit choirs enchant the ear with
 music soft and low,
 And happy song birds warble 'mongst
 the flowers in full bloom.

And spirits march to music of the angels
 full of love,
 While angels float upon the breeze from
 heavenly courts above.
 Oh Lilly Dale thou art to me an inspira-
 tion new
 Of everything that's pure and good, and
 spiritual and true.

TO THE HONORABLE S. H. WEST.

Brave is the man who marches forth
 his country to defend
 And with her foes in fierce array in
 battle will contend,
 But greater, grander is the man who
 pleads with main and might
 For righteous laws to bless all men with
 just and equal right;

Who acts with noble impulse and dis-
 criminative mind,
 Who with fine sense of justice the right
 side is sure to find.
 Such men are nature's noble men, with
 truth and justice rife,
 They are in truth with nature, love and
 honor rules their life.

In old McLean there yet remain some
 such as I describe
 Who yet upon her hills and vales her
 free air to imbibe;
 And nature with her handiwork so full
 of harmony,
 Hath charms that are the ruling force
 to shape their destiny.

A noble piece of nature's work and full
 of truth and love,
 In harmony with all the world and spirits
 from above,
 Is yet in glorious old McLean, he is one
 of the best.
 With honor I inscribe his name, 'tis Hon.
 S. H. West.

VANITY OF VOTARIES OF FASHION.

"I vow" says Mrs. Love-to-dress
 While counting fashions o'er,
 "If I was Mrs. Annie Cress
 Whose husband keeps a store
 I'd dress up in the latest style
 And cut a swell, you know,
 With hubby at the circus
 And we'd stay to see the show"

"My land," says Mrs. Annie Cress,
 While watching Mrs. Blank,
 "She's amply able well to dress
 Her husband runs a bank.
 She has her servants do her work.
 All luxuries at hand,
 If I were fixed like Mrs. Blank
 I'd dress to beat the band."

"Alas," said pretty Mrs. Blank
 "How very nice, I'm sure,
 To be the wife of Mr. King,
 Beside them we are poor.
 If we were rich as are the Kings
 The world I'd travel o'er,

I'd lead the fashions don't you know
And pleasures have galore."

And thus I fear 'twill ever be
Until old time shall end,
The more a woman has you see
The more she wants to spend;

That same small imp called vanity
So well has learned his trade
He preys upon the vanity
Of matron and of maid.

GOD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

When I was yet a little boy
And yet was very small
It would have been to me a joy
To have been big and tall.

Chorus.

No matter what we've got
Or what the fates have brought,
Our nature is to always want
Something we haven't got.

When I had very little cash
And little wealth had found
I wanted to possess the earth
And have it fenced around.

What wealth and knowledge I possess
My efforts did provide,
I now would not be what I am
Had I been satisfied.

'Tis well that God has given us
Desire to possess,
If we were always satisfied
We never would progress.

Then onward press, at once proceed,
And do the best you can,
And if at first you don't succeed,
Get out and try again.

**WE ARE THE ARCHITECTS OF
OUR OWN DESTINY.**

"Dear Angel lead me through the
spheres."
I cried in suppliant tone,

"Where I can dwell for endless years
Around the great white throne."

The angel answered with a smile,
"Dear child thou canst not go
Until thy heart is free from guile
Thy soul as white as snow.

"Hast thou thy weaker brother cheered
To cause him to aspire
To nobler deeds and purer words,
That he may still climb higher.

"And when poor strangers, beggars
stand
And kindly ask for bread
Dost thou extend a helping hand
And see that they are fed.

"And hast thou lived an honest life,
A student of the school
That teaches all in peace or strife
To live the golden rule.

"And dost thou love on all bestow,
Kindness to all extend,
By greeting all thou chance to know
As brother, sister, friend.

"And dost thou justly deal with men,
Defraud none of a cent,
Pay every honest farthing when
The bill to thee is sent.

"When thus thou faithfully hast done
And thou'rt prepared to go,
I'll lead thee to the great white throne
Where all is white as snow."

We build the ladder day by day
To climb to heaven above
With words and deeds while on the way
The promptings of true love.

IN FLORIDA.

The wintry breeze is soft and low
The mossy pines bend to and fro,
The sunlight has a mellow glow
And days pass quiet, still and slow—
In Florida.

The stately palm and palmetto
And needle pines their beauty show,
The queen of flowers, lovely rose,

With royal flowers flames and glows—
In Florida.

The lakes are calm, with here and there
Some lily pads and blossoms fair,
And wild birds now and then fly o'er
Or swim about from shore to shore—
In Florida.

The misty light of evening shows
The long moss swaying on the trees,
Perfume of flowers where e'er you
please,
Jasmine and roses scent the breeze—
In Florida.

The moon lights up a lovely scene
Where everything is fresh and green,
And in the distance oft is heard
The sweet song of the mocking bird—
In Florida.

What can I say that would praise more
The beauty of her hill and shore,
Man's words are poor and weak and few,
When nature's scenes are spread to
view—
In Florida.

Where winter days and nights pass by
As peaceful as a lullaby,
And storms of winter never come,
Would you not like it for a home?
In Florida.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

*Written for a cousin Richard Durrett,
aged ten years, who loved his little
blonde schoolmate.*

I know a pretty little girl,
Her eyes a lovely blue,
She is a student at my school,
I think that she will do

Chorus.

And if those eyes of blue
To me are always true,
I'll give her love and candy too.
Now really wouldn't you?

That little girl is in my class
I think her sweet and fair,

For beauty others she'll surpass
With lovely golden hair.

When I'm a man in size and ways
Sure it will be my pride
To take her out of sunny days
And have a buggy ride.

If then I think that she will do
To travel with for life,
I surely will to her be true
And take her for my wife.

TO SUNDAY, THE DAY OF REST.

Welcome thou glorious day of rest
We hail thy kind return,
Thou art the day we love the best
Of thee we love to learn.

Thou bringeth joy to every heart
Wherever we may be,
Thou bringeth rest to every part
And we rejoice in thee.

Thy sacred inspiration sweet,
On each returning morn,
Brings news that's sweet when e'er we
meet,
There was a Saviour born.

O glorious day both far and near
With thee we spread the light,
And teach the children everywhere
To battle for the right.

Thy influence will ever be
As boundless as the earth,
Proclaiming over land and sea
News of the Saviour's birth.

O may thy sacred precepts reign
With every land and tongue,
Thy sacred influence remain
In power all men among.

REVERENCE FOR THE LAW.

Let reverence for the laws be breathed
By every loving mother
To lisping babe upon her knee,
Its sister and its brother.

Let it be taught in every school,
Also in every college,
That every one may come to know
The better part of knowledge.

Let it be written in all books,
 In almanacs and primers,
 It will be good for thieves and crooks,
 And for all other sinners.

Let it from all pulpits be preached
 That all may hear and heed it,
 And be held sacred by all courts
 For God has long decreed it.

It is the pillar of our peace,
 The bulwark of the nation,
 Its glorious benefits increase
 And aid civilization.

SPIRIT RETURN.

Man, while yet in this house of clay,
 Encumbered by material things,
 Can dimly see the dawn of day
 That spirits round his pathway brings.

If each and all could rend the veil
 And clearly see the spirit spheres,
 Take from their eyes the blinding scale
 'Twould bring much joy through end-
 less years.

And all would know that day by day
 Our loved ones come and walk with us,
 Know everything we do or say,
 And seek a chance to talk with us.

Then we would open wide the door
 And often walk and talk with them,
 We'd call them from the spirit shore,
 With loving hearts rejoice with them.

The time is coming, almost here,
 That all in this enlightened age
 Will gladly seek to see and hear,
 Their spirit friends from youth to sage.

Then doubt it not, my skeptic friend,
 Nor say that spirits do not come,
 Go seek the truth, then you'll defend
 And seek to meet them in your home.

INS AND OUTS OF LIFE.

The ins and outs I here indite
 Are precepts that will guide you right,

And if you heed them day by day
 Will bring much pleasure on your way.

Keep in your pocket ready cash
 And out of debt a habit rash,
 Keep in the straight and narrow path
 And out of acts that kindle wrath.

Keep in good cheer with smiling face
 And out of quarrels which bring disgrace,
 Keep in dry clothing day and night
 And out of doors when weather's bright.

Keep honor bright in all your sports
 And out of all evil resorts,
 Keep in one business, line or trade
 And out of snares by others made.

Keep always in good company
 And never go out on a spree.
 If these precepts you'll ever heed
 Your life will be happy indeed.

And you will have no cause to weep
 But you can calmly, sweetly sleep,
 And when in this life's busy whirl
 You will be loved by all the world.

BE GOOD.

Do all the good you can while here
 To smooth the thorny way,
 Be cheerful and be happy
 And cheer others day by day.
 Drive out all mean and vicious thoughts
 When they pervade your mind,
 Be honest, true, and faithful,
 And to all the world be kind.

Give vent to no untimely words
 Or expressions of wrath,
 Let all your acts and words be in
 The straight and narrow path,
 Reproach not those weak ones who fall
 From paths of virtue stray,
 Lead them through loving kindness
 To the straight and narrow way.

Your acts and words tho good or bad
 Like stones thrown in the sea,
 Their influence will onward roll
 Through ages yet to be,
 If good, they will lift many souls
 To happiness and joy,
 If bad they will cause misery
 And many souls destroy.

**TO GEORGE E. HOLLENBECK,
DECEASED.**

*Mr. Hollenbeck was the financial agent
of the author in Missouri, a friend and
an exemplary man.*

Dear brother, since thou art gone, sadly
we miss thee,
O'er shadowed with sorrow we mourn
thee in vain,
Thy loved ones at home who so fondly
caressed thee
Are lonely and long for to meet thee
again.

The reaper has claimed thee at richest
full blooming,
Whilst thou in full armor wast guard-
ing the field,
With courage supreme thy own life work
assuming
When death with his sickle hath forced
thee to yield.

Oh sad is our fate, death can never re-
place thee,
With loved ones at home on this earth
ly domain,
And never on earth can thy loved ones
embrace thee,
In realms of bliss they will meet thee
again.

For thou hast ascended to mansions of
glory
With bright saints immortal forever to
dwell,
And bright angels singing thy beautiful
story
Descend to the earth the glad story to
tell.

Oh oft wilt thou come from those man-
sions of pleasure
And join with thy loved ones, as thou
hast before,
To comfort and bless them as earth's
dearest treasure,
And lead them to mansions of rest
evermore.

Thy face among men will be missed, and
with sorrow,
At home round the board will be
vacant thy chair,

But soon we will meet in the bright
blooming morrow
And greet thee with joy in those man-
sions so fair.

SMILE.

Smile, smile, be sad no more,
Forget thy seeming trials,
And think of blessings many a score
And wreath thy face with smiles.

Then wear a smile upon thy face
Of love that's free from guile,
Let charity and love and grace
Forever make thee smile.

For on thy face we see a scroll
Made by thy thoughts and trials,
Thy face an index of thy soul
Should e'er be wreathed in smiles.

Thy evil thoughts thou canst not hide
While all thy thoughts are vile,
Then let good thoughts with thee abide
And always wear a smile.

Thy smile will countless blessings bring,
It cheers thy friends the while,
Thou'lt be in love with everything
If thou wiltst wear a smile.

Then wear a smile upon thy face
Of love that's free from guile,
Let charity and love and grace
Make thee forever smile.

A GREETING.

*To a lady friend in Pennsylvania who
sent me a fine copy of select poems as
an affectionate tribute for Christmas.*

My dear friend, I greet you and send
you good cheer
And wish you a prosperous, happy, New
Year.
Your beautiful booklet arrived in due
time,
The sentiments in it are grand and sub-
lime.

No lovelier tribute affection could give,
A handsomer present no one could re-
ceive.

The beautiful donor may feel on her part,
'Twill ever be treasured deep down in my
heart.

The beautiful flowers can wither and die,
Their ashes when scattered to windward
will fly,
The beautiful thoughts that its pages ex-
press
Will live through eternity, ever to bless.

The beautiful precepts and love in each
line
Are charming my heart as around it
they twine,
Its lovely influence forever will be
A boon to the reader, a blessing to thee.

And when in your home those few lines
you may greet
Remember me kindly to friends whom
you meet,
My friendship is sacredly loyal and true,
My heart ever has a warm corner for
you.

**TO COUSIN M. V. DULIN AND SIS-
TERS OF HOPKINSVILLE, KY.**

Farewell, but when e'er thou art happy
and gay
With music and song at the close of the
day,
Then think of the friend who with music
so free
Hath smothered his griefs to be happy
with thee.

His griefs, although smothered, still with
him remain,
Yet much thou hast brightened his path-
way of pain;
He ne'er will forget the blest hours that
he
Was charmed by thy kindness, while
lingering with thee.

And when in the future the evening doth
still
Bring music and pleasure, thy mansion
to fill,
Where'er I may roam, though in sorrow
or blest,
My soul will, dear friends, on that night
be thy guest.

And join in thy music, thy pleasures, thy
joy,
And hold sweet communion time cannot
destroy;
Bring fond recollections of those happy
hours
I spent in thy mansion, thy parlor, thy
bowers.

Though fate may conspire against relics
of joy
Sweet thoughts of past pleasures she
cannot destroy;
They'll tell of sweet pleasures that we
used to share
And still have the features that joy used
to wear.

Long, long will those pleasures in mem-
ory bright
Bring joy to my heart, in the day or the
night,
Bring sweet recollections with pleasure
to me,
Of thy loving kindness so bounteous and
free.

**TO W. W. JOHNSON AND WIFE OF
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.**

Dear cousins I will ne'er forget
Thy loving kindness since we met
And peaceful hours of content
That in your mansion I have spent.

When future home pleasures are nigh
The stars are in the azure sky
And music fills thy spacious halls
And other friends within thy walls.

Then think of one whose lonely years
Are filled with sorrow, grief and tears,
But who while in your mansion fair
Forgot his griefs while lingering there.

Was happy though the hours were few,
Because of friends so kind and true.
At evening when elsewhere I roam
My soul will visit at thy home,

And join thy pleasures and good cheer,
Return to me though far or near,
Rejoicing if some one while there
Has whispered, "I wish he were here."

Long, long those memories will remain,
How thou hast soothed my grief and
pain.

Be strengthened when I think of you
Like flowers freshened by the dew.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The soul that hath not found its mate
Is ever wistful of its fate,
And longing for its ideal
To crystalize into the real.

And when the ideal appears,
Although they waited many years,
The eye and heart will soon discern
The flame that then begins to burn.

For Cupid fairly plays his part,
By shooting both right through the heart,
And kindles thus the flame of love,
That had its birth in spheres above.

And while that flame is growing bright
It warms their hearts, and they unite
And when together or apart
True love will linger in each heart.

And if they cannot meet at will
True love will ever linger still
And they will hold, where e'er they be,
Communion through telepathy.

No matter what stern fate may do
He cannot kill a love that's true.
Their lives will be one long, sweet day,
If they love's dictates will obey.

And, if on earth they cannot be
United for eternity,
They will unite within the spheres
And live and love for endless years.

DRY THOSE TEARS.

Dry those tears, cheer up, I pray,
For he who rules by night and day
Will ever watch and guide the way
And bring thee peace and pleasure.

And time and patience will suffice
To bring conditions truly nice,
And thou need make no sacrifice
'Twill greet thee with full measure.

Doth not each angry, clouded sky,
Roll back its curtains by and by
To let the sunbeams earthward fly?
Then everything rejoices.

When thou art weary, worn with strife,
And art with daily troubles rife,
Sweet thoughts of friends will bring new
life,

Through faith thou'lt hear their voices.

Then sister, brother, neighbor, friend,
Look on the bright side to the end
And trust in God, who will defend
And bring sweet consolation.

Those who by faith His promise hold
And are by honest hearts controlled,
He will install within his fold
And smile with approbation.

A LETTER

*A response to a beautiful letter from a
lady friend after having received a
copy of the book of poems and song
by the author.*

Your kind epistle came on time
And really gave me joy sublime
To know that friends of former days
Appreciate my feeble lays;
I feel that, if you read with care,
And get the thoughts that in it are,
That you will like it more and more
As you peruse its pages o'er.

For truthfully the book portrays
The pioneers of early days,
As I have seen them live and strive
Since autumn eighteen thirty-five,
I know their customs and their ways
For I was here in early days.
The many questions of today
Are treated in a candid way.

For when I write I do incline
To score and hew close to the line:
If some do not my ideas share
'Tis well; I have my conscience clear,
And when I lay me down to rest
I feel that I have done my best,
That if the message I have sent
Is worthy and with blessings blent.

And soon their future lives will bless
And add unto their happiness
And my poor efforts blessings give.
'Twere better then that I should live
The song does honestly express

The sentiments that I possess,
There's nothing dearer in this life
Than my dear children and my wife.

Where'er I went or chanced to roam
The dearest friends were those at home,
Who now are on the other shore
And still I love them more and more.
The days pass by like lonely years
And oft I find myself in tears
And seek to drive the tears away
With fleeting pleasures of the day.

Then courage take to yet be brave
And live that I may others save,
And guide them in the paths of truth,
While they are in their tender youth.
The letters from old friends today
Are flowers strewn upon my way,
And to my heart bring joy anew.
Like flowers quickened by the dew.

They soothe the pangs of grief and woe
Like sunshine melts the frost and snow.
Could I call back years that have flown
And have those loved ones of my own,
Dear wife and children round my knee
To love, caress and comfort me,
My ecstasy would be supreme,
I sometimes have them in a dream.

They come with messages of love
And tell of lovely courts above.
O will it not be joy sublime
When I pass to that spirit clime
To have my loved ones round me there,
Within that land so bright and fair,
To greet me with a fond caress
And loving words my heart to bless.

Where we will ever more abide.
Be happy and be satisfied.
When these few lines you chance to read,
I trust you will give proper heed
And, if they add unto your joys,
Remember me in Illinois;
In correspondence do your part
To cheer my sad and lonely heart.

**RESPONSE TO MISS K. KISER, OF
CANTON, ILL.**

Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 12, 1907.

Dear friend, your letter came today
And, in reply, I wish to say

Your kindness I appreciate,
To you a story I'll relate.

I wish to say, while at the camp,
I to Niagara took a tramp
And saw the great Niagara Falls,
Where in the gorge 'twixt rocky walls

A river falls three hundred feet,
And mists arise, your eyes to greet,
Through which the sun with golden
sheen
Brings forth a lovely rainbow scene.

O how my heart did bound and leap
To see those mighty waters sweep,
And whirl and rage and foam and roar,
Within the abyss where they pour.

And then between those rocky walls
The river runs below the falls,
And o'er the rapids swiftly rides,
Plunges and leaps with rapid strides.

September first I came this way.
At Bloomington awhile to stay
And found my tenants well the while,
And all did greet me with a smile.

You say that in the recent past
You have not been progressing fast,
I wish to say my sister dear
Be not discouraged, never fear.

For perseverance is the key
That will unlock the prize for thee,
And if you keep yourself in tune
Efficient work will come quite soon.

And I will say the more I write
The easier I can indite,
And I will ever be your friend
In writing rhymes until the end.

And hope you will develop soon,
You'll then enjoy the precious boon.
The more you write the more you'll grow
'Twill come quite easy then you know.

For when you concentrate your mind
With all your power, you will find
The spirit help will come with ease
And write a message that will please.

Then Katy you must ever feel
That you must persevere with zeal,
And exercise both mind and soul
If you would reach the precious goal.

A LETTER

A response to a congratulatory letter and invitation to visit my old friend D. R. Potter, of Harper, Kansas.

Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 14, 1909.

I rejoice much to know that you still are my friend, sir,

That past days are bright in your memory still.

Like mine they'll remain bright and dear to the end, sir,

They oft bring me joy and my bosom they swell.

I oft think of thee when we were in full manhood,

We stood for the right, for the roads and the fair.

We used every effort to do every man good,

The fruits of our labor does still remain there.

But since those bright days many changes have come, sir,

That brought with them sorrow, and tears fell like rain.

It seemed like our pleasures were ended at home, sir,

But time has brought to us home pleasures again.

My dear little wife is a darling, a treasure,

Like yours she is kind as a wife well can be,

A comfort in health and a joy beyond measure,

In sickness a shield and a blessing to me.

Her mental attainments are all I could ask for

And also she plays the piano quite fine, She plays the guitar as an evening task,

And plays a fine second to music of mine.

The story you read of the book was a fact, sir,

She wrote for a copy to keep as her own.

Her letter was fine, just the kind to attract, sir,

The penmanship splendid and I liked its tone.

I sent her my book without money or price, sir,

And also my song called, "The Loved Ones at Home,"

She sent me her thanks in a letter so nice, sir,

I then felt impressed that to me she would come.

I then wrote a letter and asked for her photo

And soon I thereafter to Cuba did sail. She sent it to me and it missed me, in

toto, And followed to Cuba, by way of the mail.

And when it arrived through the mail to Havana,

I had just departed for Florida's coast, And when at Lake Helen, where I had friends many

It followed me there all around through the post.

And when I received it, I gazed on its face, sir,

Such beautiful eyes I had seldom beheld,

With countenance mild and sweet, so full of grace, sir,

All my lady friends, sir, I thought she excelled.

We then corresponded until the next spring, sir,

I then made a visit to her mother's farm.

'Twas there we first met and she was just the thing, sir,

She played charming music, but she the best charm.

Her charms were so sweet that she soon made a capture

And I fell a victim to music and song, Her sweet charming music my soul did enrapture

And I soon decided to take her along.

We kept the mails warm till the next
 holiday, sir,
 And soon after that, sir, we had the
 knot tied.

'Twas in February, the 23rd day, sir,
 We then came to Bloomington, home
 to abide.

The kind invitation to us you extended
 I'll ever remember with heart full of
 love;

So much of my life is already expended
 We may never meet until meeting
 above.

My health is not good, but I still will
 endeavor
 To stay upon earth and my health to
 improve.

The power of mind is a wonderful lever
 To brace up our health here, as on-
 ward we move.

You sometimes come back to your old
 stamping ground, sir,
 Renewing your love for old friends
 tried and true.

So when you come back do not fail to
 come round, sir,
 I long much to see your fair lady and
 you.

So good-bye, dear D. R., may conscience
 compel you
 To write me again soon as this reaches
 you.

There's nothing so sweet as a letter to
 tell you
 Of dear loving friends whom you al-
 ways found true.

Always your friend,

J. F. MYERS.

**TO A FRIEND IN BLOOMINGTON,
 III.**

Written at Lilly Dale, N. Y.,
 Aug. 1, 1907.

My dear old friend, with friendship true,
 I sit me down to write to you;
 Your kind epistle I received,
 Which very much my heart relieved.

A prompt response this will contain
 Hoping to hear from you again,
 When far from home my way I wend,
 A letter from a valued friend

Is balm unto my lonely heart,
 When I and friends are far apart.
 This is a lovely place I'm sure
 To spend the warm part of the year.

And lovely folks assemble here
 Beside the Lake so bright and clear,
 To while away the pleasant hours
 In lovely parks and shady bowers.

And mansions white, and trees so green
 Where many lovely flowers are seen,
 Where spirit friends rejoice to meet
 And join us in communion sweet.

We have grand lectures every day
 To teach and cheer us on the way,
 An orchestra we daily greet
 That charms the heart with music sweet.

And all who may desire or wish
 With hook and line to catch some fish,
 Can soon procure a little boat
 And out upon the water float.

Where they can very soon procure
 A dainty mess of fish, I'm sure.
 If you were here now, don't you see
 How very, very nice 'twould be

To share our pleasures day by day,
 And while the pleasant hours away
 Among the lovely shady bowers
 And mansions fair, perfumed with flow-
 ers.

And when the evening shades appear
 To some good medium draw near,
 An hour spend your heart to cheer
 With spirit friends so near and dear.

For mediums of every phase
 Your drooping spirits here to raise
 Are giving tests, that we confess
 Are from our spirit friends to bless.

And guard us in our earthly strife
 And lead us to a higher life.
 O it is beautiful to know
 That in the spheres our children grow

From infancy to mature size,
 To thinking minds 'tis no surprise.
 They're taught, though they pass out a
 birth,

What mature ones had learned on earth

'Tis grand to know the old in years
 Grow younger when they reach the
 spheres,
 And ever after they will be
 As they were at maturity.

When these few lines you chance to see
 Be kind enough to write to me,
 And if it is your heart's desires
 To cheer the heart of J. F. Myers.

A VISIT TO WAUKEGAN AND CHICAGO.

As I in Waukegan did roam
 Looking for a pleasant home,
 Where faces fair and voices sweet
 Would joyously my presence greet.

A door was opened unto me
 And I a lady's face did see,
 With beaming eyes and pleasant smile
 And seeming pure and free from guile.

A cordial welcome gave to me,
 With gracious mien and modesty,
 Which brought the consolation sweet
 That always comes when old friends
 meet.

While I was lingering there for rest
 My lonely heart was soothed and blest,
 For incidents of times now old
 Were oft repeated, often told.

And friendship once so warm and true
 Those pleasant hours did renew,
 And pleasant memories will remain
 To soothe my sorrows, ease my pain.

Three days I gladly lingered there
 With friends so true, so kind and fair,
 Then did with friends a visit make
 In the great city by the lake.

Five days I gladly there remained
 And royally was entertained,
 With loving friends I used to see
 Which gave much pleasure unto me.

May health and strength with me remain
 That I may meet those friends again,
 Renew those ties of love and joy,
 That time and space can ne'er destroy.

For life would be to me a blank
 And I would be a lonely crank,
 If I my friends could never meet
 And hold with them communion sweet.

Those dear old friends of fifty years
 Did much to check my lonely tears,
 Their kindly acts from day to day
 Were flowers blooming on my way.

From faces fair and voices sweet
 Consoling words my ears did greet,
 And other friends of later days
 With cheerful voices, pleasant ways,

My pleasant visit joyful made
 While in that great city I stayed.
 Then to the Bangs sisters I hied,
 On Adams street where they abide,

Six hundred fifty-four, they stay,
 Where you can find them every day.
 As spirit psychics they are grand
 For spirits with a cunning hand

Make spirit portraits much of late,
 In all the phases demonstrate
 A wondrous power, good, benign,
 That proves by works it is divine.

The portrait of my mother dear,
 Also my son while I was there
 Were made for me by spirit power,
 Each one in less than half an hour.

I sat and saw those portraits made.
 By spirit hands the paint was laid,
 As they developed in the light
 'Twas to my eyes a lovely sight.

It was to me a source of joy
 To see my mother and my boy,
 To see those portraits lovely, grand,
 Developed by a spirit hand.

The background first was quickly made
 And next the face, with light and shade
 And last of all they made the eyes,
 'Twas all to me a great surprise.

In truth the shading of the face
 Was done with elegance and grace,
 And I could see the colors blend,
 But could not see the spirit hand.

If any one these facts should doubt
 They'll get their vain conceit knocked
 out,

If they the time and money spend
To get the portrait of a friend.

I then for Bloomington did steer,
And when the cars had brought me here
My friends a welcome did extend,
With greetings at my journey's end.

**A MESSAGE FROM MY SPIRIT
WIFE.**

*Through the mediumship of Miss Kate
Kiser.*

O forget me not, dear friends so true,
And cherish the little flower so blue
In memory of one who dwells
In spirit land; I'll not say farewell,

For there is no death, I'll bid you joy,
For happiness is here without alloy,
So cherish the little flower so blue
With sweet remembrance, and imbue

The little forget-me-not with love,
For we gather them here in lands above.
Wear them upon your breast for me,
For blue is true, that I may see

I'm not forgotten dear ones by you
For they are lovely when wet with dew,
Thus in your memory ever dear
I'll sweetly live from year to year.

*Note—Prior to the above I had received
from my spirit wife a message written
between two closed slates in her own
identical hand writing and being an
artist in earth life she painted a forget-
me-not flower on the slate as an evi-
dence of her identity to which she re-
fers in the two subsequent little poems.*

LINES FROM MY SPIRIT WIFE.

Sweet are the flowers on this September
day,

But sweeter the memories of days gone
by

When our love was sweet as the flowers
in May,

Bright as the sunshine, love can never
die.

Dear one so true wear the flower so blue
And forget-me-not while on earth you
stay.

Happy days are in store dear one for
you,

But wear the forget-me-not every day,
Be bright and happy, oh dear one so true,

For blessings are showered on you every
day,

Heaven's brightest angels are sent to you
To make your life bright as a day in
May.

Scatter the seeds of kindness in all you
do.

For all time I'll wear the flower so
blue,

And rejoice, be glad, if you wear it too
As the days and years unfold to you.

**TO A LADY FRIEND OF BLOOM-
INGTON, ILLINOIS.**

At Lilly Dale, in New York State,
With pen in hand I here relate
A brief account, in my quaint way,
Of thoughts that I would like to say.

Your message came the other day
And it was short, I here will say,
But brought to me the pleasant thought
That you, dear friend, forget me not.

Now Lilly Dale is in full blast
And spirit truths come thick and fast,
For mediums are plenty here,
They're here and there and everywhere.

We have them here in every phase
Some of their work deserves great
praise,

I have from spirit friends of mine
Some messages that's very fine.

I held the slates while they were played
And I am sure no fraud was played.
Loved ones materialized for me
And I could very plainly see

The lovely features of my wife,
Just as they were while in earth life;
And daughter Stella came to me
As sweet and nice as she could be.

And brother George he also came,
As in earth life he looked the same,
They all brought loving words of cheer
To soothe and comfort me while here.

If you these facts cannot believe
And think I fain would you deceive,
Your doubts will soon be set aside
And you will in the truth confide.

When you the spirits do consult
You will be proud of the result
And thank your stars that you can state
That spirits do communicate.

Your spiritual knowledge will increase
Your mind will be much more at peace,
And you will interested be
In spiritual philosophy.

My health is fairly good today
And many pleasures come my way.
I think I would get stout and hale
If I would stay in Lilly Dale.

For here are groves with lovely bowers
And mansions fair, perfumed with flow-
ers,

And graded streets where e'er you go
And ladies fair who are not slow,

That greet you with a pleasant smile
And chat complaisantly the while.
To help us while the time away
We have two lectures every day,

That all who wish their ways to mend
These splendid lectures can attend,
And while the lecturer's at rest
The band makes music of the best.

When these few lines you chance to greet
If they your approbation meet
And you our friendship would increase,
Exchange of thoughts should never
cease.

**TO MY OLD FRIEND, A. G. PHELPS,
OF FAIRBURY, ILL.**

At Lilly Dale in New York State, July
the eighteenth day,
I sit me down to write to you, though
you are far away,
I hope when you these lines receive you'll
be in perfect health
And the giver of all good will give you
joy and wealth.

This message leaves me quite as well as
when I saw you last,
I hope to be as well again as I was in the
past.

When this you see remember me your
friend though far away,
And let me have a letter from your hand
without delay.

And when your letter I receive I will re-
joice to know
That you are gay and happy still, at writ-
ing never slow,

My own dear true and loving friends
with doors thrown open wide,
Who grasp my hand so lovingly and ask
me to abide

Have made my life less lonely in my few
declining years

And have far less of sorrow and far less
of lonely tears,

O may the ruling powers that be help
me to plainly see

The good in all my loving friends who
minister to me.

And overlook with charity each fault
that may appear

And meet all with a pleasant smile and
loving words of cheer,

Relieving every sorrow that is in my
power to do

And strew sweet flowers in the path of
friends so kind and true.

DEAR DOCTOR AND COUSIN VAN.

*Written to Dr. Ketchen and Cousin Van
Dulin, of Hopkinsville, Ky. In re-
sponse to a letter from them stating
that Dr. Kitchem and wife and Cousin
Van and sister would accompany me to
Cuba the next winter.*

I just arrived from Lilly Dale
And am not feeling very hale.

For want of sleep and needed rest

I can't expect to feel my best.

Since winding up my southern rounds

I've gained about eleven pounds

And, if said flesh with me abide,

I think I will be satisfied.

When safe at home I did receive

Your message, and it did relieve
 And cause me truly to rejoice,
 That you had harkened to my voice
 And sent me kindly words of cheer,
 From absent friends to me so dear.
 Now as to Cuba, I will say
 We cannot tell from day to day

What the tomorrow doth conceal,
 Or what the next day will reveal.
 For Cuba I am still inclined
 And really have not changed my mind
 And if when e'er I seek my prize
 The cash will sure materialize
 And health stay with me good and strong
 And thus my dear old life prolong.

Then I will sail on Cuban lines
 And also to the Isle of Pines.
 As to some females in the band
 It would be really to our hand
 To have a pretty female trick
 To care for us if we get sick,
 For don't you know the female grace
 With tender hand and smiling face

Is fraught with many a healing charm.
 The tender touch of hand and arm
 And loving efforts on her part
 Brings back to life the fainting heart.
 Then let the females go along,
 To bless the trip with joy and song,
 And make the days pass merrily
 And give new life to Van and me.

For don't you know we need it much
 The charm that comes with ladies' touch.
 But Cousin Van don't realize,
 He has not yet possessed the prize
 And does not realize the bliss
 That lurks within a woman's kiss.
 As to the Doctor don't you know
 It will be nice to have him go.

For if the Doctor goes along
 Our bodies will be ever strong,
 For when we know we've got him sure
 The mind is clear of doubt and fear.
 And as you think so will it be
 You'll have disease or will be free
 And with his presence kind and true
 He'll boost disease right out of you.

TO VAN DULIN.

Who is a bachelor, and the lady mentioned resides just over the fence from Cousin Van's residence and is a friend of the author.

When'er you have a real good chance
 To see the lady o'er the fence
 Please tell her I am yet alive,
 That I of late began to thrive
 My health is very much improved;
 But best of all is to be loved.
 The lady love I would select.
 Of course we know none are perfect.

But she must have a pleasant voice
 And I must be her only choice.
 And she must have a winning way
 To cheer my heart from day to day;
 And I must think her good and sweet
 From crown of head to soles of feet,
 And love her true with all my heart
 And think her nice in every part.

I do not care for house or land,
 I would not seek a lady's hand
 For wealth or fame or sordid gain,
 Please understand, and that quite plain.
 I want one with an honest heart
 Who will in kindness do her part.
 Love me with all her heart through life
 And be a true and loving wife.

I rather guess if you could find
 One such, just suited to your mind.
 The lover's song you soon would sing
 And take her in under your wing;
 Which would be better in old age
 Than be a bach upon life's stage.
 She'd comfort you in failing years
 And soothe your sorrows, calm your
 fears.

Then don't delay, my Cousin Van,
 Go out and find her while you can,
 For by and by 'twill be too late
 To enter in the marriage state;
 And when you pass to spirit side
 Your friends will ask where is your
 bride.

A POETICAL LETTER.

*To a lady friend in Florida who nursed
the author through a long sick spell.*

While drifting down the stream of time
O may your pleasures be sublime,
Dame Fortune every effort bless,
With gold each button that you press.
May heaven bless you every day
And drive your every care away,
And strew your path with lovely flowers,
Your life be filled with peaceful hours.

That you in your declining years
Can bid farewell to grief and tears,
And beds of ease to you be given
Perfumed with nectar sweet from
heaven.

When these few lines you chance to see,
If you should kindly think of me,
Please drop to me a line or two
And I will promptly answer you.

And, if you have the time to spare
And have some news you'd like to air,
Sit down and then divest your mind
Of all good news that you can find;
For what is life to me or you
If we have no dear friend that's true,
In whom we truly can confide,
Where confidence will long abide.

 LINES TO MISS MAY WILSON

*Who Presented Flowers to the Author
when Sick in Florida, and Other Kind
Acts.*

I'll ne'er forget the words of cheer
That thou hast given to calm my fear,
And sweet bouquets of lovely flowers
To help beguile the lonely hours.

Those flowers still perfume supply
Although they're faded now and dry,
They're nicely packed within my grip
Will there remain all through my trip.

And then I'll take the faded bloom
And will extract their sweet perfume,
And in my room the vase will keep
To soothe and calm my nerves to sleep.

And that perfume will ever be

A precious incense unto me,
And cause me in my dreams to see
The kindly acts bestowed by thee.

 TO MR. JOHN A. JEFFREYS
AND LADY.

Feb. 15, A. D. 1909.

My dear, dear friends, I wish to say
My business has caused delay
And sickness, the la grippe severe,
With cruel power has held me here.
But health, the ever precious boon,
I feel is coming and quite soon
I will be strong and free from pain
And be my former self again.

For Texas I will go next week,
'Tis health and pleasure there I seek,
Also the country to explore
And contemplate its prospects o'er;
And if I find its prospects great
I may secure some real estate,
And here I wish also to state
It is in winter, growing late.

And spring will soon be drawing near
And Casadaga camp so far,
When I complete my Texas route
I fear I will be tired out
And then will wish to wend my way
To Illinois, awhile to stay,
And if to camp I do not go
It will run all the same, you know.

For Webster with its noble host
And hostess will honor the post
And entertain with gracious cheer
Their guests, with fine and bounteous
fare;

And Hilligos will be there sure
To see that all things are secure,
And run according to the rule
Of a good spiritualistic school.

And J. Clegg Wright, I'm free to say,
The wonder of the present day,
And his great mediumistic power
Will entertain you many an hour.
And I presume Mrs. Morrell,
With powers quite phenomenal,
Will be on hand to charm the crowd
With tests of which they will be proud.

And Mrs. Thronson, suave and bland,

No doubt will often take the stand
 And entertain with skill and pride,
 Controlled by a kind spirit guide.
 And Dr. Peebles, dear old soul,
 If he is there to swell the roll,
 A quite important place will fill
 And educate with wondrous skill.

And little Carrie Twing, so bland
 And bright and pleasant on the stand,
 No doubt will do a generous part
 And entertain with skillful art,
 And write things up with pleasing grace
 And lasting honors to the place,
 And many gents and ladies fair
 Who have in former years been there,

With presence honorable and good
 Are there to aid the brotherhood.
 And Plaisted, too, no doubt is there
 With violin to do his share.
 And once a week, with joy complete,
 Put life and spirits in their feet
 And Julius John and lady fair,
 I have no doubt are with you there.

With wit and music will essay
 To charm your guests from day to day.
 Now if I fail to be there, too,
 Next year I really think will do;
 I then will take a southern tramp
 And visit Casadaga Camp.

HONOR THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Tune, "America."

Honor the boys in blue
 Who were to country true,
 In time of war.
 They fought and bled for you,
 Our foes they did pursue;
 Much honor is their due,
 Their's many a scar.

Honor the boys in blue.
 Their lives and blood were true,
 Where glory waned.
 They faced the shot and shell
 Where many comrades fell;
 Their work was done so well,
 Our country saved.

Honor the boys in blue.
 Be to them ever true,
 As in the past.

Let patriots o'er the land
 Honor that loyal band,
 And for them ever stand,
 While time shall last.

Honor the boys in blue.
 Let them be ever new,
 On Memory's page.
 O may we ever see
 That they will honored be,
 From care and sorrow free,
 While bowed with age.

Honor the boys in blue.
 Who saved this land for you.
 With life and blood.
 Those sacred graves are ours,
 Wreath them with love and flowers,
 Bathe them with tears in showers,
 A crystal flood.

THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR.

Amidst the autumn's dreamy haze,
 The forest leaves are all ablaze
 With crimson, scarlet, russet, green,
 A lovely changing golden scene.

How quickly has the time rolled by
 Since spring with warm and radiant sky
 Gave leaves and grass and flowers birth,
 And decked with lovely charms the earth.

The swelling buds of rosy tint
 Were opened by the sunbeam's glint;
 And from their varied silvery sheen,
 The summer changed to lovely green.

And with her balmy, gladdening smile
 Gave life and vigor all the while,
 To vegetation, trees and flowers
 The fields of grain and lovely bowers.

And with sweet fruits and flowers fair,
 With fragrance sweet perfumed the air,
 And clothed the earth with green and
 gold;
 'Twas charming, lovely to behold.

Autumn is here with chilling breath;
 And heavy frost consigns to death
 The lovely flowers, leaves of trees
 Are torn and tossed upon the breeze.

But tiny buds, and bulbs, remain

When winter's gone to bloom again,
 When balmy spring makes warm their
 beds
 They'll swell and show their tiny heads.

And thus our lives must bud and bloom;
 Our bodies lie within the tomb
 But spirit buds will yet remain
 To live, and love, and bloom again.

THE SEASONS.

Spring is here in all her glory,
 Verdant fields are green and fair;
 Warblers tell the gladsome story
 With their music fill the air;
 Violets so sweet and smiling
 Tulips bloom with beauty rare,
 Ever charming and beguiling
 Earth is decked in garments fair.

Summer comes in gorgeous beauty,
 Clothed in rich and grand attire,
 Meadows, fields and vales so pretty
 Fraught with charms we all admire;
 Roses bloom in lovely bowers
 Ever sweet with fragrance rare,
 Lovely rose the queen of flowers
 Budding, blooming everywhere.

Autumn comes laden with treasures,
 Luscious fruits and cereals fine,
 Golden harvests beyond measure
 On which all the world can dine.
 Lawns and pastures tell the story
 Of the ages long ago,
 Golden rod and morning glory
 For the natives used to grow.

Winter comes now chill and dreary,
 Decks earth with a hoary vest,
 Vernal life with forests weary
 Takes a quiet needed rest.
 Earth hath yielded full possession,
 Winter dons her icy cap,
 Other seasons in submission
 Cast their treasures in her lap.

LIFE'S LESSON IN THE SEASONS.

Spring awakens from her slumber
 With her balmy sun and rain,
 Blessings bring of countless number,
 Woos all things to life again.

Clothes the earth, the fields and bowers
 With rich verdure green and fair,
 Grass and grain and leaves and flowers
 With her charms and balmy air.

Summer soothes with lovely showers
 Every living thing that's green;
 Bring new charms for seeds and flowers
 Brings perfection to the scene.

Autumn with her balmy weather
 Brings perfection to the scene,
 Brings all season's work together—
 Fruits and cereals gathers in.

Winter, like a tyrant reigning,
 Leaves and flowers must decay,
 Buds and bulbs alive remaining
 Live to bloom another day.

Life's an emblem of the seasons
 In its childhood like the spring,
 If controlled by truth and reason
 Will much hope and promise bring.

Youth like summer's variant gladness,
 Fill with ardent hopes and fears,
 Flowers of love or swords of madness,
 Brings us happiness or tears.

Middle age like autumn bearing
 Fruit and seed that we have grown
 Brings us woe or joy and pleasure—
 We will reap what we have sown.

Old age like the winter season
 Brings our bodies to the tomb:
 Spirit buds with life and reason,
 Live in higher spheres to bloom.

TO DEATH.

The flowers have their time to blow,
 The leaves their time to fall;
 The cock his time at night to crow,
 And sound his morning call;
 The glorious sun her time to rise
 And bring the coming day,
 The moon the time when it supplies
 With many a golden ray.

We know that winter's coming soon,
 By north wind's chilling breath.

Thou hast the whole year for thine own
 To call for us, O Death;
 No jungle dense, no secret dell,
 No place on earth so stout.
 Tho we within strong forts should dwell
 We cannot keep thee out.

We know night by her sable shade
 That o'er the earth we see,
 But who shall teach us when, O Death,
 That we must look for thee.
 Then let our lamps be burning bright,
 Let us from sin be free
 So if thou com'st by day or night,
 That we can welcome thee.

**TO DR. S. MURDOCK, OF SABETHA,
 KANSAS.**

Lilly Dale, N. Y., Aug. 26th, 1907.

Once more I take my pen in hand
 That my old friend may know
 That I quite soon at home will land,
 Am still upon the go.
 This leaves me only fairly well,
 And when it reaches you
 I hope it will the story tell
 That I am ever true.

I leave this lovely place today.
 For Bloomington will steer,
 To meet with friends, now far away
 Tho to my heart are dear.
 Please take your pen and write to me,
 This matter don't delay,
 For I will really anxious be,
 To hear what you may say.

Have you still Cuba on the brain,
 Do you intend to go?
 When next you write, do please explain
 And tell me what you know;
 And tell me if the Cuban goose
 Continues to fly high,
 And if you have some funds that's loose
 And still intend to buy.

When this you see, remember me,
 For I am ever true,
 And prompted conscientiously
 In what I say and do.
 And now may heaven's blessings rest
 And long abide with you,
 And may your life be ever blest,

And you be ever true.
 As ever, your friend,
 J. FRANCIS MYERS.

**THE GREAT NIAGARA RIVER AND
 FALLS.**

Of thee, Niagara, we sing
 And long and loud thy praise will ring
 Thy glory, oft, will be expressed,
 And millions by thee will be blest.
 The words of man fail to express,
 Thy thundering, roaring, awfulness;
 With awe sublime we are controlled
 As we thy wonders do behold.

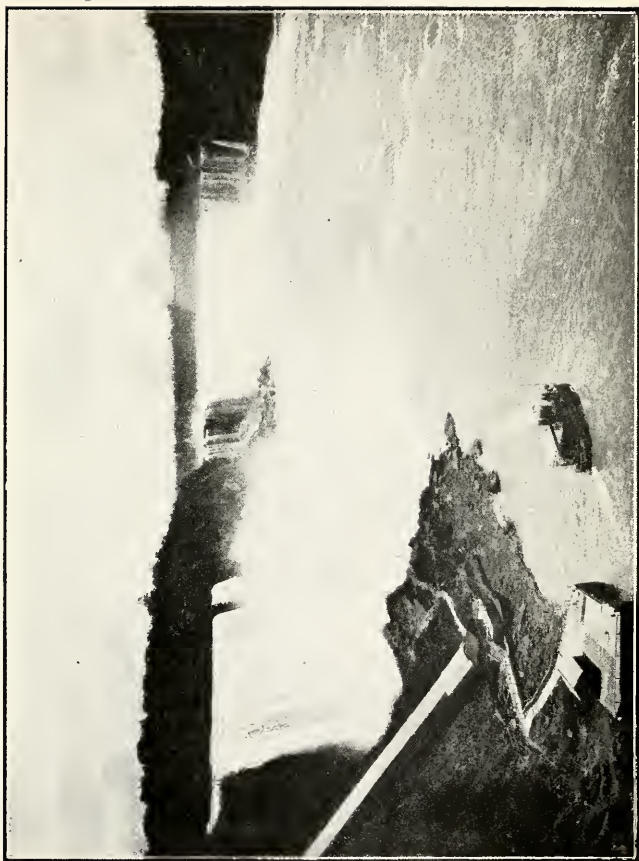
Thou art a God sent chain of fate,
 Uniting lakes, both small and great.
 On fair Columbia's bounteous breast
 That by thee, many may be blest.
 From lake to lake thy fall complete
 Is three hundred thirty-four feet,
 And at thy falls thy water sheet
 Descends one hundred sixty feet.

Thou art unique in many a way
 No river like thee is found today.
 Above Goat Island, very wide,
 And at Goat Island there divide,
 And in thy wrath plunge o'er the falls
 To meet again 'twixt narrow walls,
 And over many rapids go,
 While reaching Lake Ontario.

Thy rapids, just above the falls,
 Hath many benches. Shallow walls,
 O'er which thy waters downward pour,
 Which adds unto thy ceaseless roar.
 Thy wonders great proclaim, in fine,
 The hand that made thee is divine;
 He holds the waters and the land
 Within the hollow of his hand.

Among his wondrous works, so grand
 Niagara thou wilt ever stand,
 Approved by His great sovereign will,
 To show to man his wondrous skill.
 Kings and plebians, rich and poor,
 Have heard thy raging waters roar,
 And stood with awe-struck heart
 amazed,
 In speechless wonder while they gazed.

Where thy mad raging water falls
 Into the gorge, o'er rocky walls,



Niagara Falls, N. Y., and the little boat Maid of the Mist.

One hundred sixty feet or more,
 And mists arise from shore to shore,
 Through which the sun with golden
 sheen,
 Brings forth a lovely rainbow scene.
 O how my heart did bound and leap
 To see those mighty waters sweep

And dive, and rage and foam and roar,
 Within the abyss where they pour,
 And see he and plunge and dash and
 fame,
 Then rise and partial calm assume;
 And then, between those rocky walls,
 Float gently on below the falls,
 O'er the next rapids swiftly ride,
 And plunge and leap with rapid stride,

To the great whirlpool onward roll,
 And see the bank its speed control,
 Where the deep gorge turns to the right
 And leaves the stream, the bank to fight;
 Where it against the bank doth churn,
 And whirl and to the left doth turn,
 And whirl and circle round and round,
 And seems to be completely bound.

But undercurrent's constant flow
 Conveys it to the gorge below.
 An awful sight my eyes did greet,
 The height of banks three hundred feet,
 With narrow channel just below,
 Where all the water has to flow.
 I wondered if it could be true
 That all that water could pass through.

The under current's constant sweep
 Hath worn the channel very deep;
 Although in width 'tis so much pent
 Great depth of channel gives it vent,
 And next it strikes a rocky bed,
 Where' ever greater surface spread,
 It leaps and plunges, foams and roars,
 In Lake Ontario gently pours.

Goat Island, just above the falls,
 Divides their steep and rocky walls.
 When Indians met to worship God,
 Believing it was his abode,
 They saw him, as the mists float o'er,
 And heard him in the awful roar;
 And, to appease his angry thought,
 They many presents to Him brought.

Also to quiet morbid fear
 They gave an Indian maid each year.
 By lot they chose that lovely maid,

And on the bank she knelt and prayed;
 They danced the death dance round her
 there,
 The chief arose, with solemn air,
 And cried aloud, "We give to Thee
 This lovely maid, the gift is free."

All robed in white, with white canoe,
 Into the water her they drew,
 And sent her down, canoe and oar,
 To where the raging waters pour,
 To plunge beneath that seething flood,
 And there to meet the Indian's God.
 The body soon would downward float,
 Where they secured it with a boat.

Then to Goat Island did repair
 And there interred the maiden fair,
 Where the Great Spirit did abide,
 And she would be his maiden bride.
 Goat Island with its beauty rare,
 Hath lovely trees, so green and fair,
 From which the view is best of all,
 To see the world's great water fall.

For one can stand between the two
 And there can have a splendid view;
 On either side, he there can see
 An emblem of God's majesty,
 That awful torrent's ceaseless pour
 And hear its mad and thundering roar,
 Which fills the heart with awe sublime,
 That will defy the hand of time.

When near Niagara's ceaseless flood
 A voice within said, "There's a God,
 Survey this boiling vortex o'er
 And listen to its deafening roar."
 Awe struck I stood and there did gaze
 Upon those torrents, mist and haze.
 I there beheld a charming sight,
 A lovely rainbow clear and bright.

Amazed, I stood without a fear,
 And cried great God, for thou art near.
 Thy voice in thunder tones impress
 Me. Thou art here and here to bless.
 For Thou hast made the waters forge
 And open deep this mighty gorge.
 Long, long ago this work began
 To aid and comfort feeble man.

For in this mighty waterfall
 Thy voice to man doth loudly call.
 Arise, O man, and strike with might,
 For this, the greatest water site,
 Will furnish power for millions yet,

Who will from it a living get.
Thy vigils keep from year to year
For opportunity is here.

And thou canst build a city strong
On either side the banks along,
And in due time from Lake to Lake
A mighty city thou canst make.
Where millions yet will find employ,
Their labor's fruits they will enjoy.
Thy products will bring blessings great
To all who dwell within the states.

Flow on Niagara, ever flow ;
Thy glorious fame will ever grow.
Thy mighty falls and water's whirl
Hath spread thy fame all o'er the world
And kings and potentates have gazed
And speechless stood, awe struck,
amazed.

And millions still, thy wonders greet,
And bow with homage at thy feet.

No artist's pencil can portray
Thy wonders, O Niagara !
No tongue hath language to express,
Thy raging water's awfulness,
Thy mighty, ceaseless, thundrous roar,
Thy spray and rainbow hovering o'er,
No scenes on earth that more attract
Than nature's greatest cataract.

Sept. 20th, 1910.

SCENES AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST ON THE NIAGARA RIVER.

No artist's pencil plainly can portray
Her wonders, or do justice to the
theme ;

No tongue hast language rightly to convey

The matchless grandeur of that mighty
stream—

An oasis on fair Columbia's breast,
Where all the irised beauties sweetly
play ;

A gem so fine, no other land is blest
With colors born of shining sun and
spray.

Niagara in miles is thirty-six,
From Lake Erie to Lake Ontario,
Falls three hundred thirty-four feet be-
twixt—
Five lakes their surplus waters through
it flow.

There's many wondrous objects to be
seen,

Of interest to the tourists today,
Along that river those two lakes between
For tourists when traveling that way

Its greatest wonder is its mighty falls
One hundred sixty feet those waters
pour

Into a chasm deep 'twixt rocky walls,
And cause a thundering, deafening
ceaseless roar.

God's living voice is ever present there,
Proclaiming loud the just, the brave
shall be

The rulers of this glorious land so fair
The guardians of peace, and liberty.

And Prospect Park is to the city joined
Between the city and the falls com-
plete ;

'Tis beautiful, with lovely trees adorned
Along the chasm runs one thousand
feet.

Along the rapids runs five hundred more
Its full extent those raging waters
face.

To see those leaping waters plunging
o'er,

More visit there than any other place

And Prospect Point, the lower end of
the park,

Affords a splendid view of both the
falls,

Also Maid of the Mist, that little bark
That plys so near, between those rocky
walls,

On water so exhausted by the leap
And plunge into the chasm and the
swirl,

Then runs for two miles smooth and
very deep,

The deepest narrow river in the world.

Cave of the Winds, formed by the re-
cessed cliff,

Is sixty by one hundred feet about.

The roof one hundred feet above and
stiff,

Where through the falling water you
look out ;

Goat Island bridge, a splendid place to
show

The rapids as they rage and foam and
leap

and pass over the precipice below
 And then assume a calm and gentle
 sweep.

An elevator grand near by the falls
 And stairway to the river's edge below,
 Where you can stand and view those
 rocky walls
 And see those raging waters o'er them
 flow.

When you can on the Misty Maiden ride
 And sail near to the foot of both the
 falls,

When circle back and to its landing glide,
 Then elevate up through those rocky
 walls.

The spring within Goat Island's lovely
 bank

Not far above the bridge is walled
 around

Where many weary tourists have drank,
 No purer water in that country found.
 Three Sister Islands near Goat Island
 lie,

A bridge unites Goat Island with the
 three,

Where you can see the rapids raging
 by

And plunging, dashing, foaming, cease-
 lessly.

The Queen Victoria Park across the way
 In Canada is beautiful and fair,

'Tis well equipped and open every day
 And many, many people visit there.

Niagara's great banner is unfurled
 Proclaiming to industries old and new

We have the cheapest power in the
 world,

Come share it with us and be happy,
 too.

Already forty millions have been spent,
 Three hundred sixty factories today,

Five largest in the world are here con-
 tent

And many more are coming here to
 stay.

Gigantic tunnels opened for the flow
 Convey the water from the stream
 above

So factories immense that's built below
 And many more such projects on the
 move.

The city now is forty thousand strong
 And just began to realize her strength,
 With great momentum she will move
 along

From lake to lake in time will be her
 length—

Three monster bridges span the gorge
 along,

The upper one twelve hundred forty
 feet,

Its height one hundred ninety feet and
 strong,

The arch one hundred forty feet com-
 plete.

The museum of Niagara is great
 In eighteen hundred thirty had its
 birth,

The oldest museum within the states,
 The largest private museum on
 earth;

A wonderful collection and replete,
 The largest in America today,

It can with all the foreign ones compete,
 All nature and her freaks are on dis-
 play.

The city is alive and up-to-date,
 And forging up and onward to her
 goal.

There's none so wide awake within the
 state,

She will some day contain a million
 souls.

There's many other features that are
 grand,

A few more I will mention at this time,
 Niagara your ideas will expand

When you behold her wonders grand,
 sublime.

The gorge route an electric line that
 plays

To Lewiston and back. the gorge
 around.

Its scenic grandeur wondrous sights dis-
 plays,

No other place on earth can such be
 found.

Three ponderous steel arch bridges cross
 the stream,

The whirlpool and the rapids always
 new,

Brock's monument in grandeur can be
 seen,

The Devil's Hole, and Queenston
 Heights in view.

THE MAIDEN SACRIFICE

An Indian Legend of Niagara.

Awed, by its leaping and raging and bounding,
 Mazed by its roaring, by night and by day,
 Soothed by its musical echo resounding,
 Charmed by its beautiful rainbow and spray,

Children of nature to Niagara hastened,
 For in its roar was the Great Spirit's voice,
 Lest in his anger the red man be chastened,
 Gifts they presented that he might rejoice.

Oft on its banks the whole tribe would assemble,
 There to do homage and worship their God,

There in his presence they prayed, danced and trembled.

Then on its banks never white man had trod,

Lovely Goat Island, the Great Spirit's dwelling,

There was their heaven, the place of their choice.

Oft in their ecstasy saw his form swelling,

Thundering cataracts echoed his voice.

Oft on his form, when the mist cloud was rifted,

Gracefully poised, in the spray in the air,

Holding his rainbow, until the wind shifted,

Then his loved form was no longer seen there.

Once in each year the whole tribe there collected,

There to do homage, to dance, pray and fast.

Spoils of the chase, and their crops they selected,

Gifts to the Spirit with reverence they cast.

Lovely Goat Island, 'tis said by tradition,
 Was their great Mecca, where they could find rest.

No matter what in this life their condition,

They at that island would ever be blest
 To please the Spirit, the chief of each nation

Annually gave him a sweet maiden fair,

Chosen by lot, she was by their dictation
 Sent o'er the falls to the Great Spirit there.

One time a Seneca chief's only daughter
 Was drawn to sacrifice, to his chagrin
 True to his tribe, he opposed not her slaughter.

All was arranged the descent to begin
 A lovely white boat to the maiden was given,

Filled with sweet flowers and fruits of the land,

Robed her in white, like the angels in heaven,

Started her down with the oars in her hand.

That noble chief loved his beautiful daughter,

Deep in his heart her sad fate did deplore.

Secretly he, in his boat o'er the water,
 Swiftly the rapids was soon passing o'er,

Soon he drew near to his darling, he loved her,

Ere they had reached that wild loud roaring fall

He raised his eyes to the heavens above her—

Soon they both entered that mad raging pall.

Now they can roam in sweet peace in their glory,

Over the forest, the mountain, the dell
 Tell to their brothers their wonderful story

In that bright hunting ground ever to dwell.

Tell me not red men are born with no feeling,

Where is the man greater love can bestow,

Died for her, to the Great Spirit appealing—

Can any white man a greater love show?



THE RED MAN'S FACT

The Annual Sacrifice of the Seneca Indians
to the Great Spirit at Niagara Falls

THE PIONEER SCENES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

In dreams I revisit the scenes of my childhood

Where nature was clothed in a mantle of green,

The groves in their primeval beauty of wildwood

And prairie presented a beautiful scene.

A great panorama of scenes undulating
For miles upon miles not a house
could be seen,

The scene in its grandeur was most elevating

At sunrise and sunset a grand golden sheen.

The great god of nature was there in his glory,

He painted the landscape with verdure and flowers;

And there we could read nature's beautiful story

On green flowery vales, and in beautiful bowers.

The prairies were decked in a grand robe of beauty,

Bespangled with flowers o'er highland and lea,

They grew 'mongst the grasses, were gorgeously pretty,

And swayed in the breeze like the waves of the sea.

The groves oft were laden with wild fruits and berries,

With walnuts, and hickory nuts, paw-paws as well,

With hazelnuts, plums, also grapes and wild cherries

And strawberries grew in the green, grassy dell.

Crab apples, may apples, and haws in profusion,

Also the wild blackberry, raspberry, too,

A fine crop of acorns were then no delusion,

Hackberries and butternuts also there grew.

The trees in the forest were lofty and charming,

A world of great wealth in the pioneer's hand,

Now ruthlessly slain by his hand, it's alarming

The great devastation all over the land.

For lo, cruel man in the pride of his powers

Hath robbed the grand scene of its once lovely charms,

Despoiled the fine groves, the grand prairies and flowers,

And selfishly placed in their stead many farms.

Ah never again will the groves and the prairies

Present to the eye such a beautiful scene,

So gorgeously lovely, a home for the fairies;

Where oft we imagine they danced on the green.

No lover of nature whose sacred devotion

To charms of the forest, the prairies, the dell

Will ever again feel such blissful emotion

To make glad his heart and his bosom to swell.

A TRIBUTE TO MY MUSE.

The Muses are nine fabled Goddesses, Gods or spirits that preside over literary, artistic and scientific matters, a genius of art, literature or music.

I write with ease my muse to please

While under inspiration,

As he indites I quickly write

According to dictation.

When he is near, my heart to cheer

From feelings I believe it,

By his impress I then express

The word as I receive it.

Without intent an incident

Oft sets my muse to versing,

To hear one preach or make a speech

Oft sets him to rehearsing.

Or if indeed I chance to read
 Of something quite impressive,
 Suggestions wise he will advise
 In language quite expressive.

And then with speed I soon succeed
 In framing his suggestions,
 In measured line to please my mind
 Respond to his wise questions.

It often seems that in my dreams
 Impressions come quite clearly,
 Such ideas born, the coming morn
 I weave in verses early.

When he inspires poetic fires
 It is my happiest hours,
 He charms my mind with songs com-
 bined
 With music, art and flowers.

My generous muse when'er he choose
 Brings verses sweet and cheering,
 He entertains with sweetest strains
 'Tis to my mind endearing.

THE MUSIC OF THE MUSES.

I often muse on things benign
 And in my reveries I hear
 A melody sweet and divine
 That falls so softly on my ear,
 No earthly notes so fine.

With harp and violin they play,
 It fills the air with music sweet,
 It seems to ever come my way,
 No earthly music so complete,
 It charms me night and day.

So often in my daylight dream
 I hear the muses soft and low,
 On sweet poetic verse they seem
 To concentrate, that I may know
 And catch the chosen theme.

It fills me with poetic fire
 As their sweet voices float along
 And soon it is my fond desire
 Their whispered verses to prolong,
 That I so much admire.

AN EVENING SOLILOQUY.

My years are seventy and five
 And I am glad that I'm alive,
 To stay here longer I will strive
 In this grand world of beauty.

By temperate habits, pleasant ways,
 And writing sweet congenial lays,
 I can prolong my earthly days
 And better do my duty.

My stay on earth will soon be done
 And when my earthly race is run
 Eternal life I will have won
 And with that grand procession.

With spirit wings I will have flown
 Where Christ the Lord will meet His
 own
 And bless them for the good they've done
 And not for their profession.

I there will meet friends who are true
 Eternal friendships will renew,
 Trials and troubles will be few
 And loving friends caress me.

I there will shed no bitter tears,
 Will leave behind all doubts and fears
 And dwell in those celestial spheres
 Where Christ the Lord will bless me

If we make naught but good our quest
 And during life will do our best
 Then Christ the Lord will do the rest
 And bless our best endeavor.

And when we reach that golden strand,
 That blissful, bright, and happy land,
 We'll join that joyful, happy band
 And dwell with Christ forever.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

December 13th, 1909.

When I was young and in my prime,
 I did not while away my time,
 But struggled on from day to day,
 That fame and fortune come my way,
 And as the months and years rolled by
 They found me always on the fly,
 And while on fortune I was bent,
 A sixteen hours day I spent,
 In planning business, or at work,
 I, other duties did not shirk,

For by the people's sovereign will
 Official places I did fill.
 Not great were their financial ends,
 But then I liked to serve my friends,
 We should not live for self alone,
 Nor in the hive become a drone,
 But as we cross life's earthly span,
 We should do all the good we can,
 Though charity begins at home,
 As o'er the world we chance to roam,
 A kind word, sweetened with a smile,
 Our own heart's sorrows will beguile,
 And wreath with joy, and pleasure sweet
 The face of every one we meet.

AT PARTING

*A response to a farewell reception and
 toast accorded the author on the eve of
 his departure from Lake Helen, Flor-
 ida.*

Dear friends, the honor you bestow
 Hath set my heart with love aglow,
 In memory it will ever bless
 And cheer me in my loneliness.

'Twill be as long as time shall last
 A sacred memory of the past.
 Although we may dwell far apart
 You'll have a place within my heart.

I'll hold you dear, with sacred joy,
 Distance and time can ne'er destroy
 And oft when on my bed I lay
 I'll dream of friends in Florida.

And if on earth we ne'er shall meet
 It ever will to me be sweet
 To think upon the happy hours
 With you, in this fair land of flowers.

A PANORAMA OF LIFE.

I saw a picture, lovely, fair
 'Twas beautiful to see,
 Four angels floating in the air,
 And they drew near to me.
 With loving smiles, with pleasure blent,
 They bowed, while drawing near,
 And said, thy life we will present,
 In seasons of the year.

"I am the spring," one said, quite plain,
 "My mission is to find,

And bring the sunshine and the rain,
 To bless all human kind.
 I charm the flowers, the fruit, the field,
 To bring a bounteous treat,
 I then to summer gladly yield,
 And lay all at her feet."

Then summer wove a lovely ring,
 With buds and leaves so green,
 A wreath of roses made for spring,
 As sweet as e'er was seen,
 And said, "Dear one, it is for thee,
 Much honor thou hast won,
 I'll finish dear one, faithfully,
 The work thou hast begun."

Then Autumn spake with gladsome smile,
 Dressed in a robe of brown,
 A garland made of leaves in style,
 Gold tinted, for a crown.
 And said, "Dear summer, thee I bless,
 Faithfully thou hast striven,"
 To both, she gave a sweet caress,
 For what they both had given.

A basket filled with fruit most fair,
 She held with joy and pride,
 With spring and summer standing near,
 Said, "This we will divide."
 Then winter came, white robed in fur
 With hoary locks of gray,
 And on his heel he wore a spur,
 These words I heard him say.

"Dear children come, and never fear,
 And dwell around my throne,
 For I am king of all the year,
 And I must have my own,
 When thou hast rendered unto me,
 All that thou hast in store,
 I'll give sweet sleep and rest to thee,
 Thou'lt live to work for more."

Then said the angel winter king,
 With measured words to me,
 "Thy childhood represents the spring,
 All buoyant, joyous, free.
 Thy youth the summer doth portray,
 With love and hope and fear,
 Thy manhood Autumn in full sway,
 The richest of the year.

"Thou art to age destined to bow,
 When winter's chilly hand,
 Is laid upon thy feeble brow,
 His power thou canst not stand,

And like the flowers and buds of earth,
Will rest from toil and care,
To live again, a spiritual birth,
A crown of victory wear."

MY FIRST SCHOOL.

When I was six years old and small,
they sent me to the school;

My teacher was both bright and tall, and
rigid were his rules.

At recess hour, when out one day, a boy
twice six or more

Misused me when I was at play and left
me feeling sore.

I to the teacher did report, how Jack so
bold and free

While we were at our noon day sport,
had badly treated me.

The teacher kept him in the house, while
others went to play,

While they were in, let him go out, and
so it went that day.

They called him Jack, John was his
name, and he was fair and bright.

He might have climbed the heights of
fame, had he have done just right.

Now Jack was selfish from a child and
for his age was bold,

Rebelled against such treatment mild,
was hard to be controlled.

He stamped upon the steps like sin, the
teacher to defy,

The teacher promptly called him in, and
licked him by and by,

When Jack came slowly in you see the
teacher he was mad,

He jerked him down across his knee,
and paddled well the lad.

He made his ruler quickly play where
Jack was soft and plump,

And every time it seemed to say, "You
are a saucy chump."

Soon Jack gave in and bitter tears ran
quickly down his cheek.

With tear stains almost to his ears, he
humble looked and meek.

But that proud, haughty heart within re-
mained unconquered still,

More trouble still awaited him, caused
by his stubborn will;

He grew to manhood uncontrolled, he
was high temper's slave,
Which brought him by his actions bold,
oft times quite near the grave.

Now all you boys, no matter where, as
you grow strong and tall
Of Jack's example please beware, lest
you should often fall

When e'er you meet another boy, more
weak and small than you,

Make him rejoice with perfect joy, that
you're so kind and true.

Be to all others good and true, in coun-
try, town or school,

Do as you'd have them do to you, live
by the golden rule.

Be on your guard boys all the while, and
keep your temper down,

And train your face to wear a smile
and never wear a frown.

DEAR LOVING HEART.

*Lines from a lady friend to the author,
after his beloved family had all passed
to spirit life.*

Dear loving heart, weep not, nor grieve
For loved ones gone before;

You'll meet them in the promised land
On that bright shining shore.

Their spirits are not in the grave,
The caskets only there

That held the precious jewels, dear,
So lovely, bright and fair.

Dear tender heart, new courage take,

Your loved ones oft are near,
Some day you'll meet them in that land

Eternal, bright and fair.

Be patient, loving friend, awhile,

The loving angel hears

The prayers you breathe, the bitter sighs

And sees your falling tears.

O sad heart, weary one, be brave,

It is for you the best.

For when the angels whisper, "Come"

You then will find sweet rest.

It has been promised to all those

Who toil with loving heart,

You'll win the crown that waits for you
When this life you depart.

There, there, poor precious broken heart,
 Though sundered for awhile,
 Be not cast down, but look above,
 And catch their loving smile;
 For they will whisper "We still live
 And are not far away,
 When night her sable curtain draws
 You'll come with us to stay.

"Dear precious heart, when you lie down
 To take that long, last sleep,
 To wake again no more on earth,
 A watch o'er you we'll keep."
 The love we to each other bear
 Will draw us very near
 Dear lonely heart, long suffering heart
 Be brave and have no fear.

SO LONELY THE DAYS.

*Written after the family of the author
 had all passed away to spirit life, and
 before meeting Miss Barrett.*

So lonely the days, and the nights full of
 sorrow,
 The sun shines but dimly the earth to
 illumine,
 No rainbow foretelling a bright day to-
 morrow,
 But clouds seem to gather increasing
 the gloom.

My loved ones have gone where the
 angels are dwelling,
 Not one left to brighten my pathway
 of pain,
 And daily my bosom with sorrow is
 swelling
 And ever I long for to meet them
 again.

Like flowers in bloom in the springtime
 of being,
 The frosts of affliction upon them did
 fall,
 The angel of death came at fate's sad
 decreeing
 And took one by one and he now has
 them all.

O, sad cruel fate, wilt thou ever replace
 me
 With loved ones to bless and make
 happy my home

Who ever, with kindness and love will
 embrace me
 That never again, I in sorrow will
 roam.

O, angels of light, wilt thou hear while
 I'm pleading,
 And open the flood gates of joy to my
 heart,
 Heal my aching wounds that are con-
 stantly bleeding,
 That sadness and sorrow forever de-
 part.

TO MISS MINNIE LEE BARRETT.

*Present wife of the author, in response
 to a letter from her asking to purchase
 a copy of his book of poems. Replying
 to comments from her upon the book.*

At Bloomington, in Illinois,
 Where we have agricultural joys,
 It is December twenty-nine,
 With winter weather very fine.
 Thy charming letter came tonight
 And filled me with joy and delight
 To know that others love my lays
 That my own little book displays.

Indeed I think thy estimate
 Upon the work is most too great,
 I never heard it said before
 That my book equals Thomas Moore
 Or Longfellow and Byron, too.
 Now if it does 'twill surely do,
 And if it does I am deceived,
 That fact I never have believed.

But then, no matter what I say,
 The people will all think their way,
 And let them think just as they please
 'Twill leave their minds at perfect ease.
 And you the grand piano play
 And feed your soul from day to day
 With tones divine and clear and sweet
 That makes the heart with rapture beat.

There's nothing sweeter, more divine,
 Than music—it is superfine.
 The savage to its power will yield,
 It tames the wild beasts of the field,
 'Tis full of joy and bliss and health,
 And adds unto our mental wealth;
 No sweeter blessing e'er was given,
 It is the sweetest gift of heaven.

The angels join in joyful song,
Eternally its notes prolong,
And thus they bring it to the earth
And here it has a second birth.
They touch the chords within our brain
And we produce the notes again,
'Tis sweet with angels to commune
And be with them in perfect tune.

And thus the world forever bless
With music, peace and happiness.
Then let thy nimble fingers play
Upon the keyboard day by day
That loved ones whom to thee are dear
The gladsome melody may hear,
Thy angel friends to thee will come
Will visit thee within thy home.

And hear with gladsome hearts the notes
As in the air they sweetly float,
And all will join thy heart to bless
And bring thee peace and happiness.
My book I send thee with good cheer,
A gift to bless the next new year,
Also my song I send to thee,
May it a blessing ever be,

And fill thy heart with love for home
And loved ones, when they chance to
 roam.

When I'm at my Missouri farm
I think that it would do no harm,
When I have time, to drive thy way
And hear thee on piano play,
For music has the greatest charm
To thrill my soul, my heart to warm.

April or May, if weather fair
And health is good, thou'lt see me there.
I'll listen while I take a rest
And thou wilt play for me thy best.
And if thou hast a violin
And think to play it is no sin
I'll play the violin for thee,
While thou dost play the chords for me.

Now when the book and song gets there
If thou hast got the time to spare
Please write to me and tell me true
If they came through the mails to you.
Next Monday week if all is well
I start to southern lands to dwell,
For just how long I cannot tell
But, if while there I'm doing well

I'll stay till early spring, I'll say,
And then will homeward wend my way.
Then to Missouri I will hie
And surely see thee by and by.
With this I fain would send good cheer
And wish for thee a bright New Year,
And may the Father from above
Bestow His blessings and His love.
December 29, 1907.

TO MISS MINNIE LEE BARRETT
After the First Meeting.

Of all the girls who come my way
The one I love the best of any
Hath charms that haunt me night and
 day,

She is my dear, my own sweet Minnie.
Her eyes so bright and smile so sweet
And countenance beaming with beauty,
Her mouth so exquisitely neat,
To love her is a sacred duty.

There is a charm in her sweet face,
I never, never can resist it,
So full of modesty and grace
I think that Cupid must assist it,
For when I look into her eye
I see his image brightly gleaming,
He quickly lets his arrow fly
And love from my own heart is beam-
 ing.

No evil thought shows in her face
A proof she ne'er engaged in sinning,
A sweet expression you can trace
Of innocence, and yet so winning.
The charm within her music sweet
Of piano and nimble fingers
Is so enchanting and so neat
It sweetly in my memory lingers.

I hear it morning, noon and night,
'Tis ever present with me, seeming
Like some sweet fairy nymph or sprite;
It thrills my heart and sets me dream-
 ing.

And when from care my mind is free
And is released from other duty
Her lovely form methinks I see
In smiles of innocence and beauty.

Her countenance is free from guile
As pure as is the dew from heaven,
And love lurks in each loving smile
That charms my heart when it is given.

'Tis sweet to know, where'er I go,
That I have loving friends so many,
But sweeter far will be to know
That I am loved by my dear Minnie.

THINK OF ME.

To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.

When the noonday sun is beaming
With her mellow golden light,
And all nature gladly teeming
With her kisses fair and bright,
Although thou may be surrounded
By dear friends and happy be
And thy pleasure be unbounded;
Darling loved one, think of me.

When the shades of night are falling
And all nature's wooed to sleep,
And the God of night is calling
Angels to their vigils keep,
Thy dear head upon thy pillow
And thy mind from care is free
With not one disturbing billow;
Then, O loved one, think of me.

When awakened from thy slumber
By the golden rays of dawn,
And all creatures without number
Hail the glories of the morn.
Send thy sweetest thoughts to bless me,
Though I far away may be,
Come in spirit and caress me,
And think ever, love, of me.

BE CHEERFUL.

To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.

Be happy dear, be cheerful,
It is the better way.
If of yourself you're careful
Good health will come your way.

Life will be full of gladness
And joy and peace you'll win,
No sorrow, pain or sadness
Your life will enter in.

Then, dearest friend, be cheerful,
Contented, blithe and gay.
Of trouble ne'er be fearful,
Compel it not to stay.

For when you do your duty
And do the best you can,
Sweet happiness the booty
Will come to you again.

If when you have your trials
Your courage bring to bear
A little self-denial
Will make the way quite clear.

If you listen to reason,
Are honest and discreet,
Are guilty of no treason,
Which always brings defeat,

You then will find much pleasure
In life upon the way,
You'll hail it as a treasure
And be happy every day.

**MAY THE ANGELS GUARD AND
BLESS THEE.**

To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.

May the angels guard and bless thee,
Nothing in this life distress thee,
And thy loving friends caress thee,
Is my earnest, honest prayer.

O may fortune e'er abide thee
And no evil e'er betide thee,
And no one find fault or chide thee,
And God bless thee over there.

And may loved ones ever guard thee
And no so-called friend discard thee,
And the Lord of Hosts reward thee,
For the good thou'st done while here.

Then my dear friend please be active,
For thou knowest thou art attractive,
And be reasonably exactive
For thou knowest this is leap year.

If these lines do not excite thee
But appease, cheer and delight thee,
I will here and now invite thee
To respond again to me.

When thou hast a little leisure,
If it is to thee a pleasure,
It will be to me a treasure
Just because it comes from thee.

I DREAM OF THEE.**To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.**

Oh Minnie dear, with winning eyes,
 When farewell glow of daylight dies
 And ere a star hath brought its light
 To gleam afar through sombre night,
 I sit alone where'er I be
 In my lone rooms and dream of thee.

I dream of thee at falling eve,
 When first we met, a sweet reprieve,
 At thy dear home at close of day
 Where time passed joyfully away,
 The spacious lawn and maple tree
 Oft beckon me in dreams of thee.

I dream of thee as daylight dies,
 In peaceful rest I close my eyes
 My spirit lingers by thy side
 And loves thee as my future bride,
 And joyfully returns to me
 And brings me loving words from thee.

I dream of thee in parlor fair
 With grand piano playing there,
 Thy lovely form and eyes so bright
 And music haunt me day and night,
 My spirit seems to visit thee
 Whene'er I dream dear one of thee.

HOW SWEET 'TWILL BE.**To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.**

How sweet 'twill be for me to know
 Thy love for me will ever grow
 And I to thee be always new
 And thou to me be ever true.

For it is my heart's sweetest goal
 A true and faithful, loving soul
 And sweet, O sweet, will be the thought
 Dear one, that thou'lt forget me not.

Of all the treasures of this earth,
 The joys, the blessings and the mirth,
 The pleasures sweet that come my way
 To cheer and bless me day by day,

Whate'er may come, whate'er may go,
 The sweetest thing for me to know
 Will be the sweet consoling thought,
 Loved one, that thou'lt forget me not.

And sweeter far, if I'm the shrine

Where thou wiltst come with love di-
 vine

And on the altar of my heart
 Thy love will rest and ne'er depart,

And there will sweetly blend with mine,
 A union form of souls divine,
 And love direct each act and thought,
 Then, loved one, thou'lt forget me not.

O IF I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

If I were a little bird
 Near thee on a tree,
 I would treasure every word
 Spoken, love, by thee.
 I would sing my sweetest song,
 Love, thy heart to cheer;
 Sing for thee the whole day long,
 Love, when thou art near.

If I were a little flower,
 Beautiful to see,
 Blooming sweetly in thy bower,
 Oh how sweet 'twould be.
 For thee I would ever bloom
 To adorn thy breast,
 Give thee all my sweet perfume
 And on thy bosom rest.

If I were a little book,
 Happy would I be,
 When dear one thine eyes would look
 Lovingly at me.
 But best of all I'll be to thee
 A duteous, loving heart,
 Wherein thou may joy to see
 The one loved best thou art.

*To Mrs. Minnie Lee Myers, when ab-
 sent from home.*

A SUPPLICATION TO THE GODS.**To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.**

Please give me thy attention
 While with pen I briefly mention
 That I will with good intention,
 Oft implore the gods for thee.

That good fortune overtake thee
 And a happy woman make thee
 And those blessings ne'er forsake thee,
 And thou be from trouble free

May no grief disturb thy slumber
 And thy path never be sombre
 And thy joys be without number,
 As thou cross life's troubled sea.

May thy dearest friends caress thee
 And no sorrow ere distress thee
 And the God of heaven bless thee,
 And thou be His special care.

May no evil ere betide thee
 And good angels walk beside thee
 And forever guard and guide thee,
 To a haven bright and fair.

Where thy dearest friends will meet thee
 And with smiles and kisses greet thee
 With a glorious welcome fete thee,
 In that bright home over there.

Where thou'll be by friends surrounded
 And thy joy will be unbounded
 And a glorious home be founded,
 Happy, glorious and fair.

WHEN THIS YOU SEE.

To Miss Minnie Lee Barrett.

When this you see if it please thee
 Then set thee down and write to me,
 And as you write please do decide
 Your honest feelings to confide.

For this is leap year, don't you know,
 And ladies now need not be slow
 But choose their man and on the sly
 Let Cupid's arrow quickly fly.

I love one who is frank and free
 Who will confide their thoughts to me,
 I think of thee from day to day
 Off in Missouri far away,

And wish to be with thee my dear
 So thy sweet music I can hear.
 To listen while thou sweetly play
 Would cheer me on my lonely way.

For cheerfulness better than wealth
 To keep our bodies in good health,
 And always happy is the state
 That we should ever cultivate.

The earth was made for you and me

That we might ever happy be,
 Then every blessing that we meet
 We should enjoy with pleasure sweet.

And thank the mighty powers that be
 For all those blessings rich and free,
 Then if we do our duty here
 Our conscience always will be clear.

Dear friend it will be nice, indeed,
 To be from sin and sorrow freed,
 And have our music over there
 In that dear land so bright and fair.

Our loved ones there we will enjoy
 Our pleasure there will never cloy,
 And we'll be free from earthly cares
 To live and love through endless years.

O MINNIE DEAR.

To Miss Minnie L. Barrett.

Oh Minnie dear, when thou art near
 And with thy whole heart love me,
 I'll ever be as true to thee
 As are the stars above me.

If thou bestow love that will grow
 And cheer my heart forever,
 With thee I'll go through weal or woe
 And I will leave thee never.

With thy sweet smile thou dost beguile
 My heart to weak submission,
 Thy honest face with modest grace
 Reveals thy heart's condition.

Thy face and form, with thy sweet charm
 Is present with me ever,
 'Twill be my doom to give it room
 In memory sweet forever.

Then darling, dear, Oh never fear
 That I will ere deceive thee,
 What e'er I do if thou art true
 I'll worship and believe thee.

Remember dear, this is leap year,
 Deal with thy heart quite fairly,
 Nor let it dare my life to share
 Unless thou lovest me dearly.

I feel to know thy love will grow
 And thou'lt be true forever,
 No power above can change my love
 But I'll love thee forever.

It will be fine if thou art mine,
 My choice among so many,
 'Tis for all time with love sublime
 I want thee darling Minnie.

I'M LONESOME TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

To Mrs. Minnie L. Myers, when
 Absent from Home.

I'm lonesome tonight love, without thee,
 I sigh for a glance of thine eye,
 For many sweet charms are about thee
 To cheer me, love, when thou art nigh.

Thy innocent smile sweet and luring
 So often my bosom doth fill
 With pleasure most sweet and enduring
 Is bright in my memory still.

Thy lips have a charm full of pleasure
 When lovingly pressed upon mine,
 That fills me with joy beyond measure
 And bliss that is surely divine.

Thy hands ever ready to aid me,
 Thy music so lovely, benign,
 So oft full of pleasure hath made me,
 When blending thy music with mine.

O dear one I ne'er will forget thee
 Though on me Dame Fortune should
 frown,
 Whene'er thou art good I will pet thee
 Until I lay this body down.

AS THE MOON BY THE CLOUDS IS OBSCURED.

To Miss Minnie L. Barrett.

As the moon by the clouds is obscured,
 As the child by its mother is lured,
 So the charm of thy smile my own heart
 doth beguile,
 And I am held captive by thee

As the sun and the rain giveth birth
 To the verdure and flowers of earth,
 So thy love rich and free will give life
 unto me
 And bring love and kindness to thee.

As the restless waves roll to the shore,
 As the light travels fast the earth o'er,

As the soft summer breeze mongst the
 flowers and trees,
 So my love dear is wafted to thee.

As the vine clingeth close to the tree,
 As the dew falls from heaven so free,
 For thy innocent charm is my love true
 and warm,
 And my heart clings with love unto
 thee.

For thy messages sweet in the past,
 Still come, dear, and long may they
 last,
 'Tis good on thy part thus to cheer my
 lone heart
 And I love thee, I love none but thee.

I THINK OF THEE.

To Mrs. Minnie L. Myers when Ab-
 sent from Home.

I think of thee when morning light
 Illumines each mountain, vale and lea,
 And charms each warbler in his flight
 With gladsome song from tree to tree.

I think of thee when noonday sun
 Makes glad all nature o'er the earth,
 Brings health and joy to everyone,
 To vegetation gives new birth.

I think of thee when sable shades
 Bedim the glorious light of day
 And glorious gleams of sunlight fades,
 While lonely on my bed I lay.

I think of thee as some bright star
 Whose gleams illumine my mental sky,
 To guide my footsteps near and far
 And bless me in the by and by.

I think of thee as some nice book
 Whose pages oft my eyes explore,
 And every time I on them look
 Behold thy beauties more and more.

I think of thee as love's bright flower
 To cheer and charm me day by day,
 The sweetest one in memory's bower
 And ever blooming there to stay.

I think of thee both day and night,
 My heart is with thee every hour,

Dear one, so innocent and bright,
Thou art my dearest, sweetest flower.

My heart for thee with true love warms
And to thee clings with power and
might,
And drinks the nectar of thy charms
To cheer and bless me day and night.

**TO MR. AND MRS. E. M. OFFUTT
ON THEIR FOURTEENTH
ANNIVERSARY.**

Dear friends, I would greet thee with
joyous good cheer
On this anniversary of thy nuptial year.
May this year bring gladness and joy
sweet to share,
And memories sweet of thy first nuptial
year.

In succeeding years as the days and
months fly
May they bring thee sweet memories of
days that's gone by,
And fill thy hearts full of affection and
love,
As pure and as true as the angels above.

The last fourteen years thou hast walked
side by side,
Since God made thee twain as a bride-
groom and bride
He hath blessed thee with offspring so
kind and true,
Cementing thy lives with a love always
new.

Long, long may thou be blessed with
God's special care,
Have many returns of this glad four-
teenth year.
May good angels guide thee to honor and
wealth
And bring thee much happiness, peace,
joy and health.

Then be ever happy through weal and
through woe,
Dispense love and kindness where ever
thou go,
With kind words and smiles blessing all
whom thou meet,
Then life will be happy and death will
be sweet.

**WITH PEN PLUCKED FROM AN
ANGEL'S WING.**

**To Mrs. Minnie L. Myers when Ab-
sent from Home.**

With pen plucked from an angel's wing
Or song sweet as the angels sing
I could not half the story tell
Of love for thee I love so well.

It from my heart unbidden flows
And as it flows expands and grows,
Where'er thou art, where'er thou be
'Twill like a mantle fall on thee.

Its source and fountain ere will be
Exhaustless, through eternity,
For love I give will love receive,
Which will my lonely heart relieve.

And thou, dear one, will ever be
An anchor to my love for thee,
And thou wilt be my joy and pride
My sweetest, dearest, baby bride.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

**To Mrs. Minnie L. Myers when Ab-
sent from Home.**

There is an unseen world around us
That oft we feel but cannot see
Its influence like fetters bind us
And yet we think that we are free.

Our spirit friends are ever coming
With blessings to our earthly home
And often change our lives in seeming
And choose for us a special doom.

Lovers of music and of flowers
Have brought my Minnie unto me
That she may cheer my lonely hours
With music and sweet melody.

O angels bright, thy kind assistance
Hath brought much pleasure unto me
There's pleasure now in my existence
Since Minnie thou hast brought to me.

The charms of life it seemed were over
When loved ones all had passed away
But through her love I now discover
A future life is bright as day.

For Minnie dear will bless and love me
 And make my life one long sweet day
 Her heart's as true as stars above me
 And she'll strew flowers on my way.

I DREAMED OF LOVE.

To Mrs. Minnie L. Myers when Absent
 from Home.

I dreamed of a love like a bright golden
 morning
 That e'er would grow brighter and
 ever be new,
 And gleam like the stars that are heaven
 adorning,
 A sweet charming soul love responsive
 and true.

My dreams and fond hopes soon awoke
 from concealing
 A true heart responsive with pure life
 divine,
 A life in its fulness a rich love revealing,
 Forever as one richly blending with
 mine.

One pure as the rose in its sweetness and
 beauty
 Celestially dawned my own heart to
 illumine,
 Imparting a charm and impelling to duty
 And ever it sweetly remains in full
 bloom.

And since my fond hopes hath achieved
 their ambition
 My soul mate hast blended her true
 love with mine,
 My life is now filled with true love's full
 fruition,
 Of pleasures elysian, eternal, divine.

Our lives while on earth will be sweet-
 ened with pleasure
 Our pathway be strewn with sweet
 flowers we love
 Our cup will o'erflow with true love be-
 yond measure
 In mansions elysian in bright courts
 above.

I MISS THEE, LOVE.

To Wife Minnie L. when the Author
 Was Absent from Home.

I miss thee love when evening
 Her sable shades unfurl,
 And I lay down to rest love
 I miss my little girl.

'Tis then an aching void love
 Will fill my lonely heart,
 And sadly I regret love
 That we're so far apart.

I miss thee all the day love,
 While many more I meet,
 I see no face like thine, love,
 So innocent and sweet.

Thine image is with me love,
 'Twill guide me on my way,
 And take me back to thee love
 To ever with thee stay.

A TOUR THROUGH THE SUNNY SOUTH, THE WINTER OF 1907-08.

*I left dear old Bloomington on January
 15, 1907, went via St. Louis, Mo., Nash-
 ville, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., to Jack-
 sonville, Florida, on the St. John's river,
 25 miles from the sea, the entering
 point to Florida.*

And Jacksonville they claim of late
 The largest city in the state,
 Where northern railroads do in fine
 Connect there with the east coast line.
 The Clyde line steamers to and fro
 To Charleston and to New York go.
 And up the St. John's river ply
 To Stanford and to Green Springs fly.

And Jacksonville with honored name
 Enjoys an undisputed fame
 Among the tourists of the north
 Who visit cities of the south.
 Her fine hotels are wondrous grand
 Excelled by none within the land.
 The Windsor stands near Herring Park
 For guests as safe as Noah's Ark.

Upon that scene I love to dwell,

Its beauties rare no tongue can tell;
 No pen portray a scene so fair.
 I lingered long when I was there
 To contemplate the lovely part
 That nature plays combined with art,
 For evergreens and flowers fair
 Adorn the park, perfume the air.

And other parks and fine hotels
 Where many lovely people dwell
 Bedeck the scene with flowers fair
 To charm the eye, while you are there.
 A lovely park is Riverside,
 Don't miss it when you there abide
 Always attractive to the eye,
 It many beauties will supply.

The avenue at Riverside
 With evergreen the city's pride,
 Where birds of gorgeous colors sing
 As cheerful as in verdant spring.
 'Tis sweet to walk beneath its shade
 And view the lovely promenade,
 And contemplate its beauty rare
 Of foliage so rich and fair

It would be nice to there abide,
 Near that nice park, the Riverside,
 Where sweet perfumes and birds and
 flowers,
 And lovely trees and shady bowers
 Attract the eye on every side
 Begetting confidence and pride,
 Where lovely pines perfume the air
 With fragrance sweet from flowers fair.

The Hotel Windsor, every part
 A model of perfection's art
 In grandeur, few with it compare,
 In symmetry and beauty rare.
 Should you its beauty e'er descry
 'Twill cheer your heart and charm your
 eye.

Its many beauties will unfold
 When you its many parts behold.

In that fine climate, always warm,
 Near by that city is a farm,
 Where alligators, young and old,
 Are kept and bred—for profit sold.
 The ostrich, also, there they breed,
 And train them on the track for speed.
 A ducky small the birds will ride,
 They swiftly round the track will stride.

They hitch the birds with tiny trace,
 To tiny carts built for the race;

A little ducky drives each bird
 And starts them at the judge's word.
 Like horses round the course they go,
 Speed of a horse they often show.
 'Tis fine to see them run and strive
 First at the outcome to arrive.

In Jacksonville, stands fair to see
 A monument in memory
 Of many a confederate brave
 Who fills a southern soldier's grave.
 It brings sad thoughts to memory
 Of battles fought on land and sea
 To keep the blacks in slavery,
 But God decreed they should be free.

From there to old St. Augustine,
 Where verdant fields are always green;
 St. Augustine, a city great,
 The oldest city in the state,
 Is grand and lovely to behold,
 Although in years she is so old
 Her grand hotels with lawns and flowers
 Will charm and hold you many hours.

The Ponce De Leon, grand hotel,
 Will charm you with a magic spell.
 It is perfect in every part
 A model of perfection's art;
 But nature in its lawn so green
 Surpasses art, 'tis plainly seen.
 It bears the honored name today
 Of first white man in Florida.

The Ponce De Leon beats them all,
 For wealthy guests it has the call,
 Its grandeur and immensity
 Charms all with great intensity
 It dominates, also combines,
 A flowery court, green shrubs and vines,
 A fountain in the center plays
 An Arcade round the whole now lays.

The grand hotel, the Alcazar
 Near by the Ponce De Leon there,
 The Cordona, and Zarayda
 Are marvels of the present day.
 A grand conception, there we find
 Beyond the ordinary mind.
 The Central Plaza is so grand
 That none excell it in the land.

Then courts and lawns and lovely bow-
 ers
 Bedecked with ever blooming flowers,
 Of gorgeous beauty day by day.
 Tongue cannot tell nor pen portray.

Fort Marion, a Spanish scene,
Is still in old St. Augustine.
'Twas built in fifteen sixty-five,
To keep the pioneers alive.

And dungeons dark were made within,
To lock their conquered captives in,
Where many a brave man pined for years
And died from sorrow, grief and tears.
If those old walls could now report
They'd tell of captives in that fort
Who languished there, for many years
And died of bitter grief and tears.

The ancient gate can yet be seen,
The entrance to St. Augustine,
Which once was but an ancient fort
But now a lovely spacious port.
Immense stone posts, stand firm and tall,
Flanked by two short coquina walls,
Once guarded entrance from the land,
A relic of the past they stand.

A grand sea wall of much renown,
Divides the water and the town.
Its side the restless waters lave
As on they roll in boisterous wave.
'Tis four feet wide, its length one mile,
A splendid promenade the while,
Where lovers many walk and court,
Its north end reaches to the fort.

And Villa Flora, lovely scene,
No finer in St. Augustine.
To every artist's eye a balm,
Bedecked around with royal palms.
And King street is a lovely scene
Of evergreens and flowers between,
A charm for tourists from the north
Who spend the winter in the south.

The silken moss hangs all the while
Responding to the zephyr's smile,
Like angel wings, it fans the air
And kisses throws at ladies fair.
O, would it not be nice to go
And leave behind the ice and snow,
And dwell in that grand city there
Where flowers are blooming all the year.

Next is Daytona, grand retreat,
Where many Northern tourists meet.
On one arm of the Halifax
And it nothing in beauty lacks,
The Ormond and Daytona Beach.
Are near resorts and soon you reach
Sea Breeze upon the ocean shore

Where you can view the water o'er.

And there the ocean side you reach
For thirty miles along the beach.
'Tis hard and smooth and nothing lacks,
For auto racing winter tracks.
And many who would records lower
Assemble on this ideal shore.
The east coast auto track is there
As hard as asphalt all the year.

Its width about three hundred feet,
Length twenty miles, a track complete,
Perfectly straight without a break,
Where many sports their money stake.
This course has international fame,
The fastest in the world they claim.
A grand club house upon the beach
For comfort when this track you reach.

The next famous resort, Palm Beach,
And when this lovely place you reach
Its beauties will enchant you more
Than any you have seen before.
Flagler, the multi-millionaire,
Much money has expended there.
He there his banner has unfurled
And built the hotel of the world.

The Royal Poinciana there
So lovely and extremely fair,
For guests ten hundred rooms to spare,
Twelve hundred employees are there.
Has sixteen hundred lamps in all
And has eleven miles of hall,
Four hundred sixty baths as well,
And such is Flagler's grand hotel.

That grand hotel in every part
The climax of perfected art,
Imagination's choicest dream,
Immense, colossal and supreme,
It's lovely walks and trees and flowers,
A paradise of lovely bowers.
Tongue cannot tell its beauties rare,
Nor pen portray a scene so fair.

Palm Beach presents a charm to me
That in the north I cannot see
Where cocoa nuts and palms are seen
And trees and flowers are always green;
And when the avenue you reach
From Poinciana to the Beach,
Your heart will bound with pure delight
When you behold that lovely sight.

I never saw one so complete

Adorned with lovely trees so sweet,
Where lovers promenaded the while,
The blissful hours to beguile,
And Cupid follows with his dart
And watches each and every heart,
And if true love they will defy
He quickly lets his arrow fly.

A grand pavilion on the beach
Through that grand avenue you reach,
And there a lovely swimming pool
Where you can learn to swim by rule.
Also the surf is close at hand
Where you can walk out on the sand
And take a bath when you are there
At any time within the year.

Palm Beach is on a lovely bay,
An island cuts it from the sea.
East Palm Beach lies between the two,
On that grand island tried and true.
The warm gulf stream is near the coast,
Of many homes this beach can boast,
There's many lovely people there,
And flowers blooming everywhere.

Thirty-nine miles still south today
Lies Miami on Biscayne Bay,
The Magic City it is called;
Its wondrous growth outstripped them
all.
Its location the southernmost
Of all deep harbors on the coast,
Its public buildings, banks are fine,
And all upon the modern line.

The hotel Royal Palm doth lay
Where you can view the sea and bay.
It dominates all else around,
It is immense with lovely grounds.
The cocoanuts and flowers fair,
And palms are in abundance there.
The groves of cocoanuts near by
Are great attractions to the eye.

Fishing, boating, sailing, too.
Are favorite pastimes there for you,
And such amusements will beguile,
The nerves and stomach reconcile.
At this point on the southern coast
Of steamship lines they now can boast
To Nassau and Havana, too,
They now run regular for you.

The East coast railroad, a great boon
Will be completed and in tune,
By Henry Flagler, millionaire,

Immense the sum expended there.
It touches all the eastern coast,
Its terminal and southern post
Havana on the Cuban shore
Where it may be extended more.

From Miami to Key West shore
In miles one hundred forty-four.
Of that distance there's sixty miles
Of track that rests on driven piles.
The railroad runs across the keys,
And on them it was built with ease,
Four concrete viaducts, each one
Is fifty feet across the span.

On piers of rock they safely lie,
And they are twenty-five feet high.
The tracks above the waters rest
Thirty-one feet unto its crest.
Those viaducts will vessels pass
Of almost any kind or class,
And passageways twenty-five feet each
In the embankments near the beach

Are made for small boats and small
craft

As they go sailing fore and aft.
A terminal system at Key West
Is grand, and long will stand the test
And packet steamers there will meet
And take a train of cars complete
Into Havana with the crew
Those boats are built such work to do.

From Miami to Cuba's shore
A steamboat soon wafted me o'er.
We had a wind that was not slow
That rocked the vessel to and fro,
Stopped at Key West an hour or more
And there changed boats to carry us o'er.
In thirty hours, weather fair,
We reach Havana's harbor; there

Wreck of the Maine we did descry
As we that ship were passing by.
It lies submerged as to its bulk,
Except masts and part of the hulk,
A sad reminder of the day
When patriots of America
Were fired with indignation's strain
Against the treachery of Spain.

I viewed the remnant of the Maine,
From Moro Castle it was plain.
The scene brought sadness and despair
To see that grand old ship lie there,
My heart within was caused to weep

For those brave heroes who there sleep,
Whose fate all patriots deplore,
With sorrow deep forevermore.

Near by it Moro Castle stands
In Fort Cabanas on the land.
That Spanish fort you ought to see,
A puzzle it to you would be,
For when you traverse it inside
You can't get out without a guide.
The man whose brain conceived the
plan,
While under Spain's tyrannic ban

Was put to death by barbarous Spain
Lest others would the plan obtain.
I viewed that lovely city o'er
As it lay spread upon the shore.
From Moro Castle I could view
The city and the ocean, too.
For architecture she now rates
With our cities of the states.

Such lovely parks I ne'er had seen
With trees and flowers ever green;
And statury—lovely bowers,
With lovely palms, and shrubs and flow-
ers.
The ground was covered with cement,
Its surface smooth where'er I went.
The Prado is a lovely street,
No finer one you e'er will meet.

That street, the Prado, Cuba's pride,
In width is really eight rods wide.
Along the center all way through
Are flower beds of every hue.
And on each side the flower beds
A track for footmen there is spread;
Outside the tracks that footmen go
A row of lovely trees do grow.

Outside each row of trees today
Two tracks for vehicles there lay,
The finest street I ever saw.
The lovely sight struck me with awe,
And yet in Havana one meets
Some very, very narrow streets,
For all the space from side to side
Will measure less than twelve feet wide.

As to Havana's numerous throng
She is two hundred thousand strong.
Much style and beauty seem to be
Among the aristocracy.
Yet many poor who seemed to be
As shiftless as a negro free,

While some would linger 'neath the
palms,
Extend the hand and ask for alms.

Havana is a city quaint,
And every house made white with paint.
Most picturesque, it is quite clear,
Found in the western hemisphere.
Her streets and architectural cast
Are models of a distant past,
And much artistic work displays
The handiwork of former days.

But in a strict commercial way
In active hustle, she today
Is modern and she will compete
With northern cities that you meet.
In the Cathedral, massive, strong,
In which Columbus lay so long,
I saw where his ashes had lain
Before they were transferred to Spain.

Her fine botanical display
I visited without delay,
Where all the trees and fruits and flow-
ers,
That grow in Cuba's fields and bowers
And vegetation every kind
That you in tropic countries find,
Are in that lovely garden fair—
You'll see them all if you go there.

The business houses grand, complete,
Have columns fine along the street,
With roofs to cover sidewalk o'er,
More grand than I had seen before,
A metropolitan display
That's absent in the north today.
Fine residences there are found,
With columned porches all around.

Now much of Cuba yet is new,
Wild land is cheap and fertile, too,
Her possibilities are great,
Far more than I can estimate,
For many kinds of tropic fruit
The crop is sure and absolute,
And citrous fruit of every brand
Is native to that favored land.

For agriculture it is great,
Excelling land within the states.
If any man will persevere
He can raise two crops every year.
With winter crops he can supply
Our market here at prices high.
And there live stock of every class
The whole year live upon the grass.



The Hulk of the Battleship Maine as it appeared in the harbor at Havana, Cuba, before being raised. The vessel at the right is the Kentucky.

How any man who has the sand,
 A little cash to buy some land,
 Who will go there and go to work,
 And stick to it and never shirk,
 In ten years he will surely be
 An independent man and free;
 To live on the profits he has won
 And hire all his labor done.

How much wild land is timbered there
 And if the land you want to clear
 The timber more than pays the bill,
 Your land is ready then to till.
 Mahogany and other wood,
 And ebony, exceeding good,
 And many woods that's superfine
 Do there abound, as well as pine.

When Uncle Sam those Cubans tame
 And stops their revolution game
 And Cuba sure enough is free
 He then a winter home will be,
 Mecca for each northern state
 Where they can go to recreate,
 And land will go to prices high,
 Clear out of sight to sell or buy.

While in Havana I did stay
 Went sight-seeing every day.
 Many surprises there I found,
 The city and country around.
 I saw green corn six inches high,
 And green corn ready to lay by.
 While some in silk and roasting ear,
 And some were cribbing corn with care.

At the hotel where I did stay,
 I ate green corn 'most every day,
 And on inquiry there I found
 They have it there the whole year round.
 I left Havana on a boat
 And gracefully she seemed to float,
 No storms did blow the waves to swell,
 And was lovely as a marriage bell.

And when Miami we did reach
 I took the train for dear Palm Beach.
 At Palm Beach soon I did arrive
 And found myself well and alive.
 While at Palm Beach I made my stay
 I took a walk one lovely day
 And up and down the beach I strolled
 While 'gainst the shore waves onward
 Rolled.

I gathered many shells while there
 And some with my dear friends did
 Share.

Then to Lake Helen, Florida,
 I came and there a month did stay
 At Hotel Webster did apply
 With Casadaga Camp near by,
 And many from the north were there
 To spend the cold part of the year

To bask in sunny breezes fine
 And breathe the fragrance of the pine,
 Where flowers are profuse and fair
 And ever blooming all the year.
 Camp Casadaga's superfine,
 Upon a hill amongst the pine,
 Upon the bank of Spirit Lake,
 Where many winter homes do make.

And Spirit Lake the camp near by
 Reflects the azure of the sky,
 Adorned with palmetto and pine
 The landscape there is superfine.
 O it was fine to have a boat
 And on that lake to fish and float
 And daily on its banks to walk
 And often with the spirits talk.

I joined in pleasures of the day,
 To while the fleeting hours away,
 With many friends whom I met there
 In that dear land so bright and fair.
 When winter waned and lovely spring
 Had come, and birds began to sing
 I hied me north and ceased to roam
 And there enjoyed my dear old home.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF LIFE.

In childhood days the wheels of time
 Seem to be slowly rolling,
 As up to the mount of life we climb,
 To childhood inconsoling.
 For then a month seems like a year
 So slowly is its passing,
 We long for manhood to appear,
 And with it many blessings.

When gladsome days of youth are
 Near,
 We hail them as a treasure.
 And feel that we have naught to fear,
 Life will be full of pleasure.
 When middle age comes creeping on,
 With cares and sorrows thickly,

We feel the best of life is gone,
And time is passing quickly.

When old age comes with silver hair,
And faltering steps appearing,
Our loved ones have passed over
there,

The close of life is nearing;
'Tis then the wheels of time roll fast,
And life seems short and fleeting,
We calmly look back o'er the past,
Childhood and age seems meeting.

This world is one great normal school,
To fill our minds with knowledge.
How to live by the golden rule,
And enter heaven's college.
But, if we spend our time in sin,
And foolish earthly pleasures,
With no credentials to pass in,
We'll miss those heavenly treasures.

Then let our words and acts insure,
Incense with sweet aroma,
That we may from earth's school se-
cure

A heavenly diploma.
For when we enter heaven's gate.
We'll need that great essential,
Earth's school diploma there will rate
As a first-class credential.

—John Francis Myers.
Age 76 years, Dec. 13, 1910.

STICK TO THE FARM

The man who owns a well kept farm,
Is one who never has alarm,
Nor dread of great financial loss,
Nor that he can't be his own boss,
Banks may suspend, or have to close,
And struggle through financial throes,
Factories may close, or workmen
strike,
When wages are not what they like.

Merchants may fail for lack of brains,
In buying stock that brings no gains,
Mines may suspend, the lode run
short,
Or pay small profits from the start,
Or if investments in the town,
Your city buildings may burn down,
But if you own good farming land,
Your fortune will forever stand.

A wise diversity of crop,
Will prove a sure financial prop,
If one should fail another hits,
In the financial niche it fits,
And thus the profits will be fair,
Enough to eat and drink and wear,
With reasonable financial care.
Some luxuries with friends to share.

Stick to the farm and you'll enjoy
What panics never can destroy,
And while you lie in peaceful sleep,
The great I Am, your farm will keep,
Before the year comes to an end,
You'll have more leisure time to spend,
Than men in any other trade,
And have a handsome living made.

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN WILL.

The power of the human will is great
No obstacle can long withstand its
force;
Not long hast a determined will to
wait,
Opposing forces soon adopt it's
course.

No joy for which thy hungry soul has
striven,
No cherished hope that good may
come to thee,
But if thou dost deserve it, 'twill
be given,
For with each earnest wish 'twill
nearer be.

The blessing thou dost crave in silence
waits,
Tho' in the distance and unseen it
be,
If to thy soul's desire it relates,
Live worthy, call it, and 'twill come
to thee.

Then brother set thy moral beacon
high,
And steer thy life boat straight to
reach the goal,
Unswerving, thou wilt reach it be-
and by,
'Twill bring great joy and plea-
sure to thy soul.

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR

There's many men who could advance,
Who think this is a world of chance,
Who wait for fortune, luck, or fate,
To make them wealthy, wise and great,
And with no effort on their part,
For wealth or literature or art,
But plod their way from day to day,
Wishing good luck to come their way.

The man who reaches fortune's goal,
Must have the courage in his soul,
To plan with a determined will,
And strive and work his plans to fill.

If slow at first be not dismayed,
Work to increase the progress made,
With increased vigor onward press,
Determined to achieve success.
No man has won an honored name,
Nor reached the pinnacle of fame,
Without great effort on his part,
Of soul and body and the heart.
He every effort must put forth,
And show the world his actual worth,

The world his efforts will repay,
Success is sure to come his way.

MY VIOLIN

My sweet old violin,
My heart and purse did win,
I gladly took it in,
When first we met.

Friend Slason brought it here,
When first it did appear,
And it my heart doth cheer,
With music yet.

When first the bow I drew,
On this grand prize so new,
'Twas eighteen fifty-two,
I it did meet.

It thrills me when I play,
With pleasure night or day,

It's voice my heart doth sway,
With music sweet.

Whene'er I make the bow
Glide lightly to and fro,
My heart will overflow,
With love divine.

It's music sweet, appears,
Enchanting to my ears,
With bliss and joy it cheers,
This heart of mine.

The lulling sounds doth seem,
Like ripples of a stream,
They haunt me when I dream,
With tunes of old.

And echoes low and sweet,
Like angels when they meet,
Make music with their feet,
On streets of gold.

When pleasure is my guest,
In South or East or West.
Of friends it is the best,
When far away.

My violin indeed,
Has been a friend in need,
Of sorrow I am freed,
When it I play.

BE KIND TO OLD TRILBY

Be kind to old Trilby, my good old
brown mare,

For she is so kind and so true,
And when she is asked in our labor
to share

That she's always ready to do.
And when I hitch her to take a nice
drive,

She needs not a whip or a spur,
But to make a good three minute gait
she will strive,

And she makes rapid strides to get
there.

And when there's a rail road crossing
near

She will sharpen her ear and her eye.
If she finds that the train is almost
there,

She then waits till it passes by,

But if in the distance the train is heard
And she knows she has time to get
past,

She will dart across like a fleet winged
bird

In a style and a gait that's first class.

Your automobiles have no charm for
me.

They incur an enormous expense,
And when you ride out your dear
friends to see,

It displays not the least bit of sense.

For when you approach an embank-
ment or creek,

Unless you are watchful and skilled,
You'll have to be watchful, your own
safety seek,

Or ten chances to one you'll be
killed.

Then give me old Trilby, she's trusty
and true,

And will stop anywhere at my word,
If I tell her I want her to faster go,
She is off, and as fleet as a bird.

Then feed Trilby well on the best you
can find

Of the grain on the market today,
And her oats and corn have the miller
to grind,

Also feed her the best of the hay.

For she'll marvel much at cheap,
shoddy food

Like wheat bran and corn husks and
straw.

Hence, I want Trilby's food to be first
class and good,

For her conduct is free from a flaw.

Then give me old Trilby, she's trusty,
you know,

And will stop anywhere at my word,
And if I should tell her to faster go,
She is off and as fleet as a bird.

TO MY COUNTRY.

O, My Country, land of freedom,
From oppression stay thy hand,
But the weak and struggling nations
Who are worthy, by them stand.

Every land, oppressed and weary
Of the tyrant's rule today,

And their pathway dark and dreary,
Tell them of the righteous way.

Feed them on the bread of kindness,
Teach them glorious freedom's laws,
Recognize their efforts early,
Help them study freedom's cause.

Thy grand birthright do not barter
To extend thy power afar,
Lest thou to maintain thy charter
Should incur a bloody war.

Conquered isles, thou dost not need
them,

God thy destiny did mould,
Thou art blessed with glorious free-
dom,

Wrenched from tyrant kings of old.

Let the nations old and hoary
Press their conquests, held with
blood;

Thou canst show the world thy glory,
Teach them laws for human good.

THE SERPENT'S TONGUE.

The man or woman old or young,
Whose mouth contains a serpent's
tongue,

Will tattle up and down the street,
Backbiting everyone they meet.
With poisonous words will try to
brand

And smear the worthiest in the land,
And sneer at all who dare compete
And will not worship at their feet.

You often hear them hint at things,
Tell it in shrugs and whisperings,
While scheming, with their utmost
power

Their neighbor's credit to devour.
Those who their tongues cannot con-
trol,

Are cursed with such a poisonous
soul,

Should be confined within a cell
Where none will hear the lies they tell

The precepts of the golden rule
Should now be taught in every school,

That children may be taught while
 young
 The evils of a tattling tongue,
 That when another's faults they see
 They should view them with charity;
 Withhold the dregs of slander's cup,
 And try with love to lift them up.

LOVE EACH OTHER.

O, if all would love each other
 As well as each one loves himself,
 And would treat each as a brother,
 And get honestly his pelf,
 Then this world would be a heaven,
 And of untold happiness,
 And the best that e'er was given,
 And each would all others bless.

O, if each word was a kind one,
 And if every frown a smile,
 Such a world you could not find one,
 Though you'd hunt a good long
 while.

O, if everyone was jolly,
 Peace and joy and pleasure sought,
 All the tears and melancholy
 Very soon would be forgot.

And if brother spake to brother
 As true love demands of all,
 And envy and malice smother
 Toward each one, great and small.
 If all those grand traits were given
 And those blessings came to pass,
 O, this world would be a heaven,
 Peace and joy forever last.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

When fortune frowns upon you,
 And everything looks blue,
 It does no good to worry
 And nothing try to do.
 It does no good bewailing
 Mistakes that you have made,
 Or counting up your losses,
 And paths in which you've strayed.

It does no good declaring
 That others are to blame,
 For he who blames his comrades
 Is apt to share the same.

And weeping never helps you,
 It irritates your nerves,
 But face all things with courage,
 It best your purpose serves.

Cheer up, my brother pilgrim,
 Be a courageous man,
 If you were not successful
 Get up and try again.
 And if you meet affliction
 With courage bold, then try,
 Success will crown your efforts
 With pleasure, by and by.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death. The spirit hies,
 To other spheres doth soar,
 To join the great celestial throng
 And dwell for evermore.

There is no death, The earth, the
 seed,
 When moistened by the showers,
 Will turn to golden grain or fruit,
 Or lovely tinted flowers.

There is no death. The leaves may
 fall,
 Wither and soon decay.
 They bide their time through winter's
 thrall
 And wait the coming May.

There is no death. The atom small,
 The life of all we see
 Is part and parcel of them all
 'Twill ever live and be.

There is no death. 'Tis only change
 To seek some other form;
 Dame Nature laws did so arrange
 With her resistless charm.

And spirit's wishing to converse
 Around us often tread,
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life. There is no dead.

RUINED BY DRINK.

I knew a bright and handsome youth,
 Unsullied was his name,
 He wandered from the paths of truth
 And found both death and shame.

When warned by friends of danger in
 All whiskey, wine and beer,
 And drinking, an immoral sin,
 He turned a listless ear.

He said, I'll ne'er a drunkard be,
 I'll always stop and think,
 I'll not resign my liberty
 To never take a drink.
 But one drink for another called,
 As always is the case.
 That bright youth soon became en-
 thralled
 In rum's sure death embrace.

A few brief years of want and woe,
 While loved ones o'er him sighed,
 He went the road all drunkards go,
 And without hope he died.
 Oh youths and men, a warning take,
 Drink whiskey, wine nor beer,
 Not even for your best friend's sake,
 Tho urged by one most dear.

To friends and God a promise make,
 Thou'lt ne'er become a thrall,
 To drink that will intoxicate,
 And cause you thus to fall.
 For he who drinks is sure to slip,
 In degradation's mire.
 When held by rum's relentless grip,
 He seldom will rise higher.

THE EFFECT AND VALUE OF A SMILE.

There's nothing more potential that
 makes life worth the while,
 That costs so little, wins so much, as
 does a pleasant smile.

The smile, an index of the heart, from
 love intensely felt,
 Will drive all angry thoughts away,
 the hardest heart 'twill melt.

There is no room for sorrow when we
 meet a pleasant smile,
 It cheers the heart of everyone and is
 never out of style.

With influence beyond compute, with
 many blessing blent
 It soothes our sorrows, calms our
 fears and does not cost a cent.

It cheers and charms the fainting
 heart, our courage will renew,

Dimples our cheeks and gives us
 strength to paddle our own
 canoe.

It pays us compound interest on every
 smile that's lent,
 It is a grand investment and it does
 not cost a cent.

And then it comes so easy with no
 effort on your part;
 If practiced it will give to you a sym-
 pathetic heart.

'Tis born of true affection, it your
 sorrows will beguile,
 It sweetens life upon the way, to ever
 wear a smile.

It is the emblem of the soul endowed
 from courts above,
 Its source a sympathetic heart imbued
 with sweetest love.

Then smile dear friends, forever smile,
 it always brings content,
 It is your best investment and it does
 not cost a cent.

December 9, 1910.

DECEMBER.

The trees have shed their leaves of
 green,

The sky obscured and drear,
 Presents a misty, gloomy scene,
 With meadows brown and sere.

The drops of mist hang on the blades
 And shine like brilliant gems,
 The roses droop their blushing heads,
 Bedecked with diadems.

The gloomy scene impresses me,
 That, like the flowers that bloom,
 In winter of our lives we'll see
 December days of gloom.

And like the flowers pass away,
 Hidden from human sight,
 To bloom again on some sweet day
 In mansions of delight.

The flowers droop their lovely heads
 From frost and chilling rain,
 In spring they burst their winter beds,
 In beauty bloom again.

THE OLD PEAR TREE.

A pear tree on the county farm,
A great surprise to me today,
When full of fruit presents a charm,
To all who chance to pass that way.
'Tis in the garden, free from harm,
And none so old I chance to know,
When Father first improved the farm
'Twas planted, seventy years ago.

It measures now six feet around,
I measured it when I was there,
Measured two feet above the ground,
It then was hanging full of pears.
The Superintendent, my friend Karr,
Measured the crop the year before,
He informed me 'twas up to par,
And seventy-five bushels or more.

Now, horticulturists of today,
Is not that tree superbly grand
Surpassing any fruit display
Of any pear tree in the land.
Now if the boasted Sudduth pear
Of my friend, Augustine, today
Can beat that grand old pear tree
there,

Then I no more on pears will say.

Now to all men I wish to say,
Select for propagation here
Long lived varieties, I pray,
That bounteous crops of fruit will
bear.

For every time I chance to see
That grand old pear tree standing
there

I think how very nice 'twould be
To propagate that grand old pear.

 SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

When glorious sunshine crowns the
day
With golden gleams, illumines the way
With radiant charms, the grand display
Fills every heart with pleasure.

But when the golden sunshine's fled
A sable shade o'er earth is spread,
Then sadness comes in pleasure's
stead,
With gloom beyond all measure.

If you make shadows in your heart,
By acts and words make others smart,
The sunshine from you will depart,
'Twill grief and sadness bring you.

Then shame and sorrow will come
next,
And you will daily be perplexed,
And worried with yourself and vexed,
And retribution sting you.

But, if you want sunshine in you,
Do right in everything you do,
Be honest, just, be kind and true,
Then true sunshine will bless you.

If you are good and true and wise,
With no deceit and no disguise,
And evil acts and words despise,
No shadows will distress you.

Then let the glorious sunshine beam
Within your heart, a radiant gleam,
And fill you with its golden stream,
'Twill bless and cheer you ever.

Let sunshine gleam like gems of art,
From love's sweet promptings of
your heart,
Then gloom and shadows will depart
And joy be thine forever.

If dire misfortune should you curse,
Look up, do not your trouble nurse,
But feel that it might have been worse,
Could not have been prevented.

Then on the bright side look with joy;
It will your troubles soon destroy,
And you will life and health enjoy,
Be happy and contented.

 FOLLOW CHRIST, THO HE BE
GOD OR MAN

Since man made his advent, quite
checkered his story,
From Adam to Christ had no true
moral force.
His life was precarious, and vain was
his glory,
His life a delusion and downward
his course;

For four thousand years very slow his
progression,

For he through the ages had no
guiding star,
His course through the ages oft times
retrogression.

His beacon light shining through
bloodshed and war.

Till lo! in Bethlehem,—land of Judea,
An infant was born, and his banner
unfurled.

His mission was love, and his central
idea

A foundation laid for a civilized
world,

His precepts were grand, and the best
ever given

To guide and direct a poor sin-
stricken world.

And since that glad day many millions
have striven

To follow his footsteps, with banner
unfurled.

Those precepts have transformed a
world of oppression

And taught the world, man has an
inherent right,

And marked out a civilized path of
progression,

Till peace is our slogan and looming
in sight.

And yet skeptics say Christ was only
a human,

No judge sent from heaven our
conduct to scan,

That he was no Savior tho he was a
true man.

That life after death was ne'er
vouchsafed to man.

Then since His grand precepts have
wrought such great blessings,

And wild heathen nations have
tamed by their sway,

Whom many fine civilized traits are
possessing,

'Tis better we follow those precepts
today.

No life was more fine and no man ever
better,

No pattern more perfect than Christ
left for man,

Then we should regard other teaching
a fetter

And live by those precepts as near
as we can.

Now if he was human like us, and no
Savior,

His life an example for us e'er will
be.

Then let us be like Him in all our
behavior,

And set an example for others to
see.

For if we Him follow through every
temptation,

And in His grand precepts we strict-
ly confide,

Tho Savior or not, we'll have God's
approbation

And with that great teacher in hea-
ven abide.

For all of our acts and our thoughts
are recorded

And printed on tablets, a part of
the soul.

When done with this life we will then
be rewarded,

His followers then will all reach
heaven's goal;

And as they progress they will then be
promoted,

And raised to a station of higher
degree;

All those who are to sacred duty de-
voted

Will soon reach perfection and then
like Him be.

WHEN TO ANSWER NO.

O youths of freedom's glorious land,
Life's journey to pursue,

Select for life a business,
Congenial unto you.

Profession, trade or commerce
In either one you go,

If tempted oft to change it
Let your answer be No.

Commence to study while you're
young

And learn its lessons well.
Learn its details in every part,

Then in it you'll excell,
Though you at times may suffer loss

And things seem going slow,
When tempted sore to change your
line.

Then firmly answer, No.

Let every youth resolve to be
To others kind and true,

For angels will record your words
 And acts that you may do,
 And when from truth and virtue's path
 You're tempted hard to go,
 Be brave, O youth, and never swerve,
 And firmly answer, No.

Let every youth, resolve in truth
 His rule of life shall be,
 To shun intoxicating drinks,
 No matter what the plea.
 If so called friends conspire to lead,
 To you false kindness show,
 Ask you to be debased by drink,
 Be firm and answer, No.

Let every youth resolve to live
 An honest, upright life,
 And give to every man his due,
 No matter what the strife.
 Should avarice or envy tempt
 You to injustice show,
 Renew your pledge, new courage take,
 And firmly answer, No.

Let every youth make firm resolve,
 In pledges firm and true,
 To never bet on games of chance,
 Nothing in them for you,
 When Satan tempts you thus to steal,
 And stoop to acts so low,
 When would be thieves do thus appeal,
 Be honest,—answer, No.

Let every youth be faithful to
 His pledges during life,
 The pledges to yourself you made,
 To others and your wife.
 When trials sorely tempt you hard
 In error's path to go,
 Recount thy former pledges o'er,
 Be brave and answer, No.

WASTE NO TIME.

O youths of the land, cease thy
 thoughtless devotion
 To vain fleeting pleasures, those
 robbers of time;
 They charm and impress thee with
 false luring notions,
 With hypnotic influence oft leading
 to crime.
 For youth is the time to prepare for
 the future,
 And lay the foundation for fortune
 and fame,

And every dear youth, as a progres-
 sive creature,
 Should improve their time and ac-
 complish the same.

For time waits for no man, to loiter
 and tarry,
 And bask in vain pleasures, time's
 pleading to spurn.
 Altho thou may strive those vain
 pleasures to carry,
 All youthful days wasted will never
 return.
 Each life giving pulse makes thy life
 by one shorter,
 And each passing day makes thy
 days number less.

Be not to vain pleasures a slave and a
 martyr,
 But use every hour thy future to
 bless.

The mind of the youth is a clean sheet
 of paper.
 Beware, thoughtless youth, what
 thou essay to write,
 And never write what thou wilt re-
 gret later,
 For time makes a record of what
 thou indite.
 Thy acts and thy words on thy mind
 are recorded
 And then it is photographed on thy
 dear soul,
 And when in the spheres, thou wilt
 there be rewarded,
 According to estimates made on the
 whole.

If time has been spent for thy finan-
 cial standing,
 To better thy life in a true moral
 way,
 And thou love and charity's work
 been expanding,
 Then thou will be blest in that eter-
 nal day.
 But if in the balance thy life is found
 wanting,
 Thy dwelling will be in a sphere far
 below,
 Where thou, one by one, thy own sins
 will be counting,
 Progression thy motto as thou up-
 ward go.

THAT GLASS OF BEER.

That glass that's seen upon the bar
By youths and men who enter there,
When filled brim full of lager beer,
It causes many a bitter tear.

The man who toils throughout the day
When evening comes receives his pay,
Should shun that glass with fervent
will

And never call to have it filled.

For in it lurks a poison mild
That's ruined many a mother's child,
Gave them a taste for stronger drink,
Which causes millions oft to sink.

When tempted by that poisonous beer,
Just stop and think with awe and fear,
How near you are to ruin's door,
Then shun that glass for evermore.

Beware of that vile serpent fair
That stings all who may enter there,
With poisonous venom, slow but sure,
To drink again he them will lure.

And when you're ruined, lost your
will,
He will with drink your body kill
And send your soul in hell to pass,
Beware, O youth, of that beer glass.

**WHERE ARE OUR BELOVED
DEAD.**

Alone I sit in the gloaming
And my thoughts have taken flight,
Away to the silent city,
Where we laid away from sight
The dear bodies of our loved ones,
When the spirit took its flight
To bright mansions, in that some-
where
Where 'tis beautiful and bright.

And they often come to greet us
In the day and in the night,
And they listen to our music
In which they take great delight.
And they guard us in our slumbers,
Through the night till break of day,
And they go and kindly guard us,
As we travel on our way.

O, 'tis sweet to be remembered
By the loved ones gone before,
For they often leave their mansions
On that bright and shining shore,
And devote their time in planning
For the good of you and me,
That our future will be brighter
In the days that are to be.

MY OLD ELM TREE.

In the grand county of McLean
And State of Illinois,
Where once I spent my childhood
days,

Had many childhood joys.
The orchard with its golden fruit,
And grove around it grew,
Were planted by my Father's hand,
Just seventy years ago.

The spring that gushed a constant
stream

Of water clear and sweet,
Where oft in summer we repaired,
To drink and bathe our feet,
Was in the valley near the stream
Called Sugar Creek, you know,
Where oft we played upon its banks
Sixty-eight years ago.

One object of interest to me
That all delight to see,
I planted in my boyhood days,
'Tis now a grand old tree,
With spreading branches far and wide
With trunk immense, you know,
Eleven feet around, since set,
Sixty-two years ago.

When planted 'twas a scion small,
Not more than four feet high,
A little tiny elm sprout,
But storms it did defy.
It seems that God my efforts blest
That tree so fast did grow,
'Twas e'er the county bought the farm
Sixty-two years ago.

That grand old tree in splendor stands
Upon the county farm.
It is the monarch of the place,
Imparts a regal charm,

And when I view its majesty
 I joy and sorrow know,
 I think of dear ones who dwelt there
 Sixty-two years ago.

And other friends and neighbors dear,
 Who dwelt on farms around,
 Who now remain no longer there,
 Their bodies underground.
 Not one is left to tell the tale
 Of all we used to know,
 The scenes of pioneer times,
 Sixty-two years ago.

A lesson it presents to me
 I never will forget,
 That life on earth is but a span
 With many snares beset;
 That we should put our trust in Him
 Who rules the earth and sky,
 And thus to build a mansion fair
 Where we shall never die.

December 14th, A. D. 1910.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

The best knowledge in any school
 Is knowledge of the Golden Rule,
 That teaches you to others do
 As you would have them do to you.

If all the world that rule would heed
 'T would be a glorious world indeed,
 And all mankind thereby be blest,
 And this a world of happiness.

That grand rule we all would heed,
 Our penal laws we would not need,
 Our legislators could resign,
 And courts no more assess a fine.

We learned that rule from one who
 Gave
 His life this wicked world to save,
 And nothing better e'er was given,
 By man on earth or God in heaven.

There is a land in spheres above,
 Where all is ruled by laws of love,
 The precepts taught there in the
 school
 Are based upon the golden rule.

When we pass to that land above
 Where all are ruled by laws of love,
 We will be students of the school
 That teaches us the Golden Rule.

Then let us all be on our guard
 In every act and deed and word,
 And heed the precepts of that school,
 Live strictly by the Golden Rule.

THANKSGIVING.

When golden Autumn's balmy days
 Have shorter, colder grown,
 And nature dons a dreamy haze,
 Wild geese have southward flown;
 And when the corn is gathered in,
 And fruits so fair to see,
 Potatoes all are in the bin,
 Then we should thankful be.

And when our efforts have been blest
 In literature and art,
 And many blessings do attest
 That God hath done his part,
 We never, never, should forget
 He's with us till the last,
 And should be very thankful yet,
 For blessings of the past.

For we are one grand brotherhood
 And from oppression free,
 Where laws are made for human good
 For life and liberty.
 And if we trust in God's command
 And ever faithful be,
 He faithfully will by us stand
 And never from us flee.

A MEMORIAL HALL.

My parents came to old McLean in
 eighteen thirty-five,
 When I was only ten months old, but
 very much alive,
 The prairies were unoccupied and
 robed in grasses green,
 The groves in their primeval state, it
 was a lovely scene.
 A few small farms around the groves,
 all else was vast and wild,
 And with this country I grew up,
 since but a little child,

I knew at sight most every man who
 dwelt in old McLean,
 In memory their pleasant faces still
 with me remain.
 The incidents and scenes of yore to
 me are very dear
 And those old friends I loved so well,
 those early pioneers,
 Are photographed within my mind on
 memory's pages bright,
 And it would be a pleasure sweet, a
 source of great delight,
 To see a grand memorial hall, in dear
 old Bloomington
 And placed within its sacred walls for
 those who fame have won,
 Memorials of honor due, befitting
 their career
 To every loyal patriot son, that Hall
 would be most dear.

And in that Hall we should preserve,
 the relics of the past,
 To educate posterity, as long as time
 shall last.
 The relics of the pioneers should there
 have ample room,
 That they may be in perfect state, in
 ages yet to come.
 Now loyal sons of old McLean, whose
 hearts with love are thrilled
 I feel our money will go free that
 , sacred hall to build, ,
 That we may long perpetuate the
 things of early days,
 The struggles of the pioneers, the
 crude primeval ways.

The statues of our honored dead in
 that grand hall of fame.
 We should install to honor and per-
 petuate their name,
 The names of early pioneers, and all
 , our soldiers bold, ,
 We should engrave upon its walls in
 letters bright as gold,
 That hall will be a sacred place where
 all can oft repair,
 And view those loved and sacred
 things, to memory so dear.
 Then let us make that sacred hall a
 source of sacred joys,
 An honor to dear old McLean, and
 dear old Illinois.

MY SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY

December 13, 1910.

I'm seventy-six years old today
 And many pleasures come my way,
 My path is laid in pleasant lines
 And every circumstance combines
 My former troubles to destroy
 And make my life a source of joy,
 For one with kind and loving ways,
 Doth bless my life with pleas-
 days,

For cruel fate in years gone by,
 So many troubles did supply
 That happiness seemed to depart
 And leave a lonely aching heart.
 Dear friends were taken, one by one
 Until death's cruel work was done,
 They all passed to their spirit home
 And left me to in sorrow roam.

Financially I have been blessed,
 When I with honest efforts pressed
 My claims on nature's bounteous store
 God blessed my efforts o'er and o'er
 And now in my declining days
 I thank, and in my heart I praise,
 Him, for his kind and loving care
 For me and mine while we are here.

For he with care instructed me
 To follow nature's just decree,
 And never break Dame Nature's law
 For trouble comes from that same
 cause.
 And I have thus prolonged my days
 By temperate habits, careful way
 Four brothers and four sisters, He
 With many blessings gave to me.

In health and strength in years gone
 by,
 They all were favored more than I,
 They all have passed to spirit life
 And left me here with my dear wife
 To you, dear friend, I wish to say
 That I would not be here today
 But for the temperate way I live,
 That always health and vigor give.

I drink no whiskey, beer nor wine
 And when I sit me down to dine
 I eat no pickles nor preserves,
 Nor sour kraut to tax my nerves,
 Nor tea, nor coffee, and no meat

nd very little that is sweet.
 obacco is a curse indeed
 never use the filthy weed.

ead on, and you quite soon will see
 hat I am faring sumptuously,
 resh milk I take that's good and
 sweet,
 nd soft boiled eggs instead of meat,
 With well boiled rice or graham mush,
 ith good ripe fruit my stomach flush,
 reen beans and peas and celery
 re vegetables enough for me.

nd when I work I'm careful, too,
 hat I may never over do,
 hen in the open air I stay
 dress according to the day.
 hree times a day I always dine
 nd go to bed at eight or nine.
 hen in the morning I arise,
 take my daily exercise.

ve thus should live to ward off ills
 is better far than doctor's pills.
 brings good health, prevents much
 pain,
 akes body strong and clears the
 brain.
 is good for children, man and wife,
 nd lengthens much the thread of
 life,
 akes strong the youth, protects the
 sage,
 nd keeps them for a ripe old age.

THE CANDIDATE FOR OFFICE.

ne man who is a candidate,
 uite ready to accomodate.
 ill often hail you on your way
 With a good morning or good day,
 nd then will signal you to stop,
 nd ask you all about your crop,
 nd also ask about your health,
 nd if you're prospering in wealth.

hen pat you on the back and say,
 'm glad I met you, sir, today,"
 ut if elected to the place
 ou seldom ever see his face.
 to his office you should stroll

To meet that real, congenial soul,
 He oft will knit his brow and say
 "I'm very busy, sir, today."

"I happen not to know your name,
 Nor who you are nor whence you
 came,
 I find I have some special work,
 I'll turn you over to my clerk."
 Then whispers to himself this word,
 "I've no talk for the common herd."
 O, God, if we on our part
 Could read each vain deceitful heart.

'Twould be a remedy for sin.
 And we would not be taken in
 By wily scoundrels of today,
 Who live and strive to beat their way,
 And travel in the paths of sin
 To a dishonest living win.
 O give us light that we may be
 Prepared for every emergency.

.. DON'T BE TOO PERT.

Don't be too pert and insolent,
 For surely if you do,
 Some man quite full of discontent
 Might press his fist to you.
 He'll know the laws of motion
 Both fixed and changeless are,
 And if he takes a notion
 You're due to get a jar.

He'll feel himself quite fortunate
 And think he has a call,
 And he will be importunate
 And have sufficient gall
 To spoil a pretty face for you,
 And force you to the wall,
 And boldly put his mark on you.
 As you pass through the hall.

So don't be dumb, be wide awake,
 Don't give this brute a chance,
 For if good care you do not take
 He'll see it at a glance.
 If once he sees you have no nerve
 You'll be his prey, beware,
 Lest you will get what you deserve
 And go up in the air.

TRAIN A BOY IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO

A boy who reads immoral books
And from restraint is free
Will oft consort with thieves and crooks,

Thus shape his destiny.
He will on Sunday loaf the street
Or fall in with a chum,
And jostle every guy they meet,
And then go on a bum.

He'll seek the circus every time,
The theater as well,
And when he gets an extra dime
He'll on it cut a swell.
Then have your boy trained in a school
Whose teaching is all pure,
That teaches him the golden rule;
Good books for him procure.

See that his company is good,
Live strictly to this rule,
Take him to church for mental food
And to the Sunday School.
Then when those boys are full grown men
You'll realize the truth
That each the road will travel then,
He traveled in his youth.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY

When I was but a little boy,
It used to fill my heart with joy,
To hear my parents tell the ways,
Of people in their childhood days,
How women used to milk the cows,
Men plowed with wooden mould board plows,

And drove their horses with one line,
And knew no better, thought it fine.

And cut their corn stalks with a hoe,
And picked them up by hand you know,

And women spun the flax and wool,
And wove into nice cloth the whole,
Then cut and made the garments fair,
All that the family had to wear.
The thing that tickles me the most,
To know those early days are past,

And now for every work is seen
A spanking, dandy new machine.
And dear old Grandpa used to tell
How he could dance and swim so well
And all his comrades could out-run
And with the girls had lots of fun.
When we grew up, now don't you see
How things have changed for you and me.

Our plows had wheels, were made to ride,
From bright steel mould boards, dirt would slide,
And we had buggies new and bright
To ride in, any day or night.
You know we liked so very much.
To take our best girl out to church
But Grandpa took his girl of course
Behind him on his saddle horse.

When I look in the glass 'tis true,
I find I'm in an old class too.
My jetty locks have turned to gray
My youthful days have passed away
I find that like my parents dear,
My days are full of watchful care,
And oft I dream and with a sigh,
I wish for youthful days gone by.

But when I pause and meditate,
And think of this fast age of late,
I'm glad that I have lived to see
This nation's great prosperity.
'Tis sweet to live in this fast age,
For one like me a spry old sage,
And see the wondrous works of men
That never had been thought of then

Of parents we are far ahead,
We're better clothed and better fed,
We have so much that's good, you see
fine,
For childhood days we should not pine,
But strive to live a life so good,
That all in our own neighborhood,
Will reverence and love us too,
And any kindness for us do.

We then will feel 'tis sweet to live.
And also sweet for friends to give
But I more pleasure do receive,
When I some other's wants relieve.
It gives me joy to feel and know
That I've relieved another's woe,
And when I lay this body down,
Hope to receive a glorious crown.

READ NO IMMORAL LITERATURE

If you will but investigate
The science of the mind
You then can better estimate
The facts that you will find.
For every sight and every act
That with your eyes you see,
And every thought, will be a fact
To shape your destiny.

Then what you read, upon the whole,
Its teaching will impress
Upon the tablet of your soul,
To curse, you, or to bless.
And every sight that you may see,
Tho it be bad or good,
Upon your mind impressed will be
'Twill be your mental food.

Then if you read immoral books,
And relish what you read,
Associate with thieves and crooks
Your mind and soul to feed,
You'll sear your conscience, lose your
pride,
Despise those who are good.
Be swallowed by the evil tide
Of dire perdition's flood.

But if good books you always read,
And keep good company,
To all good acts and words give heed
'Twill rule your destiny.
Then you'll appreciate all good,
Despise all sin and crime,
Good literature your mental food,
Your thoughts will be sublime.

Suggestion is the entering wedge
That often leads to crime,
And evil books tear down the hedge
That good has built with time,
And if you e'er commit a crime
'Tis sure to be in line

With what you've seen, or read some
time
Not from your own design.
The soldier oft in battles rife,
With carnage, blood and war
Where comrades fall amidst the strife
And cannons loudly roar,

Becomes familiar with the dead,
Death's horrors pass away,
Of death he has no further dread,
His foes he loves to slay.

So what you see and read remains,
Though it be false or true,
'Tis photographed upon your brains
Becomes a part of you.
Environments and what you read
And what you think you know,
Becomes a part of you, indeed,
It's seed you're sure to sow.

Says one, "My conscience is the power
In every mental fight,
The star in every trying hour
That guides me to the right."
Nay! conscience education's child
Quite often will deceive,
And lead you into errors wild
'Twill guide as you believe.

O God, wilt thou guide every youth
Impress them to beware
And seek for nothing but the truth
And in its blessings share.
O parents see that every child
Has moral books to read;
That their young minds be not defiled,
By books profane, indeed.

Then brother, sister, maid and youth,
Beware what books you read,
Seek clean morality, and truth,
To all things good give heed.
Then peace of mind will be your lot,
Your conscience will be clear,
And you'll have neither sin nor blot,
When you get over there.

THINGS THAT LIVE FOREVER

The good, the pure, the words of
cheer
That give us joy in youth,
The good influence we impart,
The thoughts of love and truth,
The yearnings of the heart for love,
That loving friends can give,
The striving after better things,—
These things shall ever live.

The generous hand stretched forth to aid
 And save misfortune's child;
 And words of cheer in grief's dark
 hour
 Both gentle, sweet, and mild,
 The plea for mercy, sweetly breathed,
 For justice to forgive,
 The sorrow of a suppliant heart,—
 These things shall ever live.

The clasp of a dear, friendly hand,
 A sweet and fervent kiss,
 The loving words and actions kind
 That aided love's first bliss,
 If with a firm abiding faith,
 That each in trust did give
 When hands have clasped and lips
 have met,—
 Those things shall ever live.

The cruel acts and bitter words,
 That wounded as they fell,
 The cold face, void of sympathy,
 Cold words and acts that tell
 The cool repulse that chilled the
 heart
 To friends, that we may give
 Is by recording angels kept,—
 And ever always live.

Then never, never, idle be
 But find something to do.
 Dispense sweet charity and love
 Be kind and just and true,
 Give to the world the best you can,
 Then angels e'er will give
 To thee a watchful care, and say—
 These things shall ever live.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

From the banks of grand Lake Mich-
 igan to Cuba's golden strand.
 Where the commerce of the nations,
 comes to bless our favored land.
 I have traveled on my journeys, over
 mountain, hill and dale
 From Bloomington, my childhood
 home, where gladly I remain.

And my life is slowly waning, like
 the ebbing of the tide,
 When receding to the ocean, in its
 bosom soon to hide,

Like its waters coming, going, with
 a solemn sad refrain,
 And its restless, raging billows bring
 me either joy or pain.

And the lessons of Dame Nature as
 its rolling billows rage.
 Tell of my childhood, youth, and man-
 hood and the hoary head of age,
 Of the beauty of life's morning, of
 my restless noonday sun,
 Of the calm and quiet evening of my
 race that's almost run.

When life's pleasures have departed,
 there's a better life before,
 Where my dearest friends will greet
 me on that bright and shining
 shore,
 And by faith the smiling faces of
 the ones I loved the best
 Come to greet me as life's setting
 sun, sinks slowly in the west.

I am sure that He who kept me
 through my youth and mature
 years
 Who led me through life's dangers,
 soothed my sorrows, calmed my
 fears,
 In life's evening will be with me,
 guide my footsteps safely o'er
 And lead me on my voyage to that
 bright and shining shore.

Dec. 8, 1910.

MAKE TRUTH AND HONOR THY GUIDE

Where e'er in life thy paths unfold,
 Let truth e'er be thy guide,
 Let not the wealth of mines of gold
 Entice thee from her side;
 And from her bright and pleasant
 ways
 Let not thy steps depart.
 Better than gold or hollow praises.
 A pure and guileless heart.

Be honest, in thy every deal,
 Defraud none of one cent,
 For then thy customer will feel
 Both happy and content,

And come again with smiling face
 To patronize thee more,
 And trust in thy good word and
 grace,
 And bless thee ever more.

And best of all thy God will know
 The contents of thy heart,
 And give thee strength in truth to
 grow,
 And honor, on thy part.
 Then every man will be thy friend,
 And bless thee all thy days,
 And every one thy name defend,
 And ever sound thy praise.

DO GOOD FOR EVIL

This world is not a paradise
 Where everything runs smooth and
 nice;

It is no picnic here to live
 If you for evil, evil give.
 For when you evil do resent,
 The other fellow soon is bent
 On giving you a double dose,
 And if you crowd him very close,

He may so vigorously strive
 To make you sorry you're alive,
 That you may wish, and wish in vain,
 To never meet that man again.
 For kindness is the only cure
 To whip an enemy, that's sure;
 And you can whip a man so hard,
 With kindness, in each act and word

His conscience soon himself will
 shame,
 And on himself will place the blame.
 Then harmony with love will blend
 And strife and anger have an end.
 Then keep this motto e'er in sight,
 Do good for evil, day or night;
 It always pays a big per cent,
 'Tis money loaned and time well
 spent.

A SCHOOL ESSAY

*For Miss Lois Robertson, of Markham,
 Texas.*

My name is Lois Robertson,
 My future life depends
 On what I learn while in the school
 With my dear schoolmate friends.
 Then I with all my power will try

My lessons well to learn,
 My school days fast are passing by
 And never will return.

Then I will study well my books
 And to my friends be true,
 They will not judge me by my looks
 But what I say and do.
 I will not waste my time at play,
 But exercise for health,
 For industry and honesty
 Will bring us joy and wealth.

And I will in my daily walk
 Be honest and discreet,
 And use good language when I talk,
 At home or on the street.
 Then I will have good people's love,
 My friends to me be true,
 And God will look down from above,
 And He will love me too.

MY BEST GIRL

My Minnie, she is the girl for me,
 The dearest one I chanced to see.
 She's tall and spare with auburn hair,
 And I think she is sweet and fair.

Her eyes so bright they shine at
 night
 Like stars that beam with golden
 light,
 And lend a charm my heart to warm
 When I'm encircled by her arm.

Her mouth so neat, her kiss so sweet
 Like honey, when our lips do meet.
 Her face so fine, with air divine,
 Makes me rejoice to know she's mine.

Her music sweet, with notes com-
 plete,
 For time and touch is hard to beat;
 With skill and art upon her part,
 She charms my music loving heart.

Her alto sweet with chords replete,
 On guitar and piano sweet.
 Is superfine; its chords combine
 A melody that is divine.

She plays the air with skill so rare
 That all rejoice who chance to hear;
 On every note they love devote,
 As on the air they hear it float.

MY MINNIE

Her countenance so innocent and
pure
Portrays a soul beaming with love
and truth,
That makes me feel and trust, and
I am sure,
Her conscience knows no errors
of her youth.

How dear those auburn locks the
light wind stirs,
What lovely eyes and mouth and
tender arm
And yet me thinks that tender
smile of hers,
That loving smile, is still her
crowning charm.

Where e'er we go, in country side
or town,
That pleasant smile doth make my
heart rejoice.
Should sorrow come, or grief, to cast
me down,
Or death, as come he must to hush
my voice.

Her smile will charm and make me
happy still,
My spirit will oft linger by her
side
To catch that smile, my soul with
joy to thrill
And wait for her to be my spirit
bride.

SYMPATHY AND SUNSHINE

Wouldst thou make hearts of sorrow
grow lighter,
Drop kind words of hope and good
cheer?
Wouldst thou make some poor bur-
dened lives brighter,
With them love and charity share?

Wouldst thou smooth the rough path
of another
While traveling life's rugged road?
Plant the sweet rose of faith in thy
brother
By helping to lighten his load?

Though another reproach and up-
braid him,
His hope of success almost gone,

Then a kind deed and word will per-
suade him
To rise and with courage press
on.

And a smile wreathed in sunshine
and beauty,
Will comfort when he is depressed,
It will cheer and make lighter his
duty,
And thou wilt forever be blest.

Let thy heart be with sympathy
teeming
It will bring joy where ever thou
art.
Then thy face will with sunshine be
beaming.
And cheer, and bring joy to each
heart.

**U.S.A. DESTINED TO ENLIGHT-
EN THE WORLD AND THE
WORLD IS GROWING
BETTER.**

Dear reader, now go back with me.
Where history first began,
And lift the veil, that we may see
The wickedness of man.
The first man, Adam, had two sons,
One Abel, one named Cain;
And, as the Bible story runs,
Abel by Cain was slain.

And then, soon after Abel's death,
Came forth another son.
His father, Adam, named him Seth,
God's confidence he won.
And, as their lineage we trace,
From Eve and Adam's birth,
'Tis thus began the human race
To populate the earth.

In brief, I wish here to relate,
The history of man;
An inkling of his wicked state,
Since history began.
From Adam down to Noah,
Man was wicked and untrue,
Rebellious and unscrupulous,
Most anything would do.

With war and bloodshed in their
hearts,
The strong the weak did slay,

Secure the spoils and then depart,
 And seek some other prey.
 And Cain, the first born of the earth,
 Incurred the wrath of God,
 Slew Abel of the second birth,
 Fled to the land of Nod.

The world became so wicked then,
 That God brought on a flood,
 By which he drowned all living men,
 Except few that were good,
 Old Noah and also three sons,
 He told to build a boat,
 For them, their wives and little ones,
 So they could safely float.

In safety they survived the flood,
 And scattered o'er the earth.
 Their children soon forgot their God,
 Forsook the ways of truth.
 Even the chosen ones of God,
 Old Abram and his seed,
 Quite often felt his chastening rod,
 Were captives, then were freed.

Their wickedness continued still,
 And they did so offend,
 That by the vengeance of his will,
 That nation he did end.
 He scattered them to many a land.
 All o'er the world to roam,
 No longer they a nation stand
 They have no land, nor home.

The wickedness of men prevailed,
 Continued to increase,
 And Pagan Rome all else assailed,
 None from their power released.
 Then Constantine, whose power was
 great,
 Was Emperor or King
 Combined the power of church and
 state,
 Controlling everything.

From then the Papal power con-
 trolled
 Twelve hundred sixty years
 Till seventeen and ninety eight,
 Dispensing blood and tears.
 People were persecuted then
 For mere opinion's sake,
 All who would not recant their views
 Were then burnt at the stake.

Thus fifty millions perished
 By the priesthood's vile decree,

And men were not allowed to think
 That God had made them free.
 All power being united
 Did the people's thoughts suppress.
 A man was soon indicted
 Who their creed would not con-
 fess.

He must the Papal faith endorse
 Or he was soon contemned,
 In many cases treated worse,
 Was tried and then condemned
 To die a martyr for the cause
 That he believed was right,
 A victim of the cruel laws
 That Priestcraft did indite.

Now God, for lo those many years,
 Had watched the Papal power,
 While they were wringing blood and
 tears
 From victims forced to cower.
 God then decreed 'twas time to save
 Those whom to him were true
 That he would save them from the
 grave,
 Give them a country new.

He chose Columbus as the man,
 The new world to explore,
 He fitted out his sailing van
 And led him to the shore
 Of this new world of treasures rare,
 Where man will e'er be free,
 And liberty of conscience share,
 As God's will did decree.

This new world he designed for all
 Oppressed of every land,
 Where they can worship him in truth
 As conscience doth demand.
 A haven fair for all the world,
 Where ever man is free;
 The Stars and Stripes proudly un-
 furled,
 Emblem of liberty.

'Twas sixteen hundred twenty, when
 The Pilgrim Fathers came,
 And immigrants came plenty then,
 And thousands did the same.
 And this great nation gained in wealth
 Also in numbers fast.
 While England, with a jealous eye,
 Resolved to hold her fast.
 But God decreed that this fair land,
 For ever shall be free.

That those brave pilgrim pioneers,
Should have their liberty.
Oppression's citadel was stormed,
It died, sad and forlorn,
An independent nation formed,
And freedom's child was born.

When God this nation planned to
build,
The means he did provide.
'Twas built according to his will,
It's destiny he'll guide.
A beacon light for all the world,
To guide the human race,
And freedom's flag they will unfurl,
And liberty embrace.

When England sent her soldiers here,
This nation's power to sway,
God taught her that she must be-
ware,
He'd run it his own way.
He chose his agents for the task,
Washington, and Jefferson,
With many other heroes brave,
And they, the victory won.

And yet the wickedness of man,
Still rankled in his veins,
He held within this glorious land,
Black men, in slavery's chains,
Held them as servants by his might
For greed of sordid gold,
Deprived him of his sacred right
To slavery he was sold.

But slavery could not long exist,
In freedom's chosen land.
God caused his agents to insist
That it not long should stand.
And when the South appealed to
arms,
God quickly did prepare,
And soon he sounded the alarm,
And sent his agents there.

With Lincoln at the helm to guide.
With Grant and Sherman true,
With God himself, to watch the tide,
Impress them what to do,
They saved this land for freedom's
shrine,
Christened from shore to shore
As freedom's central home divine,
To live forevermore.

And now for laws just and benign,
This nation stands alone,

The Ship of State glides peacefully,
On waters of her own.
And Uncle Sam's justice and grace,
And dealings so benign,
That in God's love he holds a place,
God's ruling is divine.

Long, long this nation will be ruled
By God's own sovereign will,
Her people are fast being schooled.
In laws of freedom still.
And if a crisis should arise,
To dim her path, now bright,
God in his own discretion wise,
Will guide her in the right.

He will her troubled waters clear
And watch the ebbing tide,
Teach her of breakers to beware,
Her Ship of State he'll guide,
The precepts taught in freedom's
school.
The basis of our laws
Are based upon the golden rule,
On which we rest our cause.

The justice of this nation's laws,
A subject, of our pride,
Is winning friends for freedom's
cause,
And spreading far and wide.
The heaven now is rising fast,
In lands across the sea.
Their laws they will revising be,
Some day they'll all be free.

Bartholdi with prophetic eye,
Foresaw our destiny.
A monument he mounted high,
Beacon for liberty,
In New York Harbor grandly stands,
Where all the world can see,
Proudly proclaiming to all lands
The world will yet be free.

This glorious land will ever care
For all the world's oppressed.
Children of every nation here,
Will be forever blest.
She is a friend to every land,
And ever pleads for peace;
She has the power to command;
Her power will increase.

Invulnerable she stands today,
With stars and stripes unfurled;
And she is now prepared to say
To nations of the world,

"With England's help, we now de-
mand,
That wars forever cease,
With strength combined we will
command,
A universal peace."

And not far distant is the time
They'll issue that decree,
And every land and every clime
To it will bow the knee;
And arbitration will prevail,
And harmony increase;
The plans of God will never fail,
The world will be at peace.

Republics, nations all will be
A band of sisters true
And every nation will be free,
And freedom's laws pursue.
Freedom will reign throughout the
world,
With every land and tongue,
Her glorious banner be unfurled,
Her praises loudly sung

The steamboat, railroad, telegraph
Cable and telephone
Will line the earth with many a path;
Christ's teaching all will own;
And one religion will prevail,
Only one God be known;
Under one banner all will sail,
And God receive his own.

THE GULF COAST COUNTRY OF TEXAS

One vast expanse of level land
From Gulf Coast to the Rio Grande
And on that land so smooth and fair
There's farms and towns located
there,

And many settlers coming in,
With full intent to make it win,
By raising cattle by the score,
Horses and mules and hogs galore.

With corn, alfalfa, also cane,
And oats and other kinds of grain;
While citrus fruits of every kind
They raise enough to please the
mind,

And grapes delicious, sweet and mild,
Along the timbers growing wild,
And many irrigate for rice,
Because it brings a paying price.

But many prairies yet remain
As nature made that lovely plain,
Where many cattle long have trod
And plow-share never turned the sod;
And just as far as eye can see
The land from settlement is free.
By cattle barons 'tis controlled,
They many, many acres hold.

Yet many, whose best days are spent,
Have sold their land for settlement,
Have quit their former strenuous
strife

And now enjoy a quiet life.
And many acres are for sale
To settlers, on this fertile vale,
And settlers now are coming fast
And here their future lots will cast.

Peaches, and pears, and hgs grows
fine,

And many to citrus fruit incline,
Satsuma oranges do well,
And on the market highly sell.
Pecans and lemons also thrive,
And apricots are much alive,
And sweet potatoes often yield
Two hundred bushels in the field.

And Kaffir corn and millet, too,
Grow finely in this country new,
But sure alfalfa is the stuff,
'Tis growing well here, sure enough,
Makes many cuttings in one year
And it will sure much money clear.
And vegetables of every brand
Succeed in this black prairie land.

The greatest scheme on hand today,
The intercoastal water way
From Mississippi river planned,
To Brownsville on the Rio Grande.
That grand canal of which they
boast

Will tap all bays along the coast
They'll excavate the land between,
From Brownsville up to New Or-
leans.

And one continuous waterway
Will skirt the Gulf from bay to bay
And boats will charge much cheaper
rate

Than any railroad in the state
For hauling freight from place to
place,
Upon this inter-coastal race;

And boats from Brownsville up will
go,
Where Mississippi's waters flow.

And also up the Ohio,
Where ever canal boats can go,
Up all connecting rivers land,
Then back unto the Rio Grande.
They'll haul the freight from either
way,
And will the Gulf Coast country pay
A big per cent upon its cost;
Of its great worth its friends will
boast.

She has the biggest sulphur mine;
The biggest salt mine, it is fine,
And oil within the state galore;
Gas in abundance, yet in store
And timber grand, a vast amount
Of pine and cypress beyond count,
And hardwood plenty, to supply
The world's great future bye and bye.

She has rich mines of iron ore
In great abundance, yet in store,
Will make that product cheap at
home

For many many years to come.
The gulf coast has in water front
One third the nation's compliment
And climate temperate and mild
To bless each woman, man and child.

Artesian water always found
When deep enough you tap the
ground

And you will get a constant flow
To water everything you know,
And if you want to irrigate
The whole expense will not be great,
For if you have no river nigh
A well and pump your wants supply.

Much fish and oysters here abound,
No better in the states are found,
In quality are extra fine
And you can on them cheaply dine.
This gulf coast is a paradise,
The land as yet is low in price,
But immigration's boundless might
Will send the prices out of sight.

Now of good health the people boast
All up and down the southwest coast.
The salt sea breeze pervades the air

And sickness here, they claim, is rare;
Although new comers settling here
May have some sickness the first
year,

But soon acclimated will be
And then from sickness almost free.

This country's filling up quite fast
The growth of towns, seldom sur-
passed,

And land is selling double quick
And when they come they're sure to
stick;

And after they are here one year
They would not leave for anywhere,
And here contented they remain
And work and strive much wealth to
gain.

Near Markham is an oil field great,
It rivals any in the state,
And in this country all around
Oil in abundance may abound.
They're shipping oil from out this
field,

And plenty seems to be the yield;
And many oil cars come and go
To keep pace with the constant flow.

And many oil wells will go down
Around about this railroad town.
The land is now upon the boom
And soon it higher up will loom.
Many are planting orange groves,
Development now onward moves;
E're this decade comes to a close,
This land will blossom like the rose.

Now fruits and crops not mentioned
here

Grow well and make two crops each
year;

And live stock on the grass abound
That live on grass the whole year
round.

And get no feed except the grass,
Many of them for beef will pass.
Such is the country we can boast
In Texas on the southwest coast.

Of grand old Illinois we're proud,
Her praise we oft are sounding loud
Of Iowa, Missouri, too,

Those grand old states we think will
do,

But Texas prairies grand and wide

By immigration's coming tide
Will surely soon be occupied,
Then she will be our special pride.

For products of most any brand,
That grows in almost any land,
Can be produced in Texas soil
By common sense and proper toil.
Then if you soon will take a stand
'Twixt gulf coast and the Rio Grande,
And use good industry and skill
Your coffers you can quickly fill.

Now taking Texas all in all,
With outlet to the great canal,
She offers more inducements grand
Than any state within the land;
And those who buy while land is
cheap,
Will surely soon large profits reap;
And those who on her soil abide
Be happy and be satisfied.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL

How blest the tiller of the soil,
Who works from day to day,
And earns his bread by honest toil;
To him it is but play.
The bleating flocks, and lowing herds
And blush of smiling flowers,
The gladsome songs, the warbling
birds,
Bring many peaceful hours.

The fragrant mornings lure him on,
Make light his daily toil,
With health and hope his work is
done,
While tilling of the soil.
Through balmy winds, and sweet per-
fumes,
Whose billows roll afar,
From off the fields of clover bloom,
He breathes the fragrant air.

O thoughtless youth remember thou,
Whilst blessed with sweet perfume,
And day by day, thou guidest the
plow,
Midst fragrant flowers in bloom,
There's those to whom it is denied,
To dwell with nature's God,
Who dwell in heat intensified,
And in the city plod.

In buildings dark or glare of street,
That health and life destroy,
They miss the joy of nature's sweets
That farmers' boys enjoy.
O, tiller of the soil, all men,
For food, depend on thee;
The countless throng in cities din,
On land or on the sea,

Live on the products of the land,
So beautiful to see.
The honest labor of thy hand,
So generous and free.
O, faithful tiller of the soil,
Thou friend of all mankind,
If thou wouldst cease thy honest toil,
The helpless world would find

A world wide want all o'er the land,
That no one could supply.
Nothing to fill the empty hand,
Then all mankind would die.
Then count thy lot a blessed one,
Thou youth, upon the farm;
For when thy daily work is done,
No life has sweeter charm.

THOU ART THE SHIP

Thou art the ship in which a gem's
in store,
To thee more priceless than all in
the land,
Why wilt thou drift on thoughtlessly
to shore
Where rocks and breakers every
ship may strand?

Thy will, O man, is captain of the
craft,
And also is the pilot on the way;
O, why wilt thou be drifting fore and
aft,
With every fickle fancy of the day.

That priceless gem of countless worth
to thee,
Is thy dear soul, a part of God,
divine,
O, steer thee to a calm and placid sea,
With charity and peace and love
benign.

O, save the ship, thou thoughtless,
sinful man,
And steer it to the haven of the
blest,

Where all is peace; this life is but a
span,
Go where all wearied souls find
joy and rest.

Make charity and love thy beacon
light,
To guide thee safely o'er life's bois-
trous wave,
So if you come to part by day or
night,
Thy beacon light that priceless gem
will save.

BE CONSISTENT AND CONSER- VATIVE.

I knew a man—the dollar was his
God,
And now his body lies beneath the
sod.
He had no time for church, nor rest,
nor prayer;
No time to visit friends no matter—
where,
No time to watch the sunbeam's
golden glint,
Nor view the blue ethereal heaven's
tint;
No time to spend in home pleasures
so dear,
With wife and children, nor to dry
a tear.
But money was the object of his life;
In its pursuit he worked with daily
strife.
For home and friends he had but
small expense,
His wealth in lands and gold it was
immense.
For education little did he pay,
To fit his children for a future day.
At last his health failed, he was
growing old,
Had sacrificed his life for sordid gold.
With wealth immense, life's comforts
to supply.
In sorrow and remorse he had to die.
When he arrived within the spirit
spheres,
He found he'd whiled away his earth-
ly years
In vain pursuit of gold through daily
strife,

And failed to live a pure and higher
life.
The lands and gold he had to leave
behind,
While he had failed to cultivate his
mind.

And fill his heart with charity and
love,
Which are the requisites in spheres
above,
He had to enter in the lower sphere
Where spirits of his class were dwell-
ing there.
Whose minds were void of charity and
love,
Unfit to dwell in higher spheres
above.
His wealth was left to wife and
children dear
Who had no training for its proper
care.

It seemed to only make his children
vain,
With no ability wealth to retain.
They thought they'd ever have much
gold in store,
The wolf of want could never find
their door;
But reckless waste and ignorance
prevailed
And in due time in business they
failed.
Great wealth to children often proves
a curse,
Resources oft they fail to learn to
nurse.

Before they learn the leaks and drains
to stay,
Their fortune taken wings and flown
away,
Then let us be conservative and true,
Consistent in all things we say and
do,
Take time to give the spirit righteous
food,
And feed the mind with everything
that's good.
While seeking for a good earthly sup-
ply,
Remember that this body soon must
die.

EASTER

How rapid is the flight of time,
 How swift is life's decay.
 Though we should seek a foreign
 clime,
 Still death brooks no delay.
 The light and clouds, the ebb and
 flow,
 The sunshine and the rain,
 Are types of life that come and go
 Like pleasure and like pain.

May we this day at dawn and close,
 See the ethereal sky,
 Bright as the day when Christ arose,
 A Savior to supply.
 The green, glad earth reflects the
 song
 That angels then did sing;
 All nations with her countless throng
 Joyfully welcomes spring.

And crowns her queen of earth's
 green bowers
 So beautiful to see,
 Bedecks her robes with lovely flowers
 Emblems of purity.
 Welcome to spring, with lavish hand
 She scatters blessings free,
 While marching to the dulcet band
 Of brook, and bird and tree.

All nature at her gentle kiss,
 Vibrates, and throbs with life,
 Her fragrant breath, charms with a
 bliss.

Her sweet perfume is rife,
 The flowers on her bosom rest
 And blush with smiles so coy,
 The virgin forests feel so blest
 They wave signals of joy.

Millions are bowing at her shrine,
 Around her festal board.
 Her bounteous blessings are divine,
 Rich treasures from the Lord.
 But there will come a reckoning time
 When winter's icy blade,
 Will swing with chilling power sub-
 lime,
 And leaves and flowers will fade.

The dirge of death will then be heard.
 The birds will cease their lay,
 The fields and meadows brown and
 seared,
 For spring has passed away,

Yea, there will come a day when time
 Will turn our locks to gray,
 And we'll invoke the power divine
 To guide us on our way.

Our quaking hearts with faltering
 breath
 Stand still, awe struck and dumb,
 When solemnly we think of death,
 What after it will come.
 With shaded eye we fain will scan
 The future, to know where
 To find a sign board left for man,
 To guide him over there.

Lo and behold, one crucified
 Who rolled the clouds away;
 Who on a Roman cross hath died,
 And now to man doth say:
 I am the signboard thou couldst see,
 Give heed, O man, beware,
 For I have paid the debt for thee,
 I'll guide thee over there.

All sons and daughters of the King
 Are those who followed me.
 My soldiers of the cross I bring,
 Where pleasures e'er will be.
 All ye who seek eternal life,
 The straight and narrow way,
 Will all be free from care and strife
 In that eternal day.

 ENVY NOT THY BROTHER

O, envy not thy neighbor,
 On whom fortune kindly smiled,
 Although you have to labor,
 And he may be fortune's child.
 'Tis not the wealthy, who in life
 True happiness will find,
 But he who without fear or strife
 Does good to all mankind.

O, envy not those who are blest
 With face and form more fair.
 The looks will not be made the test
 When we get over there.
 But he whose heart is pure within
 Whose life will stand the test,
 Will be the one to enter in
 And be forever blest.

O, envy not the man of strength,
 With health and vigor rife,

Although his life be of great length
 With little toil or strife,
 Success in life not to the strong,
 Who trust in strength and might,
 But to the honest, upright throug
 Who battle for the right.

O, envy not the one whose life
 Has wrought an honored name,
 Who mounted high through honest
 strife
 The pinnacle of fame;
 But render unto every one
 That you in life have known,
 The honors they have justly won
 By efforts of their own.

For those on whom dame fortune
 frowned,
 Let pity swell your heart,
 With love and charity profound,
 Show kindness on your part.
 For God is watching every day,
 Our thoughts and actions, too,
 And he'll reward us some sweet day
 For all we say and do.

WHEN THE EVENING SHADES WERE FALLING

When the evening shades were fall-
 ing,

I my loved wife had caressed,
 And all nature gently calling
 All her living ones to rest,
 And my babies stopped their playing;
 Came and climbed upon my knee.
 All my daily cares delaying,
 'Twas a happy time for me.

When the sun was slowly setting,
 And my daily routine o'er,
 And the busy work and fretting
 Of the day, with me no more;
 And my babies sleeping sweetly,
 In my arms, and on my knee.
 I enjoyed those hours completely,
 'Twas a happy time for me.

When the sun was slowly sinking
 In the far off distant west,
 And the stars were brightly twink-
 ling,
 And my babies gone to rest;
 And my locks, that were so jetty.
 Changed to be a silver gray,

And my babies once so pretty
 And my wife had passed away.

Then the sunset made me dreary,
 When I mused upon the past,
 And at evening I was weary,
 And with sorrow overcast,
 Then 'twas guardian angels blessed
 me
 With another, kind and true,
 Who hast loved me and caressed me
 And whose love is always new.

Now the sun again hast blessed me
 With a soft and mellow light,
 And my loved one doth caress me
 And it fills me with delight.
 But my locks are white and hoary
 And the stars begin to shine,
 They will light my path to glory,
 To those loved and lost of mine.

Where we'll bask in balmy breezes
 Of the lovely spirit spheres,
 Where the flowery landscape pleases.
 And brings joy through endless
 years.

We'll progress without a fetter,
 Onward, upward, evermore;
 And grow wiser and grow better
 Till we reach the heavenly shore.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA

Ye daughter of this glorious land,
 O, do you really know
 That fair Columbia's daughters stand
 The best where'er you go.
 For intellect and female tact,
 And beauty, they compare
 Superior, such is the fact.
 To ladies everywhere.

And do you realize the fact
 That you are honored more,
 And in your freedom you are backed
 By generous laws galore.
 You are more free, please understand,
 Than Orient's e'er have been.
 Female oppression in some lands
 Is cruel and a sin.

How would you like to live the life
 Of those Assyrian maids;

How would you like to be a wife,
 In harems dark and staid,
 In old Damascus where they live
 Under the Koran's ban,
 And veil your face, to not be seen
 By other than your man.

How would you like to be penned up
 In back room or up stair,
 And have the front so latticed
 That no man could see you there.
 And would you like always to wear
 A wrapper large and black,
 With string tied loosely round your
 waist,
 And look like a big sack.

With heavy veil to hide your grace,
 And shield your many charms.
 Lest other men should see your face
 Or outline of your form.
 How would you like to never talk
 To any other man,
 Except your family at home,
 Live under such a ban.

How would you like your parents
 choose
 A husband dear for you.
 No matter who has won your love,
 Nor who you think will do;
 And you are much dissatisfied
 To wed your parents' choice,
 Nor see him till the day you wed,
 In choosing have no choice.

Now such is Mohammedan rule,
 Has ever been in use.
 All women of the Koran school
 Submit to such abuse.
 Now ladies of America,
 So honored and so free,
 Do you appreciate its worth,
 Your home of liberty.

In music, literature, and art
 You stand equal with men;
 In life's pursuits, in many a part
 Men's equals you have been,
 And soon you will be free, indeed,
 For it quite soon will be
 To ladies votes all will give heed.
 And all be truly free.

Then let your actions correspond
 With your high type of brains,

And in your fashions never fawn
 To Paris, but take pains
 To manufacture home designs,
 Both sensible and good,
 That will be sure to please the minds
 Of all your sisterhood.

NO NONSENSE IN HEAVEN

For there we'll have no hobble skirts
 Parading on the streets,
 No giddy girls to wink and flirt
 With boys they chance to meet,
 No umbrella hats to hide
 The preacher from your view,
 No auto driving fools to ride
 Carelessly over you.

No fashions hideous and vain,
 Nor styles vulgar and mean,
 Styles sensible, and neat and plain
 Will ever there be seen.
 No shoes so shaped to cramp the toes
 And give to each a corn,
 And fill the heart with many woes,
 Make you sad and forlorn.

And no low bosomed dresses there,
 To show the ladies forms;
 And each wear dresses neat and fair
 To cover up their arms.
 All will be beautiful and chaste,
 And what each one admires
 They will create to suit their taste,
 And fill their heart's desires.

For spirits have the power of thought
 To make what they desire;
 Quickly the clothes of each are
 wrought,
 In styles that they admire.
 And each and every one will pose
 In their peculiar style,
 And each will wear their last year's
 clothes
 When e'er they think worth while,

Whate'er a spirit learned to love,
 In dress, or home or art,
 They can create in spheres above,
 By thought upon their part.
 They think the form of what they
 want
 Its form will soon appear,
 And when they want to come to earth
 As quick as thought they're here.

Then let us be conservative
 In fashions we display,
 And cultivate consistency
 While on our earthly way.
 The useful and the beautiful
 So pleasingly combine
 That we can duplicate them,
 In the spheres of the divine.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

With the power of his genius
 He the multitudes did sway,
 He captured his great party
 On a past convention day;
 Thrice the leader of his party
 For the presidential chair,
 Defeated by the money power,
 By means unjust—unfair.

The railroads and monopolies
 Who for the money strive,
 The millionaires, and money power
 Who off the masses thrive.
 With trusts and bankers did combine
 The masses to control,
 To bring defeat to Col. Bryan,
 The people did cajole.

The nation's laws they did dictate,
 The masses to oppress,
 And leave them in a helpless state,
 No earthly power to bless.
 Those powers would not tolerate
 The logic of his speech
 If Christ had faced them day by day,
 The same to them had preached.

They would have placed upon his
 head
 A wicked thorny crown,
 Just as they treated Col. Bryan,
 They would have turned him down.
 But now the people have awoke,
 And realize the fact
 That they are still oppressed by laws,
 Framed by the schemers tact,

The doctrines taught by Col. Bryan
 Are coming with full sway,
 And now the national powers that be
 Are adopting them today.
 A model patriot is he,
 Unchangeable and true;

Unselfishly he does accord
 To every man his due.

A mark of hostile critics he
 Has often been maligned;
 But time has proved his precepts are
 Consistent and divine.
 And those who once derided him
 Are now singing his praise,
 And many who have chided him,
 Would now his banner raise.

No man in this great nation is
 More honored here today,
 The greatest nations of the earth,
 While traveling their way,
 Great homage paid to Col. Bryan,
 With honest, upright mien.
 No private had such welcome home,
 As William Jennings Bryan.

The champion of principles,
 So pure and just and true,
 And sentiments no greater
 Have been spoken, old or new,
 The coming glory of his life,
 To his great heart will be,
 To see eternal justice reign
 And all the people free.

MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.

O, dear to my heart are the scenes
 of my childhood,
 When oft with my brothers we
 played by the stream,
 Or hied to the grove for a romp
 through the wildwood;
 Those dear childhood scenes haunt
 me still when I dream.

And oft, when the strawberries rip-
 ened for picking,
 Among the wild grass and the
 flowers of the vale,
 We hied to the prairie, our lips soon
 were licking,
 All reddened with strawberries,
 fresh from the dale.

Whenever we yearned for a nice mess
 of fishes
 We dug up some worms to entice
 them to bite.

Then hied to the creek, where our
hopes and our wishes
Were realized quickly, by day or
by night.

And in Blooming Grove, when the
men made a clearing,
The blackberries grew with a boun-
teous supply.

We hied to the grove, and the fruit
so endearing,
We gathered by gallons, for jelly
and pie.

And in the rich valley were goose-
berries bearing,

And fruit, being scarce, they oft
swelled the supply.

And I ever felt I was sumptuously
faring,
When eating a well sweetened
gooseberry pie.

When twilight had come and the fam-
ily collected

To sit and converse, by the bright
open fire,

My father, an instructive chapter se-
lected,

To read from the Bible when time
to retire.

And mother, dear mother, so often
entreated

Her children for good, with a sweet
saintly face,

And lessons of right she so often re-
peated,

That came from a heart filled with
sweet loving grace.

That old fashioned Bible was read for
to guide us,

When not being read in my dear
father's hand,

'Twas laid where its presence would
silently chide us,

In one cozy corner it lay on the
stand.

O, who would decry or look back
with derision,

And shun that old book as it use-
lessly lies,

Unused, it gives place to the newer
revision,

That ever reaches a home in the
skies.

Sweet thoughts of my childhood
in daylight or dreaming,

A halo of glory e'er brings with a
glow,

And oft in my musing brings tears,
swiftly streaming,

Of joy and of sorrow for days long
ago.

TO THE FIELDS AND MEADOWS AT THE DAWN OF SPRING

Awake, ye sere and russet vales,
Thy winter robes, cast them away,

Arouse ye meadows, hills and dales,
And spring will meet ye, here to
stay.

The sun and rain, with moistening
charms,

Will warm thy cheeks from day to
day,

And loosen winter's icy arms,
His icy breath will melt away.

O now, awake, ye slumbering fields,
O melt, ye prison gate of streams,

For man will need thy bounteous
yields,

The sun will charm with radiant
beams.

April will crown thee with success,
Guard thee from winter's chilly

blast,

And spring will greet thee but to
bless,

And May will heal the frozen past.

Then all the months will bow to May,
Of her sweet charms will sweetly

sing;

So, charmed by her sweet flower dis-
play,

Will crown sweet May the queen
of spring.

LOOK UPON THE BRIGHT SIDE

View the bright side and be happy,

Try from sorrow to be free,

Never be to others snappy,

Always living cheerfully;

And with care pursue thy labors,
Guard thy health and careful be,
Dealing justly with thy neighbors,
Make no debts to worry thee.

Early bed and early rising,
Caution in thy daily strife,
Brings success to thee surprising,
Comforts bring to bless thy life.
If to wealth thy heart hath yearnings,
And this life thou wouldst enjoy,
Ne'er forget to save thy earnings,
Wasteful habits wealth destroy.

When thou comfortably art living
And the world goes well with thee,
Help the helpless oft by giving,
Cultivate sweet charity.
Never with thyself debating,
What thou givest give it free.
God will bless thee in thy waiting
And thy conscience will be free.

GEMS OF LOVE.

A brilliant gem, a diadem,
Its wondrous wealth revealing,
May have the power, in lonely hour,
To soothe the heart and healing.
Kind words from those kindly dis-
posed
Give you, when they approve thee;
Better than gems or diadems
To know that true friends love thee.

Then bless the one, who like the sun,
Gives love to cheer the lonely,
And shield the heart from sorrow's
dart,
Imparting blessings only.
God bless those who to us prove true,
With acts of kindness shielding
From others' wrath our lonely path,
And loving kindness yielding.

If some we love, to us should prove
Unworthy to be near us,
Those who are true to me and you,
Their presence oft will cheer us;
For others' love is like a glove,
To shield us from all dangers.
If from above we have God's love,
Then grief should be a stranger.

A gentle word, if in love heard,
Though said in love to chide thee,
That word of love is heard above,
In love it will abide thee,
Smiles oft relieve when others grieve,
To them a wealth of pleasure,
But ah, the word fraught with a
sword
Will wound beyond all measure.

Then we should act with guarded
tact
And wear a smile for others,
To others prove in every move
That all of us are brothers.
Then life will be, if constantly
Thou live until life closes,
A life of love, blest from above,
'Twill strew thy path with roses.

TIME OUR COMFORTER

When left all alone to my friends I
went
Telling my trouble, with sore lament,
Weeping for loved ones who fell by
my side,
While in their youth and beauty and
pride,
Friends to my heart could no solace
bring,
Kind loving words could not heal the
sting.
Then to the flowers I did lament,
Hoping they'd bring to my heart
content.
"O, tell me sweet flowers, fair to see.
Canst thou my loved ones bring to
me?"
"Nay, nay, dear friend we've no power
to save,
Naught can we do but bloom o'er the
grave."
I went to the trees, in the valley
and plain,
Said, "Canst thou bring me my loved
ones again?"
"Nay, nay," said the zephyrs, that
with the leaves played,
"The spot where they rest, trees only
can shade."

Then to the sun, the great orb of the
day,

"Sun canst thou tell where my dear
 loved ones stay?"
 But in his radiant splendor he said,
 "I watch the living and know not the
 dead."
 Then to the wind I decided to go.
 "Is there no path of return that you
 know?"
 "Yea, yea," said the wind, "there's a
 path that is free,
 The spirits of loved ones oft visit
 with thee.

"But their old bodies must ever decay
 In the cold grave where they've been
 laid away.
 I often pass o'er them and moan
 with a sigh,
 As I sweep over the place where they
 lie."
 "O, time, who away our loved ones
 hath borne,
 Canst thou, to our bosoms our loved
 ones return?"
 Old time with a smile, as onward he
 passed,
 Said, "Wait, and I'll pilot thee to
 them at last.

"Where gladly thou'lt meet them
 and they will appear
 More fair and more lovely than e'er
 they did here,
 A spiritual body each soul will pos-
 sess,
 To dwell in forever in its loveliness,
 Weep not for thy loved ones who
 passed on before,
 For they have a home on that beau-
 tiful shore,
 More brilliant and lovely than earth
 can afford,
 Where often they bask in the smiles
 of the Lord."

JUDGE NOT

Although thy neighbor may not per-
 fect be,
 And sometimes deviate from truth
 and right,
 Art thy own heart and conscience
 clear and free
 From sin's deep, dark, demoralizing
 blight?

Before thou hurl a slanderous assault,
 The beam take out of thine own
 jealous eye,
 When thou canst better see who is at
 fault.
 Their failings thou more clearly
 can descry.

Their conduct will a warning be to
 thee,
 And give thee strength to shun
 temptations vile,
 And keep thy conscience, and thy
 spirit free;
 Give thee a heart that's pure and
 free from guile.
 We should not judge another until
 tried,
 Then if found wanting, surely day
 by day
 Show pity, neither censure them nor
 chide,
 But set them an example on the
 way.

If we commence to slander friend or
 foe,
 O, let us think what harm one
 word may do.
 Then let us cease such sinful seed to
 sow,
 Place on our tongues a bridle
 strong and true.
 As in our daily wandering we pass,
 We oft judge others hearts by our
 own.
 But those who live in houses made of
 glass,
 Should careful be to never throw a
 stone.

Then harbor none but holy thoughts
 within,
 And keep thy heart and conscience
 free from guile
 Thy acts and words will then be free
 from sin.
 And thou wilt speak and practice
 nothing vile.
 Then shun temptation's bland deceit-
 ful wiles,
 That all evil associations bring.
 Such influence an honest heart be-
 guiles,
 And when too late they're sure to
 feel the sting.

IN JUST ONE DRINK THERE'S DANGER

Write it on the liquor store,
They who drink should drink no
more.

Write it on the prison wall,
Youths should never drink at all.
Write, O write, this truth divine,
Drink is on the danger line,
Write it on the school boy's slate,
Lest for him it be too late,
Write it on the graveyard mound,

Where the drink slain dead are found.
Write it on the busy street,
Where all eyes its lines may greet,
Write it for the great and small,
In the mansion, cot and hall.
Write it on the railroad car,
Never face a drinking bar.

Write it on the ships that sail,
They who drink are sure to fail.
Write it in large letters plain,
Many by strong drink are slain.
Write it in your mind today,
You from drink will stay away.
Write before you have begun,
You the poison stuff will shun.

I LOVE THE BRIGHT SUN- LIGHT

I love the bright sun in the spring
of the year,
When the swelling buds burst into
bloom,
And the birds gladly warble, and
flutter and whirl,
And all nature is out on a boom.

And summer, glad summer, brings
solace so sweet.
With breezes of soft balmy air:
At morning and evening 'tis pleasure
complete,
To bask in these breezes so fair.

But autumn hath charms that have
power to cheer.

She holds in her hands with a smile,
Rich berries and fruits, the products
of the year,
My palate and heart to beguile.

When autumn her treasures has
yielded to man,
And bleak winds have come with
the frost,
I'll hie me away, just as quick as I
can,
To Southwestern Texas, the coast.

Where soft balmy breezes blow daily
to cheer,
And rich plumaged birds gaily sing,
Where sweet fragrant flowers in
bloom all the year,
And there is continual spring.

IN TEXAS, FEB. 15th, 1911.

To Mrs. Minnie Lee Myers

We're sojourning in Texas
Midst flowers rich and rare,
When spring at home has come, love
We'll hie away up there.

Where the feathered songsters war-
ble,
In our lawn among the trees,
And the evergreens and maples
Are waving in the breeze.

We'll wait till the buds are out, love,
And the robin tells of spring,
And the tulips blooming lovely,
And the birds begin to sing.

And the south wind charms the
flowers,
That my little girl enjoys.
Then we will quickly hie, love,
To our home in Illinois.

We'll wait till the lawn is green, love,
With the violets so blue.
All nature teems with gladness,
And doves begin to coo.

Then the rose buds will be swelling.
That my little girl enjoys,
Then we will hie away love,
To our home in Illinois.

SPRING

When the tender leaves are peeping
From their sheaths, to greet the sun

And have ceased their winter sleeping,

And their summer growth begun,
All the world is filled with pleasure,
Flowers yield a sweet perfume,
Poets sing in sweetest measure,
Charmed by lovely flowers in bloom

When the sun and April showers
Gives new life to everything,
Charms and opens buds and flowers,
'Tis a harbinger of spring.
When the buds and leaves are swelling,

Winter's frost has lost its sting,
When the muse with poets dwelling,
Charms and cheers them on to sing.

When the meadows, robed in beauty,
And the trees, a lovely green,
And forgetme-nots so pretty,
Brighten nature's lovely scene.
And the honey bees are humming;
And the birds are on the wing,
In the trees wood peckers drumming,
Where's the bard who cannot sing?

When the groves, the fields and bowers
Feel the charms of sun and rain,
When the trees and grass and flowers
With new life are filled again,
When May tells her annual story,
Roses bloom proclaiming spring.
When 'tis nature's crowning glory,
Muses charm and Poets sing.

TO THE BROOK

Could we interpret what thou say
Thy babbling understand,
We many things would know today,
Not known in this fair land.
Or thou, the secrets of the past
As thy bright ripples flow,
Could many a secret tell, at last,
That we'd rejoice to know.

Thou old time knowledge could unfold,

Of those who here did dwell,
That vistas of old time enrolled,
And thou alone can tell.
The red man in his bark canoe
Sailed merrily on thy breast,

And thou his many secrets knew,
Of what and where his quest.

The woodlands listen to thee sing
And knowest what thou say,
And they will tell us not a thing,
When they echo thy lay,
But when we hear thy babbling voice
Throughout the woodlands ring,
We know thy waters do rejoice
Because they sweetly sing.

WHISKEY KILLED HER

A model husband once was he,
Before he fell by drink.
He had a wife and children three,
Whiskey caused him to sink.
While under whiskey's cruel ban
He killed his wife, so dear,
His children, left sad and alone,
Shed many a bitter tear.

And Johnny to the jail door went,
Stood weeping, clad in rags,
A message to the jailer sent,
His coat sleeve slit in tags.
He said, "I'm eight years old this
day,

Two sisters younger still,
O grant me this request, I pray,
We'll thank you if you will,

"O give us papa's body, sir,
As soon as he is hung,
To us papa is very dear,
Though wicked men among.
My papa did not do the deed
When mama he did kill,
'Twas whiskey done it, yes indeed,
Controlled my papa's will."

There's millions desolate today,
Caused by protected rum,
That's set before them on their way,
By law protected bums.
Destroying angels are they, quite,
Who vote to license men,
And give the devil's imps the right
To run a devil's den.

MY TEXAS FARM

In Matagorda county, where
The land is level, rich and fair,

Some twenty miles in from the coast,
Where they have soil of which to
boast.

Near Markham, a small railroad town,
Where oil wells have been going
down,

And oil cars daily come and go,
To keep pace with the constant flow.

The town of Markham all may know,
Has had but seven years to grow,
And irrigation of the ground,
Has been the watchword all around,
And rice has been the staple crop
And been a great financial prop.
But farming quite diversified,
Is coming in here to abide.

Much land is owned here in large
tracts

By men financially well backed.
Canals for water pierce the land,
With lateral ditches on each hand;
And irrigation's very nice,
If you're engaged in raising rice.
But other crops grow very well,
With what rain in the past has fell.

And made a satisfactory yield
Outside the irrigation field.
My farm is close the town along,
Eleven hundred acres strong
Runs two miles to the river side,
Where nice young timber does abide,
Four hundred acres, quite a slice,
A few years has been run to rice.

A large canal across the field
To irrigate and make it yield,
And seven hundred acres strong
Has been in pasture all along,
And used for grazing all the while.
Much grazing long has been the style
And on this land experience tells,
We can get good artesian wells.

And Markham, I must say to you,
Has great rice mills, warehouses too,
Where rice is bought and stored and
screened,
And sacked and shipped, after 'tis
cleaned.

If I have oil, time soon will tell,
I've leased it to put down a well.
And if they get a constant flow,
The money will come in you know.

This land will many products grow,

Corn, cotton, cane, and rice you know
Alfalfa and Bermuda grass,
And vegetables of every class.
And all the citrus fruits grow fine,
And all small fruits and grapes for
wine;

The orange and the fig and pear,
And peach and plum do well with
care.

And other crops not mentioned here
Succeed and make two crops a year,
And live stock on the grass is found
That live on grass the whole year
round,

And get no feed except the grass,
While many oft for beef will pass.
Such is the country we can boast
In Texas on the southwest coast.

ON THE FARM

Out in the country I was born,
'Mong fields and meadows green,
Where sunshine on the waving corn
Fell with a golden sheen;
Where I could breathe the free, pure
air,
Lie down and calmly sleep,
With fruit and flowers, sweet and fair,
Where angels vigil keep.

Then wake to meet the golden sun,
Receive her welcome kiss,
Bask in her smiles till day is done:
A pleasure none should miss;
And see the grain, from day to day,
Wave gently in the field,
And breathe perfume of new mown
hay,
Behold its bounteous yield.

Where life is free as light of sun,
Both health and joy combine,
And nature's God loves everyone
Who keep his laws divine;
Where we enjoyed the bounteous
yield
Of fruit and golden grain,
All blushing, fresh, just from the field
No better could obtain.

We had no need of pure food stamp
No need of expert skill,

'Twas handled by no factory scamp,
 Nor canned with stuff to kill.
 But just as God had made the food,
 By nature to us sent,
 We ate it and pronounced it good,
 Were happy and content.

Then raise your children on the farm,
 'Twill make them healthy, strong,
 And free from city's blighting harm,
 And tainted mottled throng.
 Train their young minds for truth
 and right,
 In honest, upright ways,
 That they, life's battles well may
 fight
 In all their future days.

SOW SEEDS OF KINDNESS

When the birds begin to sing,
 Trill their welcome notes of spring,
 And you sow your annual crop,
 A few seeds of kindness drop.
 They will flourish and increase,
 And will bring a truce for peace,
 An abundance of good cheer;
 Each and all a smile will wear.

The result will be so good,
 That all in the neighborhood
 Will adopt it for a crop.
 Its influence will not stop,
 But will on and on increase,
 Bring a universal peace,
 And the seed will multiply
 Until every one will try

To produce still more and more
 Than they did the year before.
 It will spread all o'er the world,
 And Christ's banner will unfurl,
 And Christ's precepts all will own,
 From the seed that you have sown.
 And we'll praise him o'er and o'er,
 When we reach that heavenly shore.

OUR MOTHERS

Our mothers dear with silver hair,
 With gracious mien and saintly air,
 Are pillars of this nation's pride,
 For youth a safe and faithful guide.

There's love within the quiet grace,
 The kindly eyes and smiling face,
 That speaks with silent words of
 cheer,
 And makes them to us very dear.

The love in their unfaltering eyes,
 That points to mansions in the skies,
 That charms the child to quiet sleep,
 And o'er it faithful vigils keep.

The lips that breathe the earnest
 prayer
 For youths and children everywhere,
 Instilled a faith within the soul
 That mighty nations doth control.

And blazed the path that nations trod,
 And led men to the throne of God.
 To each good mother all should bow,
 With sacred honors crown her brow.

My mother dear, I'll ne'er forget,
 Her saintly face is with me yet.
 She's been through all my years of
 strife
 The guardian angel of my life.

NEVER PROCASTINATE

If you have a kind word to speak,
 O, speak it to your brother now,
 Don't wait until it is too late,
 And death damp rests upon his
 brow.
 Speak quickly, what the spirit brings.
 For time, delay will not allow,
 She soars away on tireless wings.
 Then while you feel it, speak it
 now.

If you wish a kind deed to do,
 Lest you should tempt the hand of
 fate,
 And circumstance not wait for you.
 O do it ere it is too late.
 If you have a kind gift to give,
 Don't wait, at once the gift allow.
 Your friend, 'twill help to better live,
 O give it to your brother now.

So speak the word and do the deed,
 With kindness lift the fainting
 brow.
 To love and mercy e'er give heed,
 Don't wait too late, but do it now.

Don't wait till friends all hope have
lost,
Until with sad and languid brow,
They faint and fall all tempest tossed,
O give your aid, and give it now.

DID THEY FIND THE POLE

They claim that they have found the
pole,
And solved its hidden past.
Both Cook and Peary claim the roll
Of honor, that should last.
They claim they pierced the frozen
zone,
That field of ice and frost,
Where hunting for that vast unknown
So many lives were lost.

Now what good proof has either
brought,
That he was at the pole.
Has either one or both a thought
The people to cajole?
Did either witnesses enroll
By which to prove the fact,
That they had really found the pole
Before returning back?

Or did each one go all alone,
The great north pole to find?
As Dr. Cook did frankly own,
Left his escort behind.
When I go out to find the pole,
Its location to gain,
I'll take good men upon the roll,
To make the matter plain.

And men of science they shall be,
Well versed in Arctic lore.
They shall go to the pole with me,
Its regions to explore.
Our records then will all agree,
Each fact we will enroll,
Then we'll get up and swear, you see,
That we camped at the pole.

CRUELTY FIGHTING AND WAR; RELICS OF BARBARISM

The people of this glorious age,
Far better morals should engage,
Than in the old primeval day
Of this new world America.

For in primeval days of yore,
Pigeon shooting was the score,
The birds were shot while on the
wing,
Hearts of the marksmen had no
sting.

Some birds were crippled, could not
fly,

And left with broken wing to die.
And many with a calloused heart,
Would go for miles to see the sport.
Gents of early English age,
Enjoyed bull baiting on the stage.
The dogs were trained to seize the
bull
By muzzle, and hang on and pull.

Some times the dog was gored to
death,

Or held the bull till out of breath,
And both were weary and forlorn,
Bull's muzzle being badly torn.
And in that barbarous resort,
They all enjoyed the bloody sport,
And England thought that cruel plan
Would add more courage to her men.

Such cruel sports should pass away,
We are more civilized today.
Cock fighting is no more, for sport,
Except in some drunken resort,
Where criminals and black legs meet,
And with each other do compete.

Even the rat pit has disappeared,
Such minor sports no longer heard.
One hundred rats within a pit,
A terrier within the midst of it,
Such sports no longer are approved,
As civilization onward moves.
And now no racing club can swell,
Their purse and run a gambling hell,

And take the father's cash for sport,
That wife and children should sup-
port.

In every country civilized
The cruel sport is now despised.
Of mating animals to fight,
An act that all know is not right.
But strange to say in this fair land,
Where patriots on their honor stand,

Prize fight promoters still can take,
Two human beings for a stake,
And have them fight like cats and
dogs

Till one is bleeding like a hog,
Knocked senseless, unable to rise,
Has lost the victory and the prize.
While thugs and thieves are happy
quite
To see degraded humans fight.

Such was the case not long ago,
And in the west they held the show,
And on the state disgrace did bring
For tolerating such a thing.
'Twas thugs' and criminals' delight,
To see a white and black man fight.
Gamblers and pickpockets were there,
Such is the prize ring anywhere.

The love of sheer brutality,
Prepares the way for such to be,
They love to see them draw the blood
Delight to see the crimson flood.
The Indian with his bloody knife,
Seeking to take his victim's life
Is parallel to those who fight,
And in the prize ring take delight.

There are some people yet, who
claim
It makes a boy manly and game,
If he will battle for the right
And very early learn to fight.
A great mistake those people make,
If they would only kindness take,
They would more oft secure the right,
Than by engaging in a fight.

A thing more nice we seldom see
Than children round their father's
knee,
And hear the father to them read
The story of how Christ did bleed,
And no retaliation seek,
When smitten turned the other cheek,
But shocking, if he says, "Boys, fight,
When you're contending for the
right."

No more inhuman argument,
Than some folks foist with brazen
cant;
To make your opponents do right
You must engage them in a fight.
It should not necessary be.
To argue, all just men can see
That all sports that degrading are,
Are void of honor and unfair.
Fighting instinct is kept alive

By fighting talk, by those who strive
To keep the prize ring in their mind,
Who in it brutal pleasure find.
Imagine what the effect will be,
When moving pictures children see,
Of brutal prize fights that have been
Between two stalwart, brutish men.

Thank God, the prize fight soon will
cease,
The world is more and more for
peace,
And cruel sports of days of yore
Will soon be **heard and seen no more.**
Fighting as individual strife
Is like war in a nation's life,
All nations will not be at peace
Till individual fighting cease.

Please note what wars of recent past
Mean to this country, what they cost.
Five hundred millions cost last year,
For many, many pensions dear.
And every year still more will be,
Yearly increase her destiny.
This nation's conscience soon must be
For peace, or she'll have bankruptcy.
We must adopt a lasting peace,
Financial power to increase.
The money we will save, I'm sure,
Will build a great canal each year,
And educate all children good,
Would grade and bridge this nation's
roads.

That vast amount now thrown away,
And labor wasted day by day,
Would irrigate the deserts all,
Reclaim the swamp lands, great and
small,
Give homes to millions, yet unborn,
Make happy millions now forlorn,
The fighting spirit here must cease,
Must be replaced by love of peace.

The love of brutal force must die,
To live it must have a supply
Of individual bickerings,
And battles of the cruel rings.
The prize ring, it is safe to say,
Is doomed in this country today.
'Tis due to many an honest soul,
Whose name kind angels will enroll.

The governors and mayors, too,
The clergymen and others true,
Have stood for everything that's good

That men are one grand brotherhood.
 And now we hope that wars will
 cease,
 And we'll have universal peace,
 With harmony from shore to shore,
 And peace will reign for evermore.

THE FASHIONS

Ye ladies of America,
 So honored and so blest,
 Daughters of noble freeman,
 Who are not by laws oppressed,
 Your styles of dress so often change,
 To suit some Frenchmen's whim,
 That it the plans will disarrange
 Of those who follow him.

If they are not what you would
 choose,

Because they are the style
 You never, never do refuse,
 But wear them all the while.
 The hobble skirt so scant and slim
 Was worshiped in its day.
 But, like all other foolish whims,
 It soon will pass away.

Then tell me not the hobble skirt
 Has very long so stay,
 For maids who stumble in the dirt
 Will throw the thing away.
 And hats of late have grown so fast
 They hide the ladies' hair.
 If such a hideous style should last,
 I really do declare,

It soon will hide her eyes and nose,
 Results we all should dread.
 'Twill hide her face then, I suppose,
 She next will lose her head,
 And then she'd have no use for rats,
 And they will disappear,
 And so will those gigantic hats
 That now the ladies wear.

And such has ever been the case,
 What Paris may design
 Columbia's daughters, with much
 grace

Declare it is divine.
 And each will do her level best,
 And hustle all the while,
 To get ahead of all the rest,
 In wearing the new style.

Now, ladies of America,
 I know you have the sense
 To shape the fashions of the day,
 And now you should commence
 And no French fashion patronize,
 But make what you desire,
 Use common sense and fashions wise,
 That people will admire.

NO SECTS OR CREEDS IN HEAVEN

I dreamed, and thought it was so nice
 That, near the gate of paradise,
 St. Peter stands, to guard the way,
 And is on duty night and day.
 I stood beside that faithful guard,
 Made notes of everything I heard,
 And everything I chanced to see
 I treasured in my memory.

A Methodist Bishop, at the gate,
 A pleasing story did relate,
 That he was God's ambassador,
 And asked to gain admittance there.
 St. Peter said, "My brother, sir,
 We suffer none to enter here
 Who bring sectarian robes or gems,
 Emblems of creed or diadems.

"Thy church discipline proves, indeed
 Thy church is built upon a creed.
 We have a place outside the gate,
 For all who come here soon or late,
 Where they of everything are freed,
 Pertaining to a sect or creed,
 All robes, and crowns, and creed
 books too,
 And idols of Gentile or Jew,

"Into a burning pit we turn,
 Of fire, the works of man to burn,
 For it has ever been God's plan
 To burn all foolishness of man."
 The prelate, with an humble look,
 Cast off his robes, also his book,
 And said, "Kind sir, I will submit,
 I cast them all into the pit,"

Then Peter gave him this advice—
 "There's seven spheres in Paradise,
 And seven circles in each sphere,
 Forty-nine grades of people there.
 In moral worth those people grade,
 From worst to best in every shade,

The psychic law existing there,
Will place thee in thy proper sphere.

"The spheres are one great normal
school,

Where all live by the golden rule,
And all the nations fall in line,
Progress and learn the true divine.
And if thou hast ambition strong,
Aspire to progress right along,
By missionary work while there,
Thou canst attain to higher spheres.

"And when the highest sphere thou
reach,

Have learned what all the angels
teach,

Thou canst supernal regions trace,
And travel anywhere in space;
And leave celestial courts above,
To visit friends thou once did love.
And if thou wilt thou'lt ever be
Progressing through eternity."

And next a Quaker came that way,
With broad brimmed hat and clothes
of gray.

St. Peter said, "Thy clothes please
change,

In paradise thou wouldst look strange.
Thy clothes and hat are very trite,
In Paradise they wear pure white."
He donned a white suit then and
there,

And went into his proper sphere.

Next came a Baptist man of God,
Who, in Christ's steps had always
trod,

Also a Christian preacher fine,
Both claimed to be the true divine.
St Peter said, "Brothers please grant
That thou art too intolerant.
'Tis not baptismal forms while there,
Nor sects nor creed thy skirts will
clear.

"But good intentions on thy part,
Kind acts and words, and honest
heart,

With charity for all mankind,
Then God's approval thou wilt find.
All should together work for good,
And work as one grand brotherhood.
Go in and find thy proper sphere
And progress onward ever more."

Then came two Presbyterians fine,
Each claimed to be the true divine,
One was the old, the other new,
Each thought the other one untrue.
St. Peter said, "Contention brings
Unhappiness from little things.

'Tis not church forms, nor forms of
prayer

That pleases God while thou art there.

"But love and kindness on thy part
To all, with cheerful honest heart.

Christ said, 'All kindness given free
Is kindness given unto me.'

Henceforth let it be understood
The world is one grand brotherhood.
Go in, thy proper sphere to find,
And leave intolerance behind."

A Catholic Priest in fine robe clad,
Came claiming power as that of God,
His church, the only one that's right,
For Christ has waged an earnest
fight.

St. Peter said, in accent loud,
"Thou hast no reason to be proud,
Thy claim and boast, long, long, has
been,

That thou hast power to remit sin.

"Such power to man was never given,
It rests alone with God in heaven.

Cast off thy priestly robe today,
And for thyself get down and pray.
Lest God should place on thee His
ban,

For claiming to be God and man,
Cast off thy robe and creedal things,
That true contempt from heaven
brings.

"And learn this day that all the
world,

No matter what banner unfurled,
Should work as one grand brother-
hood,

And always be found doing good.
For 'tis true charity and love,
That gains a seat in courts above,
Pass through this gate and enter
there,

Where thou wilt find thy proper
sphere."

A Christian Scientist then came,
And to St. Peter made this claim,
"My church is the only true way.
'Tis the true Christian church to-day.

In late discoveries we find,
 Man's power is all in the mind.
 By force of will, we can, now see.
 From sickness keep the body free.

"If faith is good, no doubts or fears,
 We all could live one hundred years.
 And then by power of the mind,
 We can the courts of heaven find."
 St. Peter raised his hand and smiled,
 And said, "Be not deceived, dear

child,
 Indulge not in such ideas strange,
 God's natural laws thou canst not
 change.

"Much power has the mind, I own,
 But power is not in thought alone,
 When ghastly wounds are flowing
 blood,
 Thoughts cannot stop the crimson
 flood.

Lest other means thou quickly try,
 The body soon will surely die.
 Do good for evil, day by day
 And live uprightly on thy way.

"Of loving thoughts, thy God is fond,
 But all thy works must correspond.
 Then trust thee not to thoughts alone
 Both faith and works will reach the
 throne.

Know ye henceforth, that all the
 world,
 Should have the same banner un-
 furled.

And spend their lives in doing good,
 And work, as one grand brotherhood.

"But all when they get over there,
 Must go to their own proper sphere,
 By humble efforts of their own—
 Work up, if they would reach the
 throne.

Pass in where thou wilt ever be,
 Learning through all eternity.
 And in thy proper sphere remain,
 Until thou higher spheres obtain."

Then came a Spiritualist to the gate,
 Unto St. Peter did relate
 The story of his firm belief,
 Its meaning, but in words quite brief,
 He said, "I have no church, no creed.
 My ladder, I build with kindly deeds,
 By which to climb to heaven's gate
 And enter in that blessed state.

"Christ's precepts are the best of all,
 And we should heed them, great and
 small,

By acts of charity and love,
 Prepare for heavenly spheres above.
 Our hope is based on doing good,
 The world is our great brotherhood,
 And Christ our pattern while we're
 here,
 We hope to meet him over there.

"Where we can bask in breezes fine,
 In the presence of the divine,
 And there enjoy his gracious smile,
 And there be happy all the while,
 St. Peter opened wide the gate,
 And to the Spiritualist did state,
 "Go in and climb from sphere to
 sphere,
 When at the top, Christ will be
 there."

Then came a man of no belief,
 He could not state his thoughts in
 brief.
 He asked St. Peter, "What's the
 price

For tickets into Paradise."
 St. Peter said, "The way is free,
 To all who here apply to me,
 But all who enter must repair
 To their own rightful proper sphere.

"But thou must work with all thy
 might,
 To get thy heart and spirit right.
 Then upward, upward, onward press
 By missionary work progress.
 But if thou idle, there remain,
 Thou heavenly courts will never gain.
 Remorse and guilt will be thy share,
 Go in and work and persevere."

And next a Mormon preacher came,
 And to St. Peter pressed his claim,
 Declared admittance he must get.
 St. Peter said, "Dear sir, not yet."
 The preacher said, "This latter day
 We've shown the world a better way
 We more than do our share from
 birth,
 To help God populate the earth."

St. Peter said, "The rules among
 Disciples of old Brigham Young,
 In Paradise abhorrence bring,
 They tolerate no impure thing.

Thy harem thou must leave behind
 In Paradise one soul mate find
 Thy carnal mind thou must subdue,
 Be to thy soul mate ever true.

"Thy mind so carnally is bent,
 'Twill take thee ages to repent.
 Go to the sphere thou dost deserve
 And if thou hast courage and nerve
 To persevere in doing good
 To all, as one grand brotherhood,
 Instead of body use thy brain,
 To higher spheres thou mayst attain."

An Adventist came to the gate,
 And to St. Peter he did state.
 "I thought I in the grave would stay,
 Until the resurrection day.
 But since I find myself alive,
 For greater knowledge I will strive,
 And I will surely do my best,
 When I get to that place of rest.

"I thought that life would soon expire,
 The earth would be destroyed by fire,
 But still she makes her daily round,
 Eternally, she's onward bound."
 St. Peter said, "Time ne'er will end,
 The earth will keep her annual trend,
 Go in and find thy proper sphere
 Progress in knowledge evermore.

"The spirit sleeps not in the grave,
 Eternal life to it He gave
 And, when the body lives no more,
 The spirit seeks another shore;
 But life on earth will never end,
 Dame Nature's laws God will defend,
 All days with Him are holy days,
 And all should give Him endless
 praise."

And next a Hardshell Baptist came,
 And to St. Peter made this claim,
 "Kind sir, I'm one of God's elect,
 And He will never me reject
 And He will guard and save me, too,
 No matter what I say or do,
 I'm predestined to be His son,
 He can't undo what He has done."

St. Peter looked surprised and smiled
 And said, "Be not deceived dear
 child,

Christ died for all the human race.
 All whom His precepts do embrace
 Will be received by Him on high,

And meet Him in the bye and bye.
 Thou canst Him choose or Him re-
 ject,
 All those who come He will protect.

"God predestined no living man
 To condemnation's endless ban,
 But all are moral agents free
 To shape their future destiny.
 Whom love and charity possess,
 Onward and upward will progress.
 Go in, thy proper sphere to find
 And leave thy selfish views behind."

And many came from other sects,
 And all preached from the self same
 text,
 Each plea was on the self same line,
 Each claimed his church, the church
 divine.
 St. Peter placed them in a row,
 And said, "Thou very soon will know
 That man is ignorant and weak,
 Will blindly, paths to heaven seek.

"One man will read the Bible
 through,
 Another one will read it too,
 They cannot understand the same,
 And neither one can be to blame.
 A man is not to blame, 'tis so,
 For what he really does not know,
 But thou wilt hear in Paradise
 The true instruction and advice.

"And learn from teachers of great
 worth,
 Of what thou shouldst have learned
 on earth,
 That sects and creeds amount to
 naught,
 But breed diversity of thought.
 I wish to have thee understand
 If thou wouldst reach the promised
 land
 Thou must have love and charity
 For all mankind on land and sea."

"All must deal honestly and square
 With every one on earth while there,
 For God searches all, on His part
 And knows the contents of each
 heart.

And His rewards are just and fair
 For contents found while searching
 there.

All must be forever on their guard,
For acts will bring their just reward

"Then, all should be found doing
good,

All live as one grand brotherhood,
Make not their god, lucre and pelf,
Each love his neighbor as himself,
Please all join hands with joyful
cheers.

Go in and find thy proper spheres.
Where all who strive for higher
spheres.

Can progress on for endless years.

"And to the highest sphere attain,
Unbounded knowledge can obtain,
And then supernal heavens view,
Be ever learning something new.
Thou must leave sects and creeds be-
hind

The straight and narrow path to find,
And God will all thy efforts bless,
Crown thee with peace and happi-
ness."

A DESPERATE CASE

In Manchester, Connecticut

A boy of eight years old
Confessed a dozen robberies,
And is a robber bold.

He has no parental care,
His deeds of tender years
Have brought his parents sorrow,
And caused many bitter tears.

He has been smoking cigarettes

Since four years was his age,
And in that fatal practice

He has constantly engaged.

Too young to be admitted

To an institute for crime.
And yet unsafe to run at large
In this progressive time.

So weakened is his moral strength,

By cigarettes so strong,
That he has not the moral sense
To know right from the wrong,

We should enact a stringent law,
And should that law invoke,
To punish careless parents who
Suffer children to smoke.

THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME

O there is a home in a beautiful land
Where the sun tints in loveliness
glow,

And our loved ones abide on that
beautiful strand

That is veiled from our vision be-
low.

'Tis a beautiful place in that bright
world so fair,

Where life will its pleasures renew;
And our loved ones are waiting to
welcome us there,

In that land of ethereal blue.

We have many loved friends in that
beautiful home,

Who left us in sorrow and tears.

They left us alone in our sorrow to
roam,

With few to make happy our years.

We miss them and still in our mem-
ory bright,

By faith, their loved faces we view
And see them all robed in ethereal
white,

Around us their love to renew.

We'll bask in the smiles of our loved
ones so true,

Where death shall o'ertake us no
more.

We'll joyfully greet them, our love
will renew,

And dwell on that beautiful shore.

Let us live day by day for that beau-
tiful home

And adorn it by living aught.

Where pure spirits dwell and the
angels will come

And guide us through spheres pure
and bright.

Do you long to meet friends in that
beautiful home,

Who await you in gardens so
bright?

Then build it so pure that the angels
may come

Arrayed in their robes of pure
white.

For with your pure thoughts and
your labor of love

You can make that home lovely to
view,

For we build with our thoughts our
mansion above,
That home with the pure and the
true.

We stand in full view of that beau-
tiful strand

Where our loved ones oft float in
the air,

And beckon us on to that beautiful
land,

Whose scenes are entrancingly fair.
That beautiful mansion is not far
away;

Its shadows no longer concealed.
For we live in the morn of a beautiful
day,

When our loved ones have won-
ders revealed.

YOUR RIGHTS

You have no right to steal what adds
To others happiness,

And thus increase and add unto
The wealth that you possess.

You have no right to be a fool
And give a fool's advice,

For knowledge, also wisdom, is
Without money, without price,

Is waiting all around for you
With daily earnest call

And wishing to impart to you
The wisdom given to all.

You have no right to be a slave
To whiskey, wine or beer

It makes a man a fool and knave
And lose his pride and care.

It takes the money that should go
His family to support,

And very often, don't you know,
It gets him into court.

You have no right to sail your ship
Rigged with another's sail,

Nor on your neighbor hold a grip
That will cause him to fail.

You have no right to lose your sense,
Your honor, and your zeal,

But give an honest recompense
When you with others deal.

You have no right to spurn a freak,
Nor laugh at his expense,

Nor take advantage of the weak
Because they lack in sense.

You have no right to trample down
The rights of other men,

To cause a tear, a sigh or frown
Nor give another pain.

You have no right to borrow
From your neighbor, day by day,

And promise pay tomorrow
And always forget to pay.

You have no right to tattle,
Though you think the story true,

It often leads to battle,
And much trouble makes for you.

But one thing is our common right,
As all good men agree,

Regardless of all fear or might,
Be honest and be free.

TO A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

Fresh blooming flowers, O how I
adore thee,

Sweet gift from heaven, I love thy
perfume.

Sweet is thy fragrance, O I want thee
near me,

Charming my heart with thy beautiful
bloom.

Lovely thy petals, their beauty en-
chants me,

Emblem of purity, gift from above,
Toys of the angels, thy sweet per-
fume haunts me,

Thou art the sweetest expression
of love.

No sweeter gift e'er to man hast been
given,

Sent to bring pleasure and joy to
the heart,

Gift sent from God, by the angels of
heaven,

God's sweetest beautiful present
thou art.

THE LOVED AND LOST

O, those lovely baby faces
That are still so dear to me,

I can see in memory's traces,
As they sat upon my knee.

When in dreams their lovely greeting,
Brings sweet joy and bliss to me,
But that joy is quickly fleeting,
When I wake to memory.

There were other lovely faces
That were more mature in years,
Who possessed so many graces
That their parting filled with tears.

Every eye that e'er had known them,
While in youth and beauty here,
All in sorrow did deplore them,
When the Lord had called them
there.

O, my joy will be unbounded,
When upon that shining shore,
I, by them will be surrounded,
And we all shall part no more.

Where we'll bask in smiles and kisses,
In that lovely spirit sphere,
And enjoy the sweet caresses,
Of our loved ones over there.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

With all my heart, dear friend of
mine,
I wish good health may e'er be thine
With many friends thou wilt be blest
That peace and joy, will with thee
rest.

Wealth, power, honor, I ask for thee,
A wealth of love for bond and free,
That's rich in words, in actions kind,
That brings joy to a troubled mind.

And power not alone for thee,
But power to set the helpless free,
Who are oppressed, downcast and
weak,
To give pure thoughts to those who
seek.

And honor that comes from being just
And being true to every trust,
That brings new joys for every day,
And brings God's blessing on thy
way.

Also it is my daily prayer,
That many will those blessings share,
And cease all bickering and strife,
And live a pure and blameless life.

A WINTER SLEET

Stark and leafless stand the trees,
Waving in the winter breeze,
And the wind begins to blow,
With a little rain you know;
Soon the right degree of cold,
That will make it stick and hold;
Then the ice becomes so thick,
On the trees and limbs so slick.

On the fence and on the ground,
And on everything around,
With a solid icy glare.
Covers all things everywhere.
And if you should venture out,
On a little shopping scout,
You must have sufficient nerve,
Equilibrium to preserve.

If the proper nerve you lack
You will land upon your back;
But the sight is simply grand,
If you rise and take a stand,
And behold all things in view,
Clothed in ice surrounding you.
For the limbs are bending low,
Sparkling with a silver glow.

When the rain has ceased to flow,
And the wind has ceased to blow,
And the sun shines on the scene,
With a glow grand and serene,
Shimmering threads of golden light
With their dazzling rays so bright,
Send a crystal sunlight beam,
Like a brilliant diamond's gleam.

While the prismic colors flash,
Like a will-o'-the-wisp they dash,
And the brilliant dazzling glow,
Will enchant and charm you so.
You'll in ecstasy rejoice,
With a happy, joyful voice.
You'll exclaim, O! could I dwell,
With this sweet enchanting spell,

That so charms my very heart,
I from it would ne'er depart;
I would gaze from morn till night
On this glorious charming sight,
I would settle down to rest,
Here to be forever blest.
Reader, such a scene you'll greet,
When you see a winter sleet.

THE CRY OF SORROW MAKES ALL MEN BROTHERS

There is no heart but hath with anguish bled,

No eye but hath with bitter tears been wet,

No voice but hath from bitter anguish said

Vain words of wrath, it ever will regret.

There is no lip, although with laughter gay,

Its words though cheerful, light and joyous be,

But it hath trembled in some former day,

From grief and sorrow and deep misery.

There is no cheek, however bright and fair,

But oft hath blanched, whene'er the heart hath bled:

No eye but in its sympathetic stare conceals a cherished hope that long hath fled.

Then all join hands as brothers on the way,

All traveling to the same eternal goal.

By nature all are equal, then we pray
Be kind and just to every living soul.

For each and all have drank of sorrow's cup,

That leveler of every human part.

'Twill humble and will cleanse the hardened heart.

Be thankful for the blessed hope that cheers

And gives relief in dire affliction sore.

Our staff and shield in our declining years,

That hope of joys upon the other shore.

THE POWER OF THE MIND ON THE BODY

A circumstance in history we trace,
Illustrating the power of the mind.

How Michael Angelo once changed his face

By years of thought on one subject confined.

Those years he thought to make a perfect face

With mallet and with chisel was his theme,

And long he worked with patience and with grace

To imitate the object of his dream.

And when that perfect face was made complete,

He called his friends, experts, the face to view,

Lo and behold, a countenance so sweet

But Michael Angelo they scarcely knew.

To make that perfect face had been his choice

So long, that it became of him a part,

It changed his looks, his features and his voice,

His face surprised them more than did his art.

And what was true of Michael Angelo
Is also surely true of you and I

The thought in heart and mind is sure though slow,

To change us and control us by and by.

Then how important it is to us all
That our inmost thoughts should

all be pure:

That we by evil thoughts should never fall,

But by good thoughts, a happy future sure.

MATERIAL THINGS ARE MORTAL.

I wandered by my childhood home,
Where I so oft did play,

With schoolmates, who so often came,

With us to spend the day,
Where apples, pears and peaches

grew.
With plenty and to spare.

It brought to mind the days anew,
So happily spent there.

Where I had seen them turn the sod,
Of prairie wild and new;
Where buffalo, so oft had trod,
And sweet wild flowers grew.
Where I so often, in my youth,
Had helped the farm to till;
Imbided the principles of truth,
That linger with me still.

But, lo! the change that time had
made
Since fifty years ago.
The sickle of his wrath had laid,
The first improvements low.
Buildings and fences all had passed,
And new ones in their stead.
The hand of time their forms did
blast,
And many trees were dead.

The grove and orchard on the farm
All scarred, with gaps between;
The borers and the blasting storm
Had changed the lovely scene.
The spring, on which we care be-
stowed,
Was nowhere to be found,
Where crystal water long had flowed,
Was piped beneath the ground.

The occupants were strange to me,
None had I ever known.
Loved ones whom there I used to
see
To spirit life had flown.
The old friends, who had tilled the
land,
That dear old farm around
Not one of that dear social band
Could anywhere be found.

A pang of sorrow filled my heart.
This fact it did portray,
That all things mortal must depart.
Take wings and fly away.
And vividly it brought to mind,
That we, while life is given,
Should ever live so we can find
A welcome home in heaven.

THE CITADEL OF LOVE

If thou wouldst fathom and reveal
Love's heights, her depths, her cit-
adel.

Ask not, nor crave another's zeal,
Nor offerings thy purse to swell.
But give with charity, O give
No matter where, nor what the
price.

Thou'lt find the citadel of love,
Through charity and sacrifice.

For 'tis a consolation sweet,
To oft extend a helping hand
To helpless ones thou chance to meet.
Thy own heart's love it will ex-
pand.

Those whom thy bounty did relieve
Will for thee cherish, praise and
love;

Their heartfelt thanks, thou wilt re-
ceive,
With thy reward, in spheres above.

Then harbor not a selfish thought,
To cause a living soul to pine;
Let all thy acts and words be fraught
With charity and love divine.
Then thou wilt find love's citadel
Is in thy heart, and there true love.
And peace, and joy, wilt ever dwell,
And bless thee in the spheres
above.

THE ATLANTIS

A description of the Island, Atlantis, which was swallowed up and totally submerged in the bosom of the sea, about 10,000 years ago by an earthquake, as described by the Spirit of Simon Solomon, the supreme ruler of the spiritual Atlanteans, in which he addressed the fair Isle of the Sea; and the story woven into verse by the author, J. F. Myers.

O lovely Atlantis, as once in thy
glory,

I see the sun bathe thee in purple
mist o'er,
As thou stood resplendent, and blest
was thy story.

I see the waves bathing thy once
fertile shore;

And then in the twilight of one fatal
 morning,
 A lurid flame rises, that makes
 heaven bright,
 A mighty upheaval which came with-
 out warning.
 And, lo! thou wast sinking and soon
 out of sight.
 And then I beheld in the place thou
 wast standing.
 A great sea of water that covered
 thee o'er,
 And vessels that sailed found no place
 for a landing,
 And never again found thy beauti-
 ful shore.
 Thy people were once called of God,
 as a nation,
 To multiply much and replenish the
 earth.
 To scatter abroad and to fill every
 station.
 Creating new nations and giving
 them birth.
 And when thou didst sink 'neath the
 bed of the ocean,
 And all thy beloved filled a watery
 grave,
 Thy glory departed, as God's chosen
 nation,
 The sea of Sargasso, did over thee
 wave,
 And thousands of years thou hast
 been under water,
 But in regal splendor thou long did
 exist,
 And that fatal day when the quake
 didst thee slaughter,
 Was eight thousand years ere the
 era of Christ.
 Although many thousands of years
 have passed o'er thee,
 Since thou sank to rest where thou
 suddenly sped,
 Thy relics exist and thy people de-
 plore thee,
 And cherish thee still, though be-
 low ocean's bed,
 Thy beautiful hills where the spark-
 ling waves bound thee,
 Wast one lovely garden thy people
 did love.

But since thou hast water above and
 around thee,
 Thy people hast mansions in realms
 above.
 Thy men were in husbandry skilled in
 their powers,
 Thy beautiful hills blossomed out
 like the rose,
 They brought from the earth precious
 jewels and flowers,
 Much minerals and metals thy
 mines did disclose.
 Thy people were wiser than those
 who came later,
 Their wisdom went with them and
 with them doth stay,
 But of many nations they were the
 creator,
 They are the ancestors of races
 today.
 They built lovely temples, adorned
 them with treasure,
 And lined them with gold plate, in-
 laid with rare gems.
 Thy women were beautiful, fair be-
 yond measure.
 And often were decked with a rich
 diadem,
 And wise for their time, for the air
 they breathed daily,
 Redolent with poetry, music, and
 art,
 And life was sublime, and its purpose
 was wholly,
 To cultivate attributes good, of the
 heart.
 When thou vast submerged 'neath the
 waves of the ocean,
 The forces pent up 'neath thy wat-
 ery coat,
 With power they burst forth, from
 their close pent up station,
 New islands threw up in the
 ocean remote.
 In due course of time, those upheav-
 als quite plainly,
 Formed some parts of Europe,
 America too,
 The washing of waves added much,
 and was mainly
 The force that created America
 new.

Poseidon, a very wise man of thy nation,
 And also a ruler in that early day.
 Was best with ten sons, and his own
 ruling passion.
 Was born in each son, and was
 destined to stay.
 The father divided in ten equal por-
 tions,
 Gave one to each son as his portion
 to guide;
 Those ten brothers soon swelled the
 ranks of the nation,
 Their progeny came with an in-
 creasing tide.

And wisdom, and beauty, and power,
 was their portion,
 And the eldest son of each family
 did lead.
 And watch o'er their own rightful
 part of the nation,
 Atlantis thy people were happy, in-
 deed.
 And each of those kingdoms a circle
 provided,
 Divided were they, by a high wall
 of stone,
 And each of those kingdoms in three
 was divided,
 That each could in peace rule his
 part as his own.

And three walls were built for each
 son, he to rule them,
 The outer one stone, and the next
 carved with brass,
 The third a red stone which was
 called auriculum,
 Beyond this a wall of a different
 class.
 This last wall was gold, and within
 was a palace,
 Accessible only to king and the
 queen,
 Where they could dwell safely, no
 matter how callous,
 And there rest in peace, and be
 calm and serene.

They worshipped the sun as their
 spiritual father,
 Knew no other god in that prime-
 val day.
 The sun they called father, the moon
 they called mother,
 Such was their belief, till they all
 passed away.
 Thy temples were marvels of fine
 architecture,
 Thy dwellings were marvels of
 beauty and art,
 And want was unknown, thou wast
 thy own protector,
 For wealth wast thy portion, and
 freedom thy part.

Thy trees full of fruits, and of nuts
 ever-bearing,
 In fields an abundance wast always
 on hand.
 Thy trading ships brought to thy
 people, when plying,
 Products from afar of the fruits
 of the land.
 Thy people were then known as
 God's chosen nation,
 They settled in different parts of
 the earth,
 While them and their progeny filled
 many stations,
 And gave to their people a national
 birth.

And thy own dear people were moved
 and protected.
 where their finer natures will al-
 ways be pure,
 And now they are called the divine,
 and collected
 For ever to dwell in a heavenly
 sphere.
 Dear reader I know not the truth
 of this story,
 I give it as it was received from
 above.
 From one who has left his own
 bright courts of glory.
 To tell of Atlantis, the country he
 loved.

THE TREE PLANTER A BENEFACTOR

Grand vales of prairie in the west
 Exist for miles without a tree,
 And he who wishes for the best,
 A lovely country soon to see,
 Will plant a grove of hardy trees
 His home and orchard to protect,
 And make sweet music with the
 breeze,
 And give his home a fine aspect.

And, still, the man who plants a tree
 Is adding blessings to the world,
 It will to future people be
 A friendly shade, with boughs un-
 furled;
 For feathered songsters it will be
 A home, and crooning mother bird
 From burning sun and rain be free,
 In concert with her young be
 heard.

He plants a leaven that will be
 Attracting moisture to the earth,
 And add to every other tree
 To give to fruits and flowers birth.
 He plants a shaft of beauty rare,
 To give relief to weary eyes;
 Its foliage so green and fair
 Is ever mounting toward the skies.

He plants the glory of the plain,
 The lovely forest's heritage,
 Whose leaves oft fall but come again,
 The harvest of the coming age.
 The man who makes two blades of
 grass
 Grow, where but one had ever
 grown,
 Is benefactor to his race
 And all the world his worth will
 own.

O, man when e'er you have the space
 Make your own opportunity
 Prepare the ground, select the place
 And then be sure to plant the tree,
 And then also another plant
 And many others add while there,
 Adorning your establishment
 With trees of beauty green and
 fair.

TALES FROM EARLY HISTORY OF McLEAN COUNTY

*Dedicated to Hon. Milo Custer, custodian of
 of the McLean County Historical Society
 whose untiring energy through much self-
 sacrifice has unearthed much latent pioneer
 history.*

Come give me your attention, while
 a story I relate
 Of early days in Illinois, the great
 and grand old state.

The Indian tribe, the Illinois, of that
 far distant day,

Were conquered by the Kickapoos,
 and all have passed away.

The remnant of that tribe at last took
 refuge on a rock,

Were besieged by their enemies, es-
 cape completely blocked.

And there they all were doomed to
 starve, no friendly hand to
 save,

Their bones were left upon Starvd
 Rock, and never in a grave.

The name of that primeval tribe was
 given as Illinois,

From which they named this grand
 old state of agricultural joys.

The tribe that whipped the Illinois—
 the Kickapoo, they say,

Then took possession of the land,
 and ran it their own way.

The Kickapoos were enemies in eigh-
 teen hundred five,

In battle at Tippecanoe against us
 they did strive.

Their chieftain, Pamoatum was the
 leader of the band,

Assisted by Machena, who was sec-
 ond in command.

And then they met a sad defeat, and
 did get soundly thrashed,

They soon withdrew and homeward
 went, their ardor somewhat
 dashed.

They sided with the British in the
 war of eighteen twelve,

And in the blood and carnage did not
 hesitate to delve;

And in that year they made a raid in
 southern Illinois,

Where now the people live in peace,
 with many social joys.

When near the Okaw river, those
savage red skins came,
Took captive a white family, and Cannon
was the name.

The father, mother and two sons, a
granddaughter of twelve years,
A son-in-law, whose name was Stark,
who in the trouble shares.

They slew old Mr. Cannon, his two
sons and scalped them there,
And to their belts they tied the scalps
suspended by the hair.

The others took as prisoners, un-
buried left the slain,
And brought the prisoners to their
town, 'tis now in old McLean.
They kept them there three years or
more, until the war was o'er,
They were released, went to their
homes, where they had lived
before.

The white man Stark made his es-
cape, but soon they found his
track,

And to the town on Kickapoo they
quickly brought him back.

And soon they held a council, to de-
cide what they should do.

Some of them wished to kill him,
while some were to him quite
true.

His friends in the majority decided
he should live,

In order to chastise him, they decid-
ed they would give

A lesson to remember, and they tied
him to a stake.

The whole tribe danced around him,
while he then with fear did
shake.

One-half his face they painted black,
and slapped him on his jaws,

Spit in his face to humble him, for
which they had no cause;

They gave him sure to understand,
if e'er he made a break,

They'd catch and bring him back
again, and burn him at the
stake.

When visiting another tribe they took
the maiden child,

Her grandma for her safety feared,
was anxious, almost wild,

But on a pony's back astride they
brought the darling child,

Bedecked with many Indian beads,
and lovely flowers wild.

The chieftain tried to buy her for a
wife unto his son,

But grandma spurned his overtures,
such things could not be done.

He offered her much silver, which he
thought was just and fair,

But "Nay," said grandma, "tempt me
not, she is to me so dear."

When they to town, those captives
brought, a pole house lined
with bark,

They gave to grandma and the girl,
no windows and quite dark.

On one side of that cabin door her
husband's scalp was hung,

And fastened to the other side, her
sons' scalps daily swung.

The mother of that little girl had
kindred in McLean,

Unity Warren Lindley was her cous-
in, 'tis quite plain

Our neighbor Stewart Lindley is Un-
ity's living son.

And he will leave descendants for his
race is nearly run.

When white men came to old McLean
they found a strong stockade,

With earth thrown up to make a fort,
by Indians it was made.

'Twas near the timber and the town,
and white man never knew

If it was made by Illinois or by the
Kickapoos.

And eighty rods west of that fort,
an Indian village stood,

Erected by the Kickapoos, for win-
ter quarters good,

Where a committee of the whites,
during the Black Hawk war,

With Kickapoos a council held, where
both sides did declare,

That peace should reign forever
more, and neutral all remain.

They kept the faith and all were true,
eternal peace did reign.

They sold their land to Uncle Sam,
eighteen nineteen the date,

But loth to leave, they lingered still,
deplored the hand of fate.

But in eighteen thirty three, at Uncle
Sam's behest,

They finally decided to comply with his request.
 Their clothing, robes and blankets all, they tied in equal packs,
 Placed them, with squaws and children upon their ponies' backs.
 They bade the whites a sad farewell, and then the march began.
 In single file, with men on foot, toward the setting sun.
 And thus children of nature were driven farther west.
 Before progressive white men, at Uncle Sam's behest.
 In eighteen hundred eighteen, Illinois was made a state.
 And five and forty thousand was her population rate.
 Vandalia was the capital, but in a later day,
 They moved it up to Springfield, where it will ever stay.
 The first whites came to old McLean in eighteen twenty-two,
 And settled near the Blooming Grove in this grand country new.
 And in this lovely county, for many miles around,
 No white man's habitation could any where be found.
 Now people of grand old McLean, remember what it cost,
 To populate this grand old state, in decades of the past
 The blood and treasure sacrificed here in that early day,
 By bold progressive pioneers, who all have passed away.
 Then thank the ruler of the stars, that your lots have been cast
 In this grand county, old McLean, which is progressing fast,
 In science, art and literature, prosperity and wealth,
 Where ague days have passed away, and people have good health.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR OF 1831 AND 1832 IN NORTH- ERN ILLINOIS

Black Hawk was hero of the war, which since has borne his name
 His Indian name was Mucatah, Mucicatah, the same.

He was a Sac and Foxes' chief, whose influence was great,
 In seventeen and sixty-seven, was born in this great state,
 And his fine sense of justice, made him in his dealings true,
 A lively sense of honor in what he would say or do.
 Was one of nature's noblemen, with chivalry and pride.
 Had he been born a white man, he a statesman would have died.
 He was so proud and sensitive, he felt disposed to fight.
 To see the Indians driven west, before advancing whites,
 And in the war of eighteen twelve, he was the white man's foe,
 And with Tecumseh met defeat on the Tippecanoe.
 And at the battle of the Thames, he saw Tecumseh slain,
 Was at the river Raisin, where his efforts were in vain.
 He cherished still a forlorn hope, that he could stem the tide
 That threatened to o'erwhelm his race, all o'er the country wide.
 In eighteen four his nation made a treaty with the whites,
 East of the Mississippi they had ceded all their rights.
 Conditions of that treaty, now, we cannot ascertain,
 But Black Hawk claimed its contents were illegal and in vain;
 That it was made by a few chiefs, whose power was not supreme,
 The nation not consulted on the merits of the scheme.
 In eighteen hundred thirty-one a settlement was made,
 By white men, near Rock Island, where land of the treaty laid.
 And many of the Indians had gone on farther west,
 And had abandoned treaty lands, at Uncle Sam's request.
 Now Black Hawk and his followers, a savage Indian band,
 Came back and issued orders to the whites to leave the land,
 Unroofed some of their houses, and other offences gave.

When Governor Reynolds was informed of those offenses grave,
He made report to General Clark,
on whom he did depend,
And General Gains was sent at once,
the white men to defend.

He with some troops of Uncle Sam,
straight to Rock Island went,
Then straightway to the Governor
for volunteers he sent.
And fifteen hundred did respond, to
set the white men free.
They did report to General Gains
near the Mississippi.
They then to Vandruff's Island
marched, the Indians to fight.
The Indians so hard to find, had
skipped out in the night,
Opposite Vandruff's Island, was an
Indian village fair,
Built by the Sacs and Foxes, a nice
home, quaint and rare.

They burnt that ancient village, 'twas
a delightful home,
Of seven thousand Indians, when
home they wished to come,
Where many generations were born
and buried there.
Where many an Indian youth had
dwelt, and wooed a maiden fair,
Where many Indian warriors brought
their favorite trophies home,
And danced with dark eyed maidens
fair, and ceased awhile to roam.
That wanton, barbarous conduct was
unworthy of our race,
And to this Christian nation, was a
stigma and disgrace.

Then General Gains resolved to cross
the Mississippi o'er,
And follow up the Indians and prosecute
the war.
When Black Hawk ascertained this
fact, his ardor did decrease.
He soon accepted proffered terms,
and quietly made peace,
And made a pledge to never cross the
river to this side
Without consent of Uncle Sam, by
this he would abide.
The next year Pottawatomies from
Wisconsin crossed o'er,

And gave Black Hawk the right to
hunt where they had lived before.
Which threw the Sacs and Foxes in
commotion, it is said.

They knew the power of the whites,
and promise they had made.
Keokuk, the Indians' leading chief,
was anxious to suppress
The fighting ardor of the tribe, he
many did impress,
But Black Hawk called together all
who felt disposed to go,
And started for Wisconsin and his
promise broke, you know.
When this was known to Reynolds,
by the power of his might,
He called one thousand volunteers,
all mounted for a fight.

And Uncle Sam came also, with a
part of his command,
While eighteen hundred volunteers
for fighting were on hand.
In April, 27th day, in eighteen thirty-
two,
They were quite ready then to march
and to their country true;
And Black Hawk up Rock river went
with his bold Indian band;
They stopped at Dixon's ferry, where
they briefly made a stand.
That band was seven hundred strong,
and in good fighting trim,
They had four chiefs, as history tells,
who had good fighting vim.

They marched from Dixon's ferry,
up the river quite a tramp,
To the Kishwaukee river where they
stopped and made a camp.
In mean time General Whiteside,
with his volunteers along,
Marched on to the Rock River's mouth
there met a lively throng,
Under a General Atkinson, whom
Uncle Sam had sent.
Then one part of the volunteers up
the Rock river went,
And marched along for fifty miles,
and stopped at Prophet's Town
To wait for General Atkinson; they
burned the village down.

They were so anxious for a fight that
they refused to wait,

And left their baggage and marched
 on, regardless of their fate.
 When they arrived at Dixon, they
 found more volunteers
 Under Stillman and Bailey, they
 hailed them with three cheers.
 And Stillman's men were restless,
 and eager for a fight,
 They were untrained militia, and in
 poor fighting plight,
 They hailed from four good counties,
 Peoria and McLean,
 Also Fulton and Tazewell, and it was
 very plain

 That they were jealous of the troops,
 the regular army line,
 They wanted all the fight themselves,
 'twould be an honor fine.
 The Governor gave his consent to let
 them all go on,
 And reconnoiter all around and play
 the soldier scout.
 'Tis said that Stillman for himself
 was very loth to go,
 But at his soldiers' urgent call, he
 did consent, you know.
 They whiskey with their rations took,
 to give them special nerve,
 While they were out upon the march
 their loved country to serve.

 They thought themselves invincible,
 were eager for a bout,
 With red skins of the valley, they
 would drive the rascals out.
 Now this account was given by O.
 Rutledge, who was there,
 Also by David Simmons, and James
 Phillips, who did share,
 The hardships of the battle, the big
 fight, also the run,
 That there was made by Stillman's
 men, for Indians it was fun.
 The second day that they were out,
 they saw some Indian sign;
 'Twas in the middle of the day when
 they had stopped to dine.

 They gathered up their coffee pots,
 and utensils quite soon,
 And rode excitedly away, a few miles
 farther on.
 Their baggage wagon followed on,
 and stopped at their desire,
 For ammunition, whiskey too, they
 had two kinds of fire.

 They filled canteens and coffee pots
 and bottles to the brim,
 And filled with powder, all their horns
 and thought themselves in trim.
 Then they moved on about five miles,
 where they crossed Stillman's
 Run,
 From Dixon 'twas thirty-five miles;
 and there they had some fun.

 They brought some Indian ponies,
 which they had found that day,
 Just then appeared some Indians, a
 half a mile away.
 They quickly saddled horses up, and
 left nothing behind,
 And galloped wildly on the way to
 see what they could find.
 Soon Captain Covell and his men,
 came to where they had been,
 The Indians had retreated all except
 two friendly men;
 The white men chased the Indians
 who were on the retreat,
 And killed one Indian on the run,
 were proud of such a feat.

 When they returned from off the
 chase, they cried, "Beware,
 beware,
 One thousand Indians o'er the hill,
 for fighting, now prepare."
 Then they moved on in proud array,
 the Indians came in sight,
 And had a parley with the whites,
 and said that they would fight,
 And in defiance waved their flag and
 firmly stood their ground.
 Lieutenant Gridley then went back
 with orders all around,
 To forward march and clear the way,
 and shoot both straight and
 sure,
 Then Captain Eads cried, "Boys, they
 have one thousand men or
 more."

 The whites fell back to higher ground
 while forming for the fight,
 The Indians then swarmed around,
 in front, on left and right.
 The firing then began at once, the
 Indians raised the yell,
 And circled both sides of the whites,
 confusion on them fell.
 Then Major Stillman gave this order,
 "Mount boys and retreat

Across the creek and form a line, we
 can the rascals beat,
 And then we'll break the Indian line
 and rout the redskin band.
 Let every soldier do his part and
 firmly, boldly stand."

Then Captain Covell tried to form,
 on north side of the creek,
 An order came to cross and form,
 and there more safety seek.

The whites then crossed and tried to
 form, the Indians followed on,
 The firing then came thick and fast,
 for neither yet had won.

The whites kept breaking to the rear,
 while some cried, "Halt and
 fight,"

While those who lost their horses
 cried, "Don't leave," with all
 their might.

Cap. Adams oft cried, "Stop and
 fight or we will soon be beat,"
 But in that moment orders came, "To
 Dixon, boys, retreat."

That order was obeyed at once, and
 the whites had fled,

No one was left to care for wounded,
 or bury the dead.

Some of the red skins followed up
 and two more they did slay,

While others plundered baggage all,
 before they went away.

And Joseph Draper met his fate, while
 in the first retreat,

And crawled away that evening, his
 presence to secrete.

It seems he lived there several days,
 when first his corpse was seen,

His troubles he had written on the
 sides of his canteen.

And Andrew Dickey at the creek was
 shot right through the thigh.

And crawled away under the bank,
 was rescued by and by.

They wounded Mr. Hackelton, and
 soon he hid away.

And Captain Adam's horse was shot
 from under him that day.

He ran for life, but was pursued
 three-quarters mile or so,

And he killed one or two of them be-
 fore he had to go.

They followed Major Perkins on
 most two miles from the creek,

And killed him; he had run so far
 that he was very weak.

James Doty of Peoria, was numbered
 with the dead,

And seven of the Indians were buried
 where they bled.

While others may have perished from
 the wounds of that sad day,

Been carried off, and then have died,
 and then been laid away.

And Col. Strode was in the crowd,
 an old militia man,

He said a solid column formed be-
 fore the white men ran,

On either side of Stillman's men and
 they were closing in,

Just like a pair of scissors, when the
 whites so quickly ran.

He said that he was none too quick,
 he came so near to fail,

That as the Indian flanks closed in,
 it grazed his horse's tail.

While Major Stillman's force was out
 more volunteers came in,

Which rapidly increased the force
 at Dixon's ferry then.

And General Whiteside in command,
 after they all were fed,

Proceeded to the battle ground and
 buried all the dead.

Before those Indians were attacked
 they were a quiet race.

And showed much kindness to the
 whites and kept within their
 place.

But after they were fired upon they
 raised the war whoop soon,

And took the hatchet to avenge the
 wrongs which they had borne.

After the fight at Stillman's Run, the
 Indian's scattered round,

They killed and burned the houses
 of all settlers they found.

But Shabbona, a friendly chief of
 Pottawatomies,

Gave warning to them in due time,
 and many it did please.

The Reid and Kellogg families made
 their escape in time,

To Dixon's ferry quickly went, es-
 caped a horrid crime.

The Indians came to their homes and
 burned them to the ground,

And carried off the valuables that
there were to be found.

Three families on Indian Creek who
were not warned in time,

The Davis, Halls, and Pettigrews, be-
held a horrid crime.

The Indians in day light came, and
massacred them all,

Except two fair young ladies belong-
ing to the Halls

Named Silvia and Rachel, they saved
these ladies' lives,

For two young braves who saw them
now wanted them for their
wives.

They rapidly retreated, with the pris-
oners and all,

They afterward were ransomed,
through many white men's call,

Who paid two thousand dollars, for
to set the ladies free,

In horses and fine trinkets, which
Indians love to see.

Now all thirty day volunteers were
mustered out with pay,

A circumstance that happened on the
28th of May,

They tired of the service that they
first thought would be prime,

But turned out to be serious and apt
to last some time.

The Governor made another call,
asked for two thousand more,

And they were called for sixty days,
much longer than before.

But they could not be mustered in so
very, very soon,

And finally they took the field, twenty
second of June.

A re-enlisted regiment of those thirty
day men,

Went into active service, they were
badly needed then.

That regiment was commanded by a
Col. Jacob Fry.

James Henry was Lieutenant, be-
came General by and by.

The regiment was divided up, the
country to protect,

Some lively skirmishes were met,
where Indians did collect.

One company was fired upon, near
by the Bur Oak grove,

Four Indians had done the deed, and
quickly they were drove

Into a sink hole, near the place, where
they were quickly slain.

Those days they took no prisoners,
when loose to fight again.

After that sink hole tragedy, that
company soon met,

Just seventy brave Indians, who tried
the whites to get.

The moment was a trying one, till
Whiteside shot the chief.

The Indians this discouraged, soon
the contest left in grief,

And notwithstanding their defeat they
kept the war path warm,

They ranged the country all around
and oft came like a storm.

They two men killed near Ottawa,
one at Buffalo Grove.

No private house was safe from them,
when they were out to rove.

The fort at Apple River for a rendez-
vous was used,

The village was protected, and the
miners not abused.

And only twenty-five brave men were
in the fort that day,

The people all went in the fort that
in the village lay,

One hundred fifty Indians, with Black
Hawk in the lead,

Came charging on the village, and it
was a fight indeed.

They went into the houses and the
contents did destroy;

For fifteen hours stormed the fort
that white men did enjoy.

The fort they could not capture, soon
they to defeat did yield.

Retired from the village, and quite
soon they left the field.

By this time our volunteers had
learned how Indians fight,

And fought as well as Indians in day
time or at night,

Captain Stevenson of Galena, with
a few of his men,

Attacked a squad of Indians near by
where they had been.

'Twas in a prairie thicket, where they
charged and charged again,

But in the savage fight he lost one
half a dozen men,
And he was wounded badly, and soon
found that they were beat,
And came to the conclusion that they
better all retreat.

A party of eleven fired upon some
whites one day.
'Twas near by old Fort Hamilton,
near where the lead mines lay,
And General Dodge pursued them
with a little squad they say,
And caught them on the river bank,
the Pecatonica.
He put them every one to death, none
left to tell the tale,
And then struck out in double quick
to find another trail.
The volunteers for sixty days were in,
equipped quite well,
And June the 20th rendezvoused at
Williams, near LaSalle.

Three thousand and two hundred men
beside the regulars,
Divided into three brigades were
ready for the war.
Posey commanded one brigade and
Alexander one,
And James D. Henry had the third,
all ready for the fun.
While General Atkinson was then
commander of them all,
Both regulars and volunteers respond-
ed to his call.
Now Major Dement's spy battalion
opened up the ball
And went to Dixon's Ferry and there
they made a call.

And there they crossed and marched
along, right on to Kellogg's
Grove,
And were attacked by Black Hawk's
troops, whom o'er the country
roved.
Dement retreated slowly to his camp
which was near by,
The Indians followed yelling out their
hideous wild war cry.
Then Dement's troops took refuge
in some houses which were near
Where they, the troops of Black
Hawk could resist with little
fear.

The battle then raged fiercely, but
the Indians were repelled,
Though long they forced the contest,
while they fired their guns and
yelled.

But they could not dislodge the whites
and finally withdrew;
Their loss was nine, the whites lost
five, and some were wounded
too.
Now while Dement was out to catch
the Indians in their lair,
The army under Atkinson to Dixon
did repair.
He then sent Alexander's men Plum
River's mouth to clear,
Lest Indians should try to cross the
Mississippi there.
For General Atkinson had planned
each Indian to slay,
Or take them prisoners of war, and
let none get away.

Now Atkinson soon started for the
four Wisconsin lakes,
He having heard that Black Hawk
had gone there and set his
stakes,
And had determined there to fight
and settle the campaign.
But when the army reached the lakes
no Indians did remain,
And then he marched from place to
place to catch the wily foe.
But Black Hawk's men had vanished
every place the whites did go.
It would be tiresome to relate the
many marches made
To find the wily Black Hawk troops,
or catch them on parade.

Their plan of war was to conceal
and fight from ambush there.
Or take the white men by surprise
some way that is unfair.
The white men who were volunteers
thirty-two hundred strong,
After eight weeks of campaign life, a
part had left the throng.
They took French leave, and did de-
part without a kind good bye;
But all the regulars were there, ready
again to try.

They sometimes weary marches made
of fifty miles a day,
And some times had little to eat,
while they were on the way.

There's little doubt that Black Hawk
knew the movements of the
whites,
And like a fox knew where to hide
and when to make his flight.
The many marches that were made
to catch the wily chief,
And clear the country of his troops
and give the whites relief
Were too extensive to relate, here in
poetic verse,
And would the reader's patience tire
did I them all rehearse.
They learned that Black Hawk was in
camp on Rock river at last,
So General Henry and Major Dodge,
to catch him traveled fast,

And on Wisconsin river heights, the
seventh day, at noon,
They caught up with the Indian band
of that old wily coon.
The Indians fired upon the whites
and opened up the fight.
The whites at once formed into line
and shot them, left and right.
The Indians fiercely pressed the fight
but white men held full sway
They pressed the Indian troops so
hard they faltered and gave
way.
And then retreated down the hill in-
to the valley low,
And in tall grass concealed them-
selves so they could slyly go.

The white men's loss in killed was
one, while eight were wounded
sore.
The Indians' loss, sixty-eight killed,
wounded a score or more.
The volunteers in that long chase
won honors to their name,
And in the fight the courage shown,
brought them a lasting fame.
The Indians then made for the west,
they could no longer fight,
For they were at starvation's door,
equipments in bad plight.
They had their squaws, papposes,
too, all traveling with the band.

They aimed to cross the Mississippi
and in Iowa land.
Now Major Dodge and General Henry
fell back to Blue Mound,
Where they met the whole army,
which made a general round.
They started on the Indian's trail
the regulars and all,
In four days' march, they caught
their foe, and Black Hawk met
his fall.
But four miles out the whites were
met by Black Hawk with a few,
As a decoy to lead them off, and save
the Indian crew.
But General Atkinson pressed on and
found the whole command
Upon the Mississippi's banks, where
they had made a stand.

Some of the tribe had then crossed
o'er by swimming and canoe.
The greater part still on the bank,
and knew not what to do.
They offered to surrender, but they
heeded not the cry,
They forced them in the river for to
swim across or die.
They were mercilessly driven in the
river, squaws and all,
With cross papposes, weary, scarce-
ly old enough to crawl,
Some crossed over, some went under,
some were shot and had to
drown,
When all over and together many of
the tribe were gone.

When Black Hawk's strategem had
failed to lead the whites astray,
He took his little squad and skipped
to quarters far away.
Among his crowd was Black Hawk's
son, three chiefs and other men,
They started for the Chippewas, up
in Wisconsin then.
Some friendly Sioux and Winneba-
goes started on their track,
With promise they would not be
harmed if they would bring
them back.
They captured them and then returned
where they could all be seen,
Delivered them to General Steele, at
the Prairie Du Chien.

Cheater, the leading captor, to General Steele then said,

"On the Wisconsin river, where they had lately fled,

I caught those captive Indians and caught them all for you,

With hope the white men to my tribe, in future will be true,

And will fulfill the promises that they to us have made,

And let us live in peace at home and with the white men trade."

Peace was concluded with those tribes, and volunteers sent home

Where they enjoyed the peaceful life with no desire to roam.

Black Hawk, his son, and those three chiefs were hostages one year,

Were held as special guaranty to make the treaty sure.

They ceded to our Uncle Sam much of their fertile land,

And then they went on farther west a sad and forlorn band.

East of the Mississippi, all their lands they did convey,

Also a part of Iowa they ceded on that day.

And it was on the fourth of June, eighteen and thirty-three.

Black Hawk, his son, and those three chiefs were set at liberty.

Now, Uncle Sam, that they might see took Black Hawk and his son

To the great eastern cities for to see what we had done,

That they might see his fighting strength and know his mighty power,

That in the future Indian tribes from his prowess would cower.

Great crowds of people went to see the Black Hawk and his son;

They shook his hand and lauded him as the big Indian gun,

And said that Black Hawk Junior was so splendid and so nice.

When one lady shook hands with him she kissed him in a trice.

Black Hawk went to his people, as he very much desired,

And there he lived a quiet life, from warpaths he retired.

The third day of October, eighteen forty, so they say,

He died, was buried on the bank of the Mississippi.

Thus perished a great chieftain, with a heart to kindred true,

A brilliant child of nature, who in the wild forest grew,

Imbided the spirit of the just, from forest, brook and flower,

And sacrificed for home and friends his birth right and his power.

A SUPPLICATION

O God, be with me, bless me every hour.

I need Thy constant care and quickening power,

To guide me and support me day and night.

O, give me strength to battle for the right,

O give me clear conception of the truth,

With mind as clear and bright as in my youth;

For there are many subjects yet to view,

For which I'd like to find solutions true.

O, heal the wounds of sorrow, sad and sore,

That overwhelmed me in the days of yore.

Forgive my sins, tho they like scarlet be,

And give me strength to be more true to Thee.

O Lord, wilt thou Thy pardoning love bestow,

Help me to in thy grace and favor
grow,

I feel, O Lord, my task is not com-
plete,

That I should yet, some other sub-
jects treat.

With loving power O, help me here
to stay.

And help me write the truth from
day to day.

With thankful heart I'll ever ready
be,

To write the loving thoughts im-
pressed by thee.

Through thy true loving servants in
the air,

Who gladly do thy bidding every-
where.

O bless the dear one traveling by my
side,

That she may be a faithful loving
bride.

O, let thy love to us be ever given,
That we through Thy rich grace may
enter heaven.

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