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RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY THE LATE

HELEN L. PARMELEE.



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ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH.

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INTRODUCTION.

Had the writer of the following poems lived, this little volume, in its incompleteness, would never have been put before the public. Although every line has tender associations for sorrowing hearts, it is only after repeated solicitations from many friends, who desire a lasting memorial of one whose beautiful character endeared her to all who knew her well, that these verses have been arranged for publication.

With the full knowledge that they cannot be sent forth trusting solely on their own merits, it is deemed proper to preface the collection with these few apologetic lines.

Croton, August, 1865.

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P O E M S .



DOWN BY THE WHARVES.

DOWN by the wharves, when the tide is out,
Over the stones all slippery and green,
Where the fisher-boats rock up and down,
And the waves come rippling in between;
He, far up on the bending mast,
She, below on the shelving shore,
Shading her brow from the summer sun,
And looking up, as she looks no more.

Slow and stately the tide comes in
Over her small feet, brown and bare.
Softly the breeze from the land comes down,
Tossing the curls of her chestnut hair.
Bright sea-mosses and tangled kelp
Round her ankles are twisted tight;
Through the shallows she runs and laughs,
And the sunshine is mellow, and warm, and
bright.

They hear no murmur of coming storm,
They see no cloud with a warning hand,
Nor reck that the summer will soon be passed,
And the scud go driving across the sand.
Bright is the sunshine, the days are long—
Hope is brighter than sun or sky.
Down at the verge of those sea-wet rocks
Childhood and youth will go laughing by.

Down by the wharves, when the tide is out,
Summer has gone and childhood has passed
Life's rich autumn just ripening in ;
And the autumn has sunshine as well as blast.
And there she stands in the morning light,
Taller and slighter, but just as fair :
A warmer glow on her sun-burnt cheek,
A darker hue on her chestnut hair.

Down by the wharves when the tide is out,
And the air is heavy with mist and rain,
And the seething waters with steady stroke
War with the trembling land again.
And there she stands 'mid the salt-sea spray,
Holding her shawl o'er her dripping hair,
And looking with eyes that would pierce the deep ;
But how will she welcome what hideth there ?

Watching and looking where nought is seen,
Save the leaden sky and the moaning sea ;

Careless of hunger, sleep or cold,
 So may my true love watch for me !
 While the storm goes by, and the waves grow still,
 And the sunshine glows on the yellow sand.
 The waves come in with a steadier swell,
 And the ships come up to the sight of land.

In to the shore sweeps the long sea foam,
 Ribs of vessels and broken mast ;
 And sadder things, oh, thou treacherous deep !
 A sadder burden than this thou hast !
 Never again, when the tide is out,
 Will they two frolic on boat and shore.
 Life's dark winter is closing in,
 And the spring and the summer return no more !

LIFE'S LESSONS.

“SAFE on the bosom of thy God,
 How wilt thou then look back and smile,
 And bless the pangs that made thee see
 This was no world of rest for thee.”

One by one they are passing away ;
 Earth is losing its hold each day :
 Some are dropping off here and there,
 Each fireside has a vacant chair,—
 Child and matron, and maid and wife,
 Youth just girt for the war of life,

Hoary-headed, and stalwart man,
All fall under one common ban.

Thus are the links of life unbound,
And breaks are left in its perfect round ;
One by one they are called away—
They who were once our staff, and stay,
Every bell that rings out its chime,
Leaves one hour less in their day of time,
Every form that is fair to see,
Seems blighted with some fell malady.

Thus we pass through our mortal day
And if we yield not unto decay,
Friends of our youth pass on before,
Messengers to the silent shore ;
They who were wont by our side to pray
At the self-same altar day by day,
All the friends of our early years—
Leave us alone with our griefs and fears.

Yet well it is that we weep to-day,
Above the graves where our fond hopes lay—
Could all be spared, how our hearts would cling
With grasping hold to each earthly thing,
And find a heaven below, and dread
To lay us down with the silent dead,
Feeling as bound with an iron chain
To the loved and those who love us again.

But now as we sit by the silent hearth,
While our hearts go back to its early mirth,
And we count those up who were with us then
Who will never gather on earth again ;
We feel heaven gaineth what earth has lost,
They have found peace who were tempest-tost,
While a work for us remaineth still,
And we bide our time with a patient will.

THE MEN OF MONTEREY.

NO more alone in glory,
Ye men of other days ;
We have honored names to mingle
Amid our songs of praise.
But no leaf shall ever wither
Upon your wreaths of fame ;
Though your sons wear greener laurels
Yet the glory is the same.

There is silence in the valleys
Where your noblest deeds were done ;
And the corn-fields yet are smiling
Where your sternest fights were won.
But beyond the rolling river,
And beyond the sandy plain
They have borne the starry banner
To the victory again !

By Saltillo mountain passes,
 By the hill-side and the town,
 With the memory of your valor
 They have linked our own renown.
 And where'er the brave are honored,
 Upon this our hallowed day,
 Room on the page of story
 For the men of Monterey!

COME HOME TO DIE!

COME home to die! that his look might rest
 At the last on the places he loved the best;
 On the grassy slope, with the maples green,
 And the broad brook rippling in between;
 With the far-off hills where the sun went down,
 And left on their summits a shining crown,
 Which had seemed to his childish eyes t' enfold
 The streets of that city of pearly gold!

Come home to die! he had wandered wide,
 And warred with the world in his bitter pride;
 He had known the ruin of home and hearth,
 And buried the dearest hopes of earth;
 Seen his kindred shrink, as they felt the ban,
 Which a cold world casts on a fallen man,
 And had vowed in his heart not to seek that home,
 Till the outcast scorned should a conqueror come.

Come home to die ! as a conqueror comes—
How seek the victors their childhood's home ?
With a wondering crowd at the chariot's side,
And the silken banners out-spreading wide ;
With the joyous peal of the old church bell,
And the plaudits the conqueror loves so well.
And came he thus to his home again,
With the loyal shouts of a lordly train ?

He came to die ! with his manhood past,
And his haughty spirit bowed down at last ;
To pass through the valley of death alone,
No hand to rear a memorial stone.
Yet he died a victor, who well might hear
The triumphs rung on his dying ear—
And with shouts of angels, the gates of heaven
Flew wide to welcome a soul forgiven !

E A S T E R N P O I N T .

I LEAN from out my window,
When the day is going down,
To watch the white spray dashing
With the rainbow in its crown ;
And hear the hollow murmur
That rises at my feet,
From that stormy wild commotion
Where the earth and ocean meet.

Where the angry billow striketh,
As if asking for a home,
And the scornful crag replieth,
“No further shalt thou come.”
Then but half his wrath expended
He shudders to the sky,
But the Heavens unmoved above him
Re-echo no reply.

Then with a sullen murmur,
Back on himself he rolls,
With an angry plunge impatient,
That surges to the poles.
And thus with ceaseless motion,
Sways ever to and fro,
Like a soul that wrestleth ever
With the burden of its woe!

Oh, restless heaving ocean!
Shall thy wave be never still?
Oh, stormy human passion!
What shall curb thy wayward will.
Still onward ever striving,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide,
No human hand restraineth,
The swellings of thy pride!

Ah, yes! the day is coming
When shall be no more sea,

No angry surging ocean,
No billows bounding free ;
But the sea of glass unbroken,
That lies about the throne,
A breath shall never ruffle,
Where storms can never come !

And there the soul tempestuous,
More stormy than the sea,
Shall break through all its fetters,
And be for ever free !
He, who the raging billows
Subjected to His will,
Will lay His hand upon it,
And whisper, " Peace, be still !"

Oh, human heart ! take courage,
Storm tost, and tempest driven,
Thy haven lies before thee,
The sheltered port of Heaven !
Thy weary wandering ended
Storm, lightning, wild wave past,
There, where thy rest remaineth
Thine anchor shall be cast !

VESPERE AND MATINS.

NOW, fold away thy raiment,
My little maiden fair,
And, parting from thy forehead
The curls of yellow hair,
I'll tie the white cap closely
Round the pearly cheek, and chin,
Old prints, of German masters,
I have seen such pictures in.

Now clasp thy hands together,
My little maiden mild,
And ask the great All-Father
To bless His little child ;
And, on thy home, a blessing,
Now all the world to thee ;
And this, thy world's cathedral
Beside thy mother's knee.

Now, turn the soft sheet over,
Lay thy white limbs to rest,
While I fold the fringed cover
Up lightly o'er thy breast.
No silken curtains round thee
Shut out the falling night ;
The starlight through the elm trees,
Nor morning's blessed light !

There is a robin cometh
At breaking of the day,
And sings his morning anthem,
Swinging that leafy spray ;
So, hushed by love at evening,
And waked at morn by praise,
A golden ring encloseth
The circle of thy days.

“LOSS—ONE DEAD.”

THE gold thread is bright, but the night-dew will
rust it—

Blue coat, and white forehead—oh, red, white and
blue !

The crimson streak spreading o'er brow and o'er
bosom,

We know what those colors will tell us of you.

In the camp-girded city the dancers are flying,
Soft voices are mingling with music's sweet tone ;
But along the Potomac the bugles are calling,
Hand to hand, heart to heart, one last kiss and be
gone !

Along his lone walk, and his heart with the dancers ;
Hark ! a rustle--a flash--and “to arms” is the cry.

“On comrades!” swift clashing of bayonets ringing,
And a low moaning sound as the riders sweep by.

There is mourning to-night in the snow-drifted home-
stead,

Where the free light shines bright on the rafters
o'er head;

And the mother sits weeping hot tears for her dar-
ling,

But the rain raineth down on the face of the dead.

Above the high mantel the flag that he fastened,

No hand shall disturb it for ever and aye.

He has well kept the vow that he made as he raised
it--

We buried him under its shadow to-day!

Oh, soil of Virginia! the blood of our bravest,

Shall be to your battle-fields rain-cloud and dew;

But the harvest is ripening, the sheaves shall be gath-
ered,

And what shall the reck'ning day reckon for you?

G O L D D U S T .

O H! the sunny hours of boyhood!
Do you ever now remember

The long days in our old homestead, by that Northern
river's shore!

The wide hall hung with antlers,
The low rooms decked with pictures,
And that watching mother leaning o'er the old half
opened door ?

Then the garden, all box-bordered,
Where the guelder-roses blossomed,
And the *tulips* ranged in order, flaunted in the sun-
shine gay :

I have crossed the golden tropics,
But no groves of orange blossoms
Ever bore the fragrance breathing round those flower-
beds far away.

And the arbor by the river
With the *spreading chestnut* o'er it,
Where we sheltered from the sunshine through the
hottest of the day,
To read o'er some olden legend,
Or some wild and wondrous fable,
Some tale of love and sorrow that for years had
passed away.

And thou, fair and stately Helen !
With those large eyes filled with weeping,
Think you ever of that garden and the river sweep-
ing by ?

How we acted those old stories?
Some were heroes, some were victims;
But the lover and the loving—they were always you
and I!

Now our arbor was a palace,
And you a sleeping beauty
And I a brave prince waiting for a glance from that
dark eye;
Now it was a rock uprising,
With the wild sea surges dashing,
And you were Andromeda with your white arms toss-
ing high!

Then a gayer legend taking,
You were Ariadne straying
Where the tide beneath the alders left the sands all
red and bare:
Not like Ariadne sighing,
But like Ariadne smiling,
With the purple clusters clinging all about your
shining hair.

Now I waken in the midnight
In a land more wild and wondrous
Than any that we read of in those legends strange
and old;

And from my tent I listen
To the rippling of the waters
Of a river whose bright current rushes over sands of
gold.

But you light another's dwelling,
Another's child caressing,
And what care I for the treasure I have gathered, all
too late !
'T will not buy me back my boyhood,
'T will not bring the lost and loving ;
For the full and perfect meeting I can only trust and
wait.

THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT.

THE cloud has burst, the storm has come,
And swept my house, but not my home ;
Silver and gold, and rank and pride,
I smile to see them swell the tide !

My steeds are in another's stalls,
My marbles grace another's halls,
My pictured gems, so rich and rare,
Have left my walls all cold and bare.

What care I for the empty room ?
I leave it to its chill and gloom ;

My household gods were never made
To live in sunshine, die in shade.

I pass along the crowded street,
Men turn aside who used to greet ;
What care I for their altered mien ?
I am, what I have ever been,

A man, if not a millionaire ;
A breather of the self-same air,
A dweller on the self-same sod,
A creature of the self-same God !

Turn with me down this narrow street,
No lordly mansion here we greet ;
Yet proudly fling I back my door,
Bankrupt in wealth, I am not poor !

For here are household treasures three,
And clothed with sweet simplicity,
Come me to greet, who yesterday
Could fling the gold like dust away.

Her broidered robes, her diamonds rare,
The setting, not the jewel were,
A new Cornelia, but to me
She is the gem of all the three.

From the sweet shelter of her breast
My babe springs forth to be caressed ;

My fair-haired girl leans quietly
With timid clasp against my knee.

Well may I smile at scattered wealth !
Contentment, love and hope and health
Are store enough to bless one hearth
With all the real wealth of earth.

And better than this home of love,
We seek a surer rest above ;
Where shelt'ring wings around us cast
Shall hide us from the stormy blast.

And what if ONE should press before,
And enter at the open door ;
We will but trim our lamps anew,
And wait to greet the bridegroom too !

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE merry winter holidays,
They dawn on us again,
Bringing an echo to our hearts
From many a long lost strain.
The sad, sad winter holidays
They unto me appear
The very loneliest days that come
In all the live-long year.

They bring us back our childhood's hours
When all around was gay,
And we sprang up at early dawn,
To hail the happy day ;
And our light laugh went ringing by,
And childhood's smile we wore ;
Those merry, *merry* holidays,
They will return no more !

They bring but now the sad'ning thought
Of friends, the loved and lost ;
Of kindly feelings passed away,
And fond hopes harshly crossed :
The young glad hearts that kept with us
The merry festival,
Are scattered over all the earth,
Far from their father's hall.

And smiles have grown less glad of late,
In those who yet remain :
Alas ! the good old merry days
Will never come again ;
For time has set his sad'ning seal
On all around us now
And earth has traced her withering blight
On each once careless brow !

How many that were with us then,
Are resting calmly now,

Where never sadness sinks the heart,
Or sorrow clouds the brow ;
We miss their kindly smiles to-day,
And many a young glad face,
And in the crowd our hearts yet leave
For them a vacant place.

And yet the *merry* holidays
They are and still shall be :
We look on many a childish face,
Lit up with laughing glee,
And to our hearts they send a light,
And on us kindly call,
To keep for *them* with gladder hearts
This winter festival !

GATHER RIPE FRUITS, O DEATH!

TAKE thy shadow from my threshold,
O thou dweller in the night !
Standing right across my doorway,
Shutting out the morning light.
Thou hast been here in the autumn,
And hast taken all thy sheaves,
It is not time to gather
The blossoms and the leaves.

O ! press not in so closely
To the baby at my breast ;
Would'st thou take the tender nursing
From the shelter of its nest ?
O child, he is no playmate
For such a one as thee ;
He smiles and stretches towards him,
What can the baby see !

Ah ! close behind the shadow
He sees the angel wait,
And wide the leaves unfolding
Of that broad, heavenly gate.
And he seeth one who beckoneth,
Poor heart ! could'st *thou* but see
Those golden gates unfolding,
And thy lost ones waiting thee !

Yet colder falls the twilight,
And the children crouch behind,
As the garments past them rustling,
Sweep like the winter wind ;
But the baby smiles and watcheth,
And when the night grows dim,
There will be an empty cradle,
And a breaking heart for him.

MY WIFE.

THOSE poor rough hands I press with lowlier mien
Than I should wear before a gracious queen ;
Those sad, tired eyes, to me are lovelier far
Than those I called a jewel or a star,
In the old days gone by !

Light threads of gray amid that hair's rich brown,
And shoulders bent, but not with age bowed down ;
Coarse dress, and worn, where once was silken sheen,
And velvet robe and jewels might have been,
Since the old days gone by !

For me those toiling hands have wrought all day ;
For me those eyes have charmed dark thoughts away ;
For me that golden glory streaked with gray,
That form bent down, that was so light and gay,
In the old days gone by !

Wife ! mother ! friend ! all these to home and me,
Three holy names, all sanctified by thee !
A sadder name ere long shall be thine own,
With which to walk down life's dark vale alone,
All thy glad days gone by !

The promises are thine, and thou shalt lean
 Upon a stronger arm than mine has been,
 Till past the weary road, the cross laid down,
 In that new home thou shalt take up thy crown.
 All thy sad days gone by !

THE COUNT OF PARIS.

[The following beautiful reply was made during the debates concerning the Regency of France.]

WITHIN the palace walls they wept—
 The mother and her son,
 She, the young widow of a prince
 And he, her first-born son.
 The stamp of royalty was set
 Upon his broad fair brow ;
 He was the kingdom's pride and boast
 Heir of its glory now !

Woe for the doom of Orleans' line,
 Woe for the loved one dead,
 Woe for the King whose hope lies low,
 The land whose peace has fled !
 Already are dark threats breathed forth
 And others claim the place
 That should be his, that princely boy's,
 The noblest of his race !

They come to ask his mother's right,
His mother's and his own ;
The widow and the fatherless,
They stand in grief alone.
It was with honey'd tones they spoke,
Yet 't was a bitter word,
" The Regent of our France must know
To wear and wield a sword !"

The spirit of a line of Kings,
The Bourbon race of pride,
Flashed from the boy's bright eye, and thus
His fearless voice replied :
" I have a sword, my mother's hand
Can wave a banner bright,
And France will fight for both of us
And for our holy right !"

God save thee in thy doubtful path
Heir of a fickle throne !
A bloody race, an early doom
Its noblest ones have known.
The hand that should have shielded thee
Hath mouldered to decay ;
God save thee in thy peril's hour,
And guide thy onward way !

THE POET'S WIFE.

GLAD the hour when first we met,
G Lovely, laughing Margaret,
Music floated on the air,
 Sunny smiles, bright eyes were there ;
None could match thine eye of jet,
 Fair and gentle Margaret !

Sad the hour which tore apart,
 Loving glance and loving heart ;
When I parted o'er the sea,
 Leaving all my soul with thee,
And thine eyes with tears were wet,
 Blessed tears, my Margaret !

Home returned, how glad the hour,
 When I sought thy woodland bower ;
And with me at altar-side
 You vowed to be the Poet's bride,
And pledged the love, unaltered yet,
 My wife-like, gentle Margaret !

Yet another claimeth part
 Of my happy, quiet heart,
Like her mother, gay and free,
 Like her mother, loving me ;
Which most dear I know not yet,
 Thee, or baby, Margaret !

THE BANNER OF THE FREE.

THE bright flag of America
How gallantly it waves—
Above the freeman's dwelling-place—
Above the foemen's graves ;
By stately stream and forest deep,
And on the bounding sea,
A thousand hearts are welcoming
The banner of the free ;

Where'er a peaceful hamlet lies,
Its shelt'ring hills between,
The starry beacon floats above
As guardian of the scene ;
Where the North pine forests bend, to
The tempest's sweeping blast,
And every stone a record keeps
Of struggles of the past.

Where the prairie's plain is spreading,
And wild war-whoops ring by,
Or by the distant water-course
Beneath a Southern sky :
The Stars and Stripes wave proudly out,
And from far-wood to sea—
From heart and voice bursts forth the shout,
The banner of the free.

 ISADORE.

THOU art not fair to other eyes,
 My Isadore !
 Thou art not gay in others' smiles,
 My Isadore !
 Well, keep thy beauty all for me,
 And all for me, thy gaiety,
 What care I if none else can see
 My Isadore !

They see a being sad and pale,
 Their Isadore !
 They gain but words of courtesy
 From Isadore,
 But ah ! that cheek is flushed for me,
 That voice is tuned to notes of glee,
 When none are near but me and thee,
 My Isadore !

I live but in thy trusting heart
 My Isadore !
 Give to none else the lightest part,
 My Isadore !
 I know thee fond, and kind, and true,
 But oh ! if others knew it too,
 Then I should say a long adieu
 To Isadore !

JANUARY 1st, 1861.

THE king is dead ! Long live the King !
And in the eager courtiers press ;
Who knoweth what his hands may bring,
Or who his humor may caress ?
What magic in that word, " the new !"
Hope round it spreads her rosiest ray ;
Why should the storm of yesternight
Becloud the promise of to-day ?

The king is dead ! and, Egypt-like,
We sit in judgment at his bier ;
He gave and took ; brought joy and woe,
And now at last he lieth here.
To us his face of peace was turned,
For us his harvest board was spread ;
And sacred are the memories
That cluster round his hallowed dead.

His hallowed dead ! the Church has mourned,
And hung her head in silence down ;
But shall she grudge her toil-worn saints
The blood-bought robe, the palm, the crown ?
We laid them to their honored rest,
Their work and God's is ours again ;
Shoulder to shoulder fill the breach,
And they shall not have died in vain.

Across the waves the clang of arms,
The tumult swells to mortal strife,
Old nations tott'ring to their fall,
New kingdoms springing into life ;
Rome, shivering, sits aghast and pale,
The victor at her gates to see,
While a new Cincinnatus' voice
Proclaims a free fair Italy !

But Syrian vales are deserts drear,
And Syrian wives are asking bread,
For vine-clad homes the smoking pile,
For harvest fields the unburied dead ;
Earth trembles to her final doom,
The reapers thrust the sickle in,
But faith can hear the promise yet,
The still small voice amid the din.

And what of home ? Woe worth the day,
When brothers rend the kindred band,
Nursed at one bosom, round one hearth,
And tended by one mother's hand ;
O watching mother ! pleading still
With wayward children, weep and pray,
That God, thy God, would be their guide,
And turn them from their strifes away !

One were they in the hour of need,
One when the common foe was met,

And Yorktown Heights and Bunker Hill,
Are they not one in glory yet ?
Thy foot upon the Atlantic shore,
Thy garments sweep the Western wave,
And where thy starry banner droops,
The world's best hopes shall find a grave !

Clouds come and go ; but round some homes,
The cloud is resting every day,
“ My poor,” the blessed Master said,
“ My poor ye have with you alway :”
In dreary rooms, on beds of pain,
God's mourning children helpless lie,
While struggling thousands toil to seek
Scant bread beneath a wintry sky.

With these last words our greetings close ;
All blessings of the field and store,
Glad household hearths and children's mirth,
All that the world can give, and more,
Be yours to-day ! but ere it close
Let the recording angel's pen
Write down one generous gift bestowed,
One deed of love to fellow-men ;
And all along the downward year
These golden words your largesse be,
“ As ye have done it to the least
Of these, ye did it unto Me !”

R O O M !

ROOM in the middle passage
For the Slaver's bark again,
Fling out the Stars and Stripes to guard
Her way across the main ;
Wail on, oh, restless ocean,
No longer rolling free,
The Satrap's chain is flung again
Across the sobbing sea !

Room on the broad coast river
For the Slaver's barracoon.
Short-sighted men of other days
Ye triumphed all too soon ;
Build up the gloomy wall again
And call the Spaniards back,
The bloodhounds of the war ride far
Upon the victim's track !

Room in our own green valleys
For the coming tramp of men,
Fresh from their desert fastnesses
The stream flows in again ;
They have lived to cross the billow
Where so many fed the shark,
They will be strong to labor long
Where the swamp lies dank and dark.

Room on our widespread borders
 For the oppressed of every land,
 Whate'er their creed or calling
 Here shall they freemen stand ;
 But see that in your brother's veins
 No dusky blood doth play,
 Worse than the stain on the brow of Cain.
 Who meeteth *him* may slay !

THE RETURN.

SHE has gone to her slumber,
 The wanderer from home,
 As a bird seeks its shelter
 When even has come ;
 As a ship tossed by tempest
 Across the wide sea,
 Then gaineth the haven,
 Ah, happy is she !

There was dust on the wing
 Of the bird as it flew,
 The ship had half foundered
 When stormy winds blew ;
 There was blight on her name,
 And the proud stood aside ;
 One refuge was left her,
 Ah, happy she died !

It was long since she left it,
That home still so fair ;
Since the hand of her mother
Had smoothed down her hair ;
It was long since her sisters
Had spoken her name ;
What had they, the guiltless,
To do with her shame ?

But her shadow still lingered,
The gloom on the hearth ;
Her grief still remembered
'Mid all their light mirth ;
At the prayer by the fireside,
For her was no prayer,
It was breathed in the silence
Of night and despair.

Now, now she is coming,
Once more she has come ;
Beneath the old elm trees,
There standeth her home ;
They turn from the doorway,
She asks but a grave,
Too late was her coming
To bless or to save.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

MY mountain home! the shadows lie
Along thy steeps of green,
Or fling themselves like islands down
Thy broad lake's silver sheen.
All day the sunbeams fall and climb
Along the mountain screen
Which guards the spot on earth the best,
Where all I love together rest,
When I shall seek my mother's breast
In God's long-awaited time.

Oh, for one glimpse of sun-set gleam
Just sinking in the west,
Leaving the purple and the gold
Upon the lake's cool breast!
With softening blue stretched far away,
Which northward o'er the mountain's crest
Grows paly green by light just kissed,
Where loom up through the rising mist
The distant hills' pale amethyst,
Just fading into gray.

I feel a longing to depart—
My soul is sick of sight and sound
Of the dull city's noisy strife—
Of cares within and crowds around.

Oh for a draught of that cool brook
 Which leaps the rock with sudden bound !
 Oh for one breath of breezy air
 Which rustles through the pine trees there !
 Better my soul her load could bear,
 For one long farewell look !

Yet what if I may never tread
 That mountain land again ?
 A few more days of storm and blast,
 A few more weary sun-sets passed,
 My feet shall tread those lasting hills
 From which my help has come ;
 My lips shall taste those living rills,
 My heart shall be at home.
 Home ! where the hills shall not be moved—
 Home ! with the loving and beloved—
 Home ! with the God I long have proved—
 When will the birthday come ?

L I F E ' S S O R R O W S .

WHEN we pass along the crowded city,
 Veiling o'er the secret of our woe ;
 Tread we lightly, as we feel the throbbing
 Of the lava flood which lies below.

Light the crust which covers o'er the torrent,
 Different ripples under every path ;

Where we tread, we feel not other's sorrow,
Only know *our* mercy and *our* wrath!

All the freshness of the summer morning,
When the summer of our hearts hath fled ;
And gay flowers and heavy vines in masses,
Are but fair to us above our dead.

All the longing for dark, stormy weather,
Lowering clouds, and hurrying drifts of snow,
And for winds, that shall go ever sighing,
As if heavy with our human woe.

All the yearning for the look which lieth
Pale and still beneath the heavy mould ;
And the waking, when we miss beside us
The sweet child-face that rested there of old ;

And the laughter of the happy children,
Springing past the waves upon the shore,
And the dash of oars across the waters,
Where our barques went down long years before :

And the start, when but our names are spoken,
And the words have a familiar ring ;
And the strangers, who are ever choosing
The old ballads which they used to sing.

Down the long street, with its rows of windows,
Curtains, with bright lamp-light streaming through,

And the gathered groups around the fireside,
All so homelike to our eager view.

Oh ! the heart which takes in all these pictures,
Framed for others, while the view for him
Hath but shadows, after which he graspeth,
Ever growing distant, still, and dim.

When we stood beside such waves of sorrow,
Long before our desolation came,
Giving pity to the weary struggler,
Little dreamed we e'er to breast the same.

And how little, even in our pity,
Feeling half the words of cheer we gave,
That though here all earthly hope was over,
Heaven and hope were one beyond the grave !

Long the strife, but rest shall be eternal ;
Wild the storm, the calm shall last alway,
When the shadows which have faded from us,
Shall be real in the perfect day !

I R E N E !

THE southern breeze is on thy brow,
Irene !
Fanning the dark locks that hang thick and low
Around thy cheek where summer roses blow,
Irene !

There are some strains that thrill my heart,
Irene !

Some voices that can make it quickly start
As if they were of thy sweet self a part,
Irene !

I heard a tone like this last night,
Irene !

'T was a sweet air all filled with sad delight,
Like dying echoes on the quiet night,
Irene !

I felt as if thy gentle tone,
Irene !

Was on my ear as in the days long gone
When thou wert near, my beautiful, my own
Irene !

Where roams thy fairy foot to-night,
Irene ?

Where the broad bay gives back the soft moonlight,
And the orange-groves beneath look soft and bright,
Irene !

And givest thou not the North one sigh,
Irene ?

Where late thy free steps wandered gaily by,
And friends breathed welcome, hearts for thee beat
high,
Irene !

L O S T T R E A S U R E S .

LET us be patient, God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad possessions :
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant
shores ;
Lands, whose rich harvests smiled in the glad sun-
shine ;
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth ;
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth :

Where underneath the softened light bent kindly
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair ;
And he on whom all leant with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation !
The garden-walks by other feet are trod ;
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While carking care and deep humiliation,
In tears are mingled with their daily bread ;
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
Have spent their worst on each defenseless head ;

Let us be cheerful ! The same sky o'er-arches—
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good ;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope, and love still in our hearts abiding,
May bear their precious fruits in us the same ;
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,
If but the cup of water, in His name.

Let us be thankful, if in this affliction
No grave is opened for the loving heart ;
And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,
We yet can mourn "each family apart."

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,
With not one cold reproach nor angry look ;
There are some seasons, when the heart is smitten
It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions ;
Our home is not in any pleasant spot ;
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled ;
 These earthly tents be struck by angel hands ;
 But to be built up on a sure foundation,
 There, where our Father's mansion ever stands !

There shall we meet, parent and child, and dearer
 That earthly love which makes half heaven of
 home ;
 There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,
 Where change, and death, and parting never come.

I N P A C E !

SPEAK softly ! after toil and strife
 Very gently death has come,
 She has gained her welcome home.
 Wearied with the weight of life,
 Under which she could not tread,
 So she bowed her aching head,
 And at that eternal gate
 With her cross has entered,
 Where she was used to wait.

Once her life was strewn with flowers,
 She had plucked them all away,
 Only thorns were left to stay ;
 She had no more summer hours,
 And her bare and bleeding feet,
 For such rugged path unmeet,

Toiling long their weary way
Now have gained a sure retreat
Where there is rest alway.

Weep above her not one tear,
The very angels waiting round
Would wonder at a sobbing sound ;
See how calm her lips appear,
Ploughed by grief, and care, and sin,
Storms without and fires within,
Were the furrows on her brow ;
Like the marble white and thin,
God's hand has smoothed them now.

Raise no white tomb where she lies,
Lay her in her mother earth,
In the country of her birth,
Where with full and glad surprise,
When that coming morn shall break,
Her beloved ones shall awake,
And with clasped hands once more,
All one household band shall wake,
Life, Death, and Parting o'er !

A COUNTRY BURIAL PLACE.

TREAD light, here honored heads lie low !
And who are they ye number so ?
Is it the warrior in slumber bowed,
With his nation's flag for his burial shroud ?
Have ye borne him here from the strife away,
With his eye still fixed on the stern array,
With his sword yet clenched in his icy grasp,
And the victor's shout on his dying gasp ?
With the warrior dead his grave is made,
Not here, in the silent greenwood shade.

Is it he who hath guided the helm of state,
And hath scattered thrones with his word of fate,
Whose soaring mind, as on spirit's wing,
Was ever above earth hovering ?
Has his plume been torn, ere the aim was won
And the voice been hushed, is the triumph done—
Doth he sleep in peace, who hath lived in storm,
When his soul was proud, and his heart was warm ?
He could not sleep amid lowly dead—
The marble lies over his honored head.

I know who sleepeth so far away
From the city's din and the battle's fray,
The student, whose spirit hath sought a store
Of Nature's hidden and mystic lore ;

His task is done, and he sleeps below,
 Free from the evil of mortal woe ;
 He could not rest where the sunbeams play,
 In the gloomy vault is his moulding clay.

Know ye the one to whom was given
 The Holy truth and the hopes of Heaven ?
 When the proud and the noble passeth by,
 And whose form arrests not the student's eye ?
 Yet meek and lowly, a loftier aim
 Was his, than the baubles of wealth and fame,
 He battled, and won a far higher prize,
 His rest and reward lie beyond the skies ;
 He is here, but his memory lingers yet,
 And the grave with his mourners' tears are wet.

M A N A S S A S .

OH, crushed out hearts ! Oh, hair grown gray
 With the sad news of yesterday !
 Years lived since, with a loyal shout,
 We sent our best and bravest out
 To do and die !

Oh, mourning city by the sea !
 Draped with thy flags so royally !
 Hang out the crape on every fold,
 And let thy funeral bells be tolled ;
 And then—to arms !

Short time for tears ! ring out the cry
 Till every mountain top reply,
 And wondering nations yet shall tell
 Of how we conquered where they fell,
 And in their name !

T H A T C I T Y !

I KNOW her walls are stately
 Her palaces are fair,
 And to the sound of harping,
 The Saints are singing there ;
 I know that living waters,
 Flow under fruitful trees ;
 But oh ! to make my Heaven,
 It needeth more than these !

Read on the sacred story
 What more doth it unfold,
 Besides the pearly gateways
 The streets of shining gold ?
 No temple hath that City,
 For none is needed there,
 No sun, nor moon enlight'neth,
 Can darkness then be fair !

Ah ! now the glad revealing,
 The crowning joy of all,
 What need of other sunlight
 Where God is all in all ?
 He fills the bright ethereal
 With glory all His own,
 He, whom my soul adoreth
 The Lamb amidst the throne !

Oh, Heaven without my Saviour
 Would be no joy to me,
 Dark were the walls of jasper,
 Rayless the crystal sea ;
 He gilds earth's darkest valley
 With light, and joy, and peace,
 What then must be the radiance
 When night and death shall cease ?

Speed on, oh lagging moments !
 Come, birthday of the soul !
 How long the night appeareth !
 The hours, how slow they roll !
 How sweet the welcome summons
 That greets the willing bride,
 And when my eyes behold him
 I shall be satisfied !

C A V O U R .

WE stretch our hands over the sea,
 Italy! sister to thee!
 Over the grave of thy statesman and father,
 Where a whole nation stands weeping, but free.
 Ours lieth sleeping amid the loud thunder,
 Booming around him from one to the other;
 Sharp is the clashing,
 Of bayonets flashing.
 Down with the foeman, what though 'tis a brother,
 Three stripes and thirteen, O how wide they can sever,
 Lover and loving, forever and ever!

Italy! mourning, yet joyful in sorrow,
 Looking along all the path that he trod;
 Calm in his greatness, yet firm as his mountains,
 Leading his country through fire and through flood;
 Till the wide flag unfolded,
 Where Alps fill the back-ground,
 Sweeps lovingly down over Naples' fair bay;
 Where the bright laughing waters,
 That kiss as they greet it,
 Have seen no such vision for many a day!

Italy! sister, for freedom unsheathing,
 The laurel-wreathed sword of thy glorious dead,
 In counting thy triumphs, in lauding thy daring,
 In following thy path where the victory led,

With the low sob of mothers crushed down by the
triumph
That flashed in their eyes as they said, "She is free!"
So grew we to stature,
War stature, not slowly,
But springing full-armed, Pallas-like to the strife,
Here, too, 'tis for freedom, for country, not glory;
Do you think all this glory was worth one young life?

No! little we care what the world says about us,
Whether this or that battle was won by their rule;
They have gone from their workshops, their fields and
their firesides,
And some (O my darling!) went straight from their
school.

We will wrestle in prayer,
Whilst they struggle in fight,
To open a highway for truth and for right,
Where the nations may walk like the maiden in story,
With her jewels untouched from the sea to the sea;
Free speech is our jewel, our crown and our glory!
What our fathers bequeathed us, our children's shall
be!

SEVENTY-FIVE.

NOT on a human bosom
Can I recline my head;

Not by a human judgment
Can my poor will be led ;
All look to me for counsel,
All come to me for aid ;
What marvel that I tremble,
And am at times afraid ?

The sweet name of my girlhood,
And of my wedded life,
In the same grave are buried
That holds the name of wife.
All reverend names they call me,
And I bless God always,
For many children's children
Around my board to-day.

But as I sit here knitting
Beneath the great elm tree,
And listening to the water
That ripples by my knee,
My thoughts will still go backward
To those old days of joy,
When I was young and lightsome
And he yet half a boy.

And up in that old doorway
Again I seem to stand,
One baby at my bosom,
Another by the hand ;

And he comes up the meadow,
And smiles to see us there,
While this same wind of autumn
Blows back his clust'ring hair.

I think I hear him calling,
And start and look around,
'Tis but the leaves that rustle
The water's singing sound :
I know that he is sleeping
In the green forest nigh,
And he will truly call me
Ere many days go by.

My little grandson read me,
It was but yesterday,
In the old Book of Promise,
Now all my hope and stay,
"Thy Maker is thy husband,
Thy God will be thy guide !"
Then wheresoe'er He leadeth
I shall be satisfied.

SANTA LAURA.

FATHER, this cup ! and then the pale lips quiver,
With the deep prayer they cannot frame to speak ;
And the heart sinks as if beneath the surging
Of waves that swell, and swell but never break,

My path is over ploughshares furnace-heated,
And the white light burns in upon my brain ;
And the great beads stand out upon my forehead,
Wrung from the pressure of my ceaseless pain.

I see afar green fields and pastures pleasant,
And other steps amid those flowery meads ;
Are they the wanderers from the path of duty ;
Is it mine only that through deserts leads ?

I see fair faces leaning looking upward,
To eyes that turn with tender loving ray ;
I see young children on their mothers' bosom,
And fathers resting from the sultry day.

Praise on their lips, and thankful hearts uplifted,
And loving Thee the more, for home and love,
Is mine the only lot where hope comes never,
Mine the one pathway to the realms above ?

Rugged and broken, and with hideous faces,
Out of the dark, mocking my feeble prayer,
With burning pangs that rend my heart asunder,
And not one ray across my dark despair.

If it be possible ! No sign nor token !
Then give me grace to say, " Thy will be done !"
And send swift angels with Thy cup of blessing,
As in the wilderness they met Thy Son !

So strengthened, I will take my cross, and bear it
 Slowly and sadly up my weary way ;
 Till at Thy call, summoned from cross to crowning,
 My darkness yields before Thy perfect day !

FIRST BORN.

THE wild March wind comes sighing up the river,
 And all the hills around are white with snow ;
 Dark, save one beacon light that trembleth ever
 On the tossed flood that swells and heaves below.
 Within, one close by the low cradle leaning,
 Sits moaning heavily upon the floor ;
 One bows his head on his strong arms, as caring,
 Never on this changed world to lift it more.

Rachels, and Ramahs, and a wailing Egypt,
 'Tis the old story of the long ago.
 The little life just trembling in the balance,
 The waiting angel and the mother's woe ;
 Six thousand years that cry has been repeated
 And its eternal youth is ever new,
 And shall be, till the heavenly choir completed,
 The last white wing shall sweep the portals through.

Spared the long journey thro' the desert weary,
 Spared the long anguish of hope's dying day ;
 The fair white brow that never shame o'ershadowed,
 The little feet that never went astray ;

Folded and safe within their Father's dwelling,
 Heirs to the crown and palm they never won ;
 O waiting angel, ere our hearts shall falter,
 Take thou the child ! O God, Thy will be done !

SLEEP AND DEATH.

O NOT twin brethren, sleep and death !
 Though both in Paradise had birth.
 From that first sleep sprang breathing life
 To people all the moving earth.

The leaves hung heavy o'er his head,
 The air was filled with odors rare ;
 While yet unseen by mortal eye—
 Earth's first created slumbered there.

Unconscious that before he woke
 His new-found bride should watch his rest,
 And earth and heaven with glad acclaim,
 Should keep the wondrous marriage feast.

But all too soon upon that bliss,
 The shades of sin and death were cast ;
 Too soon, before the avenging curse,
 The first-born son fled far and fast.

So grew from off that fatal tree
 The seeds of wrong, and shame, and crime ;

Yet from that death springs life again,
In God's own full appointed time.

Again the tree is planted deep,
Which bears immortal fruit for man ;
And buried in that three-day tomb,
Death died, and endless life began !

Sleep on, O ye in Christ who die !
Toil on, O ye in Christ who dwell !
Rejoice that all, both life and death,
Are His who doeth all things well !

He giveth His beloved sleep !
All kingly gifts are in His hand,
And death, the last, but opens up
The morning of the better land !

I W I S H.

“ I WISH I was an heiress
The fairest of them all,
I'd deck me for the revel,
I'd grace the crowded hall !”
She went forth gay and lovely,
And lovers round her bowed,
Her wealth, her rank, her beauty,
The envy of the crowd.

“ I’m weary of this mock’ry,
Oh for a quiet home
With one fond heart to love me,
Where care should never come ;”
Fair were the roses trailing
Around her cottage door,
And loving were the voices
Which bade her roam no more !

“ I wish that I were going
Beyond the dark blue sea,
Old temples and old ruins
The spoils of art to see ;”
She slumbered in the shadow
The pyramids had made,
And left but graves behind her,
Beneath the maple’s shade !

“ Oh, for one look in dying
Of my fair childhood’s home ;
Love, friendship, all have left me,
And only death to come !”
They bore her to the dwelling
Where life’s first hours were past
And there the lovely weeper
Was laid to rest at last !

THE BURIAL OF BONCHAMPS.

A TALE OF THE VENDEE.

“**R**AISE him lightly, bear him gently, for his life
blood ebbs away,
The blood that ever freely flowed in the cause of our
Vendée,
Three times before we've borne him thus from out
the stormy fight,
But a voice is ringing in our ears, it will be the last
to-night.

Would you know how he, the gallant one, was stricken
in the fray?
The hand that dealt the fatal blow, has turned ere
this to clay;
He lieth there the carrion hound, whose life our hero
gave,
But the craven coward turned on him, and no hand
was near to save.

Those lips which never breathed an oath, are blue as
yonder sky,
And palsied is the arm that waved the lily banner
high;
There is triumph now at Paris in the fierce and mur-
derous crew,
But our King will give a tear to him, the loyal and
the true!”

The leaden bullets fell like rain from where against
the sky
The banner of the Faubourgs was waving up on
high ;
But on they bore their murdered chief along their
homeward way—
To die as he had ever lived in the heart of his Ven-
dée !

Five weary leagues, and then beyond springs up that
blessed spire ;
“ Press on ! press on ! for St. Florent before the day
expire,
And if no mortal aid avail, no mortal hand can save,
That church contains five thousand foes to die upon
his grave !

He shall not perish unavenged, whilst there our
prisoners wait
The traitors to their God and King, his death shall
seal *their* fate ;
Their Paris streets are dyed with gore, our St. Florent
shall show,
That Vendean justice tarries not—nor is its vengeance
slow.”

The holy cross yet shone above, the altar stood below,
Yet knelt no maiden in the aisle, no priests to come
and go,

No organ's note swelled loud and high, but in its
stead was there,
The muttered oath, the moan of pain, and the fierce
cry of despair !

And louder grew the horrid din as the tramp of
armed men,
Came nearer yet upon the ear—and the drum was
beat again ;
Loud they heard the Vendean battle shout, and knew
the doom was near,
And the mercy they had given, was all the mercy
they could fear.

And wildly rose their shriek of woe, as they heard
the pass-words ring—
“ One volley and the deed is done for the cross and
for the King ;
And ye may tell the rebel horde, who chance to pass
this way,
Here was the funeral pile we raised to the hero of
Vendée ! ”

Another shriek of wild despair, and it roused the
dying man
Half rising from his leafy bier ere the murderous fire
began,

And once again his voice was heard like a clarion
trumpet's ring,
No longer with his battle-cry "For the lilies and the
King!"

"Spare! mercy for th' unarmed host, if ye have
thought for me,
If ye have ever loved your chief now show how deep
it be ;
Ye have fought beside me many a day, ye are my
children dear,
Why turn ye from my dying couch as if ye will not
hear ;

Ye will not listen to my voice, ye will not heed my cry!
Ye have never yet refused my prayer ; it is time for
me to die !
Yet I will speak, I will command, I am your leader still,
My voice is not yet hushed in death, and ye shall
obey my will !"

A rush of blood, a single sigh, and the chieftain's
task was o'er,
The leader of a hundred fights would grasp the sword
no more ;
Yet strong in death as brave in life, his last com-
mand obeyed,
Five thousand grateful foes knelt down where the
clay cold form was laid.

D O Y O U R E M E M B E R ?

DO you remember those summer eves
When the bustling day was over,
When the evening hours were dark'ning fast
And the crowd from the busy street had passed--
All save some lingering lover ?

By the low window we used to sit,
While the loving moon was beaming ;
And you told me tales of the Western woods,
And the prairie lands, and the rushing floods--
Wild as some poet's dreaming.

Your voice is yet on my list'ning ear,
And your smile on my heart remaining ;
But I look alone on the busy street,
And I hear the sound of passing feet,
When the sunlit day is waning.

With no glance of thine on my heart to shine,
And I both sad and lonely,
And you are afar o'er the billowy sea ;
Thinking perchance of all but me,
While I dream about you only !

L O O K I N G U P W A R D !

THE wreaths that deck the banquet-hall are flinging
Their incense o'er the revellers below ;

Alas ! the hours their ceaseless course are winging ;
And ere the blossoms shall have fallen low,
The shadowy hand may trace along the wall ;
Away with feast and wine ! room for the bier and
pall !

Oh ! let me sweep the heavens with glance up-spring-
ing,
Learn each bright radiance, count the gems of
night,
And pierce my way up where the stars are singing,
Past the sweet influence of our worlds of light,
And only pause where angel-paths begin
At that wide gulf 'twixt purity and sin !

Give air ! I pine here where the roof-tree waveth ;
Give me the lands beyond the orient seas ;
My soul the ocean, and the desert braveth ;
Oh, for a life to spend in toils like these !
Vain, vain ! that starry guard no mortal breaketh ;
The pilgrims' grave the desert pathway maketh.

Sweet is the blending of two hearts together,
The mutual trust, the fond and kind caress,
When each has sworn to part and sunder never,
But given their lives for blessing and to bless ;
And when the light of childhood's smile appeareth,
That Home, half heaven within its bosom beareth !

Vain ! vain again ! Thy God not here is dwelling,
Though sweet to live caressing and caressed ;
And even here the solemn voice is swelling,
“ Arise ! ” depart, for this is not your rest !
Immortal spirits ask immortal joy ;
Earth’s purest gold has dark and dim alloy.

Poor, lonely, fixed upon the bed of weeping,
Daylight no longer greeting sightless eyes,
Oh, what can give calm days and quiet sleeping ?
Can even star-light o’er such gloom arise ?
Yet hear a voice from that poor child of sadness,
A voice of triumph and a song of gladness :

“ My Saviour ! Thou art near unto the lonely ;
Thou givest light and glory to the blind :
The veil of sense once rent from off the spirit,
The bars once broken which the soul confined,
What matters it whence comes that ransomed spirit—
From hut or palace—glory to inherit ?

“ Give me the water from those upper fountains !
Give me the fruit of that immortal tree ;
Take all the worldling’s wealth of gain and pleasure,
And let me find my fulness all in Thee !
Their pinions droop where *ours*, first upward spring-
ing,
Catch gales of Paradise, their courses winging.”

M A N Y M A N S I O N S .

THERE are dwellings in the country,
THere are dwellings low and wide
In the shadow of the mountains,
By the mill-stream's rapid tide ;
Where the chestnut boughs o'ershadow,
The broad and drooping eaves,
And the western wind comes freshly
Through the rustling of the leaves.

I know those pleasant dwellings,
For I was a country child,
And I plucked the purple berries
Far up the mountain wild !
And I chased the lowing cattle
Along their homeward way,
But I never asked if childhood
And home would last away.

There are dwellings in the city,
There are dwellings fair and tall
Where broad the light is dancing
Along the pictured wall ;
And out through crimson curtains
When the passers linger long,
To hear the children's laughter,
And the maiden's evening song.

I know those stately dwellings,
For one I called my home,
And I paced my gorgeous chambers
Where I thought no care could come,
And I laughed a low, sweet laughter
To the baby at my breast,
For I thought my goods were garnered,
And my soul could take her rest.

There are dwellings in the alleys
Where the poor and wretched meet,
And the shout and song ring wildly—
Up from the crowded street.
Where the air is foul with odors,
And the heart within us dies,
As we hear the mocking laughter
And the children's bitter cries.

I know those wretched dwellings,
For there I toil and pray,
For the children's bread I know not,
Where to seek the coming day ;
It is hard to dwell with sorrow,
And harder still with crime—
But I ask no murm'ring question,
I have learned to bide my time !

There are dwellings fair and stately
Beyond all mortal sight,

Where the walls are built of jasper,
And the floors as sapphire bright ;
Where the doors are always open,
And the angels come and go,
And we hear amongst them voices
We are almost sure we know.

I know those stately mansions—
For my Father owns them all,
And I am only waiting
To hear His welcome call.
I shall lay down at the threshold
The burden of my care,
For I shall go home at evening,
But shall find it morning there !

THE BRIGHTNESS IN THE WEST !

HARK ! the voices of the children
Playing in the meadow-grass ;
See the long reeds bend before them
Springing backward as they pass ;
They never see the shadows
That are thick'ning round their way ;
To the eyes of happy childhood,
It is always dawn or day.

The twilight dew is falling,
But they never feel it come,
Till they hear the summons calling
From many a cottage home :
“ Where is evening—where is twilight ?
Oh it is not time for rest ! ”
And their eager fingers pointing
To the brightness in the West !

Ah, yes ! ye little children
There is brightness there, I know,
Though mine eye too often turneth
To the darker things below ;
And so live, ye little children,
That when comes God's call to rest,
Ye may point as glad as ever,
To the brightness in the West !

A MOTHER'S LAST PARTING.

FROM her mother's bosom warm
Take the child and bear her forth ;
Down the valley rolls the storm,
Hurrying from the clouded north :
When we made the grave to-day,
Cold and frozen was the ground ;
Darker seemed it, that there lay
Snow on all the church-yard round.

Take her from her mother's breast !

She no more may slumber there,
By those swollen lips caressed—

Lips that breathed so vain a prayer :
When her father's door she leaves,
She will heed no rain nor wind,
Nor that wilder storm that heaves
One fond bosom left behind !

Round her pillow in the night,

How oft that mother's arm will fold
Dreaming, as she clasps it tight,

That those arms her baby hold !
Oh to sleep that sleep whose dreams
Give us all we loved once more !
Oh those morning's waking beams,
Telling us our joys are o'er !

Fondly may that mother tend

Other children just as fair ;
Other voices soon may blend

With that mother's evening prayer :
Yet from all their careless mirth

Many a night her heart will stray,
Lingering round that spot of earth,
In the church-yard far away !

LITTLE CHILDREN.

WEEP not for them ! it is no cause for sorrow,
That theirs was no long pathway to the tomb ;
They had one bright to-day—no sad to-morrow
Rising in hope, and darkening into gloom.

Weep not for them ! their snowy plumes expanded,
E'en now are waving through the worlds of light ;
Perchance on messages of love remanded,
They sweep across your slumbers in the night.

Weep not for them ! Give tears unto the living ;
Oh, waste no vain regret on lot like theirs !
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving,
That ye have nurtured angels unawares !

FADING AND FLEETING ALL !

FADING and fleeting all
From the tall forest to the fluttering leaf—
Life unto both is beautiful and brief—
The leaves with autumn fall.

Decay is on the earth,
The stately palace feels her icy hand,
Where broken columns and dim watch towers stand,
Once filled with mirth—



Yet far more sad than all,
 The curse is writ upon man's ruined brow—
 Care ; iron sickness bows his firm strength low
 Beneath the pall—

His spirit feels the weight,
 Ambition fires him, high and vague desires
 That light his very soul with inward fires,
 Yet victory comes too late !

But through the dark, one ray
 Struggles for room through all the clouds around,
 One holy trust is for his spirit found,
 Night cannot last away !

There is immortal youth,
 Strong in his heart that yet shall be renewed ;
 Earth crumbles, but the spirit unsubdued
 Lives in eternal truth !



A M Y !

SHE looketh all the day,
 Which slowly wears away,
 For the long evening when she hopes to greet him—
 And as she sits alone,
 Thinks of the days now gone,
 When her young heart grew glad and gay to meet
 him.

Nightly she braids her hair
As she was wont to wear
It in the days when he and hope were true ;
But evening goeth by,
And still he comes not nigh,
As in past days he had been wont to do.

Slowly she counts the time,
And every gaining chime,
Till the last hour goes by with solemn sound ;
And then the tears will fall,
Although she strives with all,
A woman's pride her fond heart to surround.

Tracing the past again,
She deems perchance that then—
Striving to hide the fond hopes she had fear
Might seem to him too bold—
She had appeared too cold,
And chilled his heart while seeking to endear.

And when sleep seals her eyes,
And visions o'er them rise,
His image comes in troubled dreams forever :
Sometimes as in the past,
Then changed as at the last ;
And thus, in day and night, he haunts her ever.

FOREST TEACHINGS.

A FAR away in the greenwood shade
There is pleasant company—
The bending elm and the wreathing vine
Each whisper a word to thee—
For every flower has its voiceless lore,
And a lesson it teaches well ;
And all we need is an earnest heart,
And to hear and to heed the spell.

Oh some they love best their mother earth ;
And they creep along as near,
As if a voice on the coming blast,
Had given them cause to fear ;
And cling to her like a trusting child
As no ill could reach them there ;
So the lowliest lot, and the humblest heart
Feels least of the storm of care.

And some, oh they leave the earth below,
And clamber so far on high,
That they seem to envy the shining stars
That are nearer to the sky !
And long for the breath of autumn's blast
To carry them far away ;
So some holy hearts seem drawn to heaven,
Though fettered by mortal clay.

And some—they on the lowly earth
 But look to the ray on high,
 As thankful they were for home and rest—
 But better they loved the sky ;
 And learn we now in the greenwood shade
 The lesson that these have given,
 Like children to dwell on our mother earth,
 But to keep one eye on Heaven !

THE EARLY DEAD.

THOU hast fallen from among us—there are many
 words of woe,
 As the mourners through the streets wind on devoted-
 ly and slow ;
 The place where once we met thee, is sad and lonely
 now,
 Since the chill of death has fallen upon thy fair young
 brow.

As we kissed its snowy marble, we had something
 yet of thee ;
 But the lid is closed above it, forever thus to be.
 And a sudden gloom has fallen upon the stately hall,
 Where thou wert once the sunshine and blessing of
 us all.

Thou hast fallen from among us, in the spring-time's
early hours,
And one blooming link is wanting in our garland of
bright flowers ;
The lily pure and white, was the emblem we had
given,
To one who was too fair for earth, and hast'ning on
to heaven !

The lily's stem is broken, and the flower is all decay'd,
But it blossoms now above us, where no blossoms
ever fade ;
There is weeping in thy dwelling, but no dew rests
on the flower,
No night hangs o'er it heavily in that immortal bower.

Aye, bear her from among us to the quiet wooded
shade,
Where her mother and her kindred in the silent dust
are laid ;
Her mother sleeps beside her, who died when she
was born,
They shall first behold each other on the resurrection
morn !

It was fitting she should slumber upon that mother's
breast,
Like a child with mirth, o'erwearied, who seeks a
quiet rest ;

Then lay her down beside them, whose heart was all
 their own,
 And let them rest together 'neath one memorial stone!

T W E N T Y Y E A R S .

FOR twenty years we've passed, dear Kate!
 Down Time's full tide together,
 And proved all changing chance and scene,
 And met all kinds of weather;
 Since when—'t was on your birthday, Kate—
 We vowed eternal truth;
 Two laughing girls, with all the mirth
 Of gay and careless youth.

And we have kept our promise, Kate!
 In spite of youth's decaying,
 While Time with other's fortunes hath
 All sorts of freaks been playing;
 Nor has it left *us* changeless, Kate!
 Mine eye has lost its brightness,
 And your once graceful form hath not
 Its former fairy lightness.

For twenty years will make, dear Kate!
 In maiden beauty, changes;
 And many a head it layeth low,
 And many a heart estranges:

Full forty years are on your brow,
 And some few more on mine,
 Where shining threads of silver grey
 Begin with brown to twine.
 And we are spinsters both, dear Kate!
 Yet happy ones, I trow;
 There's many a wedded wife I know
 Who wears a sadder brow:
 And blessings on your birthday, Kate!
 And blessings on your lot;
 You're blest indeed with loving friends,
 For oh! who loves you not!

And far off be the day, dear Kate!
 When one of us lies low;
 And one is left behind to mourn
 And strive alone with woe.
 We've lived in love, while twenty years
 Have flown full swiftly past;
 And when the parting summons comes
 May I not be the last!

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

SEED sown on that December morn,
 When down the crowded way,
 With fetters on his aged limbs,
 The old man, stern and gray,

Passed out to die on Southern soil
And leave his name to be
Enrolled amid that martyr host,
Who died for liberty !

It lay beneath the hearts of men,
A twelve-month and no more,
And then the ballot-boxes held,
The ample fruit it bore ;
When sturdy sons of dauntless sires,
Ranged round with fearless mein,
And o'er them like a Heaven above,
The Stars and Stripes were seen.

The glorious flag our fathers loved,
That flag profaned and cursed,
By those who underneath its folds
From infancy were nursed ;
Dust cannot soil that banner old,
Nor traitor hands deface,
We fling it honored to the breeze,
Leave them the foul disgrace !

And all along Virginia's side,
This sultry summer's day,
Springs up the fruit of evil deeds
In strife and deadly fray ;

In booming cannon bearing death,
 Through all her fertile shore,
 The stately homes her daughters love
 Resound their songs no more !

In vengeance sown, and reaped in blood,
 What shall the harvest be ?
 The birth-pang of a travail hour,
 Whose fruit is liberty ;
 And all throughout this warring land,
 That word new meaning claims.
 The lines our fathers wrote with blood
 No longer—empty names !

So shall that day when freedom stood
 With folded hands in prayer,
 Be followed by a flood of light
 Which took its sunrise there ;
 And as he from the scaffold stooped
 To kiss the child of shame,
 So by his deed a race was raised,
 A new birth-right to claim !

A P R I L .

A WARMER breath is on the air,
 The turf looks green below,
 And softly breaks upon the ear
 The streamlet's rippling flow—

Glad to have burst its icy chain,
And bounding swiftly by,
Joining the jubilate song
Which bursts from earth and sky.

A warmer tint has yon blue sky—
The clouds a brighter hue ;
And gaily break the sunny rays
Their opening portals through—
Flinging on vale and hill a light,
Which heralds future hours
Of rich and waving loveliness,
Of gay and gorgeous flowers.

The pine alone her livery wears
Of summer's richest green ;
But, bursting buds the lilac bears
With shining leaves between ;
And the young moss half hidden yet
By autumn's fallen leaves,
Looks green beside the forest paths,
And round the time-worn eaves.

As waketh up a happy child
From slumbers unto play,
So rises up this April morn
As rolls the night away.

Oh, would that we with these bright hours,
 Could wake as free from care,
 And all the ice-chains on our hearts
 Break with the warmer air.

Could their lost verdure too, return,
 As do the sun and flowers—
 And early hopes come back again
 With summer's fragrant hours.
 How gladly should we wait and watch
 The changes of the year,
 And welcome back the April time
 With even its April tear.

H O M E V O I C E S .

I AM so home sick in this summer weather !
 Where is my home upon this weary earth ?
 The maple trees are bursting into freshness
 Around the pleasant place that gave me birth !

But dearer far, a grave for me is waiting,
 Far up among the pine-tree's greener shade ;
 The willow boughs the hand of love has planted
 Wave o'er the hillock where my dead are laid !

Why go without me, oh ye loved and loving ?
 What has earth left of happiness or peace ?

Let me come to you where the heart grows calmer,
Let me lie down where life's wild strugglings cease.

Earth has no home for hearts so worn and weary,
Life has no second spring for such a year !
Oh, for the day that bids me come to meet you,
And life in gladness in that summons hear !

T I M E ' S C H A N G E S .

WE have lain down our youthful visions,
And taken up manhood's years ;
There were dews upon childhood's garland,
But the drops upon these are of tears !

We walked through the paths we had chosen
With a smile and a thoughtless brow ;
But a voice in our ears is sounding,
Too late to be careless now !

No more shall we wake with the morning
To welcome an idling day,
For care will spring up with the dawning,
And walk at our side all the way.

There is gray on the locks we remember,
That hung o'er our childhood's rest ;

And tremors are heard in the voices
Whose tones we loved ever the best.

And now, when we number our treasures,
Our hearts must search far and wide,
For some are over the billow,
Some sleep at the church's side!

H I N D E R M E N O T !

HINDER me not! the path is long and weary,
I may not pause nor tarry by the way;
Night cometh, when no man may journey onward,
For we must walk as children of the day!

I know the city lieth far behind me,
The very brightest gem that studs the plain,
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery rain.

I must press on until I reach my Zoar,
And there find refuge from the fearful blast:
In Thy cleft side, O smitten Saviour! hide me,
Till the calamity be overpast.

Ye cannot tempt me back with pomp or pleasure,
All in my eager grasp have turned to dust;
The shield of love around my heart is broken,
How shall I place on man's frail life my trust?

But my heart lingers when I pass the dwellings
Where children play about the open door ;
And pleasant voices waken up the echoes,
From silent lips of those I see no more.

For thro' their chambers swept the solemn warning,
Arise ! depart ! for this is not your rest ;
They folded their pale hands and sought the pres-
ence ;
I only bore the arrow in my breast.

But there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer
Whose sovereign power can cure our every ill ;
And to the soul, more wildly tempest-tossing
Than ever Galilee, say, " Peace, be still !"

Who, showing His own name thereon engraven,
With bleeding hands will draw the dart again,
And whisper, " Should the true disciple murmur,
To taste the cup his Master's lip could drain ?"

And then lead on, until we reach the river,
Which all must cross, and some must cross alone ;
O ye who in the land of peace are wearied,
How shall ye breast the Jordan's swelling moan ?

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore ;

But one, whose form the Son of God resembleth,
Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more.

O weary heads! rest on your Saviour's bosom:
O weary feet! press on the path He trod;
O weary souls! your rest shall be remaining
When ye have gained the city of your God!

O glorious city! jasper built and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

Then shall ye pluck fruits from that tree immortal,
And be like gods, but find no curse therein;
There shall ye slake your thirst in that full fountain,
Whose distant streams sufficed to cleanse your sin.

There shall ye find your dead in Christ arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angels' song;
Well may ye echo from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

S U R S U M C O R D A !

(UP WITH YOUR HEARTS.)

SURSUM Corda! morning breaks,
Lift up to Heaven your grateful voice,
Tired nature wakes from her repose,
And all her thousand tongues rejoice.

Oh let it no lip service be,
 No outward show, no hollow prayer ;
 Up with your hearts, ye worshipers,
 Remembering that the Lord is there !

Sursum Corda ! when ye throng
 Into God's holy house of prayer,
 Shake the world's dust from off your feet,
 And leave behind you every care.
 Where two or three in His name meet,
 Our covenant Lord is pledged to be ;
 Up with your hearts, ye tempted saints,
 Unto the God of Calvary !

Sursum Corda ! when ye kneel
 Around the table of the Lord,
 Seeking the blessings promised there,
 In His own never failing word.
 Oh then let not a thought of earth
 Draw off your souls from heavenly love !
 Come, Holy Spirit, seal our vows
 With light and comfort from above !

P R O S E R P I N A !

OH Proserpina, loved and lost forever !
 Oh woeful mother ! oh most cruel spring !
 Flowers blooming by the wayside, full buds swelling,
 And blossoms dropping from the ripening !

Birds singing where the meadow grass is springing,
Building their homes on every leafy tree ;
Bees humming by with luscious stores o'erladen,
All, all come back, but not my love to me !

Back to thy fountains, hill-streams flowing ever,
Mould in thy cerements, flower and fruit, and grain,
Let earth be desolate as is my bosom,
Till my lost child return to me again.

The scarlet poppies flaunting in the meadows,
They would scorch in upon my burning brain ;
The songs of reapers in the harvest fulness
Would ring her laughter in my ear again.

Oh blinding hail ! pour down thy fiercest fury,
Only give place to droughts that curse and blight,
Till crushed out every hope of summer verdure,
The fields lie blasted to my aching sight !

Oh earth ! which had not even a grave to give her,
Oh mountains, mocking back my eager cry !
Let no sweet dews from Heaven descend upon you,
No cooling wind sweep your parched fissures by !

Then, when earth languishes, and Heaven is brazen,
Will mortal lips send forth so wild a prayer,
That the rent earth will open to her caverns
At the fierce cry of their, and my despair !

And from her prison fair, and young, and lovely,
 Bearing all blessings in her open hand,
 With joy to me, and to the earth rejoicing,
 At the wide portal will my daughter stand.

At every step, earth blushing into beauty ;
 At every smile, flowers springing into birth ;
 At every word, fields yielding their full treasure ;
 And harvest, joy, encircling all the earth !

Such welcome as was never given to beauty,
 Such cries of joy as never rent the sky ;
 When my clasped arms enfold my child returning,
 And all my sorrows pass forgotten by.

DE PROFUNDIS.

THE night is chill, my hands are very weary,
 Yet through the darkness to Thy cross I cling ;
 O Thou who suffered there, Redeemer, Saviour !
 Cast me not off, a weak and guilty thing !

I see Thy ransomed ones still upward treading
 The slender bridge, which spans the gulf we dread ;
 I see the golden gates, yet backward swinging,
 The fiery sword is passing o'er my head !

Once, I believed my garment washed and whitened,
 When first I knelt before Thy cross and Thee ;
 Now, torn and soiled, my nakedness revealing,
 There is no semblance left of purity !

Heal me, and take me ! Thou hast purchased dearly
 Thy ransomed ones from out the tempter's hand ;
 One drop of blood, that falls from off Thy forehead
 Shall buy my freedom, and I rescued stand !

Though clouded oft, Thy sun shines on forever ;
 I know Thy grace and glory are divine ;
 I need divinity to give me succor,
 There is no arm to save, but only Thine !

Bare then that arm, O Helper and Restorer !
 Satan is clutching me from off my hold !
 Snatch me, a smoking flax, from out the burning ;
 Thine be the glory, as in days of old !

LOCUST BRANCHES.

DO you know the locust branches
 Where they bend above the stream ?
 Do you know the shallow water
 Where it ripples in the beam ?

Do you know the bridge that spans it
Whose planks sound to the tread,
And the posts that seem to totter
As the west wind rocks their bed ?

Do you know the place of meeting ?
'T is no place of meeting now ;
And other steps are treading
Beneath the locust bough !
There are barks upon the water,
And footsteps on the shore ;
But a lonely, lonely feeling,
I have there evermore !

I close mine eyes, and listen
For the beating of an oar,
And I think a shadowy boatman,
Goes rowing past the shore ;
And I hear such mocking voices
Around and in my ear,
That the years and days roll backward
Till those parting hours appear.

Oh sad the locust seemeth,
And the ripple on the wave !
Dost thou sleep by rushing waters ?
Is the locust o'er thy grave ?

Take, take their blossoms from me,
 For my spring of life is gone,
 And the only flower I cherished,
 The cruel grave hath won !

A R I A D N E !

A RIADNE ! Ariadne !
 Weeping by the salt sea-shore ;
 Other shadows come, and vanish,
 Thine remains for evermore !
 With thy dark eye dimmed with weeping,
 And thy sad heart rent with pain.
 Ariadne ! type of woman,
 Thou shalt never rest again !

All thy trials nought remembered,
 All thy love, thus thrown aside.
 Ariadne ! thou hast trodden
 The same path with many a bride ;
 Many a spirit, love forsaken,
 Many a soul like thine o'ertasked ;
 Many a sun withdrawn unheeding,
 From the worm that in it basked.

Ariadne ! thou wert weeping
 By the salt sea's sandy shore ;
 Ariadne ! we are keeping
 Watch like thine for evermore !

Many a traitor soon forsaking
 Swell the sails on Life's false sea,
 Leaving with no sigh or sorrow
 One who loved too much, like thee !

Ariadne ! crowned of Bacchus !
 Not for us the vine leaves wait ;
 Where doth linger yet the future,
 Where, oh where, the coming fate !
 Many an eye yet looks in sorrow
 O'er the sad and sounding main.
 Ariadne ! Queen of Bacchus !
 Shall our loves return again ?

Now we hear the Faun's soft playing,
 Now we hear the tiger's roar ;
 Comes the God of Love and Pleasure,
 Comes he as in times of yore ?
 Ariadne ! lo he cometh !
 Now our hearts like thine grow free,
 Pleasure yet awaits the mourner
 Weeping by the sounding sea !

COMING.

THE spring returns with all her summer promise,
 Flower, and bird, and blossoms on the trees ;
 When the boughs with autumn's wealth are laden
 She will come back to me !

Day and night go by with ceaseless motion,
But she cometh nevermore !
Month and year go round with sad returning,
And the winter o'er and o'er !

When the last long waiting day is over,
And the heart that loved is tried too long,
Like a bow long drawn and sudden bending,
The more sudden that it was so strong !

She will come, all light, and love, and gladness,
And will find a vacant place ;
Eyelids closed above the eyes which darkened,
Looking for the sunshine of her face.

And the heart which counted out its beatings
In vain longing for that hour of bliss,
Will lie cold and still, where her late coming
Will not waken even by her kiss !

Oh, the sorrow that is wasted on her,
It has weighed a soul into the grave !
While she heard and would not heed the wailings,
Neither come, nor send, nor stoop to save.

Light some other home, oh love and beauty !
Fill some other heart with joy and peace ;
But one vain regret amid thy glory,
Beating with thy pulse shall never cease !

TIME AND TIDE.

THE ebb and flow of the tide below
Is like to our hopes and fears :
Now calm and bright, in its silvery light,
The broad blue bay appears ;
And its mirrored plain gives back again
The sun with a ruddier glow,
As if no shade o'er its breast e'er played,
And no shadows e'er lurked below.

But changing soon, like the fickle moon,
The waters speed fast away,
Like hopes we nursed ere the bubble burst,
And we mourned their quick decay.
Then the green bed whence the waters sped,
Looks reedy, and dark, and low ;
The sun in vain seeks his rays again
On the pebbly bank below !

Alternate so is the ebb and flow
Of our pleasure and our care ;
But while one speeds on, now here, now gone,
The other is ever there ;
Though hid awhile by the water's smile,
'Tis ever the same below ;
And though joy be ours in some happy hours,
There is care ever there we know !

But why complain, while some joys remain,
That sorrow must linger still ?
Never a cup has been mingled up
For man that had nought of ill ;
Then be we gay while the waters stay,
And welcome the sunbeam's prime,
And be patient still in the coming ill,
Till we bide our allotted time.

THE EASTERN HILLS.

AWAY across the mountain land,
My heart returns to thee !
In dreams I tread the verdant turf
Beneath the maple tree ;
I see the meadows broad below,
The river sweeping by ;
And far beyond those dark blue hills,
Against the eastern sky !

Those eastern hills, those eastern hills !
How oft at morn's first glow,
I've watched the coming glory cast
A crown upon their brow ;
And when the western sky was flecked
With gold and purple sheen,
The latest sunbeam lingered there,
While twilight lay between.

And they who loved so well to watch
That sunshine and that shade,
Who took sweet counsel as they walked,
And round one altar prayed ;
Wide billowy seas may foam between,
But one in aim and heart ;
Earth's different paths one end shall reach,
Divide, but never part !

And thus those far-off eastern hills
They are a type to me
Of those from which our help has come
Which stand eternally !
The same dark shadows round their base,
Between the swelling flood ;
And the same glory on their brow,
The sunshine of our God !

And we shall cross that rolling stream,
And gain the hills we seek ;
Though some may climb the steepest paths
With weary steps, and weak.
And when we turn again to mark
The wonders of the way,
Each cloud will show its silver side,
Each night its dawning day !

F A R A W A Y !

FAR away! oh words that have such meaning!
Far away, and I alone!
All the sunshine, and the summer weather,
And the singing birds have gone!

While I sit and listen for the falling
Of your step across the floor,
Or think I see a golden ringlet shining
Where the light comes through the door.

Half the night I listen to the plashing
Of the waves along the shore;
Half the night we wander on together,
As we shall do never more!

Oh the waking, when upon the threshold
Between sleep and morn we part;
When the desolate gray morning breaketh
Overhead, and o'er my heart!

When the wind comes sweeping like a sea-bird
That goes forth and finds no rest,
And my heart folds her cold wings together
Around an empty nest!

THE STUDENT'S LIFE.

A LONELY life and a weary oft
Is the Student's dreary lot ;
The merry laugh and the song of joy
For his silent lip are not ;
His very life is one ceaseless dream,
As he bends o'er the time-worn page,
Till his silent form is bent as if age
Had quenched his young life's beam.
He studies until his cell is filled
With the forms once passed away,
And his very breath is hushed and stilled
With awe, as the ghastly company
Around his senses play ;
Till some noise of the street or the city's din,
Or the shout of childhood comes breaking in ;
And he rises up from his oaken chair,
And gazes out on the open day,
And bares his brow to the cooling air,
And looks below on the busy way
Where thousands are passing—the old and gray ;
And the young and fair with their laughing eyes,
While a happy smile on each bright lip lies,
And their ringing voices are loud and gay—
While hands are clasping and hearts beat high,
The Student gazes with moistened eye.
To all the joys of that busy mart
There is no link from his lonely heart ;

His cell is his world, and his books are his friends,
As day by day his brow he bends
O'er the ancient tomes, while the busy and gay
Are laughing the lightsome hours away !
But see below in the crowded street,
How beggar and prince in the jostle meet,
And the tattered robe and pale form are seen
To mingle full oft in the gaudy scene.
And care under costly robes is worn,
And misery shrinks from the glance of scorn ;
The hungry are weeping, and they who spend
Their lives 'mid the heated factories' din,
Where the cool, fresh air scarce pierces in,
With their pallid brows to the smooth stones bend
And pluck the grass from the pavements end,
(Which minds them perchance of their early days,
And the happy child at the cottage door,
Who has left long since his boyhood's plays,
To return to his father's home no more.)
And then creep back to the crowded room,
Where the iron clangs out their knell of doom !
The Student turns to his cell again,
And closes the blind on the scene of pain ;
And blesses his stars as he opes the books,
And again on the long-loved pages looks,
That though lonely his lot, the world's care and din,
While it rages around may not enter in ;
At his door all its tumult and toils must cease,
And his lot at least is a life of peace !

JUDEA CAPTA.

O H thou afflicted, tempest tost !
Whose walls are fallen, whose glory lost ;
Forsaken for a little while,
On thee again thy King shall smile ;
Thy Temple's golden roof shall blaze
Again beneath the noon-tide rays :
The sapphire's light shall mock the Heaven
 Around the court by thousands trod ;
Where all their guilt and sins forgiven,
 Thy sons again shall worship God !

Look upon Zion from afar,
Her gates have fallen in fearful war ;
The Holy City lieth waste,
The hateful banner o'er it placed ;
Yet strong her deep foundations stand,
Laid by our God's own mighty hand !
And there, unseen by mortal eyes,
 The angel guard encampeth still ;
Even when the unhallowed courts arise,
 Defiling all Moriah's hill !

Still heavy on the children fall
The curses braved in Pilate's hall ;
Driven toward the northern snows,
Oft have they fled from deadly foes ;

And still by many a southern wave
 They bow, the outcast and the slave !
 Oppressed by man, and cursed by God,
 They take through earth their weary way ;
 Till He shall spare th' avenging rod,
 And hear His people when they pray.

Oh Thou, who led'st thine exiles back
 Across the desert's weary track !
 And sent Thine angel on their path,
 To foes a messenger of wrath !
 And Thou who by Tiberias trod
 The veiled in man, the present God !
 Hasten the time when once again
 Thy Temple's walls shall builded be,
 And at a new Shekinah's fane
 Thy scattered remnant worship Thee !

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

I AM too weak to struggle any longer,
 Christ must do all and undertake for me ;
 Here blessed Lord, I make myself Thy bondman,
 And know that Thou will give me fullest liberty.

Long have I fought, till I am faint and weary,
 In mine own strength I felt the tempter's power ;
 And found his yoke a heavy one and galling,
 Bowing my spirit lower every hour,

Now, Lord, I come to Him who overcometh
Death and the power of Hell's tremendous reign !
I do not say that I shall yet be faithful,
I do not say I shall not fall again !

But Thou hast turned and looked, and I, heart stricken,
Have gone away in bitterness to weep.
Grant Lord, that I ere long may be forgiven,
And be commanded here to feed Thy sheep !

Faint, yet pursuing, may my perfect weakness
Be perfect strength in Thee, my God and Guide !
Not looking back, but up, and on forever,
Let me by grace be armed and sanctified !

I ask no earthly gift nor earthly comfort,
If Thou but give one gift of all the best—
Peace, passing understanding, this I covet ;
Oh God of mercy, give the weary rest !

W A I T I N G .

THOU art a covenant-keeping God !
Thy people still are led
In safety through the wilderness,
With manna still are fed.
Though shadows round their pathway lie,
Yet in the darkest night,
At Thy command the cloud shall turn
To be a beacon light !

No prayer of faith shall fall to earth,
 No seed shall e'er decay ;
 Both to God's glory fruit shall bear
 In His own chosen day !
 Long time the Heavens like brass may seem,
 But yield not to despair ;
 The long-expected shower shall fall,
 The bow shall still be there !

Oh ye of little faith ! no word
 Shall fail that He has said ;
 Work on, ye laborers of the Lord,
 Trust Him for daily bread ;
 And when the harvest time shall come,
 Ye may not live to share ;
 Our God shall send His reapers forth,
 And all your sheaves be there

SANTA CRUZ.

ONLY to come to thy feet and die !
 Like a wounded fawn that has wandered wide,
 And the hunter's arrow has pierced his side,
 As he bounded heedless by.

Why did I leave thy sheltering arms ?
 The waters are wide, and they have no ark ;
 The sunshine is bright, but the nights are dark,
 And I tremble at fierce alarms !

Over the waters away to thee !
But wide are the billows that roll between ;
And " Homeward bound " are words that I ween
Will never be spoken of me !

I hear no voices of fond recall ;
Had'st thou but whispered it faint and low,
My heart would have answered it long ago,
And leaped to the welcome call !

Not here where the orange-groves abound,
And the odors hang heavy on sense and brain ;
Oh, for the breath of the pines again,
And the scent of flowers on the mossy ground !

To die in my youth when all is bright,
And the dance and song are ceaseless mirth ;
And never a hand on this weary earth,
To wipe the dew from my brow to-night !

Only to come to thy feet and die !
But my heart returneth both night and day,
And when the hour cometh to pass away,
You will know that a parting soul is nigh !

You will know by the kiss on your cheek impressed,
And the sudden toss of your wavy hair,
By a ripple that runs through the cool night air ;
But I shall be at rest !

 H Y M N .

IN the hours of pain and sorrow,
 When the world brings no relief;
 When the eye is dim and heavy,
 And the heart oppressed with grief,
 While blessings flee,
 Saviour, Lord, we trust in Thee !

When the snares of earth surround us—
 Pride, ambition, love of ease ;
 Mammon with her false allurements,
 Words that flatter, smiles that please ;
 Then ere we yield,
 Saviour, Lord, be Thou our shield !

When forsaken, in distress,
 Poor, despised, and tempest tost,
 With no anchor here to stay us ;
 Drifting sail, and rudder lost ;
 Then save us Thou,
 Who trod this earth with weary brow !

Thou, the hated and forsaken !
 Thou, the bearer of the cross !
 Crowned of thorns, and mocked, and smitten,
 Counting earthly gain but loss ;
 When scorned are we,
 We joy to be the more like Thee !

Thou, the Father's best beloved !
 Thou, the throned and sceptred King !
 Who but Thee should we, adoring,
 All our prayers and praises bring.
 Thrice bless'd are we,
 Saviour, Lord, in loving Thee !

HERE AND THERE !

FOR us the conflict and the toil,
 The sickness, and the pain ;
 For them, the wiping of the tears,
 Which shall not flow again.
 For us, the path o'ergrown with thorns,
 And darkness round our way ;
 For them, the golden street of Heaven,
 And God's eternal day !

How long, O Lord of love ! how long
 Shall we go mourning here ?
 How long till in Thy courts above
 With singing we appear ?
 We see Thy saints to glory go,
 And trim our lamps anew ;
 When shall we hear the bridegroom's voice,
 And we be summoned too ?

O longing heart ! O aching head !
Our times are in His hand ;
And not a drop is in the cup
Unmeasured by His hand !
And though the bitterness be great,
Yet deeper was the draught,
Which in His hour of agony
Our great Redeemer quaffed !

Though long delayed our time of rest,
And o'er the waters wild
Like Noah's dove we have been sent,
Our rest below defiled ;
Yet soon our exile shall be o'er,
His time of love shall come ;
When He shall open wide the door,
And take the wanderer home !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

TAKE away the propping pillows,
I will lay me down again ;
Ye may bathe my fevered temples,
But ye cannot soothe the pain.
I have watched the soft wind playing
Through the prairie grass and flowers,
And the hot sun idly sinking
All these livelong summer hours.
Draw the curtain yet more closely,
I shall never see it more ,

Let me shut my eyes and listen
For the murmur of the shore.
All night I lie here longing
For the fresh wind of the sea,
And the barren sands beside it,
That was all of home to me.

I know here all is lovely,
While the quiet stream winds by,
Between the tall rank grasses,
And the herds go feeding by ;
Where the purple lilies flaunt them
And the wild swamp flowers are gay,
And the bees make quiet murmur
Through the sultry summer's day.

Still I pine ; forever longing
For the bleak New England shore ;
And my ear is ever haunted,
By the breakers' sullen roar.
The fair green open meadows
Can bring no joy to me,
For the field I long to gaze on,
Is the broad breast of the sea !

But ye cannot quite detain me
When the fever racks my brain,
And my day has almost ended
Shall my soul go forth again.
There may be paths from here to Heaven,
But there is none for me ;

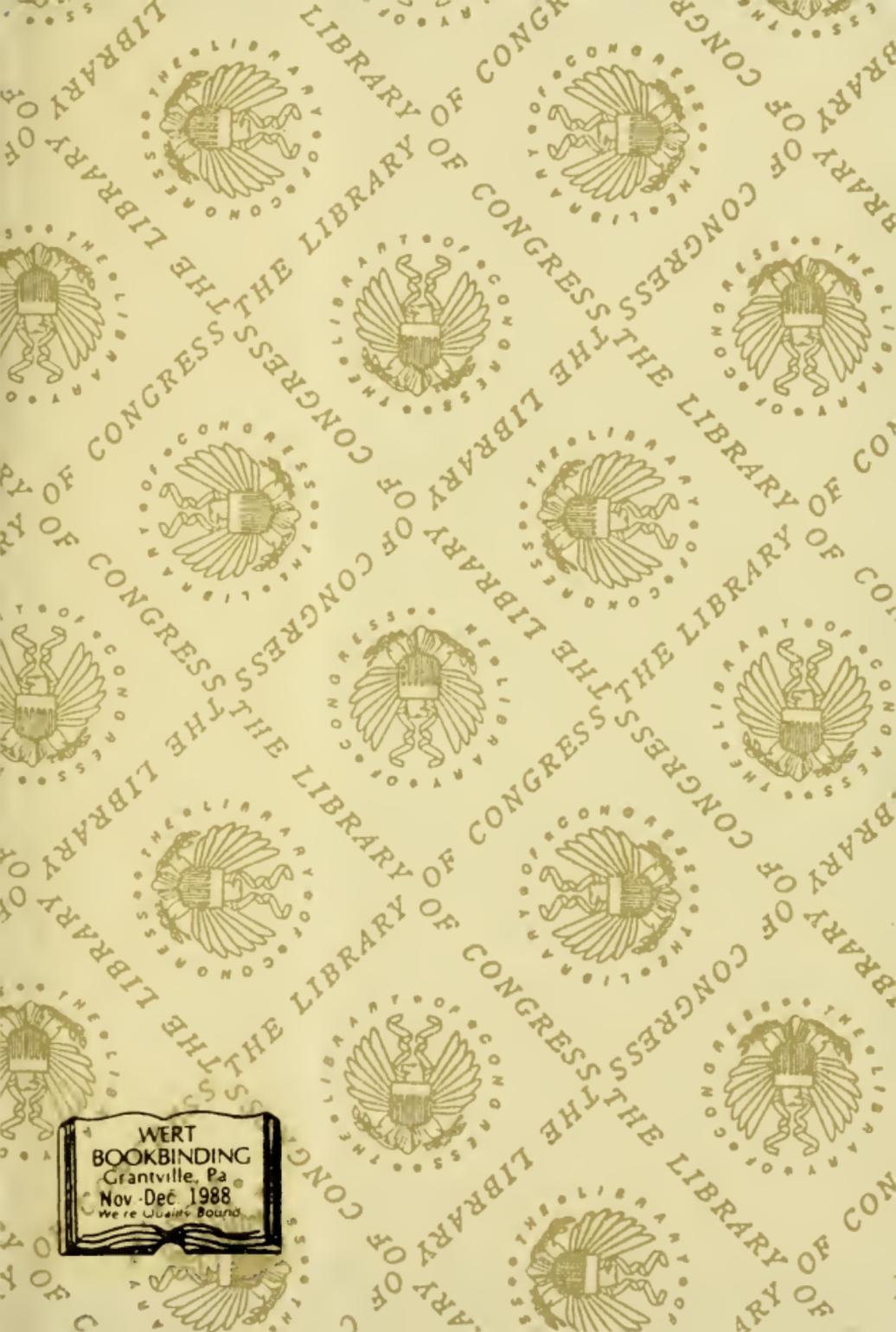
I cannot rest till I have listened
To the moaning of the sea.

When ye are watching sadly
For the last departing breath,
And the hush is on your spirits
Which precedes the hour of death,
My soul will take her pathway
To the wild New England shore,
And on my way to Heaven
I shall see my home once more!

I shall see the low-walled dwelling,
Beneath the old pine tree,
They will hear no branches rustling,
Who are thinking there of me,
I shall see the white sand gleaming,
At the falling of the tide,
And the gray rocks, whence the sea birds
Go wheeling far and wide.

I shall linger in the starlight
By the window to the sea,
And shall hear our father's blessing
Go up for thee and me ;
And with its latest whisper,
I will go with *it* on high ;
So shall home voices bear me
To my home beyond the sky!





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