

RHYMES
FROM
TIME TO TIME

WM CROSWELL DOANE



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Rhymes from Time to Time

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BY
WM. CROSWELL DOANE



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RHYMES from TIME to TIME

I *HAVE* called these verses by their right names. They do not pretend to be poetry.

I believe it to be true that a poet cannot be made unless he is so born, but I am very sure that there must be beside the birth, much labour in the making; and that a busy man, toiling with the plain prose of routine and official duties, has no time left for this "labor limæ."

I am old enough to "dream dreams" and young enough still to "see visions," but the dream or the vision of authorship, during which the first rhyme published in this volume must have been written, long ago faded and melted away. Still, I put it now in the fore-front

of this book, to whose publication I have yielded under a long pressure, resistance to which any longer would have seemed ungracious.

I am quite well aware that the book will only appeal to those, and they are many, whose lives have touched mine in some personal way. And if the verses seem to such too intimate or too intense for publication, I must plead the fact that I have carefully culled out from a multitude of verses those that seemed too strongly personal for outside eyes.

W. C. D.

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Salutatoria

A. D. 1851-1901.

STRANGER, in whose attentive mind,
Our rhymes, nor home nor hearthstone find,
Bethink thee, many a minstrel waits

In silence, at the jewelled gates
That open on the Land of Song;
Till some chance wanderer pass along
Upon whose ears, one gentle tone
Recalls a strain of music gone.
Listening, he opes the massive gates,
Gives entrance to the bard that waits,
And these two souls together stray
Along their wild and wilful way
Heart joined to heart, and hand in hand,
Through all that wondrous, witching land.

O heart that owns one feeling moved,
One strain recalled, that thou hast loved,
One quickened pulse, one starting tear,
'Tis thine to wander with us here.

O heart, that claims no kindred lot
In all our rhymes; rebuke them not;
We sing to no reluctant ear,
No eye, need glance unwilling, here.

Christmas

BETHLEHEM EPHRATAH

WE heard of it at Ephratah;
We found it in the wood,
Of the shameful manger cradle,
Which in the stable stood;
Where ox and ass their Master knew,
And gave their crib to Him,
Whom shepherds learned to own as Lord,
From choir of cherubim.

We heard it in the prophecy,
Of Rachel's travail sore,
When just outside of Ephratah,
Her youngest child she bore.
Benoni, whom his mother
Her "Son of Sorrow" styled,
Is Benjamin "the Son of God's
Right hand," in Mary's Child.

We heard it in the meaning
Of both thy names so rare;
Of Ephratah, "the fruitful,"
Where the Virgin pure did bear
The vine's true fruit; and Bethlehem,
"The House of Living Bread,"
Which, whosoever eateth,
Shall live, though he were dead.

O Bethlehem, O Ephratah!
To-day came forth from thee,
The King whose first forth-coming
Was in eternity! Amen.

Christmas

DECEMBER

I

O MONTH of sweetest cradle song,
That e'er was sung on earth.
O month of strangest child-bearing,
When Jesus came to birth!
Before all worlds begotten,
Yet in this world was born,
God's only Son, Maid Mary's Child,
On the first Christmas morn.

When angel hosts sing glory,
To God on high; the earth
Must ring with the sweet story
Of Jesu's wondrous birth.

II

O month, whose name December,
Brings wondrous things to mind!
O tenth month, we remember,
*That ancient reckoning shrined—

* In the "old style," March was the first month of the year. Hence December got its name: "the tenth." And the old English calendars made March 25th New Year's day.

As each year had its inning,
On Christ's announcing day—
The truth that He, beginning
And ending is always:

He Alpha, He Omega,
Began that day to give
Unending life, unending love,
To all in Him who live.

III

O month, whose robe of white snow
Means Mary, Virgin pure!
O month whose trees of evergreen
Mean God's love true and sure!
While mistletoe, like frozen tear,
Hangs weeping on the trees,
And holly boughs bear berries red
As blood, from sin that frees.

We learn from thee, how ever green,
The faithful love must grow
In hearts, His blood makes white and clean,
Till scarlet be as snow.

Christmas

A. D. 1896.

FLING out, to greet the midnight air,
O Cross-crowned spires, your Christmas
chimes;

Sing out, to meet the morning fair,
O children choirs, your Christmas rhymes.

Ye are the first to catch the strain,
For ye are nearest to the sky;
The childlike heart, still pure from stain,
The spires that lift the Cross so high.

Catch the glad song, that sings of "peace";
Ring the refrain of men's "good will";
Earth never needed, more, its ease,
To right its wrongs, to heal its ill.

Sing out the carols, ring the chimes,
"The Christ of God" was born to-day,
Born for all lands, all men, all times.
And while ye sing, O think and pray!

Not yet, while hosts, in arms arrayed,
Stand ready for the shock of war;
Not yet, while cruel hands, unstayed,
Are red with blood in lands afar;

Not yet, while want and sin and shame
 Press close on plenty, pureness, pride;
Not yet, while souls know not His Name,
 For whom the Lord was born and died;

Not yet, on earth, the "peace of God";
 Because, not yet, in men "good will";
O Prince of Peace, stretch out Thy rod,
 And bid men's wayward wills "be still."

A Christmas Song

(Written for the Albany Hospital Bazaar.)

COME sing a song of Christmas-tide,
To tell of what it brings,
Of blessings scattered far and wide,
With which the welkin rings.

First, glory to our God on high,
For this great gift of grace,
When He who rules above the sky,
First showed on earth His face.

Then Peace! the peace of sins forgiven,
Hearts healed and savéd souls,
The earth redeemed, the opened heaven;
So, loud, the anthem rolls.

And then good will! that men should learn
To love and help each other,
With eager hearts that long and yearn
To own each man a brother.

To build not only homes of ease
And holy Homes of Prayer,
But "Hotels-Dieu," God's hostelries,
For suffering men, to care.

So, God will own, as given to Him,
This Christmas gift we bring;
Our Hospital shall be the hymn,
Of praise to Christ we sing.

At the Manger

O CHRISTMAS Child,
So roughly cradled here,
Born, undefiled,
Of Maiden-Mother dear ;
None dreamed Thy true estate,
None deemed Thee to be great,
There in Thy swaddling bands,
In far-off Eastern lands,
Save that wise Mother-heart,
To whom the Angel's word
Revealed Thee, as the Lord
And Saviour, that Thou art.
We praise Thee, Thee we bless,
And worship and confess,
As God and Lord on high,
Whom Angels, in the sky,
And men on earth adore ;
But for this single day,
Our lingering hearts will stay
Within the stable door,
Where, as a Baby, laid,
Thy humanness has made
All human hearts Thine own :
There, where all helpless shown,
Thou madest manger, *Throne* ;

Blessing all cradles upon earth,
Blessing each child of human birth,
Giving new meaning to the mirth
Of motherhood, and so,
Filling all hearts, both high and low,
With a fresh sense of childhood's grace
Reflected from Thine infant face.

Merry Christmas

A. D. 1900

THIS is the word of Christmas mirth,
“Look to me, and be ye savéd”:
Me, God’s Son, and Son of David,
“All the ends of the whole earth.”

It must be “Merry Christmas”! many a sorrow
Lies o’er the world, and darkens hearths and homes,
But it was midnight, breaking to the morrow,
When the Peace Angel sang “The Saviour comes.”
His is “the peace that passeth understanding,”
“Not as the world gives,” giveth He His peace;
O’erwhelming waves are stilled at His commanding,
And wildest winds, at His calm bidding, cease.
Them that are glad, His coming maketh gladder,
For happy childhood, lights the Christmas tree,
To childless homes, where empty hearts are sadder
For “the still voice,” He comes, their child to be;
Wealth to the poor, and to the rich, the giver
Of a new grace to consecrated gold;
To thirsty souls, draughts from a crystal river,
Bread to the hungry, youngness to the old.
How shall we welcome Him? Once in a stable
Men housed Him, no room for Him in the inn;
All unwilling, all unable

To receive Him, to believe Him,
Him, who came to save His people from their sin.
He was cradled in a manger,
Outcast to His own, and stranger :
But the ox his Master knew,
And his owner's crib, the ass,
And the angel earthward flew
To the shepherds, in the fields of wintry grass.

Now we know that angel's story,
Ages-old, yet ever new,
Which to God on high gave glory,
And to men, peace deep and true ;
We must make room to receive Him
In our hearts' most holy place ;
We must own Him and believe Him
As the Saviour of our race,
And speed on the glorious message
To the world's remotest end,
To be preacher, to be presage,
Of the grace that He will send.

Candlemas

PURIFICATION B, V. M.

THIS is the Feast of Candlemas; for so they
named the day
A thousand years ago and more, when Saxon
kings held sway,
And Saxon monks, like Alcuin, kept fresh the Christian
lore,
They learned before Augustine's feet trod England's
blessed shore.

And thus they kept the festival; with tapers in each
hand,
Alight, and borne aloft, where priests before the Altar
stand,
And in the long processions, through market place and
street,
As, two by two, they went their way, with "due" and
reverent "feet."

And Bernard, Saint of Cluny, eight hundred years ago,
Tells us why Christians, in his time, the festival kept so:
First, to show forth the Master's words, that with lives
clean and bright
We should let shine, before all men, Faith's pure and
holy light;

And then to tell how virgins wise (and Mary chief of
all)
Are ready, with lamps trimmed and oil, to hear the
Saviour's call;
And glad, go forth to meet Him, their souls refreshed
with grace,
Their hearts aglow and eager to see the Bridegroom's
face.

The great processions now no more through town and
country go,
No more the myriad tapers before the Altars glow ;
But still the Master calls us, with holy lives and pure,
To walk as His light-bearers, in faith and love secure.

And still the lesson lies to learn, for all who would be
wise,
To seek the plenteous stores of grace, His faithful love
supplies,
And make our lives, like lamps well trimmed, burn al-
ways bright and clear,
Lived, as He lived His holy, human life, among us here.

Easter Even

LIKE the hiding of the leaven,
In the measures of the meal,
Lay Our Lord, on Easter Even
Under watch and stone and seal.

Sleeping, but His "heart was waking,"
Resting after weary pain;
While in Paradise was breaking,
Light which soon the earth should gain.

Soon the night will break to morning,
Soon the Sun of Life arise,
Death's brief triumph calmly scorning,
Living; nevermore He dies.

Easter

That He might be Lord of the dead and of the living.

—Romans xiv, 9,

LORD of the dead, who from the Tree
Didst reign in wondrous majesty,
Whom earth and sky their sovereign owned,
Thorn-crowned upon Thy cross enthroned;
Thou only “free among the dead,”
Lead on; we follow, safely led;
As Joseph, Israel’s hosts before,
So Jesus leads death’s deep sea o’er.

Lord of the living! Paradise
Still glows in sweet and strange surprise;
Since Thou proclaimedst liberty
To saints that waited long for Thee.
The King in all His beauty now
They patient see, and bending low
Beneath the altar, cry “how long”
Ere we Thy royal courts may throng?

Lord of the living! Higher far
The glories of Thy conquest are;
“God of the living,” not “the dead,”
Since all men live in Thee, their Head.
God-Man, enthroned above the skies,
One day Thy buried saints shall rise,
In Thy glad service to abide,
And with Thy likeness satisfied.

Easter

REJOICE, be glad for Easter;
For this is what it tells,
In the music of its carols,
In the ringing of its bells,
In the springing of its flowers,
In the singing of each bird,
In its lengthening, brightening hours,
In the earth, with new life stirred:

“Life has conquered, Death’s but seeming
Rouse ye sleepers from your dreaming
Lift your voices, praises giving
’Mong the dead seek not the living!”

Beneath the frozen river’s crust
The hidden waters flow;
And, come to sight again, they must,
When soft the Spring winds blow.
Behind each polished wall of shell,
There is a life that waits
The breaking of the prison cell,
The opening of the gates.
Within the hard enfolding
Of bud and seed and grain,
The life that they are holding,
Must soon burst forth again.

And this is but the presage
Of God's revealed truth,
In the glad Easter message,
Of man's immortal youth.
When the gray dawn grew golden
Above that garden grave,
In which men thought Him holden
Who came from death to save ;
While soldiers watched and women wept,
The waking came to Him who slept.
The spices, for embalming meant,
Became Spring's sweet and fragrant scent,
Borne far and wide on wings of wind,
Of endless life for all mankind.

The seal of death is broken,
The stone is rolled away,
The words, by angels spoken,
Are true of all to-day,
Since Jesus Christ has risen,
Of all mankind the Head,
The grave no more is prison,
"The earth casts out her dead".

Easter

TELL the story of the Risen,
Joy of sorrow; peace from pain;
How the Master broke from prison,
Nevermore to die again.

*Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper,
Earth casts out her mighty dead;
Comforted each earthly weeper,
Lifted every mourner's head.*

Tell the story of the Living;
Life from death; from night, the day;
This the manner of God's giving;
So He deals with men, always.

Tell the story of Passover,
Dry-shod through the deep, dark sea,
Christ, the Lord of all and Lover,
Leads His hosts to victory.

Tell the story of the Easter;
Raise your voices high and sing,
Weeper, sleeper, faster, feaster,
Sursum Corda, Christ is King.

*Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper,
Earth casts out her mighty dead;
Comforted each earthly weeper,
Lifted every mourner's head.*

Thanksgiving

ONCE more to thee, O God, we raise
Our grateful song of joy and praise,
For well stored barn and bursting bin,
For bounteous harvests gathered in,
For seasons making fruitful soil,
For blessing on the labourers' toil,
For harvest-home whose plenty cheers
The sower, in the springtime tears.
We praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
For all fulfilment of Thy word,
"Seedtime and harvest shall not fail,
Summer nor winter." Thee we hail,
Giver of all, whose blessing makes
The earth, so fruitful for our sakes.

And while with praise to Thee we turn,
The lesson from Thy works we learn ;
Since earth and sky and floods and sea
And sun and rain and wind, to Thee,
Chant always Benedicite :

And all the green things of the earth,
And beasts and birds, with sounds of mirth,
Do praise and bless Thee as their Lord.
Not service of the lip and word,

Thou askest. Since by Thee they live,
That life, to Thee as Thine, they give.
So make Thou our thanksgiving true,
To render back to Thee Thy due;
And liken us, in *this*, to Thee,
That, of Thy gifts, we givers be.

All Saints' Day

O HAPPY dead who, passed to rest,
Know neither tears nor sighing,
Who, lying on your Saviour's breast,
Have found the bliss of dying:
Tears wiped away and toil no more,
Ye rest, ye rest, forever.

Across your life by pain untorn,
Untouched by earthly passion,
There break the streaks of coming morn,
In strange yet tranquil fashion:
O happy dead, eternal day,
When night's dark shades have passed away,
Is yours, is yours, forever.

Meanwhile in Jesu's arms we leave
Your blessed souls reclining,
And though we stricken mourners grieve,
We grieve without repining,
Dear Lord, we give our dead to Thee,
Bring us at last where we would be,
With Thee, with Thee, forever.

Almighty God, dear One in Three,
Thou Lord of dead and living,
For these gone hence, we pray to Thee
Compassionate, forgiving:
Grant them O Lord, eternal rest,
Forever and forever.

Marriage Hymn

O GRACIOUS God and Lord,
Most Holy Three in One,
By Thine own pure and primal Word,
The Marriage grace begun :
Still bless Thy Holy Rite,
Still speak Thy powerful Word,
Thy servants' lives, in one, unite,
Creator, God and Lord.

O God our Father, Lord,
'Tis Thine, this knot to tie,
'Tis Thine, this ring to bless ; Thy Word
Makes perfect unity :
Thou makest Man and Wife
One in Thy love, and " heirs
Together of that grace of Life, "
This Mystery declares.

O gracious Saviour, Lord,
Whose Name we now confess,
The Marriage Rite, at Cana's board,
Thou didst vouchsafe to bless :
The Church, Thy Holy Bride,
Her children blesses here,
Keep them forever at Thy side,
Make each to each, most dear.

O God the Holy Ghost,
Life-giver from above,
As Thou didst come on Pentecost,
Come now, with gifts of love;
Love, casting out all fear,
Love, knitting hearts in one,
Love, gladdening smile and drying tear,
Till Life and Love are won.

Marriage Hymn

E. G. D. G., April 28, A. D. 1881

TO Thee, O Father throned on high,
Our marriage hymn, we duly sing;
Knit Thou the sacred bond we tie,
And do Thou bless the wedding ring.
Thy love, at first, in Paradise,
It was that made one Flesh of twain;
Work Thou, while here our prayers arise,
That sacred mystery, again.

To Thee, O Jesu, throned beside
Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,
With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
Our human nature, Thy Divine
Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
As Cana's water turned to wine,
Its lost godlikeness is restored.

O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
And honour Thee, with praises meet,
One with the Father and the Word.
Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,
Come, sanctify and bless and guide,
Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
The life of Bridegroom and of Bride.

O God Triune, Whom Heaven's host
Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song ;
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom all worship doth belong ;
Hear, in these echoes faint and dim,
Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,
Their songs, the heavenly Feast who hymn,
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

For Those at Sea

HELD in the hollow of Thy Hand,
Whose might is merciful to save,
Thy mighty Ocean's mountain wave
But bridges space from land to land.

'Twas Thy perpetual decree,
That set the barrier of the sand,
Where lapping waves caress Thy Hand,
And own allegiance thus to Thee;

O Father, hear our earnest prayer
That gives our darlings to Thy care.

O Master, sleeping on the wave
That rose in wrath and threatening harm,
Then shrank to sleep beneath Thy charm,
When waked the power that loves to save;

O Master walking on the sea
And keeping hearts that faint, from fear,
Outreaching hand to draw them near,
To walk the waters safe with Thee;

O Jesus hear our earnest prayer,
That trusts our darlings to Thy care.

O Holy Ghost, Whose Breath of Life
Calmed that confused, chaotic deep,
From which creation came, to sleep

And wake, with nature's beauty rife ;
O Spirit, wedded to the wave
Which gives, to mortals on the earth,
The grace of an immortal birth
To life, that lasts beyond the grave ;
Lord and Life-giver hear our prayer,
That puts our darlings in Thy care.

A Hospital Hymn

(For the little children in the Child's Hospital.)

JESUS, Lord, enthronéd high,
Once, on earth, a little child,
Hear Thy little children's cry,
Sinful, to the Undefined.

Such as we are, mothers brought,
In their arms, for Thee to bless;
Such as we are, came and sought
At Thy hands, Thy love's caress.

Such as we are, not beguiled
Yet, by cares and joys of earth,
Thou didst set—"a little child"—
'Mongst those men of wondrous worth.

And "of such", Thou saidst—the King!
"Is my heavenly kingdom", bright;
Pure from evil thought or thing,
Guileless in Thy holy sight.

Such as we are, sick and lame,
Blind and poor and racked with pain,
To Thy touch, in suffering came,
And went, healed and well again.

Holy Jesus, Healer, Friend,
Tender Lover of us all,
Of Thy grace, we pray Thee send
To Thy children when they call.

Make us patient in our pain ;
Make us, by it, live to Thee ;
Heal our souls of sin's sad stain,
From our sickness set us free.

Place us, each one, Lord, just where,
We, Thy servants true, may be,
Thy great Will, to do or bear,
As it seemeth best to Thee.

Bless the hands that soothe our cares,
Ministering, in us, to Thee ;
Let us see Thy face in their's,
Whom, at last, we hope to see.

And, when suffering days are past,
And earth's service all is done,
Bring us, Saviour, at the last
With the saved about Thy Throne.

Hymn

(Written for the Bicentenary of the City of Albany.)

ANCIENT of days, Who sittest, throned in glory ;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray ;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous
story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas, dry-shod ; through weary wastes be-
wildering ;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase ;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days ;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favour, kept to us always.

Hymn

(Sung at the two hundredth anniversary of the S. P. G. in
London, June 16, 1900.)

ORISEN and Ascended Lord,
Whose vision widened, as from sight
The Cloud received Thee, through which
poured
Thy parting blessing; give us Light,
To see what filled Thine eyes and heart
And in Thy work to know our part.

“Jerusalem, Judaea, then
Samaria” and earth’s outmost parts!
No little limit to Thy ken,
No narrowing nearness, to our hearts,
But “every creature,” nations all,
Bid us to bring within Thy call.

Send down Thy Holy Ghost in fire
To kindle, quicken, warm our wills,
Our tongues to loose, our souls inspire,
Till all the earth Thy knowledge fills,
And round the world from zone to zone
Thy Name, Thy saving grace are known.

Claim the fulfilment of the word
Thy Father spoke, " Desire of me
And for Thine heritage, as Lord,
The nations I will give to Thee,
The utmost earth Thou shalt possess, "
And all mankind with mercy bless.

So, through Thy pleading, make our prayer
Prevail with power, where from on high
Thou holdest all within Thy Care ;
While, from the earth and through the sky
Angels and men, one mighty host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

O Deus Meus Amo Te

(St. Francis Xavier.)

MY God, I give my love to Thee
Not that Thou mayest, so, save me,
Nor because those who love not Thee
Must burn in fire eternally.
Thou, Thou, *my* Jesus, all of me,
Embracedst on the accurséd Tree,
Didst bear the nails and spear for me;
For me, all shame and misery.
For me, innumerable woes
For me, the bloody sweat, and throes
Of painful death; these all for me,
For me, in sin and misery.
How therefore shall I not love Thee
O Jesu, loving tenderly.

PERSONAL

My Baby's Face

(In a photograph.)

A. D. 1862.

SWEET little face, so full of earnest wonder,
Looking from so far off, at me, forlorn,
You try to look, as though you did the thunder
To the quick lightning flash that caught your form.

But there is mischief in that frown, sweet baby,
Peeping, like sunlight, through a scowling cloud,
Why don't you see me looking at you ;—may be
You'd smile away that anxious, angry mood.

Dear little face, in search of something loving,
Here, where you see it not, it looks at you.
So, God, unseen, is loving us ; so, moving
Near us, the loving dead, to love, are true.

Dear little baby, older eyes, in wonder
Look, through blind tears, into the empty night,
Doubtful and desolate, sad, as far asunder
From those, they only cannot look on, for the Light.

Look darling, alway, earnestly, while sunlight,
Brighter than ours, paints upon your heart,
In the dark clouds of sorrow, Jesu's image,
A cross, a crown, that cannot be apart.

“I Shall Kiss Both Your Eyes, Papa”

A. D. 1863, E. G. D.

KISS my two eyes, my precious child,
And wake me so, to love and prayer,
Prayer, that shall keep thee undefiled,
And love, to fold thee in its care.

Break so, Sleep's quiet heavy seal,
With the sweet moisture of your kiss,
Sweet darling, little can you feel,
The earnest lesson of all this.

The morning dew-drops kiss the earth,
And break its dark, inactive dream ;
And Winter wakes from death and dearth,
Kissed by the Spring-sun's gracious beam.

O sealéd eyes, O sleeping heart,
No kiss of love, than death more strong,
Can stir that pulse, that light can start ;
Thou sleepest well, and sleepest long.

Yet Love shall wake thee ; and a Kiss,
The Kiss of Life's eternal morn,
Of the great Easter-Spring of bliss ;
The Love, of Jesus, Virgin Born.

Kiss my two eyes, my blesséd child,
And wake me so, to love and prayer;
Prayer, that shall keep thee undefiled,
And Love, to fold thee in its care.

Unsleeping Love, unceasing prayer,
Reach down, about thee, darling child,
From him, who sleeps to us, but, there,
Finds Life and Death quite reconciled.

Margaret Harrison Doane

(Baptized by my Father, who died in May, A. D., 1859.)

“The Angels’ Day,” A. D., 1859

MY baby, just a year ago,
The gracious stream was poured,
That floweth from the piercé side.

Of Jesus Christ our Lord;
To wash thy child-soul clean and white
From every stain of earth,
And bear thee, of the Spouse of Christ,
God’s child in holy birth.

And of that countless company,
That just are not divine,
One angel from before God’s Throne
Is marked, and known as thine.
And since that day, he stands for thee
Before thy Father’s Face,
Or on some ministry of love
To earth he wings his race.

And he, who called that angel down,
And opened Heaven’s door,
And poured the sacred, saving stream,
And blessed thee, o’er and o’er;

Within that door has entered now,
That blessing hath attained,
With Heaven's innumerable host,
And saints, in robes unstained.

And thou art left, the closest link—
In pure, unsinning heart,
In guileless thoughts, and winning ways
Of Paradise, a part—
To bind us, to his blessedness,
And help us enter in,
With them, and him, and all the just,
In Christ's Blood, washed from sin.

His constant prayers; that angel guard;
About thy path, be, still;
To shield thee, from all hurt or harm,
And mould thee to God's will!
And, to that countless company,
My darling, may we come,
To share, what now we lose from earth,
The brightness of his home.

My Father's 53d Birthday

A YEAR of stir, and storm and strife
Has mixed the snows of time,
With the sharp hail of wrinkling care,
Upon thy brow sublime.

But yet the firm, undaunted step,
The tread of conscious truth,
The eye undimmed, the fearless heart,
Are thine, as in thy youth.

And as the tree, that feels the gale
The fiercest and the first,
Glistens the soonest, in the sun
Through scattered storm-clouds burst.

So, when the false world's strife is done
And time has passed away
God's brightest beams of glorious light
Around thy head shall play.

In My Father's Memoir

IN PACE

NO study now, no wearying employment,
No creed, confession, Litany, to raise,
But all fulfilled, in the complete enjoyment,
Of knowledge, adoration, love, and praise.

Devotion now, a pleasure, not a duty,
No anxious hopes, no overmastering fears,
But the near vision of the King in beauty,
On eyes, whose seeing is not dimmed with tears.

This joy *we* know not, to more glory leadeth
There, hope, assured, in perfect patience waits,
And scarcely feels the only thing it needeth,
That God should open, Heaven's jewelled gates.

The white robed souls, the palms, palm branches bearing,

The tongues, attuned to sing the Angel's song,
Reach out for crowns, which seem forever nearing,
And only cry, "how long," O Lord, "how long."

O home of peace, to our homes, drawing nearer,
As one by one, our darlings enter in,
How art thou, fairer, surer, better, dearer,
Than these abodes of sorrow and of sin.

Thy pastures green, thy river of God's pleasures,
Bid us,—stray sheep, and tired lambs—to come,
Restored to all our human hopes and treasures,
And finding, first, our one continuing home.

Riverside*

October, A. D., 1859.

THE quiet sorrow of the trees
Lies, bleeding, on the earth;
And silence falls, in folds of crape,
About my Father's hearth.

Creeps up, the still September mist,
And veils the waking morn;
And tears shall dim, with webs of haze,
The morrow, e'er 'tis born.

The river runs in ripples down,
And merges in the sea;
My life, in ebb and flow of tears
Rolls down and follows thee.

The empty house is silent all,
The home he held so dear;
Unlit the hearth, untrod the hall,
And gone, its ancient cheer.

A heavenly glory gilds the leaves;
Death is their brightest day;
O God, give glory so, to us
From out this dread decay.

* My Father's home in Burlington, N. J., which became the residence of his successor in the Episcopate.

Behind the still, September mist
Climbs up the glorious sun ;
When all Thy love, our tears, hath kissed,
Thy glory, they have won.

Back rolls the tide ; the ceaseless springs
Return what Ocean takes,
Thy ceaseless mercy heals and fills
The heart, that sorrow breaks.

For us, this empty house, so drear,
For him, the peopled home ;
“ No lasting city, ” have we here,
But seek, “ the one to come ” ;

That one, whose founding is secure ;
Its builder, God ; its shrine,
The place where angels praise, and saints ;
My Father’s home and mine.

My Mother

(Who died in Florence.)

THE Tuscan shore is far away,
And far away, the Tuscan sea,
Whose laughing waves, in sunshine play,
Their sweet and soothing melody;
And yet, I wander there to-day
And hear their rippling lullaby.

It lulls the Tuscan children's sleep,
It calms the wear of working men,
And as I wander there, and weep,
I wonder not, for all my pain,
That it can soothe, to sleep, so deep,
One, who will never wake again.

Was there no rest thy weary heart,
Could find, but that which sleeps, so sound,
So still, so dreamless, like a part
Of the unmoved and silent ground?
And must thou be, as now thou art,
Before that longed-for rest was found?

But O, my Mother, three long years
Have gone away, since your last kiss;
And, through the rain of parting tears,

We never dreamed of grief like this,
Nor ever thought, mid parting fears,
In their return, thy face to miss.

O Mother, could no light come down,
Upon thy darkened soul; till ours
Withered beneath this sorrow's frown,
And died down; as the Autumn flowers,
Like tears, upon the earth are strewn
And will not bloom, for all the showers?

O Mother, could there be no peace
To soothe thy widowed heart, till ours
Were veiled in tears, that will not cease
To fall, in grief's incessant showers?
'Tis our distress; 'tis thy release:
On graves, are grown, our life's best flowers.

The Tuscan earth is full of bloom,
And sweetest flowers, incessant, spring
The year round, from her teeming womb.
But now it holds a fairer thing,
A flower, in what we call a tomb,
That waits for God's awakening.

The Tuscan flowers are fair to see.
Dear Mother, did they glad thine eyes?
Then, what a welcome sight, to thee
The fadeless flowers of Paradise,
Blooming, beyond life's troubled sea,
That breaks in peace, against God's skies.

There, Mother, will we look for thee,
Far off, yet nearer, somehow, there,
To me; for *there* is no more sea
To part us; and there is no fear,
Of further parting: rather we
Draw nearer to thee, year by year.

Back to thy bosom, Mother earth,
Thy weary child, has turned for rest.
But we, her orphans, in our dearth
Can find no loving Mother's breast,
Till, from the womb of Life's full birth,
We come, of all Life's joys, possessed.

O God, reveal Thy Father's love
To our poor hearts, that long for his:
O Holy Church, a Mother prove
To us, a Mother's love, who miss:
Till Heaven be home; and we, above
Shall share, their changeless, endless bliss.

“The Pastor Crosswell”

O H blesséd title, thou hast won ;
 Beyond all worldly fame,
Thou sainted, and departed one,
To join to thy dear name.

Pastor in all the gentlest care,
 In watchful eye and heart,
In ministries of praise and prayer,
 In every pastoral art.

Pastor, to feed the Saviour's lambs,
 To lead the wandering home ;
The sick, to heal with gospel balms,
 To lighten sorrow's gloom.

O Thou great Shepherd of all souls,
 Be such my life, my aim
That in Thy Book of Life, with his,
 Thou mayest enroll my name.

M. D. G.

With a copy of "Tales of a Grandfather."

’T WAS a lucky little boy, in the famous land of
Scott,
(Which they well might spell as Scott-land,
with a very double "t")
And his name was John Hugh Lockhart, and he'll never
be forgot
As long as there are children that have eyes to read
and see.

And his grandfather, Sir Walter, loved him more than
can be told,
For he came, like dew on dryness, like the rain in
time of drought,
And like sunshine into darkness, when the Poet had
grown old;
And a child's sweet, earnest freshness, into life again
he brought.

"Wizard," well they called Sir Walter, who could
summon at his will,
All the shapes that ever peopled loch and plain and
heathy hill;
But the witching, magic power, whose charm never,
never fails,
Was the childish want and wonder for the dear
Grandfather's Tales.

So sweet child, in love, I bring you, not this story-book
alone,
But the story of the story-book, whose truth all ages
own ;
How, as life goes on, and freshness fades from heart
and hand and eye,
Fades from meadow and from moonbeam, from earth
and sea and sky ;

Comes the sweetest, second fatherhood, like quickening
breath of Spring,
Comes this kind of second childhood, freshening,
brightening everything,
And repeoples life with voices, that so long had silent
been,
And with forms, the eye had strained to see, that long
had been unseen.

And the old heart leaps up laughing, with a resurrec-
tion joy,
And the woman grows a girl again, the man, once more,
a boy ;
And the fountain of perpetual youth, springs real, with
fabled power,
In the sweet and close communion of the blessed " Chil-
dren's hour. "

In Kenilworth Camp

Dr. Trudeau's

"The angel of the Lord encamps about them that fear him."
—Psalm xxx-4.

THE solemn stillness of the night
Draws its deep curtains round the world;
The peaceful lake; the quiet light
Of sentry stars; the tent unfurled,
Like sheltering wings of brooding bird;
And only nature's voices heard;
These are the scenes all strange to me,
Familiar now, for years, to thee.

Here resting through thy thoughtful care,
I leave my blessing and this prayer:
O God, whose angel watches near
Those who have learned Thy name to fear,
Make good Thy promise, ever here;

Encamp around Thy servant's tent,
Let only mercies here be sent;
Attend his path; about his bed,
Thy sheltering wings be ever spread;
Let him and his forever share
The comfort of Thy watchful care.

For men rise up, and call him blest,
Who, seeking here for health and rest,
Has won the loved physician's name,
And, like St. Luke, earned double fame,
Evangelist and healer he,
Of men, whom he has led to Thee.

F. Hopkinson Smith

(Acknowledging a water colour sketch of North East Harbour.)

I SIT before my hearth at home,
Its winter fires are all ablaze :
And suddenly there greets my gaze
A scene transformed by sprite and gnome.

A silver sea in gray and pearl,
Lies still and stretches far away,
To kiss the passing clouds, that furl
Their sails, and float on, soft and gray.

The rocks, the trees, the yellow grass,
The islands folding in the sea,
The winding path! Some magic glass,
Holds nature up to memory ;

Till Winter warms. Another fire
Another hearth, another home,
A shrine that holds my heart's desire,
To which my pilgrim thoughts may roam ;

And dear companionship of friends,
That charms the summer days so fair,
All these are with me ; Winter ends,
'Tis summer still and soft and rare.

O magic art and magic hand,
Compressing distance, bridging miles,
And making distant scenes to stand,
So near, one counts the ocean's smiles.

O gracious heart, O gracious hand,
That lavishes so much on me,
Welcome as frequent guest on land,
Or in my home beside the sea.

J. P. M.

October, A. D., 1895

“THE STANDARD BEARER.”

HE holds the flag up, who, with brawny hands,
Carries the pole which lifts it toward the sky;
Or he, who, in the battle steadfast stands,
Set, for its safety, there, to live or die.

No less a standard-bearer, brave and true,
Who braves the scorn of prating fools and knaves,
Maintaining credit, honour, faith, like you,
The man, the Nation's solvency, who saves.

Thomas Nelson

O BRAVE and broken heart, so tried and tested,
In the fierce heat of bitter grief and pain,
I have a sense of joy, that you are rested,
Not as by sleep; but waking up again,
Your loss made good, your gallant battle ended,
And all the mystery of your life made plain.
To our shut-in, short-sighted vision even,
There is one solving of the riddle, clear;
That manhood's crown is won by grace from heaven,
In the still battle-field, alone, untended
But by the angels; facing without fear
The certainty of death, to which "consenting",
You "conquered agony" and shed no tear.
O hero heart, calm, steadfast, unlamenting,
Your victor crown, like saintly halo shining,
God made, with fire your manhood's stuff, refining.

To Harriet Langdon Pruyn

A TINKLE OF HER BAPTISMAL BELL

1868

SOFT and sweet is the chiming
Of the merry musical bells,
 Ringing in waves, and rhyming
With a surge that ebbs and swells:

Set to all sorts of singing,
And suited alike to all,
The bridal and burial ringing
With tender and tuneful call.

Right well the caster knoweth
Whence comes the soft, sweet tone;
And while the metal gloweth,
Before the casting is done,

With generous hand he throweth
The precious silver in;
And thence, as the legend goeth,
The silvery voices begin.

Now I take the loving message
Of your dear baptismal bell,
To be the promise and presage
Of your life, I fain would tell;

That silver, fined in the fire
Of sorrow—if need must be—
Of faith, uplifted higher,
As God is harder to see,

Shall teach all notes of sadness
An echo hope and peace,
And tone, all times of gladness
With the joys that never cease.

A. P. P.

ANNUNCIATION DAY

DEAR friend, whom, years of testing time
 Prove truer, dearer, as they go,
 I would that in this simple rhyme,
 Some power might make you feel and know,
How gracious to our loving eyes,
 Your nature grows, from grace to grace ;
With all that womanhood must prize ;
 With power to take the foremost place,
 God gives to her, in whom the race
Of man finds, on this holy day,
 Eve's fall restored in Mary's grace ;
With heart ingenious to devise
 All liberal things with lavish hand ;
With the keen insight of the wise,
 With courage, for the right to stand.
God bless the day that gave you birth,
 Prolong and cheer your days on earth,
 And from the Heavens, opening wide,
 Shed light on your life's even-tide.

MISCELLANEOUS

Life-Sculpture

CHISEL in hand, stood a sculptor-boy
With his marble block, before him
And his face lit up, with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream, on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
With heaven's own light, the sculpture shone
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the time, when at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us :
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision.

Light

DARKNESS was brooding o'er the shapeless
earth,
Darkness, the twin of Chaos: from on high
No star shone out with sweet and smiling eye,
Dimpling the solemn deep, with twinkling mirth.
“Let there be light,” the Almighty Father said,
And where in thick obscurity, the night
Had reigned, broke out a living stream of light
And bore away the darkness deep and dread.
So on man's heart, when the black night of sin
Shed desolation, darkness and despair,
“The light, to light the Gentiles,” bursting in
Turned the mind's midnight into radiance fair.
“Let there be light.” It was, when God had said.
“Let there be light.” It is, for Christ has bled.

Gray Cliff, Newport

WHAT striv'st thou for, oh, thou most mighty
Ocean,
Rolling in ceaseless, sweeping surfs ashore.
Canst thou not stay thy restless, wild commotion ;
Must thy low murmur echo evermore?
Yet, thou art better than our hearts, though yearning
Still for some unattained, unknown land.
Thou, still art constant, evermore returning
With each fresh wave, to kiss one waiting strand.
O heart, if restless, like the yearning Ocean,
Like it, be all thy waves, of one emotion.

Whither, with canvas wings, oh ship, art sailing
Homeward or outward bound, to shore or sea?
What thought, within thy strong sides, is prevailing,
Hope or despair, sorrow, or careless glee?
Thou, too, art like our hearts, which gayly seeming,
With hope-sails set to catch each fresh'ning breeze ;
In truth, are sad, with tears and trials teeming,
Perhaps to sail no more on life's wild seas.
Oh, heart, while sailing like a ship, remember,
Thou, too, may'st founder, in a rough December.

Why, your white arms, ye windmills, are ye crossing
In sad succession, to the evening breeze,
As though within your gray old heads were tossing
Thoughts of fatigue, and longings after ease?

But ye are better than our hearts, for grieving
Over your cares, ye work your destined way ;
While they, their solemn duties weakly leaving,
In helpless sorrow, weep their lives away.
Oh heart, if like those hoary giants mourning,
Why not be taught by their impressive warning?

Long Branch

August, A. D. 1859.

LAY thy long arms, upon the cold grey sand,
O thou salt sea,
What hast thou taken in thy soft white hand,
What hast thou left upon that waiting strand,
Hast thou given aught to her, or she to thee?

Is she thy bride reluctant still, still waiting,
Impatient sea,
Grown grey, from years of doubtful hesitating,
Long wooed, not won; half liking and half hating
Thy still untired faith and constancy?

Dost thou still woo her, with those constant reaches
O patient sea,
That run so far up, on the sandy beaches?
Is this the lesson, that thy motion teaches
Of undiscouraged, long fidelity?

Is that low murmur, love's old, oft told story
O loving sea,
Falling, in foam, from off thy lips so hoary
White with the rime of bearded age, and glory,
With love's most musical monotony.

Nay not so well of thee, my heart believeth,
O thou salt sea,
Thy broad breast, not with such unselfish passion
heaveth,
Something she giveth thee and something she receiveth,
In sure and understood return from thee.

She gives thee wrecks to feed on; for she reaches,
O treacherous sea,
Under thy hiding waves, her fatal beaches,
While thy low voice the midnight wind beseeches,
To join with thee and her, in foul conspiracy.

And those white crests, with their impatient pawing,
O greedy sea,
Are ravenous teeth, whose sure, resistless gnawing
Draws keel, and hull, and masts, thy greedy maw in,
And crushes all in thy voracity.

And that low voice, is but the sound, *they* utter,
O faithless sea,
Who in an undertone, the story mutter
In breathless midnight, when no leaf can flutter,
Of foul, night-seeking, dark conspiracy.

Thy every surge,
A funeral dirge;
Each curling wave,
A rounded grave;

Thy sullen roar
Against the shore,
The passing bell,
The tolling knell.

When darkness lies
On sea and skies ;
And mists arise,
Born out of thee,
To veil from eyes,
Both sky and sea,
Then, hand in hand,
O sea and sand
You seek your prey ;
And when the day
Breaks on the wave,
No hand can save
It from thy grasp,
But that salt wave
Stills every gasp ;
And keel and mast
Are sinking fast.
No sex, no age
Escapes thy rage ;
And when their cry
Would reach the sky,
To call for aid,
From God on High,
Thy roar is made

More loud and strong,
Upon the gale
That sweeps along,
While ship and sail
And hull and mast
Part, sink, are lost.
O cruel cost
For thy mere play
That ceaseless rolls
Through night and day.
God save the souls
That trust to thee,
O faithless sea.

Thy long arms lie, upon the old grey sand,
O treacherous sea,
Lingering so fondly on the waiting strand.
What hast thou left behind thee on the land
In full return, for what she gives to thee?

Crushed in thy cruel jaws, the splinters lie
O mighty sea,
Of the fair bark that filled the loving eye,
With hopes of joy, but destined here to lie
Broken and worthless, from thy cruelty.

And to thy fellow, in that cruel plot,
O faithful sea,
Thy madness gone, thy fury all forgot,
What hast thou given, that she fail thee not,
In thy next planned and foul conspiracy?

The bones of men, white as thy curling foam
 O crested sea,
Jewels, and gold, and gems, to make their home
On that white sand, o'er which thy billows roam,
 Proud, mighty, fearless, unrestrained and free.

This all, of thee, my dreaming heart believeth
 O thou salt sea,
For this the sand thy curling kiss receiveth,
Such passion, thy broad, billowy breast upheaveth,
 Insatiate, cruel, restless, endlessly.

Under the Catskills in July

MORNING

FAST-fleeting, fleecy cloud, whose veil of mist
Floateth, where'er the wooing West winds list:
Thy soft, moist lips the Catskills' crest have
kissed

All the long morning; until cloud and crest,
By the sweet breath of summer bound and blest,
Of two are one, its head on thy white breast:
'Till lifted up in bridal ecstasy,
The mountain melts and merges into sky.

AFTERNOON

O coy, cool cloud, whose silver fringes sweep,
The sky's blue depth, and run with laughing leap
Down the green groves and gorges of the hill:
'Till settling down as weary of thy play,
Upon the mountain's breast, thou liest still,
A baby, in strong arms, to sleep away
Thy very self: and when thy lips have kissed
The breast that holds thee, die in wreaths of mist.

NIGHT

I look again—the mountain stands alone,
In long, sharp outlines, separate and clear.
The night wind rose, and rolled the cloud away.
Rain fell. It was the sad cloud's parting tear.
It thundered. 'Twas the widowed mountain's groan.
And so there passed before me, in that day,
Bridal and birth and burial, the three
That round the circle of life's mystery.

The Wind and the Water

YE are most kindred things, O wind and water ;
Mother, ye almost seem to be, and daughter ;
One gathering up the clouds from every quarter,
From which the other's born :

Coying the one with leaves, the one with pebbles,
Whose faint resistance, only playing rebels,
Makes hills and valleys, waterfalls and levels,
Vocal, till night, from morn.

Or loud, or low, ye both are always singing
Some song of praise ; and whether winds are winging,
Or waves are whispering soft, or flinging
Its words into the sky.

I cannot tell ; for sound of water rushing,
Is like the storm-wind in the trees ; and gushing
In gentle brook, it is the zephyr hushing
The leaves with lullaby.

So nature witnesses to revelation :
Deep, brooded o'er by Spirit, at creation,
Wind and the waters : and the generation
Of earth begun.

The morning stars sang then, the angels shouted,
Ye learned their message undenied, undoubted,
Of ordered winds, ruled waves, and chaos routed ;
Ere God made man.

Still holier truth is here : the Incarnation :
God's Son made man ; and men by new creation,
God's sons ; and lo, for this regeneration,
 The Spirit and the deep,
Wind and the water, these are reunited ;
New life is given, where the old was blighted,
New light shines forth, upon the world benighted,
 And Heaven is won, to keep.

Fata Morgana

FROM Reggio's streets, when the traveller's eye
Turns to Messina's wave of glass,
The towers and trees, that behind him lie,
In loveliest colours, before him pass.

So from the heights of a green old age
When we turn to the past with its haze of tears,
We see, in its clear, recording page
The vanishing visions of life's young years.

On a Sun-Dial

“ *Horas non numero nisi serenas.* ”

THERE stands, in the garden of old St. Mark,
A sun-dial quaint and gray,
Taking no heed of the hours, that in dark,
Pass over it, day by day.

It has stood for ages, among the flowers
In that land of sky and song.

“ I number none but the cloudless hours ”
Its motto, the live day long.

So let my heart, in the garden of life,
Its calendar, cheerfully keep,
Taking no note, of the sorrow and strife,
That in shadow, across it sweep;
Content to dwell, in this world of ours,
In the hope, that is twin with love
And numbering “ none but the cloudless hours,”
Till the dayspring dawn from above.

To a Violet

SKY-tinctured, skyward-gazing flower,
Growing more sky-like every hour ;
Emblem of unpretending worth,
Teach us, whose look is bent on earth,
To gaze with thee, upon the sky.
That our souls, drawn up, with our eyes, on high,
May pass away, like thy scent at even,
Calmly, from hoping, to rest in Heaven.

“Domine Aperi Labias Nostras”

“O LORD, open Thou, our lips,”
The silence falls
Of some great grief;
The dark our heart appalls,
We seek relief,
Yet know not what to say
And know not how to pray
Till Thou, O Lord, shalt open our lips.

Say “Ephphatha,” O Lord,
Our lips are dumb.
“Thy Kingdom come”
They can not say,
Nor be content, with every day,
To ask just “daily bread”, and pray
“Thy Will be done,”
Save when Thy most benignant sun
Makes Thy will, theirs:
And all our prayers
Are wilful words, and anxious cares,
And wayward thoughts, till Thy Hand strips,
The thickness, from our stammering lips.

“O Lord, open Thou, our lips,” to-day
Touch them, if need be, with the shame
Of spittle; let Thy chastening rod
Bend them, to press themselves against the clay
Of, even, death; and teach us, so, the name
Of sorrow, that it is “the sent” of God.

O Lord, open Thou, our lips,
To show Thy praise:
The tongue within,
Man's glory, wake with Thine arousing Voice;
And open these long-shut and rusted gates,
To let the words out, wherein they rejoice,
Who do no sin,
Through Heaven's eternal days.

“ O Lord, open Thou, our lips, ”
They are uncircumcised;
With sorrow's sharpest knife,
Wound their dumb silence, till surprised
With pain, and wakened so to life,
Cut loose from lust and words of shame,
Cut loose from idle words and vain,
They learn the lesson of all pain,
To pray;
And when we weep, with tears to say
“ Thy will be done; ”
Or if we long for those away
Whom Thou hast taken, learn to say
“ Thy Kingdom come. ”

A Prayer

LORD, grant to me a charmed life,
Its spell, Thy Son's great Name,
To bear me through the world's hard strife,
With pure and glorious aim.

That when the battle all is past,
The victory may be won,
And my soul stand complete at last,
Through Thine Eternal Son.

The Litany

“That it may please Thee to defend the fatherless children; we beseech Thee to hear us.”

DEAR Mother Church, whose tender care
Provides for every want a prayer;
Bringing thy children all to thee,
To kneel beside Thy bended knee,
In manhood, youth and infancy;
What prayer of all Thy precious store
So runs with blessings o'er and o'er,
As the deep solemn Litany;
Whose voice of mingled tears and sighs
Bows every heart, to meet each knee;
And melts all hearts in moistened eyes.
Gladly we seek its softening strain,
And dwell upon its sweet refrain,
When Lent, in penitential woe
Sets tears of sorrow, free to flow;
Gladly when Advent's trumpet tone
Proclaims the coming Judgment-throne:
When Thy great heart is piercéd through;
In the world's grief; in nations' fears;
Or when, a single heart, in tears,
That to the world, unheeded flow,
Christ's pitying Heart, for comfort nears.

Dear Mother Church ; when, born of thee
God called us, by the sacred name
Of child ; it was a guarantee
That, come what would, of sorrow, shame,
Or suffering ; still a Father's care
Would shed upon the children's prayer,
He taught their childish lips to frame,
A Father's love, through all, the same.

O God, we thank Thee, for that word.
It blunts the sharpness of the sword,
That made us children, fatherless.
We dwell upon its soothing sound,
It offers balm, to heal our wound.
" Our Father, " still our lips may say,
Child hearts may have their loving way,
And, longing for their old caress,
May lean on Thee, when the strong arm
Is gone, that shielded us from harm :
And look to Thee, when the calm eye,
That strengthened us, no more, is nigh,
But Thine looks on us, from the sky.
" Our Father, " hear Thy children cry ;
For in that sorrow, deep and wild
Unsoothed, unchanging, unbeguiled,
That breaks our hearts ; the strongest man
Gladly becomes a little child,
And speaks, as well as sorrow can,
Or listens, while God's children send

Their common prayer, to Jesu's ear,
 " That it may please Thee to defend
Thy children fatherless, we pray Thee hear.
And then, comes back Thy promise old,
Which Holy Church hath often told,
That Thou hast promised oft, to bless
The widow and the fatherless;
Dost call Thyself, of them, the God;
 Their cause defendest, and wilt hear,
From Thy serene and high abode,
 Their child-prayers; and dost mark the tear
Of their poor hearts; and with the rod,
That smites the water from the rock
 Of hardest hearts, dost draw them near
To Thee; and biddest them loudly knock,
 As children, at their Father's door,
Till Thou shalt bid them enter in
And dwell with Thee, where sorrow, sin
 And parting, come not, evermore.

O Father, only Father, now,
 For us, Thy children, hear the prayer,
 Which all Thy Church, doth offer here;
While we, before Thy mercy bow.
 " That it may please Thee still to bless
 The widow and the fatherless."

A Child's Song

"I cannot sing, for Heaven is gone away."—A little girl's saying.

MY house is full of brightest cheer,
And rings with pleasant sound of song,
For there, a little child, so dear,
Makes music all the live day long.

I hear her in the garden now,
Mixing her voice with other birds,
Sweeter than theirs; and fragrant too
As flowers, seem her broken words;
Broken, to let their sweetness out,
As wayside flowers under foot.
And now the voice floats down the stairs
Lulling her dolls to quiet sleep,
Now creeps among my thoughts and cares
And even sets to rhyme, my prayers,
Stealing on tip-toe in the deep,
Still silence of my books and work;
Nor does such stillness ever lurk
In all my house, she will not fill,
Nor anxious care, she can not kill,
Nor painful doubt, she does not while
Away, with sunny song and smile.

Why do these darlings sing all day?

What wind, across the fine-strung harp
Of their young souls, in constant play

Sweeps out the notes, so clear and sharp?
None, but God's wind. I sing sometimes,

A break for over-busy brain—
And find, in running into rhymes,
Relief, for closer thought again.

We sing for pleasure, sing for fame,
Sorrow sheds tears, sometimes, in song;

So measured, fall its drops of rain
Wrung out by very press of pain

But not to them such things belong:
Why do they sing? A little child
Who thought in music, half the time,
And others' cares and thoughts beguiled,
With constant singing, just as mine,

Had sung the sun up, from the gray
Of early morning; and, at noon

Sang still; and sang till close of day,
Which drew the dark on, all too soon:

And then she stopped. Oft, to the stars
She had made music; and the moon
That made the twilight bright, in June,
Had often heard her pretty tune;

—A silver sight and silver sound—
But when the dark came, she was still,
Like bird shut in by cruel bars,
That looks in silence, round and round,
But for a song has no more will.

And as she looked up at the sky
Still silent, and we asked her why,
“ I can not sing,”—the child would say—
“ My song, for Heaven is gone away.”

Therefore they sing; “ for Heaven is near ; ”
And round their souls, that even weight,
—We feel not—of the atmosphere,
Presses the softness of its clear,
Deep, beauty, early, long and late.
The blue of heaven, the light of stars
The sunlight with its golden bars,
The scented air, the tinted sky,
The soft wind-whisper, blowing by,
The twilight grey, the silver noon,
Fresh morning and the panting noon,
And evening rest ; these touch their souls’
Most hidden springs, and secret keys,
And thence flow out the symphonies,
As ocean-wave melodious rolls—
In gushing song. And when the late,
Dark evening gathers ; then a hush
Falls on them, and restrains the gush.

“ I can not sing,” they say
In silence, “ Heaven is away.”

They sing by instinct ; but by effort, we :
And far-off Heaven hears their simple song ;
But smiles not on our strained minstrelsy,
Harped upon instruments, that to earth belong.

Dear child-heart, in the darkest hours,
Heaven goes not far away from thee ;
Thy very soul, an azure arch,
Thy thoughts, the stars that keep their march ;
God's Love, the sun, reflecting light,
On the pale moon of our love,
Thyself, an impress from above,

Showing Heaven to our enraptured sight,
That lingers with its longest looks on thee ;
And counts thee, what the earth esteems its flowers
And Heaven, its stars. Sing, darling, all the hours.
Only, for us, the clouds of sin,
The dark of evil coming in,
The veil of sense upon our eyes,
Our blinding tears, the dust we raise
In hot pursuit of vanities ;
Only from us, such things as these
Shut Heaven out, but not from thee ;
Thy song may rise, whene'er it please,
Its way to Heaven is short and free.

Nor even from us, is Heaven gone :
The cloud that comes before the Throne
Is of earth-vapours ; and with God,
There is no near, there is no far ;
But faith in lowly reverence bowed,
In every cloud can set its star.

Sing, when the Heaven seems gone away,
O heart of child, oh heart of man,
In midnight dark, or twilight grey,
At dawn, or noon, or close of day ;
Sing all the while you can.
Sing, and the arrow of thy song,
From full-bent soul, with fervour drawn,
Shall find out God. And at that day,
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,
New melodies, the heart shall learn,
With new accord, our songs shall burn,
Not even, the Heaven, then, shall be,
Between thy Father, child, and thee.

Oh Weary Earth

Thou sentest a gracious rain upon Thine inheritance, and refreshedst it when it was weary.—Ps. lxxviii: 9.

OH weary, weary earth
Lying before the calm, deep eye
Of the all-Lover,
Baring thy utter dearth
And desolation, to the blue, soft sky
That hangeth over,
And praying with thy pleading speechlessness,
Of flower and blade, and leaf, and the dry grains of
dust,
So many thousand eyes that look to Heaven,
In the calm waiting of abiding trust,
All the soft morning through, and the hot noon, till
even ;
Well art thou weary, by life's ploughing riven
In furrows deep, for the dead grain's safe keeping ;
Weary of death's still deeper furrows driven,
For longer seed-time, but for richer reaping, .
Into thy patient breast, that holds for Heaven
The great and golden harvest of the sleeping ;
Still trust and look, for though thou art so weary,
God still is gracious and is over all,
After these scorching days, and nights so dreary,
His rain, on His inheritance, shall fall.

Tears

THE tears of childhood likest are
 To April's sunny rain ;
 While falling fastest, falls a bar
Of sunlight, streaming from afar
 Across the level plain,
While tears are falling, falls a bar
Of smile-light like a summer star,
 And joy returns again.

And youth's hot tears come gushing down,
 Like August's noisy shower,
E'en in its midst 'tis past, and light
Plays revelling on earth's freshened sight,
 As in a fairy bower ;
E'en in its midst youth's grief is gone,
And days, as bright as ever shone,
 Succeed that darkling hour.

And manhood's tears fall, soft, in grief
 Like sad October's rain ;
Long dreary days, with no relief,
Only the sound of falling leaf,
 And all is still again :
Long days, it weeps unceasing tears,
Deep sighs it heaves for by-gone years,
 Then, silent, bears its pain.

Old age weeps only frozen tears ;
As down a bare tree's side ;
December flakes fall few and fast,
And freezing as they fall, will last
Till comes the sweet Spring-tide ;
So down its furrowed cheeks tears fall,
Frozen and fast, nor melt, on earth, at all.

Shells

FAR out at sea, a tiny boat*
Has set her tiny sail,
Swiftly we see it onward float,
As freshens still the gale.
A rainbow, in it, must have slept,
To give it tints so fair,
Or loveliest angel, in it, wept,
A pearl, in every tear.
Brighter, than pen of mine can tell,
Sailed on, that little fearless shell.

Deep, in the chambers of the sea,
Where Ocean's mermaids dwell,
A palace stood, it seemed to me,
Its every stone a shell.
And oh, what glorious hues, were they,
That flashed upon my eye.
Of blue and green, and gold and gray,
That, there, unnoticed, lie.
As violets sweet, in loneliest dells,
So blush unseen, those beauteous shells.

Thus on the sea, and in its caves,
These painted sea-gems lie,
As tombstones, o'er its many graves
Of low-born men and high :

*The Nautilus.

And when they rest upon the shore,
In wealth's luxurious ease,
They sound to us, the solemn roar
They learned beneath the seas.
As exiles, though afar, they roam,
Still sing the songs they learned at home.

Rejected Address*

JENNY LIND TO AMERICA

HAIL to thee, home of the free and the fearless,
Gladly my spirit seeks shelter in thee,
Rising so fair, from the breast of the cheerless
And wearisome waste of the wave-dimpled sea!
Shrine of true liberty, long has my spirit
Panted and pined for thy sunnier clime,
Longing, thy glories and grace, to inherit,
Brightest and best of the daughters of time.

Hope of the exile and home of the ranger,
Mighty in all that the world counteth fair,
Take to thy bosom, and cherish the stranger
Own her, thy daughter, thy hearth let her share.
Full in my breast, are the warm pulses swelling,
Warmer for welcoming thee as my home;
Still will my lips of thy glories be telling,
Wide, through the world, as my footsteps may roam.

* Offered in competition, when Jenny Lind first visited America; but not accepted.

Moonlight

ALL the spaces, in the still,
Deep silence of this midnight hour,
Which busy day would ever fill,
With hum of bee around a flower,
Or with the hazy, seething rise
Of earth-born vapours to the sun,
The moonlight filled; and from the skies
To earth was silence; and in one
Unbroken column rose the light,
In silvery softness, out of sight.

V. M. R.

Asleep January 31, 1885

FOLDED hands and fettered feet;
Sealéd eyes, in slumber sweet;
Closéd mouth, undimpled chin;
Cheeks, so pale and cold and thin;
No more beating of the heart,
No more breath, the lips to part;
Not a word, and not a kiss;
Has our love all come to this?

For the Body, yes; 'tis all!
Like the seed, sown in the Fall,
Planted in the earth away,
Mingled with its kindred clay,
Waiting through the wintry snow,
Till the wind of Spring shall blow;
Certain then to wake from sleep;
God, this planting, safe, will keep.

Meanwhile, with activities
Freer far, and clearer eyes,
Wakes her soul, and warms with love;
First for God, and things above;
Then with pity tender, true,
Loving, praying, turns to you;
Draws your heart, her joys to see;
Hearts, where treasures are, will be.

October

E. G. D. G.

NOT sad nor gay, and not sober
Exactly, these autumn days,
Of the scarlet-and-gold October
Stand out, in their luminous haze ;
Dreamy and thoughtful and tender,
And rich with the sort of tint
That a poet-artist would render,
With colour that knows no stint.

Really, the beauty and glory
Is only the ripeness of leaf ;
Telling the Spring-time story,
And the Summer's heat, and the grief
Of the leaden rains of September,
And the first rough touch of frost ;
Not one do they fail to remember,
Whatever has been its cost.

This is no gaudy beauty
Of a flower-bed lush in June ;
'Tis the glory of fulfilled duty,
The chord, resolved, of a tune :
And the red is the blood of martyrs,
And the yellow, their crown of gold ;
He is childish, for youth, who barter
The greatness of growing old.

One thing I note in this splendour,
That the rich dark green of pine
Makes the back-ground strong and tender,
Against which, glow and shine
The tints of the rainbow colours,
On the hillsides low and high ;
More bright, for one hue that is duller,
Against the sunlit sky.

And I gather, my darling, this lesson,
That lies on your precious life,
Of the real and infinite blessing,
Of ripeness won through strife ;
Through pain, and sorrow, and trouble,
And of richness, growing with years,
And of happiness, more than double,
By contrast with trials and tears.

“Nihil Longe Deo”

NOTHING is far from Thee, no one, no where ;
Teach us this lesson, Lord, and draw to Thee
Our poor and wandering hearts, each day more
near,
Where only they at rest and peace can be.

Yet some *are* nearer Thee, dear Lord, than we ;
“ They in the rest of Paradise who dwell ,”
And, mirrored in the calm and crystal sea,
Gaze on that vision tongue can never tell.

So near they seem to Thee, who art not far
From us ; that whereso'er we stray,
If only Thou be near, then they too are,
From our poor empty hearts, not far away.

Time, distance, parting, all the pains and fears
About our living loves ; these are not known
About our dead. Unseen for blinding tears,
Their nearness to us, is most like Thine own.

Far as they are from hands and eyes that strain
To see, to feel them, this at least we know,
We never leave them, and no added pain
Of parting hurts us, whereso'er we go.

Yaddo, Dec. 24

WHY do ye linger so long at Yaddo,
Tinging, with gold, the pines' grave green,
Flushing, with crimson tint, the shadow

Cast, so clear, in the lake's smooth sheen;
Dear autumn leaves, sky-mined of the metal
Which, from the earth, makes bronze and gold;
Bringing back summer, when every petal,
Rainbow hues could, each day, unfold?

Dear leaves of autumn, what are you doing,
Lying here, yellow and red and brown,
Is it stuff, for a funeral pall, you are strewing,
With every breath, as you flutter down;
Burying little lost thoughts, that wandered
Out in the wood, like the "babes" that died;
Is it for this that your wealth is squandered,
Lovingly, lavishly, far and wide?

And the leaves whispered, with fleck of shadow
And sunlight mingled, in tremulous play,
"We are waiting here for the Queen of Yaddo,
To wave her farewell when she goes away;
And then on the soft sweet breast of our Mother,
Who bore us and nursed us, to lay us down,
And give life back to her, so that another
Spring-birth of leaves may be Yaddo's crown.

The First Soap Bubble

M. S. G.

O THE beauty of the vision, when the bubble
upward flew,
With its wonder and its glory breaking on
her raptured view.

Floating, dancing, soaring, falling, gathering every
rainbow hue,
Like a larger dew-drop, glowing, while the sunset tints
are new.

O, the beauty of the vision; all that wealth of golden
hair

Making bright the noonday sunlight, that so likes to
linger there

And the blue-gray eyes wide open, in their wonder and
delight

And the hands reached out to catch the phantom pass-
ing out of sight.

Silence, suddenly outbreaking in a short bird-note of
joy,

And the little figure starting to pursue the newest toy,
And the flush, half hope, half sorrow, when it broke,
and empty air

Kept no trace of all the beauty, that had just been
floating there.

O my darling, while the bubble filled your eye and
heart with glee,
With its clearness and its colour, and its airy flight so
free,
Heart and eye of mine were fastened, on the sweetness
and the grace
Of your little fairy figure and your dear upturnéd face.
Till it seemed to me, the story of our lives was written
there ;
How we set our hearts on bubbles, that soon vanish
into air ;
How the beauty and the glory of the earth and of the
skies
Seem to gather and go out in them, before our blind-
ing eyes.
And I longed to catch the spirit, as I saw it in your
face ;
And I prayed the Lord to give me such a measure of
His grace,
That with calm and clear uplifting of a still expectant
eye,
I might see the fleeting beauty of this world go hurrying
by.
While I knew, for every little bubble bursting in the
air,
There would come another some time, just as bright
and just as fair,
And I knew, that life's true losses were not bubbles
passed away,
But God's jewels safely storéd, dearer, nearer, every
day.

Shadows

IT is not reading, makes us wise;
But most we learn, by sitting still,
To hear the whispers of God's Will,
And watch His ways, with patient eyes.

Books are the teachers of man's wit;
The Heaven is God's eternal seat;
All earth, a school; and at His Feet,
That reach the long way down, we sit,

Trying to spell out life's blurred page,
Whose deep, mysterious, loving truth,
We read not, until childhood, youth,
And manhood have grown gray, with age.

But word by word, the page we spell,
And learn some lesson every day,
To wait, to work, to watch, to pray,
And, last of all, to *bear* God's will.

This I have learned; that sorrows are
But shadows cast by God's great love,
As by the sunlight from above
That shineth on us, from afar.

And lest our heart grow hard, with heat,
Beneath the loving sun of God,
It casts a shadow of His Rod
And shades our souls, that lie beneath.

And, lest our hearts grow dry again,
He sheds the shadow of our fears,
And draws the misty veil of tears,
To make us patient and serene.

And deep and far, the shadows fall,
Deepest, when clouds of death have come,
Darkest about the empty home
Far-reaching, sometimes, over all.

But, in the death of good and great,
When all the earth lies in the shade,
The deepest shadow, still, is made,
On those, who cling about His feet.

Yet through the shadow, shines the sun;
There is no sunlight without shade,
No sun, if shadows be not made;
And those, who leave us, are not gone.

It is not nearness, that we need,
To press our darlings, to our heart;
For, when they seem most far apart,
They, nearest are, to us, indeed.

It is not nearness, that we need
But only faith, flesh-clothed in love,
That bids, the parting mountain, move;
And God's dark writings, all can read.

Yet, with the shadow, shines the sun;
There is no sunlight without shade
No sun, if shadows be not made;
And those that leave us, are not gone.

And through the shadows, shines the sun;
God's love, triumphant over all,
Attests its presence by the fall
Of shadows gathering, one by one.

The shadows gather, one by one;
The evening hastens; then the night;
And then the breaking dawn grows light,
And out bursts, God's eternal sun.

Through the Curtain

M. S. G.

MY dearest Baby, playing in the room
Runs through a curtain—parting as she goes
‘And falling to again—and on tip toes
She stands, looks back and says, “ all gone ”; and night
And silence are, where there was speech and light.
And I stand, waiting, in the growing gloom,—
But, in a moment comes a little hand,
Puts back the curtain, and that sweetest face
Smile-wreathed, and with a look of glad surprise
Beaming and brimming in the dear blue eyes
Comes towards me, fast as running feet can race,
And, falling in my wide arms’ fast embrace,
Says “ O ”! as if she thought I would not stand
And wait for her, with patience, in my place.

THROUGH THE VAIL

M. H. D.

My dearest darling, whose sweet presence made
My work-time, play-time, and filled earth with light;
I saw the vail lift, through which, out of sight
You passed, and as it fell, there fell the shade
Of sorrow, silence, solitude, and night.
“ All gone? ” I know God would not let that be!

I know that only to another room
Of the dear Father's House, Thy soul hath come.
I know, it but an instant seems to Thee,
Till, through the vail, uplifted then for me
Thy voice shall fill my ear ; thyself, my eyes.
Shall it there stir in Thee, love's sweet surprise
To know, that since you passed, in the same place
You left me, I have waited, for Thy face?

Telephone

M. S. G.

MY sweetest Baby, playing in the room
Where she had seen me use the telephone,
Whose far-voiced string has power to take
the tone

Of the most distant speaker, asked to come
Into dear arms, one day, when I was gone ;
And pressing her sweet lips against the cup,
Called me by the pet name that's all her own.
I was too far away to hear. But one took up
The word, and swifter than the rushing wind,
Sent it, on lightning wings, to cheer my heart,
And as I read the word, it soothed the smart
Of absence, seeming, somehow, power to find
To speak, with all the dearness of her voice,
And make my desert loneliness rejoice.

M. H. D.

O God, Who mak'st Thine angels to be winds,
Thy Ministers fire: I am farther still
From one more dear. O might it be Thy Will,
Taking the mystic cord, which surely binds
All hearts, however parted, into one
Communion, in the Body of Thy Son—
To let that dear voice speak one word to me,
Call me by name, and since I am not near
Enough, its sweet familiar tones, to hear,
Let her own Angel, who, from her new birth
Has watched her, till he bore her soul from earth,
Leave her a moment—She is safe with Thee—
And speak, just as she spake, that I may dream
I hear once more the music of that voice,
Which, speaking, seemed to make the world rejoice,
And silent, makes the world, so silent, seem.

Goodnight and Goodbye

THESE are life's two commendatory prayers,
" Goodnight, "
" Goodbye "; not wishes only, for love's holy
rite

Of trusting worship waves the censer there,
Whose rising fragrance makes each wish, a prayer ;
And the same thought of God is in them both ;
Else love, to speak them, would be all too loth.

" Goodnight ! " we say ; and though the darkness fold
Soft wings of silence, which our darlings hold,
Unseen, unheard, away ; yet, in our dreams,
Which are the soul's continued life, there seems
No night, no silence, but they still are near,
And the heart rests content, and has no fear.

We dare not say " Goodnight, " when the far deeper
Darkness falls, which we call death, and why ?
Because while we are in the dark, the sleeper
Wakes in the very Light of Life ; and so, " Goodbye "
We say, and the dear word comes back in sweet reply,
" God with us " both, and we with Him, who live, who
die.

And this is my Goodbye to you, dear friend,
Which crosses seas, and bridges shore to shore.
God has been with you, will be, to the end,
And with those sweetest souls passed on before.
And you, and they, and I, by power of this dear prayer,
Are one, in His unfailling love and ceaseless care.

Mrs. Spencer Trask

K. N. T.

I

HELD in high honour through all England's story,
Three letters, added to a noble name,
Since ever Arthur ruled in royal glory,
A nature, gallant, pure and true, proclaim.

Not by mere chance, but this true story telling,
The knightly surname comes of right to thee;
Pure heart, high thought, brave, gracious courtesy
dwelling
In the fair Ladye, yclept "K. N. T."

II

IN THE TOWER AT YADDO

O lifted eye, o'erlooking earth,
O lifted heart that grasps the sky,
Thine is the gift of holiest birth,
Thine the fast hold of things on high.
To thee, the things of time unseen,
The eternal vision shines serene.

III

NEW OLD FRIENDS

Words there are, whose friendship measures
Years or days, one knows not whether,
Old they seem, like heir-loom treasures,
New, like flowers in sweet spring weather.
Hearts no measure take of time,
Save the measure of the rhyme
Of the pulses, that, in tune,
Ebb and flow like tides to moon.

Felicissimo Natale!

'A Christmas word to my children in Italy

SOFT fall the accents of the Tuscan speech,
Like lapping waves against a sandy beach,
And sweet the sounds, that ripple from the
tongue
Of that fair land, which poets all have sung.

“ Felice, felicissimo natale ! ” Pray
My darlings, take this greeting for to-day.
We, in our harder, wholesome words, at home,
Say “ Merry Christmas,” and the wish will come,

That, either we were, where they call this day
Festa di natale ; or you, here, to say
“ Christmas ” and Merry Christmas, for 'twould be
Most merry, with you this side of the sea.

But thank God, darlings, whatso'er the speech,
In which we phrase it, 'tis the same to each,
English, Italian, or in any tongue,
In which the carol “ peace on earth ” is sung.

And so “ felice ” “ merry ” let us say,
As much as may be here, you all away ;
Or there, where children are ; and Christmas cheer,
Where children are not, is a trifle drear.

Still “ happy,” “ merry ” for the blessed Gift,
To heaven our thankful hearts we all will lift,
And keep our Christmas, half across the sea,
Half here, as you do, darlings, thankfully.

An Offering in Gold

(For the Cathedral Endowment Fund from the Sisters of the Holy Child)

YOUR gift, dear Sisters, does to me unfold
What alchemists sought vainly for of old,
The magic mystery of making gold.

Light first the holy fire of sacrifice ;
Kindle with breath of love, till it arise
Like incense winged and wafted to the skies.

Then put in poverty, and stir, with prayer,
The smelting stuff of constant toil and care,
And the result is gold, pure, rich and rare.

The Golden Wedding at Edgewater

MR. AND MRS. G. POMEROY KEESE

TWO fresh sails set to catch the morning breeze,
Bearing one bark to sail on unknown seas;
Roi et Reine,

Roy and his Queen;

These the two sails, and this the bark; at ease
Floating and drifting, steering where they please.

Fair winds or adverse, clear or cloudy weather,
No matter which, while they go on together;

And one by one,

Daughter and son,

Make either crew or cargo, as you please,
Of the staunch craft that bears the name of Keese.

Till, to the softer winds of evening, sails still set,
Rich with the memories neither can forget,

At dear Edgewater

With each son and daughter,

In peaceful harbour lit with sunset gold,
Love is still young, though half a century old.

Daniel Webster

“The rock shall guard his rest, and the ocean sound his dirge ”

ROLL up, old Ocean, thine eternal surge
And tune thy strong and everlasting voice,
To its most sad, most solemn, grandest dirge,
In such a requiem worthy of thy choice.

Stand firm, thou gray and bearded rock of strength,
God's tomb, to guard such consecrated dust ;
And watch, through time's unseen, mysterious length,
Thy sleeper ; proud in such a sacred trust.

His fame, old Ocean, like thy ceaseless flow,
Swells onward, upward, where thou art not known ;
His name, the rock, that ages still shall know
To stand the firmest thing, unreached, alone.

“ Thy rod, thy staff ”, oh gracious God, have stayed
The rod that stayed our nation from its fall ;
And in Thy Life, the man that Thou hast made,
“ Still lives ; ” and is more living than we all.

Amasa J. Parker

AN. ÆT. LXXX

HOW shall we greet him, honoured among men,
Who has not only passed three score and ten,
But bears the weight of all these eighty years,
Unbent, unbroken, eye undimmed with tears,
And natural force, like Patriarch of old,
All unabated; and his age untold
But by his honours! Let us write in gold
The glory of such age; to which, unrolled
Like a long, pleasant pathway, all the past,
Filled with strong purposes from first to last,
Lies bathed and basking in the sunset rays
Of peace, content, renown and length of days.
We hail him victor in a fight well fought,
Crowned with the laurels plucked from many a field;
Who learned by teaching, and while learning taught,
And made both life and books their wisdom yield.
Statesman and jurist, strong in earnest plea,
And wise in counsel, judging righteously:
Blest beyond men in all that sweetens life,
Home, children, children's children, truest wife:
Chief among equal citizens, he bears
Our City's name to honour high and fair:
With simple ease his well-won crown he wears:
"Serus in coelum redeat:" This our prayer.

Gladstone

FOREMOST of English-speaking men in all the
lands
Ruled by our English speech, great Gladstone
stands.

Scholar and statesman, patriot and Premier
Of England: lordlier than the titled Peer
Who office holds, for just the passing hour,
But yields to him the premiership of power.

Versed in all knowledge, sacred and profane,
Our Holy Faith most valiant to maintain.
The friend of freedom, facing loss and scorn
To lift from dust the friendless and forlorn.
Lover of England's homes, and England's state,
With will to make her rather good than great.

Careful perhaps far more of rule at home,
Than of the glories which from empire come ;
Changing, 'tis said, as all things change that grow,
Changing to meet events that onward go.
Leading, yet following, the great people's will,
And bound the leader's mission to fulfill.

Glad-stone, well named, since he who maketh glad
The hearts of men, himself however sad,
Has highest gladness ; and a very stone
Of precious worth, a jewel in the throne
Of truest sovereignty, which rules and reigns,
In the high realm of thought whose wide domains
No one land limits, no one age contains :
His own beloved Homer's hero lives again
In him, whom I account a " King of men."

To Dr. Furness

(After hearing him read Henry V., and Julius Cæsar)

GOD findeth water in most various ways,
For thirsting souls in life's most desert days.
Some dig, or bore, or pump with might and
main ;

To some, a mirage o'er a dry, flat plain,
To some, a green oasis in the sand,
Tells of the crystal moisture near at hand.
But the most wondrous gift is his, whose hand,
With the witch-hazel, in unmeant command,
Points where no eye had seen, nor search had found,
To some unmarked, unlikely piece of ground,
And strikes—as Moses' rod, the Rock—the place,
Where a fair Naiad hides her modest face.

This is thy art, my friend. Where ponderous pumps
Artesian bores, deep-diggers—critics called—
Have worried Shakspeare's wonder-world, with thumps
And throes of toil, thy magic wand, enthralled
With the sweet witchcraft of thy thought and voice,
Touches, now here, now there, spots bare and bald,
And a fresh spring of beauty makes our hearts rejoice.

Mr. Story's Monument to his Wife

HERE what is mortal rests, of two true hearts
Whose never broken oneness nothing parts.
Learn well the language of this marble speech!

Love is immortal. So is Life. And each
Gives to the other its immortality,
Since Love is everliving; and unless
Life loves, it dies. Here Love undying weeps
Its other life, which is not dead, but sleeps
Till the dear dream is over. Now, awake
In Paradise, all parting past, no ache
Of heart, no tear, no fear, but perfect peace,
In that fair world, where all our troublings cease;
And the true heart, which carved the stone, became
More than before, endowed with deathless fame.

Victoria

DUMB in amazement of unhopèd-for joy,
The priest wrote down the words, " His name
is John ; "

And straight his tongue was loosened, and the boy
Bore that new name of *grace*, so strangely won.

Surely a priestly hand, with prophet eye,
Gave to the little child so long ago,
The name that she has lived, and lifted high
Its meaning, for the whole wide world to know.

Victoria! conquering not as men who win
The world's great battles in the fields of war,
With stain of blood, and strain of arms, and din
Of rolling drums and trumpets' brazen blare.

Not victor, but Victoria; the maiden, first,
When her young girlhood mistressed all her fears,
Till then in childhood's ways and works immersed,
Took up the burden, for these long, long years,

Of sovereignty's hard service, and has been
Not England's ruler, India's Empress proud,
But, where the English speech is, just " the Queen,"
Before whose throne all reverent hearts have bowed.

Victoria, "ruling her own spirit," first,
Her heart, her home, as loyal wife and true,
Conquering her agony when the sorrow burst
That widowed her: while, through her grief, she
grew

More tender in her touch of others' pain;
Till of her sorrows she had made a throne,
On which, as woman, farther still to reign
In hearts, her sovereign sympathy who own.

"Choice vessel!" "silver, gold and precious stones,"
Were wrought and set by God's own hand in thee;
Silver, gold, diamond jubilee, each owns
Thy conquests won, thy gracious Majesty.

Outlived the century, young yet at your birth,
Still the "Victorian era" this shall be,
Bearing thy name, though Jubilee of mirth
Become a "miserere Domine."

For now, Victoria, gone aside to die
Alone, unconquered, victory still is thine,
Through the dear might of Him, on Whom thine eye
Is fixed, and fastened on His conquering sign.

Through life, in death, thy deathless name Victoria
Shall ever live. Sit Deo omnis gloria.

(Instead of the Boar's Head on Twelfth Night at Yaddo,* a white dove living and fluttering on the finger of his captor is brought into the great hall, and the song is the interpretation of the substitution of the bird for the old "caput apri.")

Greeting to the Dove

A VE avis albior
Nive, et nitidior;
Nidus terrâ, coeli nauta,
Vitæ, pacis, nuntia.

THE DOVE'S MESSAGE.

Not a rude relic, of those rougher days,
When roystering feasts and cruel sports prevailed;
When the fierce boar, by fiercer men assailed,
Sent in his head all garlanded with bays,
To mock this peaceful time, with scars of strife,
And give dead greetings to the Prince of Life:

I come to share the wassail of this Day,
And take my part in Yaddo's festal play,
Telling the spirit of this gracious place,
Where Lord and Lady lend their courtly grace
To kindlier sports, and feasts, whose revelry
Fits the fair Feast of Christ's Epiphany.

* The home of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask in Saratoga.

THE DOVE'S SONG.

Fair Yaddo's woods are green and still,
The pines shoot high above the snow,
Where free from fierce pursuit to kill,
The minstrel birds fly to and fro,
And sing their carols to the star,
'Which led the wise men from afar.

My feathers, whiter than the snow,
Mean Mary, Virgin pure and true,
And Jesus, of all men below,
The only sinless-born, for you:
To maid and wife and man and child,
I tell of pureness undefiled.

Chorus.

Holy Jesu, Baby, born of blesséd Mary,
Simple shepherds know Thee God, and sages own Thee
King,
Thee the world shall worship with love that cannot
vary,
Holy Lord and Saviour, men and angels sing.

Mine, too, the symbol of true love,
And life and peace, worth all beside;
Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Dove,
That broods o'er the baptismal tide,
Enkindling love, creating life,
And breathing peace, in sin's sore strife.

So come I, where these graces four,
Peace, Purity and Life and Love
Make their abode ; and more and more,
The Blessed Spirit from above,
His heavenly gifts abundant sends,
On Yaddo's hosts and Yaddo's friends.

Chorus.

Holy Jesu, Baby, born of blesséd Mary,
Simple shepherds own Thee God, and sages own Thee
King,
Thee the world shall worship with love that cannot
vary,
Holy Lord and Saviour, men and angels sing.

The First Midsummer Tree

At our summer home in North-East Harbour for many years, till the trees grew too tall and the children too old, we kept the custom of an outdoor feast for children and friends, which originated in the thought of my eldest grand-daughter when she was three years old. Three of the yearly rhymes are printed here for the sake of the children and the friends.

SING hey, sing ho, the Midsummer Tree,
With its branches spreading far and free,
Come, little Child, come here and see,
What sort of fruit it bears for thee.

THE CHILD

Balsam and cone and needle of pine,
These things grow on the neighbours of thine.
How comes it, then, dear Midsummer Tree,
That such strange fruits have grown on thee?

THE MIDSUMMER TREE

I was growing here in the scented wood,
Growing as fast as ever I could,
With dews from the earth and salt from the sea,
Hoping to grow to a Christmas Tree ;

But a dear little girl had a gracious thought,
And coming here in the wood, she sought
For a tree that would bear such fruits as these,
Her little neighbours and friends to please.

For "Christmas," she said, "is long away,
And we want a tree on a Midsummer day,
Where we can come and frolic there,
Out in the fresh and fragrant air."

So I bent my boughs to the kindly hands,
Ready to follow such sweet commands,
And soon there grew such fruits as these,
You may gather them now, as soon as you please.

For "the trees of the wood rejoice" always,
To join with the children in merry play;
And the same great Love, so rich and free,
Decks both the Midsummer and Christmas Tree.

The Midsummer Tree

A. D. 1891

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

PUCK.

This is the ground enchanted,
Where elves and brownies roam;
This is the spot most haunted
By fairies. 'Tis their home.

TITANIA.

Hush, Puck, the little children,
That through this woodland go,
You must not be bewildering;
Speak softly, still and low;
For all these sweet bewitchers,
Made out of common clay,
Like other little pitchers,
Have long ears, so they say.

PUCK.

No fear, fair Queen, 'tis night-time;
The little children come
In sunny daylight's bright time;
'Tis only we who roam,
When the fair moon's bright lantern
Hangs high up in the sky,
And makes the stars all twinkle,
As each one blinks its eye.

TITANIA.

Yes, but my quick ear catches
A sound quite new and strange;
Send for the elf who watches
These pine-trees, for some change
Is creeping through and through them,
The branches bend so low;
Some charm is here to woo them,
The secret I would know.

And then Puck flew o'er land and sea,
And asked of every growing tree,
And the rocks and flowers questioned he,
And the soft waves lapping lazily
The Harbour-side, and the cliff-walk, where
Strollers and sketchers, maidens fair,
With fancy free, and many a pair
Of lovers saunter; and men sedate,
And matrons, through the welcoming gate,
Find winding ways for wandering feet,
And grateful shade and restful seat,
And this is the story he heard, they say,
Of the Dream of a dear Midsummer's Day.

Here, in this far off Island,
With its harbour sheltered and still,
With its valleys fair, and its high land
Moulded to many a hill;

With its green-clad sweeps of dry land,
Rolling to kiss the sea ;
With its spot that my darling called " my land, "
The dearest of all to me ;

With its murmuring pines and larches,
And the silvery birch between ;
Whose blue sky overarches
A sea of a deeper sheen ;

With its subtle charm of vision,
Half veiled and half revealed,
And its atmosphere Elysian,
Bathing each flowery field ;

Here, as in Shakspeare's fancy,
I dream of a merry play,
That would say to the fairies, " Dance ye "
If fairies could dance by day ;

That would wake Hippolyta's voice, in
A word of queenly praise,
That Titania would rejoice in,
As fair as her moonlight maze.

Here the children find in summer
A Christmas Tree in bloom,
With a gift for every comer,
And a welcome to all who come.

Neighbours and friends all gather,
For the Master and Mistress, here,
Of dear "Ye Haven"* would rather
To all, give goodly cheer.

And the merry children's voices
Make music in the ear,
And the wood-thrush too rejoices,
To mingle his note so clear;

And the dear old Madame Peabody,
Repeats her name so loud,
She must be Grandma, the wee body,
To all the childish crowd.

And the woodland glows with colour,
Bright ribbands and golden curls;
Its browns and blues are duller
Than the eyes of the boys and girls.

And this is the Children's reality,
Of a Child's Midsummer Day's dream;
For the fancies of sweet ideality
Are fairer, made real, than they seem.

* Mrs. James T. Gardiner's summer home.

The Midsummer Tree

A. D. 1895

PROLOGUE

WHAT is the fairest thing we see,
Dear friends, who have come to the Mid-
summer Tree,
Earth, or air, or sky or sea?
In this blessed, island, summer home,
To which, from year to year, we come,
From which our fond hearts never roam;
Earth, or air, or sea or sky,
Which of the four, to the seeing eye
Is fairest? That's what we want to try
To settle to-day. And you and I
Will hear what they have to say for themselves,
Speaking through each one's chosen elves,
One that swims and one that delves,
And two that fly. Which is most fair,
Earth or sea, or sky or air?
Listen, and then decide if you dare,
Mortals of merely human birth!
Of charms in each there is no dearth,
Sky and air and sea and earth.

THE ELVES

THE EARTH

Fairest of four I claim to be ;
I guard the roots of each stately tree ;
Busy am I with every hour,
To bear some sweeter, fresher flower,
From the tiny violet first to peep,
Waking from Winter's silent sleep ;
The May-flower's pink lips whispering low,
Of the living warmth in the sun's bright glow,
To the brown leaves stripped of their sheet of snow ;
Twin-flower, bunch-berry, marguerite,
Hare-bells chiming their notes so sweet ;
Wild roses, to crown the May Queen, meet ;
And the grasses, carpets for passing feet ;
Till I rule, like a king, with my golden-rod,
Under whose sway the asters nod.
And when the flowers have bloomed and gone,
Lest the world seem weary and lost and lone,
I gild the hillsides, lower and higher,
With trees and bushes that burn with fire,
Like the Angel vision, to Moses' eye,
On the holy ground which he drew not nigh.
I give their pasture to herds and flocks
I gird the sea with my glorious rocks,
And mine is the gift, to man and maid,
Under blazing skies, of the grateful shade ;
And mine, the standpoint from which your eye
Sees beauty in air and sea and sky.

THE SEA

O mother Earth, time was when you
Were hidden far from human view,
Under my deep, deep waves that rolled,
And ruled, alone, in the days of old.
Fairest of all am I, the sea ;
Tossing my waves in gayest glee,
Breaking in crests of silvery spray,
With my countless smiles on a summer day,
Green as an emerald, sapphire blue,
Jewel-coloured with every hue,
When the sunset makes a mirror of me,
Its own rare, radiant tints to see.
On me swift wingéd sailers float,
I bear on my bosom the " Only " * boat ;
And the coolness that tempers the hottest days,
And the gray fog-drifts and the wind that plays,
Fragrant and fresh, with the smell of pine,
All these are the charms I claim as mine.
While under my surface, opal rings
Twirl in the tide, intangible things :
And the other fish, not made of jelly,
Some of them scaly, and some of them shelly,
Offer themselves for sport or gain,
Or food that manufactures brain.
Hence wise professors and presidents
And authors and parsons are residents,
All of them tempted here by me,
I am the fairest of all, the Sea.

* The name of the family row-boat.

THE SKY

Up, hearts and eyes, and gaze on me,
For I am fairer than all the three ;
Roofing the earth and spanning the ocean,
Sublime and still, in the restless motion
Of tossing sea and the turning world ;
I fling out banners of cloud unfurled,
I roll out the flaunting flags of mist,
By the shining sunlight coloured and kissed ;
I set the solemn march of the stars,
To " the music of spheres. " The golden bars
Of the sunbeams open my palace gate,
From dewy morn till the twilight late,
And close them again, till the queenly moon
Turns midnight into a silver noon ;
And never a colour on land or sea,
That is not borrowed or stolen from me,
And mine is the gift to your eyes of sight,
For the Sky is the giver to all, of Light !

THE AIR

I am the Air
I claim the prize ;
I cannot tell you all the why's,
Of weather-wise and otherwise ;
But all that is fair,
Earth, sea or skies,
You could not see
If it were not for me.

Artists call me atmosphere,
Now isn't it clear
That I am the fairest,
Who make all fair?
Purest and rarest
And sweetest air!

Breathe me, and smell me and look through me,
I'm health and fragrance and power to see.

BETTY LOQUITOR

I'm nobody's elf,
I'm not one of the four,
I'm simply myself,
And nothing more;
I am just little Betty,
I think they're all pretty,
None more, none less
Earth, air, sky, sea;
And so, I guess,
You'll agree with me.

EPILOGUE

Dear friends, if you find yourselves hardly tasked,
To answer the question that we have asked,
Let me tell you what one of our wise men said,
Hitting the nail just on the head;
You may call him an algebraic X,
Or guess at his title, our Baltimore "Prex."
Years ago, in his gracious way,
He said of dear Northeast, one day,

“ When I remember my visit here
Three things will be to my memory dear,
And take them whichever way you will,
'Twill be an ascending climax still,
The air I breathed, and the views I saw,
And the friends I met.” So by this law,
A wise conclusion our question ends ;
 Amicus earth, amicus sea
 And air and sky, both amici !
Magis amici, our dear, dear friends

Terra Incognita

AT NORTH EAST HARBOUR

DAILY, I launch my dear old boat,
And always from one strand,
And whether I row, or idly float
It is all the same to me ;
For I always go to an unknown land
And over an unknown sea.

One day the cliffs were yellow and red,
And another grey and brown ;
And the sparkling sea, o'er which I sped,
Was jewelled, one day, like a crown,
And the next, 'twas a mirror of glass, as still
As the shadow it took from every hill.

Out to the sunset skies, I row,
Over waves that are purple and green,
Or gold, in the softened twilight glow,
Or silver, in moonlight sheen ;
While the mountains are flecked with shadows fair,
Or melt into touch with the amber air.

And some days, comes the soft, still mist,
The fog from " the eastern way,"
And the mountain tops by its wreathls are kissed,
And loom up weird and grey,
And play hide and seek with each other and me,
While the silken veil lies over the sea.

And so I feel, with every day,
As the oar drops from my hand,
And I catch the glow of the sun's last ray,
On the rocks and the sea and the sand ;
That I've crossed, that day, an unknown sea,
And been to an unknown land.

NUGAE ALBANIENSES

I

“The Weather on Easter Day
Will be Fine and Clear”

An Albany Weather Prophecy

O SERGEANT SIMS! O, Sergeant Sims!
How could you so believe in
, Wild April's wayward weather-whims
Which always are deceivin'?

What milliner's or florist's gold
Bought up the weather bureau?
Next year, when climate is foretold,
Pray don't be quite so sure,—O!

For all the papers have to say
Of Easter, is a bonnet,
A gown, a shawl, or some display,
Spoiled, if the rain fall on it.

To these, your forecasts, when untrue,
Bring sorrow and disaster;
The rest don't care a fig for you,
For clouds spoil no real Easter.

II

“Amphibious”

W. C. D. to J. W.

With respectful dedication,
To the Prince Bishop of the nation,
This most serious meditation,
On a coming visitation.

SOME one jokingly said, or is said to have said,
(As a joke it is not worth a stater)
That amphibious things are so very ill made,
That they never could live on the land, where they
stayed,
And were certain to die in the water.
Which is false, as I'm sure I can prove in a minute
For amphibs can leg it, or fly it, or fin it;
And I think should be called *tertio-bius*;
For a duck swims, and flies,
And walks round when he tries,
In a waddling way, cut quite bias.

I'm convinced in myself, without any impiety,
That the most complete instance of true amphi-biety,
Is the animal Man. And, if one wants to fish up
An instance in point, I suggest, that a Bishop
In or out of his *see*, my contention will prove,
Being set in a See, he *must swim*, if he move,
And he travels so fast that men say that he *flies*,
(Being therefore called angel sometimes, in sur-
prise.)

And his well-gaitered legs, when he starts off so
pious,
Make the *walking*, which proves him to be amphi-
bious.

But beside these mere physical facts, it is true,
That a Bishop lives two or three lives, as but few
Other men that I know. There's his home-life of
"letters,"
"Humanissimae literae," writings most human,
To his vestries and parsons, his elders and betters,
And to every known kind, both of man and of woman.
And, with much overlooking, and some overseeing,
Some preaching, some practicing, some merely being
At home, with his books and with those he loves best,
He passes the time of his nominal rest.

Then, presto, the change! No two nights in one bed;
With preaching incessant, or talking instead;
Careful to keep all politest proprieties,
Collated, "Received", and incessantly fed
With chicken (cold), cakes and all manner of pie-ties,
Lemonade, tea and all such inebrieties;
Locomotion in vehicles of all varieties,
Sent to convey the Right Rev. amphibieties,
Car or caboose, buggy, steamer or train;
Up hill and down dale, over water and plain,
Only stopping at night, to begin it again;
He's a fish in his see, he's a tramp on the land,
And in baggy lawn sleeves like a big bird, he'll stand,
As the type of a deuterio-tertio-biety;
And so ends my contention, to your full satiety.

III

A Bill of Sale

Written, with the three that follow, in connection with the sales of the Woman's Cathedral League in its early days.

HERE'S a receipt for a fine lobster salad,
Arranged in the form of an elegant ballad.

Here are fine etchings by Architect Gibson,
Which must have been done with pens having fine
nibs on.

Paintings by Palmer—(I think there's but one),
But besides this, are several done by the sun.

You may look far and wide and you'll not find to-
gether,

More beautiful specimens of work done in leather.

And as for embroideries, here you will find
Cloths rich with the glories of Ormus and Ind.

Look next at this table: the last things in tin,
Tin for tin: tit for tat: if you'll buy them you'll win.

Plants cut and plants growing, a beautiful show
Shed a tropical fragrance in spite of the snow.

Plum puddings for Christmas, and cakes for to-day,
Candies, candidly speaking, much sweetness display.

And the babies and cradles and doll-clothes so fine
Make the eyes of the little girls twinkle and shine.

Books, and carols and hymns, and a picture of him
Who composed them, among his books, sitting up prim.

China and glass and each kind of a basket
If you don't see the price, you have only to ask it.

If you think you can find a collection that's better, or
Choicer, I beg you'll examine the "et cetera."

IV

A Lobster Salad

PRELIMINARY

WHERE waves break softly, on the wooded
rocks
Of Maine's indented, island-sheltered shore,
And cold and clear as ice the waters roar
And kiss the spruce trees and the fair hemlocks;
There, for the sweetest of crustaceans, look,
Caught without line and captured without hook:
Dipped in the pot, he blushes from the sense
Of all men's praises of his excellence.

There, where rolls Arno's sunny tide along,
To the sweet rhythm of great Dante's song;
Where grow the trees, whose leaf is sign of peace,
Whose fruit, of holy gifts; seek; do not cease
Your search, till one-half cup of golden oil
Rewards your seeking, and the presser's toil.

Next homeward come, where, from some dairy clean,
And cool with running spring, milk from the queen
Of some choice herd, has clotted into cream,
Smooth, white, sweet, soft, like some midsummer
dream.

Skim one-half cup full, beat it into foam,
Like that which from full udders first did come.

Away again to tropic clime, and find
A fragrant lemon, with its spicy rind;

Whose strained juice is needed, to complete
The added sugar—one-half teaspoon—, sweet
And powdered: and 'twill then not all be fixed,
Without a teaspoonful of mustard, vinegar-mixed.

A pinch of cayenne pepper sprinkle in,
A teaspoonful of salt, and then begin
Breaking two eggs, to beat their yolks to foam,
(Fresh as may be from neighbouring farmers' home)
Six tablespoons of vinegar must be
At hand, to pour in, as you soon shall see.

PREPARATORY

Now note the order, let there be no fault,
Mustard and pepper, sugar, eggs and salt,
In due proportion, must be mixed just right;
And the whole substance beaten, till 'tis light.
Then slowly, beating gently all the while,
Pour in the golden stream of olive oil.

And when the mixture is quite smooth and thick,
Whip in the lemon juice with motion quick;
And when five minutes have been spent in beating,
Stir in the vinegar: ('tis most fit for eating)
Now add the lobster-flesh, picked clean and small,
Mix well, and before serving, over all,

FINALE

Pour the whipped cream; one-half at first; and when
The dainty bowl with lettuce leaves is lined,
And filled with the cut lobster seasoned, then
Pour over all, the whipped cream left, and mind
My words, the greatest epicure of men
Eating with smacking lips, will say, "I've dined."

Muffins

THERE surely is "nuffin"
 More good than a muffin,
 That has just "quant suffin"—
 Of all the nice things;
 So light, that it's puffin;
 Quite tender, no tough in
 The texture you stuff in
 Those magical rings.

If aunt, sister, or cousin,
 Would make just a dozen,
 I'll tell you the way.
 It's extremely expedient
 To have each ingredient,
 At hand, let me say:
 Just a pint of finest flour,
 Cream, just half as much, or milk,
 Fresh from Jersey calf or cow, or
 "Cushy" bribed with "gown of silk":
 Butter, sugar, each a table-
 Spoonful; then one egg new-laid;
 Baking powder, if you're able
 To decide the best that's made—

Just two teaspoons: and of salt
Half a teaspoon: let no fault
Spoil the just proportions given,
Which will make it light as leaven.

Mix the flour and baking powder,
Beat the egg and sugar well;
Melt the butter;—You'll be prouder
Than the proudest city belle
With her muff-in hand, so swell—

Mix the sugared egg and butter;
('Twill be very, very utter)
Beat the three for just a minute;
Then the salt and milk put in it,
Then the baking-powdered flour
Must go in, quite quickly mixed;
And the whole be nicely fixed,
In the buttered rings for baking:
And the time that they'll be taking
To be done brown for the eater,
Will be not quite half an hour.
And the next time that you meet a
Muffin man in Maiden Lane,
This is what he'll want to say,
Taking up his sad refrain;
“ Friend, I think it's rather rough in
You to make so good a muffin
That you steal my trade away.”

VI

Crullers

THE cruller with a C
Is the spelling in Yankée,
Of the kruller with a K,
Which the Dutchman loves, they say,
Fried in lard
Till it's hard;
'Tis the thing, like which none such
Can be made—"It beats the Dutch:"
And the Yankee thinks it's beaten,
By no cakes, for breakfast eaten.

Than a Dutchman you'll be duller
If you fail to make a kruller,
By the process I rehearse,
In this culinary verse.
Like a Yankee, you'll be cute,
If you make it well, to suit
Sons of our old Holland stock,
Daughters sprung from Plymouth Rock.

The things to buy, or get by barter
Are eggs, soda, cream of tartar,
Sugar, nutmeg, flour, butter,
Lard, in which to make them splutter,

When the mixing
And the fixing,
And the wise use of the cutter,
Have made shapely rings of dough,
Ready in the pan to go.

First of sugar, cupfuls two,
And of butter half a cup
Must be beaten till they seem
White and soft, like clotted cream.
Then three egg yolks beaten up
Must be added thereunto;
One teaspoon of soda, stirred
In one cup of milk, from "herd
Winding slowly o'er the lea",
—This is quoted poetry—
Next is pouréd in the white
Of the eggs, to make it light.

All this add now to the flour,
Well mixed in with tartar-cream;

Over all, a little shower
Of brown nutmeg put; nor deem
Yet your toil complete—though hard—
Till, dipped into boiling lard,
Each round ring, well browned, not greasy,
(And to help this is not easy)
Not too thin, and not too stout,
Like "linkéd sweetness", is drawn out.

SUNDRY RHYMES AT
DIVERS TIMES

A Carol

To D. G.

BLESSED are the birthdays that come in December,
When the highest and best of all births we remember,

The Child that was born and laid in a manger;
"Born to us" all, though men thought Him a stranger,
And no room was found for Him there, in the inn.
"I have gotten a Man from the Lord", the first Mother
Cried in her joy. 'Twas not He, but another,
Of whom all say, "Unto us there is given
A Son!" 'Tis the Son of our Father in Heaven,
Cradled and swathed, that poor stable, within.

This is the joy of our Christmas festivity;
This is the gift of the noblest nativity;
"Wonderful, Counsellor", "God the Almighty",
"Prince of the peace" without end; yet to-night, He
Sleeps like a helpless and dreamless young child;
He that is King on the throne of His Father,
King in Jerusalem, Heaven's King, rather,
Born of the Virgin pure, meek, undefiled.

First, must a rougher bed hold Him and throne Him,
Thorn-crowned, before the wide world comes to own
Him,
Mighty and merciful, Sovereign and Saviour.
Him we must serve with our life's best behaviour,
Bowling our hearts to receive Him as King.

Wise men and simple draw near to adore Him,
Nations and peoples are prostrate before Him,
Angels, His glory, unceasingly sing.

Child to all children ; in everything, human ;
Man to our manhood ; more tender than woman ;
This, His appeal to our every condition,
Drawing us, helping us,—this is His mission,—
Up to the life He lived here in His day ;
Sharing our sonship of common humanity,
Giving us sonship divine, when the vanity,
Out of our earthly life, passes away.

This is my carol, dear boy, with my blessing :
His was a boyhood like yours, and its lesson
Comes from that Boyhood to yours, from your birth ;
Learning and loving, and meekly obeying,
Wise in the Scriptures, and working and praying,
Guileless and gracious, and pure in its mirth,
Reverent, patient, considerate, lowly,
So grew His life to the Manhood most holy,
So, by His grace, live your life on the earth.

A. D. 1901.

A Marriage Hymn

August 24, A. D. 1901

WELD into one these wedded hearts,
Thou the one-Maker, Who of three
Thyself art one, till each imparts
To each its best, by the sweet arts
Of love, through lessons learned from Thee,
Of twain, one flesh, one heart to be.

Blend into one these wedded lives,
O Father, that their confluent streams
While of them both, the best survives,
May flow the fuller, till it seems
That one broad river runs and strives
And sparkles in Thy love's bright beams.

Enrich this human love of theirs,
O Jesus Christ, so clear and pure,
Till by Thy blessing unawares
It shall be wine that can endure,
And make glad hearts for all their life,
Lived by Thy grace, as man and wife.

Come with Thy quickening breath, O Lord
And Life-Giver, that at Thy word
Two separate notes in full accord
Shall mingle in glad harmony,
One with each other, and with Thee,
In life and through eternity.

The Open Fire

In the Hall at Magnum Donum.

BLAZE brightly up, O holy fire of home,
Burn bravely on through all the years to come.
Ye tongues of sacred, sacrificial fire,
Leap up, aspiring higher still, and higher,
And tell whatever story ye may list,
Of warmth, that dries and drives away the mist;
Of brightness, banishing the black of night
With the sweet gladness of its firelight;
Of ashes, gray and cold, that wait the flame
Of kindling memories, to glow again,
Or in whose embers, with their fitful glow,
Old scenes, old friends, to fancy come and go;
Or of the sacrifice, love loves to bring
To earth's true altar-stone, that sacred thing,
The hearthstone of the home, whose service true
Is life's chief joy, with every morning new.
For, telling these, warmth, sacrifice and light,
Ye tell the story that is true, though trite,
But always sweet to hear, that love is meant
To be of hearts and home the president.

North East Harbour.

Tongs and Andirons

Hark!

What the tongues of the tongs say,
And the dogs that never bark,
For my beloved's birthday.

I LIKE the homely lesson of these tongs,
Perpetually parting at their two extremes,
And yet to either half of them, belongs
The fast-bound centre: so it only seems
They leave each other, for howe'er apart,
They still are one, close held so, at the heart.

I like the old-time name of fire-dogs

For these two guardians of the heart of home,
That sleepless stand, no matter where the logs
May go to, or from whence they may have come:
Through cold and heat, be fire dull or bright,
They keep their post, on guard by day and night.

And they are pairs; or one, or always side by side;
And each has but one purpose, one desire,
To stir, or hold in light, the cheering fire.
And brighten home, whatever may betide,
Of cold or dark or dreary in the weather,
The warmth and light come, when they are together.

There will be ashes from the brightest fire,
Some shame of short-coming in the truest love;
The very things we burn had, once, desire,
And all delights of life, by glade or grove

When they were green and leafy, tinted and then bare,
And green again, in the first changing year.

And there will always be some empty place,
Round every hearth, of some remembered form,
Which gives to every home its chiefest grace,
And lives, in memory's chimney corner, warm,
While flames that leap, and wreaths of smoke that rise
Have ever in them thought of sacrifice.

But, my beloved in this month of birth,
That gave to me my dearest joys of earth,
I still pile high the wood, and stir the fire,
Whose flames, alight on earth, to heaven aspire,
And stand to watch and warm your dearest heart,
Beside, and one with, you, till death us part.

“The Eyes of All Wait Upon Thee”

TEACH me, O Lord, Thy lesson of delays,
Taught first in Thine own poem of “works
and days”;

When mighty sons and morning stars, in one
Great shout and song, broke forth, in unison.

Thy will it was, to work in serial days,
Unlighted and unlimited, by rays
From rise or set of uncreated sun:
Silence! And then Thy Word; and “it was done”.

So Thou, my Father! And my loving Lord,
Came not at once, to be th’ Incarnate Word,
At the first promise of the Woman’s Seed,
But patient, waited till the time decreed.

So, God-like, Thou, O God the Holy Ghost,
Hymned in the *Sanctus* of the heavenly host,
Remainedst waiting, in Thy rightful home,
Until the Pentecost “was fully come”.

* * * * *

*

Teach me, O Lord, Thy lesson of delays,
Help me to learn, in patience, to give praise
To Thy wise will, to which all nature bends,
Reaching, by devious ways, appointed ends.

I watch the little boats upon the sea,
Seeking, in storm, some safe and sheltered lee,
Rush on, in headlong hurry, toward the shore,
Then sadly turn, and put to sea once more.

I see the forward maples, in the sun,
When April days suggest the Spring begun,
Smile with their coral lips, then close again ;
And wait, till warmed and wakened by the rain.

I know that boat will wing its way, once more,
Softly and safely, to the waiting shore ;
Not dashed by wild, unruly wind and wave,
But gently guided, where Thy Hand can save.

I know those buds will swell and smile again,
Fearless of harm from blight, or frost's sharp pain ;
Safer and surer for Thy wise delay,
When comes the sweet security of May.

What if Thou driv'st me back, when ends seemed
near?

'Tis that Thy Hand a safer course may steer.
What if Thou check'st, with chill of hope deferred,
My promised Spring? 'Twill come back, at Thy word.

So make me patiently to persevere,
And work Thy will out, in Thy faith and fear ;
Nor failure dread, nor shirk Thy slower ways,
Who workest, both by doing and delays.

“Never Comes Dark Again”

S. P. C.

WHAT God speaketh sometimes, in visions,
unto His Saints,
They may not speak to us, who could not
understand

The glories pen tells not, nor pencil paints,
Of the unspeakable joys of the holy, heavenly land.
But of those unuttered joys, and of that ineffable sight.
The one thing sure is their fulness of the presence
of Him,
Who dwelleth forevermore in the unapproachable
light,
The very sheen of His face, that is never dark or dim.
So the souls of the Saints of God this much at least
may tell,
And soothe the parting pain, with the sense that they
fare well.

“Never comes dark again!” O soul so strong to bear,
So brave and gallant, and ready to do and dare,
So tried, so trained, so patient, rising again and again,
Like a ship that breasts the waves, from grief and loss
and pain ;
Only just for one instant, quick as an upward spark,
Came the call to die, to enter the mystery of the dark ;
“And it never was dark again” but light with a bright
increase,
In your journey on, “from strength to strength”, in
Paradise, in peace.

Only for us, the dark of a light of God gone out,
From the hearts and home where it shone, so steady
and strong and clear,
With never a phase of change, and never a flicker of
doubt,
Warm with a tender love, and bright with its daunt-
less cheer.
And we dare not call it dark, for the light that is left
behind,
The sense of the love still here, that has gladdened
us all our years;
The presence that never can leave us and never be
out of mind;
And the hope, O the blessed hope, the rainbow in our
tears,
Of the dawn that is drawing near, the bright, eternal
day,
When it will not be dark again; when, "the shadows
flee away."

Parva Domus.

* Balaustion's Adventure

“**A**FTER Euripides”, long years in time,
In power, more near than pupil follows
master;

Till the Greek's glory, in this English rhyme,
Gilds with a halo all the dire disaster.

Poet *on* poet, not for mere translating,
But a creator, with the power of life,
A dead tongue's mouldering relics, recreating;
This is my birthday greeting to my wife.

A Herculéan labour is this singing,
That brings the dead back within sight and reach,
An Easter light of Jesu's victory, flinging,
Into this pagan's half prophetic speech.

Gracious the lesson of the love of woman,
Which conquers self in love's perpetual strife,
And sublimates the earthy and the human,
Out of the passions of man's lower life.

Greater the lesson of true love, defying
All change and distance, or of time or death,
Past joys and future hopes, more satisfying
Than all the widowed present can bequeath.

And greater still the lesson, that love, parted,
Can throw hope's bridge, the grave's deep gulf,
across,

* Robert Browning.

Hold fast the link of life, and wait, whole-hearted,
Till Heaven give back the blessing, earth had lost.

Meanwhile, beloved, we, still left together,
Thank God, find love our poet-power, that revives
The hopes of spring, the joys of summer weather,
To gild with gladness, our autumnal lives.

L. C. T.

On her seventy-third birthday

GREETING to my Roman Sister!
Softly all these years have kissed her,
Full and fair the earthly vista
Of the past.
Fairer still, the farther vision,
Past life's long and last decision,
In the far, fair fields Elysian,
Which shall last!

E. G. D.

With a Geneva watch

NO speechless shadow on a numbered face,
Silent except in sunshine; with no trace
Of the swift-footed hours, when a cloud
Crosses the sun; but a soft voice, not loud,
Through day and dark,—like love of God and man—
Noting each passing second, as it ran
So quickly by; with this low-whispered rhyme,
On evil days, or good, “Redeem the time”.

H. W. N.

A birthday greeting

DEAR Priest of "Bishop's-gate-within",*
We hail your day of birth;
For such as you the salt have been,
Whose savour, in the earth,
Keeps life fresh, sweet and clear of sin,
And gives it half its worth.

And some of us whose heads are grey,
Whose hairs are growing thin,
Are glad for one thing, that this day
Reveals that you are kin
With us, whose youth has passed away,
While yours is fresh and green.

Not here, dear boy, did you begin
The faithful love and true,
From all our hearts to wear and win:
For this you know, that you
Have been the Bishop's heart, within,
Ere Bishop's-gate you knew.

* The name of the house nearest the Bishop's house in North East Harbour.

The Hon. William M. Evarts

On his golden wedding-day.

“Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

SERENE and sweet, like sunset hour of peace,
Fall the long lengthening shadows of life's
day

When comes from toil and care the glad release,
And the world's noises die in calm away,
And the bright twilight of the northern clime
Prolongs the beauty of this blessed time.

Serene and sweet, my friend, this year of gold
Comes with its memories of the long ago,
And finds you very gracefully grown old,
The springtime gilded with its harvest, so
That what was green then takes the richer hue,
Of ripeness, all its promises come true.

The maiden then, the wife and matron now,
The children's children brought up on your knee,
The statesman's laurels fresh upon your brow,
The triumphs won at home and over sea,
In court and senate of your own great nation,
And in the world's award of arbitration:

Till with the eye that needs not to see out,
But fills itself with images more fair,
Inward and backward looking, with no doubt
Dimming the onward look, we well may dare
To count you happy, whom the Lord has blessed
With work's most rich reward, in well-earned rest.

“Eheu Fugaces Anni”

STILL fly the fleeting years, as when to Postumus,
Horatius Flaccus piped his doleful lay;
And even Popes could only say “non possu-
mus”,
If asked, the rapid flight of time, to stay.

On, toward the sea, still rushes every river;
Out, toward the west, will fade the brightest day;
The flying arrow comes not back to quiver;
Springtime, to winter, runneth on alway.

And years, as they grow fewer, still go fleeter;
The longest days are in the summer-time,
And yet, sometimes, the shorter are the sweeter;
Earth paints her fairest pictures in the rime.

So, granted all the Sabine singer's statement,
Whose fact is most indisputably true,
His dolorous ditty needs, I think, abatement
Of its first melancholy word “eheu”.

We have grown older, every one, since last year
Gathered our circle round this gracious board;
But we are richer for the gifts, the past year
Has brought, like added treasure, to our hoard.

The stored up memories of the winter's pleasures,
The sweetness lingering of the flowers of spring,
The summer's rest, the autumn's glowing treasures,
These are not lost, but each a living thing:

Good wine of friendship, richer grown by keeping,
And we are better friends, all round, to-night;
The gold is not in sowing, but in reaping;
And "blessings brighten as they take their flight".

Our host is Gray, as then, not more, not less so,
And greets us, with his double, here, to-night;
The "placens uxor" whom her guests all bless so,
Grown but more pleasing in the softer light

Of years, that pass so smoothly, that their passing
Leaves not a footfall on the listening ear;
Silent, as snow-flakes, all the night through, massing
Their heaps of silver, ere the morn appear.

Meanwhile, we think not of the "cypress hateful",
But 'mid the garlands of our Christmas cheer,
Whisper a "vale" with its farewell fateful,
And with another "salve" welcome the new year.

The New Century

THERE is silence in earth and heaven as the
hingéd doors of Time
Roll back on the parting instant with the
swing of a solemn rhyme,
And the rhyme is like weeping, mingled with a cry
of hopeful joy,
The tears of the old looking backward, and the laugh
of a careless boy,
As in Ezra's day, when they came to lay the Temple's
corner-stone,
And the young were full of the future, and the old of
the glories gone.

But the silence is suddenly broken by voices low and
mild,
The pipe of a senile treble, and the reed of a little
child,
That grow into force as the two discourse in heated
and fierce debate;
The one is the early riser, and the other to bed going
late.
The clocks have ceased their chiming, and the words
fall on our ears;
I will tell you, in humble rhyming, the quarrel between
two years.

Positive, prim and pragmatial, the young New Year
appears;

Husky and hoarse and hollow, the Old his rough throat
clears ;

And the question they try to settle still puzzles some
mortal brains,

Till some of us think the solver, each way, is a fool
for his pains.

“ I am the brand new century ”, young Nineteen Hun-
dred said ;

And old Ninety-Nine protested, “ My century is not
dead ”.

And so, in debate dialectic, they argued it to and fro,
Till a “ Philadelphia Lawyer ” would be puzzled the
truth to know ;

And a quick Connecticut Yankee could only hazard a
guess

As to which of the claims he should answer no, and
to which he should answer yes ;

And a westerner, quite unable the positive fact to get,
Would wink with one eye and whisper indifferently,
“ You bet ”.

And the blesséd old Pope, whose infallible word de-
pends on double-entendre,

Or a very oracular Sibylline sentence, such as he only
can render,

Has seemed to decide that both were right, with a
leaning toward the New,

But an evident reservation as to just what exactly he
knew.

And since then the great Kaiser, quite sure he is wiser,
has settled and finished the cause,

And in mode quite too-tonic, if not histrionic, has fixed
it by issuing laws.

Here in this grave judicial home, the place of the final
 appeal,
Here, where the court, still more supreme, of a woman's
 choice is real,
I venture no rash conclusions, but leave the arguments
 two
To be weighed, and the sentence given by the wisdom
 and wit of you
Two solvers and settlers of questions that puzzle our
 poorer minds,
The woman's infallible instinct, and the judge's court
 that *finds*.

Loquitur 1900

“ Hail me not as the New Year ”, the child impatiently
cried ;

“ I am the Twentieth Century, open the door full wide ;
And this is my positive proof : You begin your date
with eighteen,

And you’ve called it the nineteenth century full boast-
fully, I ween ;

And now when you change your figures, and write
eighteen no more,

It means that the nineteenth century lies dead on Time’s
wreck-strewn shore.

If eighteen stood for the nineteenth, it plainly must
be true

That nineteen stands for the twentieth ; and so I am
the century new.”

Loquitur 1899

As a sunset cloud, when it's dying, pales and fades into
misty gray,
So, wizened and weak, the Old Year's voice spoke
out as he faded away:
"O, child, you have very much to learn before you
begin to teach;
These figures that you call numbers are only figures
of speech.
And then to make confusion worse confounded, still
the worst
Is the order in which you use them, putting them
wrong end first.
Go back to the first beginning of the thing that men
call Time,
When Order and Light from chaos and night leaped
forth at the Word sublime.
Three hundred days and sixty-five had the earth rolled
round the sun
Before one could dare to think or care to number the
year as one;
And a hundred years swept by from that, a century to
fulfill,
And one hundred plus one make one hundred and one,
and so it runs on still;
And the twentieth century must begin, as the nine-
teenth did of yore,
For the date depends on the figure that ends, not on
those that go before."

And so in the fight between wrong and right the ques-
tion swayed and swung,
The one relied on his logic in pride as he reasoned
with silvery tongue,
While the other was using the science exact of figures
that cannot lie;
Between logic and mathematics was that strife for vic-
tory.
And it mattered so much to each, as such, which
century this should be,
For the Old did long that many a wrong still left in
doubt, which he
Had seen begun, should be all undone before he had
to flee,
And that many a doubt should work itself out that he
the end might see—
Whether Briton or Boer, on that far-off shore, at last
shall win the day;
If the Philippine chief, now chased like a thief, shall
succeed in stealing away;
If the women shall vote in breeches and coat now that
Susan B. won't stay;
If some partisan elves on innocuous shelves shall stow
the Regents away;
And all these *ifs*, with a childish love of asking if and
why,
The New Year wanted answered and solved before his
eager eye,
With the hope that the Right would have the might by
the grace of God to win,
And that he might see, ere he ceased to be, the reign
of peace begin.

But because the doubt flits in and out of the minds
of men to-day,
Between plausible sound and practical sense still seem-
ing to swing and sway,
I leave the case of the human race, who want to know
the time,
To those two most competent judges, whom, with
arguments twain, I prime;
And if, as it sometimes happens, you know, the court
should disagree,
I am sure I may speak for the company here, and say
not I, but *we*,
Will bow to the final decision when once it is clearly
known
That the opinion was written by the one who has
longest worn the gown.

Qualis ab incepto

HITHER to this wide-open welcoming door
Once more we come, as pilgrims in the night,
To get and give the greeting, as of yore,
As the old year slips silent out of sight.

No trace of change on nature's face, the while,
No note of sorrow on the midnight air,
No wail of newly born, nor tear, nor smile,
Time's great transition moment to declare.

* * * * *

So 'tis a thing of figures, after all ;
The world and we grow figuratively old ;
This fact we most triumphantly recall,
That when the manner of the change is told,
'Tis not time aging, but time growing new,
And oldness is but eve of newness here,
So we begin to-night, dear friends and true,
In date and life, a bright and brand-new year.

The midnight hour is nearer to the morn
Than to the evening, and the day that died
Is farther off than that which shall be born,
Whose dawning light is almost now espied.
Though the past year lags close upon our heels,
Still closer tread we toward the year to come,
And holding dear all memories that it feels,
The heart leaps on, to greet its future home.

Like juice of apples,—even the crabbed kind,—
Muddy and dull till it has left its lees,

We leave the dregs of oldness all behind,
For them to quaff whom sad repinings please.
Sweetened and cleared, the sparkling bubbles rise,
Rich, ripe and running over with its life,
Onward and outward turn we hearts and eyes,
And hope takes memory for his wedded wife,

To have and hold, present and past in one,
Of whom the future shall be nobly born,
No true love gained, no wealth of wisdom won,
Lost in the blending; but like old lace worn
In bridal veil, getting and giving grace,
Whose thin transparent shade dims not the sight,
As through its web the young, out-looking face
Beholds, and beams in, the transfiguring light.

Thus "qualis ab incepto", may it mean
That as the year begins, so, still the same
Good grace may wait upon the days between
This New Year eve-and-morning, and the next.
Nay, rather this shall be my chosen text,
That all your life, as it began, shall be
Full of grace, honour, justice, dignity.

These verses and those preceding them were read in successive years at the 'midnight New Year's gathering of his friends in the house of the Hon. John Clinton Gray.

M. A. R.

Sunday morning, January 26th.

The gate that leadeth into the City opened unto them of its own accord. Acts xii, 1. 10.

BY many ways and means, most gracious Lord,
Thou openest that strange and wondrous
gate,

That "leadeth to the City". In the prison ward

Of patient pain, some must lie still and wait,
Till on its hinges it shall slowly swing

And let them in. And some impatient knock;
And some in very violence of pain

Beat 'gainst its bars, till by the sudden shock
It is burst open. Theirs the greatest gain,

To whom, (their angel with them,) at Thy word,
The gate swings "open of its own accord".

And they, set free from every earthly chain,
Wist not in glad amaze that it is true,

But think it all a vision, and would fain
Dream on, lest its bright beauty fade from view.
How blest their waking when the morn is come,
Safe in the Heavenly City; safe at Home.

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