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Mary E Buttress

# HARP OF HESPER

SONGS AND POEMS.



BY  
MARY E. BUTTERS.  
11

33  
*Hesper, thy glance hath touched with fire  
My Harp's lone strings, to wake in song, to soar, aspire.*

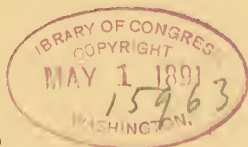


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BUFFALO  
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON

1891



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MARY E. BUTTERS.



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# HARP OF HESPER.

SONGS AND POEMS.

---

## WINTER.

Where Autumn's robe in softer dyes  
Lay touched, the ling'ring summer's day—  
Lo, Winter's silv'ry chariot flies,  
Pearl-mounted, with his steeds of gray!

The far-off hills, from purple shade  
Of umber dun, to mountain's height,  
Lie chiseled round by winter's blade  
In willowy, winding paths of white!

Down the ravines lie folded o'er  
The dimpled forms of drifting snows,  
To low-lands stretch; from shore to shore,  
By river's bed, a chill wind blows.

O, over all the earth lies deep  
The scattered pearls of Winter's reign;  
But Spring again from drowsy sleep  
Shall wake to life her star-eyed train!

Shall kiss the streams with tender breath,  
And bask them in her glowing skies  
Till all the hills and vales beneath  
Awake where life and beauty hies.

Then shall the merry warblers' notes,  
So long the darksome winter fled,  
Come back, and with their swelling throats  
Re-echo far sweet Spring's bright tread.

---

#### THE FIRST SNOW.

Silently the snow falls, silent and pretty,  
Over the house-tops, far over the city;  
Falling so feath'ry, so lovely, one sees  
Soft little blankets hung over the trees.

Over the garden-beds, ruffled about,  
And fluted and scalloped within and without,  
Here peeping a flower, there peeping a leaf—  
And to think that young Winter should bring them  
to grief!

Far over the mountains, all over the city,  
He's hung his white robe, so nice and so pretty;  
While Autumn, yet blushing, reluctant to go,  
Lies veiled with her lover, the beautiful snow!



## SNOW - FLAKES.

Falling softly, softly falling,  
Where a mother's mutely calling;  
O'er her bosom bare and brown  
Sifts the feathery snow-flakes down;  
Frills with lace her body over,  
Sets her jewels for a crown.

Now, in spotless robe and cover,  
Keeps the subtle charm of spring  
In the spicy breaths she'll bring;  
In the pulses without number,  
Keeps the mother-love in slumber,  
In the brook, the fern and fell,  
In the rocky crag and dell;  
But, from myriad world of wonder,  
And the flower-hearts beating under—  
Where the woodland voices swell  
Low beneath the daisied bell—  
Quivering bird-notes in alarms  
Comes a hint, the Frost King harms!  
Mutely pleading for more cover,  
In the mother's bosom hover,  
Fall the misty, answ'ring skies;  
Softly falls the snow-flakes over—  
Hushed all in her bosom lies!

## JANUARY.

Cold in the slanting sunbeams' frosty skies,  
 Her robe falls white as a bridal train,  
 Decked out in diamonds. Each with the other vies,  
 Sparkling across the broidered-ruffled plain!

---

## DOWN TO REST.

The snows lie deep upon a mound,  
 And deep upon my heart the snows of many winters lie;  
 But 'neath the covered ground  
 Sweet flow'ring seeds abound,  
 That heaven may wake to life again beneath its glow-  
 ing sky!

Nor raining tears but make me sad,  
 While deaf and dumb to all save that the finer pulses  
 thrill;  
 A prisoner bound, whom God has clad  
 Within these walls; where, sad or glad,  
 No truth but Love's its ever-craving pulses fill!

Thus have I lain thee down to rest,  
 To sleep, my loved and dear; where flowers' perfume  
 in sweets may vie

And speak my love, O gentle breast!  
In that the dearest, and the best,  
To Him who knows; immortal thoughts that never die!

---

## THY LAURELS.

Life is a dream in the Morning,  
And Day the fruition of hopes;  
While crowned on the summits' adorning  
Lie thy laurels, where the starried Eve opes.

---

## LONESOME.

I am lonesome to-night in the twilight's glow,  
While the winds go shiv'ringly, shakingly by  
In sly little gusts, like the driftings of snow—  
The snow of our lives that are chilled with a sigh!

I am thinking to-night of dear ones with a cry,  
Who have walked in the light of those happy days  
bright,  
But have fallen in the path I have wandered by,  
And faded as flowers in the frost of a night!

I am mournful to-night, nor the twilight's glow,  
Were its airs wafted down as sweet bells from the  
sky,  
Could ring out in my brain the loved voices I know,  
Or hush in my heart the last moan of a sigh!

## NO SPOT LIKE HOME.

What is home but one sweet spot?  
Where to rest, or where to roam,  
Buried all life's ills, forgot,  
'Mid the quiet scenes at home.

Home, where all our moments glide  
Calmly, and serenely blest;  
Borne like steady ships a-tide  
To a peaceful harbor's rest.

Threatened may be by rude storms  
Howling o'er the wintry dome!  
But within no tempest harms—  
Kept by love-light safe at home.

Here at rest, or far away  
On the wild waves' tossing foam;  
Be we sad, or be we gay,  
No spot like the spot at home.

---

  
I WOULD NOT STAY.

I would not stay where orange vies  
With rarest flowers in its perfume;  
For I should miss auroral skies  
Where Winter reigns in snowy plume.

I would not dwell for aye in climes  
Should all of subtlest sweets atone;  
For I should miss the clearer chimes  
Of varied sounds in northern zone—

The music of the hurrying feet,  
The shout and frolic of the day,  
Where bright-eyed children gaily meet,  
And Snow King shoes for them the way;

The tinkling sleigh-bells that, unknown  
In tropic lands, would never bring  
Such echoing voices; nor their tone  
Charm the pure air with music's ring;

And whisp'ring music of the pines,  
Swaying aloft by leafless boughs  
Of neighboring trees, where clinging vines  
Defy the wind that sobs and soughs;

The laughing and carousing winds,  
That shake and plead, that rove and sweep  
O'er hill and vale, where Winter binds  
The treasures of the spring-time deep.

And I should miss in spring those skies  
The wintry winds had brushed so fair  
For summer-time; and autumn's dyes  
In fading leaf more rich and rare;

The absent song-bird's coming home;  
Their notes sound sweeter to the ear  
When back with roving zephyrs come  
The happy flocks, with voices clear.

All these it seems were dearer far,  
In contrast. As the dark to light,  
So brightly shines sweet summer's star  
Against the deep of winter's night!

---

## SNOW ON THE PANES.

There is snow on the panes and snow in our lives,  
And the wintry winds blow dreary,  
But the fire of love in our hearts survives  
As we snuggle close, "my dearie."

The winds may blow and the snows may come,  
Of life we will not weary,  
So long as love lights the hearth and home  
The darkest day seems cheery.

There are notes to break in the deepest gloom,  
That sound so sweet and cheery;  
And birds flit on from bud to bloom  
If we call them forth, "my dearie."

O the snow on the panes, and snow in our lives,  
Is a phantom false, as dreary,  
If the fire of love in our hearts survives  
And the wintry winds blow cheery.

---

## TINKLING SLEIGH-BELLS.

Tinkling, tinkling, on they go,  
The sleigh-bells sweet of "long ago"  
Are back again. Their joyous ring  
A thousand hopes and memories bring!  
Go, Sambo, card the horses down,  
We'll take a ride to yonder town;  
Put all the jingling sleigh-bells on,  
And far away we will be gone.  
We'll bid dull Care to flea away,  
As merrily on we glide to-day;  
The winds may blow, the snows may sweep,  
Our hearts shall tune to the sleigh-bells keep  
In a merry round. No bird may sing  
More happy than we, on the wing,  
As the horses skip o'er the fleecy snow  
And the jingling bells of "long ago"  
Come back again. When "Reub" and I  
Rode neath the star-bright, moonlit sky,  
While the tinkling, tinkling of the bells  
Was slower then than now, but tells  
The same sweet tunes of "long ago,"  
With Time for our steeds, o'er the drifting snow!

## THE BLIZZARD.

Temperature rising,  
Nothing surprising.  
By and by stronger  
The wind blows, and longer,  
And steadier pushing,  
Till a gale springs rushing!  
The elements are warring  
And Venus is barring  
The fair Earth in crossing;  
And, as stormy sea tossing,  
The waves of air meeting,  
Are striking and beating,  
Charging and clashing,  
Driving and dashing,  
Roaring and humming,  
A blizzard is coming!

Now turning and lifting,  
Bolting and sifting,  
Whirling and whizzling,  
Swishing and sizzling,  
Crushing and binding,  
It rushes on blinding!  
O, what a battle 'tis!

All in a whirl and whiz  
Over the land it goes,  
Piling the drifting snows  
High as a flood that flows



Deep o'er the prisoned wight,  
Shut in and out of sight,  
Where the Storm Demon led  
In his lone, snowy bed!

Temperature falling,  
Colder, appalling!  
Now is its work done—  
Screeching and groaning,  
Shrieking and moaning,  
Droning and crying,  
Lulling and sighing,  
Sinking and dying,  
The blizzard is gone!  
The dark day is done.

Trembling and shaking,  
The storm-clouds are breaking,  
Rolling and fleeing;  
Now are we seeing  
How blessed in being,  
Comes out the bright sun!

---

### THE TOBOGGANY QUEEN.

I sing of the feathery, frolicking snow,  
The toboggany queen in the realms aglow;  
Is sifting away, so fair and fine,  
Where the revelers shoot down the grand incline.

The toboggany queen in aerial car,  
And king to guide by the bright north star,  
Are turning a wheel by the fanning-mill bin,  
While Boreas gathers and shovels it in!

The beautiful, bountiful flakes so fair,  
The toboggany queen in the realms of air  
Is sifting below, for the revelers fine  
And their frolicking fun down the grand incline.

O, her wheel spins around in the realms afar  
As she sifts to the rockets, 'neath her 'erial car  
She spins, and she sings, by the star-light's eyes,  
For the fairy bright elves to toboggan the skies!

---

FAR - AWAY MT. HOPE.

It is, O, far away where the snowy-clad hills  
Are rounded and softened, and beautiful frills  
Fall soft o'er the ground; where the daisies, my dear,  
Are tenderly covered till spring-time appear.

Where evergreens cluster so thickly around,  
As sentinels guarding the peaceful sleep sound;  
O, sweet is the spot where my lowly one lies,  
And the deathlessness stillness is all that replies.

But in summer the birds'll ever warble again,  
The streams that are locked in their icy-cold chain  
Shall burst all their fetters and ripple away;  
But me, lonely me, I must pine all the day!

All the day I am lonely, at night I must weep,  
When I think of my flower so folded asleep,  
Where never these tears, let them flow as they may,  
Can waken the sleep of her fair, dreamless clay!

---

#### MY HOME BY THE SEA.

I will build me a home  
Down by the murmuring sea,  
Where those I love may come;  
And strangers, too, who roam,  
May come and visit me.

CHORUS—In my home, in my home;  
My home by the sea,  
The low-voiced breathing sea,  
The silv'ry sounding sea,  
The music murm'ring sea!

I will bring to my home  
The treasures of the sea.  
Beneath the billowy foam,  
Where fairy sea-nymphs roam,  
Lie shells and gems for me!

CHORUS—In my home, etc.

The monsters of the sea,  
The deeply, darkling sea,  
Shall come and visit me  
When gently rocks the sea,  
The rippling, dreaming sea!

My home shall be so fair,  
And sheltered spot for me;  
No breath of wintry air  
Shall rudely reach me there,  
In my home by the sea!

But softened winds shall come  
From spicy isles that be,  
And linger round my home  
When night, with vaulted dome,  
Shall brightly beam on me!

And sweetly scented blooms,  
In my home by the sea,  
Throw out their rich perfumes;  
And birds with brilliant plumes  
Shall come and sing to me.

And thought to song take wings,  
In my home by the sea;  
The sea that softly sings,  
And everything that sings  
Shall come and sing to me.

The voices of the deep,  
The deeply, darkling sea,  
Shall music softly keep,  
And lull me to my sleep,  
In my home by the sea.

---

## THE MERRY SLEIGH-RIDERS.

Away they go  
O'er the fleecy snow,  
So light and gaily sailing;  
The horses prance,  
While keen the lance  
Of air sweeps by them wailing;  
Still on they fly,  
With a joyous cry,  
As they scarce can keep from singing;  
While the horses fleet  
Fly down the street,  
And the merry sleigh-bells ringing.

Away they glide  
On a merry ride,  
Nor fear the wintry weather;  
Their tingling cheeks  
The tale bespeaks,  
And sweet the time together;  
While the lively team  
Barely leaves a seam,

As they travel far and fleetier;  
And time in song  
Is whirled along,  
    With the jingling bells completer.

The new moon high  
In the western sky  
    Silvers the landscape over;  
While the wind so keen  
Has lulled between,  
    And the young folks are "in clover;"  
They joke and chat  
Of this and that,  
    As sparkling eyes grow brighter;  
Then for a spell  
Some stories tell,  
    While time flies by the lighter.

O, the sleighers gay!  
As they glide away  
    Are full of songs and laughter;  
While the horses prance  
In a lively dance,  
    And the valleys echo after;  
Afar they go  
O'er the fleecy snow,  
    Nor think of homeward turning;  
Till in their route,  
They are quite tipped out,  
    And only "stars" are burning.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Come in, New Year! Strange, glad New Year,  
And take a seat in Old Year's place;  
You are his new, his earliest offspring, dear,  
And so you must needs wear a happy face.

Happy, because you bring us pretty toys;  
May be the Old Year lothsome gave to thee;  
We play with them, and little heed their joys,  
Because we are so blind we cannot always see.

Alas! New Year, you cannot thus deceived be,  
Some future time, it may be many years,  
That we shall turn and long thy lonely gifts to see,  
If only to shed over them the wealth of tears.

So come, New Year, and we will make thy stay  
As pleasant as we can, knowing the face of gloom  
Is only worn by those who mark not every day  
By some kind act, or make some spot to bloom.

And, O New Year, come in by ev'ry humble hearth  
With happiness and joy, if such could be  
That war's alarms and famine fled from off the earth,  
And love and peace be joined in perfect harmony.

O New Year, write for us no page we may not find  
With critic's eye, the substance of our motive good;  
So chronicle the date of things that are to bind  
A nation's bands the firmer in bonds of brotherhood.

Then we will welcome thee, and welcome thee we  
must,  
Whatever thou dost bring of sorrow or of joy;  
Aside from years gone by, in Heaven we put our  
trust,  
That never purest pleasures be marred by false  
alloy.

---

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day is but a fleeting breath,  
The morrow is our own;  
But now we're stunted down and dwarfed,  
And then we shall have grown.

Here passing as a sleeping babe,  
In embryo that lay;  
Beyond, the purple bands of flesh  
And the pale fiend—Decay.

And flying swifter than the will,  
Sure-fading as a flower,  
But all the morrow will be still,  
And time shall lose its power.

To-day we gather in our spoils,  
Some bitter, some are sweet,  
But then they'll all be sorted out,  
Down by our Master's feet!



To-day Time brings us fitful things,  
And storms that black our way;  
Beyond us, God's own sunlight brings  
With joy the perfect day.

Were we but children wiser grown,  
To-day might perfect fall;  
In thoughts full flower, of mind o'erstrewn  
With pearls, Heaven's love gives all.

## FEBRUARY.

Hastening on away, thy trailing steps break, tripping  
By lairs and dens of animals lying still asleep—  
Unwinding webs of gray, with silv'ry eyes, watch  
dripping,  
Awakening them, or stilling them in slumber yet  
more deep!

---

## A FEBRUARY FLY.

A fine bright day this is! said I,  
When, brushing 'round in haste,  
I chanced to spy a little fly,  
As though 'twere bound in paste.

Poor little fly! I nursed it up,  
And gave't of sweet to sip,  
But it seemed to laugh at my paper cup,  
And tossed it away from his lip.

Then I raised the window warily  
To breathe the morning air,  
When my little friend flew airily  
Away in the sunshine fair!

O, I seemed to see his wings so bright,  
And his fluttering body go,  
And I knew not where he would alight,  
But it might be in the snow.

Ah, little fly! that scarce could know  
How helpless wintry days  
Have held beneath their weights of snow  
Some life and love always.

Some little things to passing eyes,  
Lying so lowly down,  
Heaven kisses sweet with rainless skies  
When wintry days have flown!

---

### BLIND BOON.

Once a blind little boy, he went wand'ring round the  
streets,  
With tin-whistle and mouth-organ in his hand,  
Till his body beat with music, as the rolling drum that  
beats,  
And his head it went a-bobbing to music through  
the land;  
A-bobbing, a-bobbing, to music through the land;  
A-bobbing, a-bobbing, till his head it went a-bobbing  
to music through the land!

One day he found a friend, who was very good and kind,

And he sent this funny fellow off to school;

But arithmetic and grammar he did not seem to mind,

And his head it went a-nodding to music that would rule;

A-nodding, a-nodding, to music that would rule;

A-nodding, a-nodding, and his head it went a-nodding to music that would rule!

At last 'twas seen 'twas in him, the music that would beat.

He was sent off where they taught it to the blind;

And now the world is hearing how this blind boy from the street

Is beating out the music that goes drumming in his mind,

A-drumming, a-drumming—goes drumming in his mind;

A-drumming, a-drumming; is beating out the music that goes drumming in his mind!

---

### SOFT O'ER THE HILLS.

Soft o'er the hills the twilight skies are fading;

The sun erewhile, through banks of gold and purple laden,

Has sunk to rest.

High in the sky come twinkling stars a-shining,  
And dotting out upon the dim of blue's deep lining,  
    Sky's azure vest.

Soft o'er the hills the mantling haze is falling,  
And, loitering in the field, the low-dipped sun is calling  
    To home and rest.

---

WHERE MY LOVE IS.

My love is everywhere! -  
My love is in the bee, the wind, the flower, the rain;  
My love is with the warrior who thunders down the  
    plain;  
And on the battle-field, my love is with the slain,  
    And in his dying prayer!

My love is in the foam—  
In the sparkling foam of the deeply darkling sea,  
Where the gallant ships go down, the many wrecked  
    there be!  
My love is with the widow, and orphans by her knee—  
    Heaven spare their home!

My love is in the home,  
And in the thousand things that Nature bids arise—  
From worm that crawls the earth to stars that gem the  
    skies,  
And in the God of Love—the Life that never dies—  
    From whence we come.

My love flies on before;  
Is with the hardened hands that toil for daily bread,  
And with the little children who go about half fed;  
My love is with the living, and my love is with the dead,  
And up to heaven does soar.

My love goes sorrowing!  
And to the criminal it beats the prison bars,  
Nor sees within the stains, the unhealthy spots or scars;  
It only sees the pure white soul, whom even Death not  
mars  
Nor stops the boundary of life, that pulses with the stars,  
Whose dust I do not sing.

My prayer of Life's my love.  
It fills all things so full, to that which breathes or sighs,  
And thoughts are wingéd things of life, the unknowing  
mortal flies,  
Till Heaven has hushed as babes to rest, our Father not  
denies  
The loving prayer for love.

My love there's nothing mars.  
It lives in ceaseless songs and never-dying prayers,  
And rolls on in the melody of heaven's eternal airs;  
And every living creature whom God has made it  
spares,  
E'en Death my love it bars!

## MARY HILL.

When first I met the maiden, sweet, blooming Mary Hill,  
It was many, many years ago!  
And now I call to mind, and page of history fill,  
To sketch the "o'er true tale" that grieved her dear  
heart so!

'Twas in a quiet town, New England's favored own,  
And she the daughter was of a wealthy farmer there.  
The roses just upon her lovely cheeks had blown  
When Louis Baker met her, smiling sweet and fair.

He loved her, O, at once, she was so good and dear—  
So charming and so pretty ever were her ways!  
But her parents they opposed the young man coming  
there,  
And so shut out the sunshine of Mary's happy days.

Now, Louis he was worthy, but poor, and struggling up  
Life's ladder for some learning, and, too, for a name;  
And hard to leave his Mary, be forced to give her up,  
While out into the world he went for wealth and  
fame!

But ere he went away he slowly paced before,  
And at the window saw her white hand rest her head.  
He struggled with his feelings against the closed door  
That kept sweet Mary pining, the rose of health  
now fled.

This note her Louis penned her: "Dear Mary, I have  
loved you,  
And cruel is the parting your parents say for aye,  
And O so hard, my darling, it is that I should leave you,  
Nor can we have a meeting, to say a last 'good-by.'"

No more now could he meet her, so guarded was she  
kept,  
Within the rooms to falter, and O to fade away;  
So like the gentle being, until at last she stept  
Across the fettered threshold, no more to grieve the  
day;

No more to grieve the night-time, with tears and heavy  
sighs,  
From her so loving heart; but to a sister dear  
She gave this parting word: "Lizzie, Heaven naught  
denies  
To thee, for thou art brave, and time may make  
appear,

That he will come to thee, dear! It is my dying prayer  
That you should keep his love; to you he will be  
dear,  
Then sweet shall be my rest in yonder church-yard  
there!"  
And Lizzie kissed her, grieving, with many a falling  
tear.



And gently soothed her spirit, till stilled the loving  
heart

And closed the weeping eyes for aye from life away;  
From the beautiful of earth all time be shut apart,  
A victim to the worldliness of parents' cruel sway.

Then Louis met with Lizzie; together by her grave  
They made a solemn promise; the night with dews  
did weep,  
As, bending o'er the spot, they to each other gave  
A seal to that dear friendship sweet Mary bade them  
keep.

And Louis, kneeling down upon the daisied bed,  
Said to his Lizzie there: "The house is shut from  
me!  
But should you come to view the spot where rests her  
head,  
Look down beneath this stone, a missive you will  
see!"

They parted thus, and years—a few had rolled away,  
While Louis studied law, and Lizzie went and came  
To visit Mary's grave, or through the grasses stray,  
And read the missive o'er that bore his love and  
name.

Shy skipping o'er the ground, she hastened onward  
home;

And tucked the precious letter safely now away,  
Until again to Mary's lonely grave had come,  
Her tears upon the stone she wept, as neath her  
answer lay.

But, O, they were discovered, the day might hid for  
shame,

And shut out blushing beauty from every bud and  
bloom!

Her father he was angry, her mother, too, the same—  
And they imprisoned her within her lonely room.

But Love, he ever laughs at locks and bars, 'tis said!

The little white-winged missives fluttered airy down;  
The moon smiled in her beauty, and kissed brave  
Lizzie's head;

And tinted bright her dreams without a shade of  
frown!

And Louis, he contrived to send a message there,

Although I never knew exactly how 'twas done;

But I do think a fairy flew up the lover's stair,

And sealed with secret kisses the threshold for each  
one!

For months now Lizzie lived a prisoner in her room,  
And fed her heart on secret love; on Hope's wings  
flew  
In freedom out; as in came *billet-doux*, shot bloom  
Upon her cheeks. She mocked with scorn the  
hands that drew

Such strict parental lines; while Louis gifted was in  
art,  
To captivate with song, and many a daring tale,  
And keep astir the lagging of her so lonely part,  
Until the time should come kind Fortune would  
prevail!

And thus that Louis sang: "I come, my lady, bright  
and fair;  
My steed is shod in dusk, with the stillness of down;  
I speed o'er the valleys, silv'ry-winged on air;  
And I fetter the glance of the moonbeams down!

"I rein to thy window, thy castle, my love,  
I turn all the bolts with a magical key,  
While the stars are twinkling so brightly above,  
I climb the dim ladder sweet Hope gives to me."

The soft-scented wind parts the curtain away  
By the apple tree's bough, full-budded in blooms,  
And the robin's nest trembles by the bending spray  
That nods to the quiet of my lady's lone rooms!

But hush! for thy slumbers are sweet as to child  
In innocense clasped; thy dreams are of me!  
I linger in the softened air's sweetness beguiled,  
And rest in the Presence o'ershadowing thee!

I leave thee to sleep in the jeweled night's arms,  
And dream that dear days, in thy slumbers come  
nigh,  
While night like to this so beautifully charms  
Thy lover to pause. Where the wind's low sigh

Calls me on and away; where the lone grasses sweep,  
Wave-tossed to her grave! O, there will I bend  
And pour out my soul with the skies that must weep,  
Sweet Mary, loved Mary! thy unforboded end.

Farewell! In the dreams of the one bright and brave  
Lies a resolute purpose to stem Life's tide;  
But the dream that is stilled in my Mary's lone grave  
Is a stainless thought of the pure spirit's bride!

Murmur near, ye loved sounds! Ye flowers, kiss in sighs  
The spot where she slumbers. Bedew with thy tears,  
O, beautiful night! Shimmer down ye soft skies  
And rest on the spot sweet memory endears.

Nor need of marble stone; thy name engraved were  
On mind's uncrumbling scroll! Ye hills low bow,  
Trees wave and music roll sad anthems where  
She sleeps, all unheeding my tears' constant flow.

Farewell! and the world is calling me away,  
While fame sounds her trumpet my name to enroll,  
As real in life the thought, sad haunting of the day,  
Sweet love, thy prison door let 'scape a stainless soul.

Farewell! this loved night is an echo of sweet song;  
My heart is beating back a symphony on bars  
Of music loved and lost, till it trembles along  
And is caught in the life of the untraversed stars.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Lizzie's parents wise, they found the secret out,  
Of little fluttering missives going up and down,  
And they forbade it all, and guarded her about  
So closely by, that fate were wont to cruel frown.

But Louis, too, was shrewd, and honest as for love;  
He made his last chance, count him O so well;  
And Lizzie played her part so nice the truth could but  
approve,  
Nor even did by word or look the secret plan  
foretell.

So yielding she, and good; nor even once she tried  
To cross her mother's wishes. Her father then,  
nothing found  
Against the girl going out, as many weeks had tied  
Her so. The neighbors talked; the time came round,

They took her out to church, and Louis he was there,  
And published had the bans been, now for weeks,  
All unbeknown; 'twas slipped behind one snug with  
care,  
The notice, and the act was such as justice seeks.

And Louis took his lady on his arm and walked away,  
To their astonishment; they did but think a ruse,  
To brave with public gaze the parents' pride to stay,  
And with such favored time to make up for abuse.

But now the time had come, bravely to have it said;  
They jumped into a carriage and rode for love away,  
On to a Squire's house, and soon now were they wed,  
Where all proclaimed with joy the happy wedding  
day!

Excepting the parents of Lizzie, whom they'd rather  
kept in prison;  
And they stayed for many years from them away,  
Until now, Louis, by law, to wealth and fame had  
risen,  
And blotted out the past of Life's uneven way.

"All's well that ends well." Then, the parents were  
forgiven,  
And days oft found them speeding to Lizzie's home  
away ;  
And drop a tear, thou! Sweet Mary's grave lost sight of  
was by heaven  
Of loving ties on earth, as sheaves, sun-kissed, through  
golden summer's day.

## SNOW PEARLS.

O the pearls, the pearls,  
My pretty, pretty pearls!  
I must not brush away  
That on the door-step lay  
In little shiny whirls;  
No, I must let them stay.

But naughty, beaming sun  
Will spoil them every one,  
My darling little whirls,  
My pretty, pretty pearls,  
Than others I have none!  
Fate mocks me with its quirls,

With all such fairy things,  
With wealth that nature brings,  
Ah, who shall say me nay?  
Not bird by yonder way,  
That so divinely sings,  
My own heart does it say.

The beaming sun of spring  
Is melting these I sing,  
And friends of summer's day,  
When winter binds the way,  
Come round us cold and bright  
Till moved by glowing light!

And thus affection may,  
Melted by tears, does stay,  
For who can say the light  
Shut in the jewel bright,  
So cold, doth flash apart,  
Lives not in Pity's heart!

---

THE SILV'RY CALL.

“Darling, the days go by so slow—  
The silv'ry bells of time are ringing  
In cadence clear ; when shall I hear  
Those other bells  
My love foretells  
Shall wake for me the sweetest singing  
My heart, dear one, can ever know ?

“Darling, the spring-time surely'll flow,  
The flowers of love shall sweetly blow,  
And softly fall the silv'ry call  
As magic of the bluebells springing,  
When thrush's sky note  
Swells from sweet throat,  
And all the little brood are singing,  
And thus love's bells call sweet and low.”



## NOT COME WITH THEM.

When Spring shall come again, sweet smiling spring!

And all the birds, and bees, and fairy flowers  
Shall come, and shady singing vales shall ring

With pleasant sounds the long sunshiny hours,  
Thou canst not come with them! O, dear, remembered  
friend,

Who left ere spring-time's buds had bursted fair,  
Or babbling brook did tell-tale music blend

With slumb'rous notes that charm the sweetly ambient  
air.

Ne'er more upon the velvet-bedded turf at morn

Shall thy dear steps so lightly trip away!

Only as echo, I hear the softest skip-like faun,

Or music of a well-known step, the livelong day.

I lay me down at night, thinking thou mayst be nigh,

And dream I see thy sweetly saddened eyes

Bent down. Grievest thou my tend'rest breath of sigh?

I waken from my angel gone, in sad surprise.

And Spring no more can blend again its charms for me,

Nor music of the brook I love to hear so well

Can ripple on so sweet. No more thy face I see

Beyond the purple shades of misty fern and fell,

The slowly dying day and deepening night,  
    Away beyond the holy, vestal stars of even,  
Till dawn again a life-time, radiant and bright,  
    When steps across my angel one, the golden bars of  
    heaven!

---

## GREETING.

*To Flossie.*

The bee loves so the bonny flower  
    He kisses, and flies afar away;  
And sports him in the morning hour  
    Gath'ring sweets for one bright day.

Thus I love thee! and roving afar  
    My thoughts to seek, if thou dost know  
How much. Nor space, nor time can bar  
    The sweet delights thy life doth show.

---

## WHERE I WOULD HIE.

*To Dora.*

Sang a lady in the twilight fair,  
With the purple shades upon her hair,  
And the love-light brightening in her eye  
As a breath of south winds floated by :

“ Way down south, where the roses bloom,  
And the air is fragrant with perfume,  
Where the birds sing sweetly all the day.  
O, it is there, I would hie away,

“ Where the orange blooms and birdies sing,  
Making all the valleys ring !  
We in north-lands only hear  
Their silvery notes half of the year.

“ Way up north where the icebergs flow !  
And the sledges dancing in the snow ;  
When the walrus swims mid the shining ice,  
And the Esquimeau lives so snug and nice ;

“ But there I would not love to hie,  
When southward all sweet song-birds fly,  
And jasmine, sweet, perfumes the air,  
O, I would love to linger there ! ”

---

### SPRING.

Spring, I know that thou art coming !  
For it seems all nature's humming,  
With the woodland chorus drumming ;  
Over field and over flood,  
Where so grim the sentries stood,  
Comes an ever ceaseless humming,  
For the joyous spring is coming.

O, the many, many pleasures  
That are coming with her treasures;  
Only Time her quick step measures,  
Bringing balmy air, and sweet,  
Where the children gaily meet—  
Bonny lads and maidens, singing,—  
For they know what she is bringing!

Soon the crocus will be peeping,  
Where so long it has been sleeping—  
For sweet spring its beauty keeping;  
And its downy, purple bell  
Be the first the tale to tell—  
With the birds and bees in humming  
For the joyous spring is coming!

Spring must have a garment, fairest,  
Woven in all flowers the rarest—  
Lavish Nature nothing sparest!  
Mantling forms with her be trailing,  
Shim'ring veil of cloudlets sailing  
Softly o'er a sea of blue;  
Magic sunbeams glancing through,  
Flooding all in light so golden,  
Comes the fairy Spring of olden.

Little birdling, fly to meet her;  
Little brooklet, run to greet her;  
Brook and birdling sing her praises,  
Nestled down among the daisies;

Sing, O starling mid the clover,  
Lark that soars the mountain over!  
Sing for maiden, and for lover,  
Woo the balmy breath of Spring,  
Whom doth poet love to sing,  
All your sweetest treasures bringing  
Fondest heart, to bird a-winging,  
Where her lightsome step is springing!

---

## PARTED.

*To a Lady.*

Too beautiful to lay away  
    Within the cold earth's sod.  
Wherever he does roam to day,  
    I know not, but my God,  
I trust, will keep him still my own  
    In some diviner clime,  
Some fair abode—the spirit's home,  
    To meet again some time.

Ah but, dear soul, it is not all  
    The living for the dead;  
Do let the raining tear-drops fall,  
    But when all hope has fled.  
Thy own, my friend, may come to thee,  
    But mine can never come  
Within the walks where I shall be—  
    The precincts of my home.

His cheerful voice will sound no more,  
 His steps no more be heard,  
 Nor smiles to meet me at the door  
 With the ever welcome word.  
 Ah, no! but in some fairer clime  
 It may be that he dwells;  
 But barred and locked the doors of time,  
 Nor aught the secret tells!

\* \* \* \* \*

But when the sky upon the hills  
 Shall lay the folds of spring,  
 And music gushes from the rills,  
 The birds begin to sing,  
 The robin piping in the tree,  
 The bluebird in the hedge,  
 And little "house-wife" merrily  
 Shall build near by the ledge!

The blue-jay scream, the meadow-lark  
 Sing sweetly o'er the way;  
 O, then, my soul, thou canst but hark  
 And list what Nature'll say!  
 When all her voices sweetly rise  
 Upon the balmy air,  
 Then would I sing her lovely skies,  
 Her valleys teeming fair.

Her forests and the rippling streams  
 That bubble on in praise,  
 With notes of bird, and sun's bright beams,  
 To charm the lengthening days!

Then will I hie to some retreat,  
Some half-hushed, echoing spot,  
And I will list heaven's music beat  
With the minor key forgot,  
Or held so by a master hand,  
Its notes might sweetly blend,  
And vibrate with the million band,  
And up to heaven ascend!

And call my loved one back to me;  
In spirit thought to rove,  
In nature's haunts we loved to be,  
Where all things speak his love;  
Then shall I feel that Time and Death  
The mortal dust may sever;  
And stilled may be the fleeting breath,  
But Love lives on forever!

---

### SYMPHONY.

O, man was once an angel,  
But dropped his shining wings  
To find the heavenly symphony  
Of less diviner things!  
Thus god-like man awakening,  
Reveals the deeper part,  
And strikes the eternal harmony  
Through Nature's beating heart!

## SILVER WEDDING BELLS.

*To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pearce.*

The silv'ry bells of Time are ringing  
With voices clear;  
And, lo! I hear  
Those other bells,  
The wedding bells,  
Upon the air as echoes singing!

They sing of love—fond, true, abiding—  
When she, a bride,  
Sat by his side,  
As with Time's oar  
They pulled from shore  
And down Life's blissful seas went gliding.

A prosperous breeze the sails unfurling,  
And brightened skies  
With love-lit eyes  
Bespoke a crew  
Of boys a few,  
And girls that set the seas a-whirling.

So now again the bells are ringing!  
The silv'ry bells,  
Sweet love foretells,  
And girls and boys  
Their parents' joys  
Re-echo on, Time's voices singing.



## MARCH.

The sun bent o'er and kissed, one day,  
The earth with glory's melting blue;  
Soon clouds obscured the sky with gray,  
And suddenly the wild winds blew!

\* \* \* \* \*

All in a whirligig,  
O what a mazy jig!  
Round and round the house it goes;  
First it storms, and then it blows,  
And then sifts high, the mocking snows.  
Heigho! the carnival,  
Dusting the valleys full,  
Sweeping the house-tops to the ground,  
Raves and roars the hill-tops round,  
Over and over the banks it blows,  
Whirling them round as on it goes.

---

  
IDES OF MARCH.

The sun comes up the slender slopes  
Of eastern skies. Where morning opes,  
Pale gray, with pink, floats through the haze  
And hints of many-hued, pearly days.

.

## THE CROCUS.

Poor little goslings! purple-dyed,  
And wrapped in downy feathers,  
That burst upon us open-eyed,  
Defying wind and weather.

There is no flower so peaceful lies  
Within the ground's cold ashes,  
And none that ope such merry eyes  
When Spring doth lift its lashes.

They come upon us unaware,  
With heads so slick and curly,  
And pop up with a lightsome air,  
As much's to say, "wer'e early."

O little downy, lissome things,  
Wee birdies coyly rising,  
If only all you had some wings  
It would not be surprising.

But you would flutter far away,  
And leave the children cheerless;  
So you must bide with them to stay,  
And help them to be fearless;

To keep a cheerful, happy face,  
As snuggling so together,  
'Til April's sunny smiles shall chase  
The wintry winds and weather.

## A SPRING DAY.

The sky is soft and blue,  
The clouds float hazy by,  
And sweetly to my view  
Comes Spring's most glorious sky!

The distant landscapes change,  
Where, in the sunshine's glow,  
A-down the valleys range  
The silv'ry brooklets flow.

The foot-prints Winter leaves  
Melt slowly in the days  
That bring the dripping eaves  
And warm the changing days.

A softer breath has birth  
In these diviner skies,  
When from the pulsing earth  
A thousand songs shall rise!

---

CALLING.

Come away, come away, out in the air,  
All is cheerily bright and gay;  
All is balmily fresh and fair,  
Voices are ringing  
Sweetly, and singing,  
Full of the springing life everywhere;  
Now are they calling thee, heed what they say!

Coy maiden, shy maiden, let me toss thy lace,  
 Says the balmy breeze. "I'll brush thy hair  
 Over about the pretty, pale face,  
 All the much sweeter  
 And the completer,  
 Will I paint over with witching grace,  
 Over and over, the pale roses there!"

List the call! Come away, come, maiden shy;  
 Young man, come away, come, O come!  
 Old folks come away, young ones fly!  
 Sweet is the thrilling  
 Music that's filling  
 Little throats, big throats, up in the sky;  
 Spring-time is calling her warblers come home!

---

LIFE IN SONG.

The winds blow drearily,  
 The winds blow cheerily  
 All the day long—  
 Just as you cheerily,  
 Or as you drearily  
 Burst into song!

The birds sing merrily,  
 The birds sing cheerily,  
 All the day long—  
 Just as you merrily,  
 Or as you cheerily  
 Burst into song!

The days glide merrily,  
The days glide cheerily  
All the day long—  
Just as you cheerily,  
Or as you merrily  
Burst into song!

---

## THE CHORAL BAND.

O list Spring's tripping feet,  
O catch her voices sweet  
In the joyous soul of song,  
Borne the sweet air along;  
For in the veiled skies  
Her form concealéd lies;  
Her rhythmic pulses beat  
In transports, and her eyes  
Urge on the coursers fleet  
That bear her through the skies!

CHORUS—O soon'll the rose be blooming,  
And the bee his trumpet booming,  
All over this fair land;  
For I list the songs a humming,  
And a thousand voices coming  
To join the Choral Band!

O list the wand'ring wind,  
I own its voices kind,  
For it brushes out the skies,  
Unveils their starry eyes  
And sweeps out Nature's rooms,  
To toss her buds and blooms!  
And in fair lily's cup.  
It woos with fragrant sighs,  
To kiss the dewdrops up  
That sparkle in her eyes!

CHORUS—O soon'll the rose be blooming  
And the bee his trumpet booming  
All over this fair land;  
For I list the thrushes singing,  
And a thousand voices springing  
To join the Choral Band!

---

#### A NEWLY-BORN FOUNTAIN.

Spring, yes Spring, the beautiful Spring!  
Now will the voices of woodland ring,  
And over the meadows, hill and valley,  
Gathering herds and plough-boys rally.

Sing, O sing, for this beautiful queen!  
Dear Nature is spreading a carpet of green  
Where this royal lady may scatter her flowers,  
And bead them with gems from morning's sun-showers.

She comes, she comes! this nymph of the dell,  
She loosens the streams with a magical spell,  
And over the day where morn is beaming,  
The sheen of her hair is like gold in its gleaming.

She sings, she sings! and re-echo the sounds,  
Nature with voices the wide world abounds;  
The birds' call—the bees and brooklets straying,  
List to their voices—what are they saying?

Awake, O awake! with morning's bright beam,  
Come out in the sunshine, why do you dream?  
How sweet are their voices; who can help caring,  
When Spring her bright mantle of beauty is wearing?

Then sing, O sing! for the beautiful Spring;  
Were I a birdie I'd take to the wing,  
And fly far over some sunny-kissed mountain,  
To be bathing my wings in her newly-born fountain.

## APRIL.

I watched a maiden in her grace  
Toying with lovers' charms;  
Sweet smiles played o'er her changing face  
'Twixt frowns and breezy balms.

I saw the idle winds at play  
Among the fleecy folds  
Of shifting clouds, in April's day,  
Yet where the sunshine holds.

And in the skyey-mirrored lake  
I watched the shadows part,  
And sunny-blue reflected break  
As love from maiden's heart!

---

MY LOVE.

*To Bessie.*

My love does me move  
As the spring zephyrs rove  
By shy opening flower,  
Withholding perfume  
Till, budded to bloom,  
It meets the loved wooer.



The blue of her eyes  
Is like summer skies;  
    In such tender glances,  
With dimple and smile,  
    That on you the while  
Shoot love's little lances.

Her voice has the sound  
Of the sweetest bells round,  
    In far-away singing;  
When with ear on the stretch  
I listen to catch  
    The softest notes ringing.

And rounded her form,  
Full-swelling and warm,  
    Where frills of lace over,  
Cascaded and set  
For her lover a net  
    Of snowy white cover.

O, she is so fair!  
The wealth of her hair  
    Is gold in its gleaming;  
By the brows archéd height,  
And eyes dancing bright  
    In their mischievous beaming.

She steals from the skies  
The blue of her eyes,  
And blonde of her tresses;  
Her voice from the birds  
In melody's words  
She echoing blesses.

---

## THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

Rise my bonny Belle! from thy eastern casement come  
and see,  
All the world in dewy splendor lies dipped from shore  
to lea;  
O so fair the dawning,  
And so sweet the morning,  
Breaking rosy-crowned from out the slumb'ring azure  
sea!

Softest zephyrs stir the air that breathe of fairest climes  
to me,  
Or rustle of a robe I've heard in dreams, but O, I could  
not see!  
Still for bright eyes glist'ning,  
Waits thy lover, listening,  
The music of a voice, than ne'er another sounds so sweet  
to me!

Come my bonny Belle! The morn of life is bidding us  
away,  
Over hill and flow'ry meadow, and through the wood-  
lands gay!  
Hark, the echoes sounding,  
Sends the pulses bounding,  
And life is full of pleasures, at the breaking of the day!

---

## MEMORY'S VISTAS.

Fond memory, with her vistas, bring  
The happy days and morning fair—  
The flowers of love in early spring  
To lay on life's descending stair.

Down these fair walks the forms of those  
Our loved and loving angels be;  
Long time we saw their fond eyes close  
Beside life's vista, shadowy sea!

\* \* \* \* \*

The night wind soughs about my blinds,  
The new moon peeks upon my floor,  
The shadowy mists of memory winds  
To some loved scenes I ponder o'er.

O, new, new moon! Thy ray soft lends  
A haunting from yon starry way;  
Your region lies where hope's star lends  
On weary mortals one bright ray.

O loved ones, to that happier home!  
Where lies the path ye wandered by?  
Over the portals of that dome  
Hung with the myriad-spangled sky!

I think somewhere the pathway leads  
Along unknown, diviner ways,  
Where many a landscape fairer spreads  
And grows more beautiful, always.

But now the night-wind soughs and wails,  
And seems to weep for them and me;  
The stars along their pathway pales,  
So all things pale that now we see.

But fairest flowers that bless the morn,  
And closed by zephyrs sweet at even,  
Were never for earth only born;  
Their fragrance lifts our hearts to Heaven.

So mayhap all the best of earth  
Shall so survive; and love's perfume  
They left for us shall know no dearth,  
Where the fair flowers forever bloom.

## WHEN CLOVER BLOOMS.

When clover blooms there will be stars  
And asphodels, and living bars  
Of blooms across the way—  
Down nature's looms;  
And in her rooms there will be tears  
In blossomed eyes, where Beauty wears  
Her gems; the pale, sweet day,  
Mid shadowing glooms,  
To gay, rich plumes the winged god flies,  
And feasts upon the star-bright eyes  
Of flowers that soon decay—  
When clover blooms.

---

## SPRING WAITING FOR SUMMER.

I am waiting for thee, my dear;  
Fly swift o'er the violet hills!  
A breath as of spices is here,  
And bloom of the daffodils.

The clustr'ing trees shower down  
Their wealth of the scented blooms,  
And with them the bee is blown  
About mid their sweet perfumes.

Come, haste o'er the meadows so fair,  
Fly swift o'er the hills to me,  
I am sighing to taste the air  
That breathes where the north-lands be!

I am sighing to hasten away—  
To cover their hills with green,  
And flowery garlands lay  
Where the snow and the frost have been.

They are waiting for me, I know,  
As others are waiting for thee;  
My sister, come hither, I go  
Far over the vales and the lea.

---

## THE RAINBOW.

O earth! thy misty skies are bound,  
As some resplendant band, to keep  
The mystery of a veil so round  
Heaven's dripping eyes, that can but weep!

---

## THE ZEPHYR'S KISS.

I send a sweet song away on the wind;  
O waft it kind breezes to her,  
My sister, who dwells where the zephyrs are kind,  
And the roses nod red when the violets stir.

But wait not for rose nor the violets blue,  
Go carry my message away!  
And touch on her cheek, as softly as dew,  
The impress of what I would say:

My love is as fair as the lilies that lie  
On the breast of the blue, rippling lake;  
But her cheeks are pale with roses that vie.  
Then zephyrs, go kiss her for my sake!

---

## FLOWN.

An empty cage hangs by the wall,  
An empty house within;  
The tale they tell comes home to all  
Where'er these scenes have been.

She and her bird have passed the bounds  
That held their prison door,  
And flown far off, where no bell sounds,  
Or note calls from the shore,

Save mem'ry bells, and notes that ring  
And touch the heart with pain;  
Ne'er more to hear my darling sing,  
Or her sweet bird again.

O love, how dear a thing thou art!  
How precious keen the test,  
Since Death must leave his venom'd dart  
To rankle in the breast.

The day before she went I hung  
Her "pet" high on the wall;  
No note was uttered—those unsung,  
More eloquent than all.

Her large blue eyes sweet rested there  
Upon its dainty coat  
Of golden plumage, the most rare,  
And pretty, swelling throat.

No artist ever painted her,  
Nor fondest love can bring;  
But where she's gone I only know  
Time beats a stainless wing!



## MAY.

O May, thou darling queen of all the land!  
Thou gentle pacifier between the rigid reign  
Of Winter's warrior-chiefs and Summer's songster  
band,  
That warbles, as fair Beauty leads in her blooming  
train!

---

## MAY - DAY.

It is May-day, I know,  
But I scarcely can go  
To pluck up the sweet little flowers.  
Let them live while they may  
Their one, bright, little day,  
Peeping shyly from palely green bowers.

It is true, in my room  
They might scatter the gloom  
That gathers where no one minds;  
But their stay would be brief,  
And then fade as the leaf,  
To be crumpled and thrown to the winds!

Of the violets blue  
 That's so tender and true,  
 Ah, is it so much a surprise?  
 In its bright, mossy bed,  
 So much better than dead,  
 Blooming there as the light of her eyes.

Live on little flower,  
 In sunshine and shower;  
 I sorrow to rend you apart,  
 For you make me think on  
 The days that are done—  
 And the stem that is broken, O heart!

---

THE SIGH.

O say, have you talked in your sleep, my own—  
 Have you spoken the low-breathed words  
 That the winds took up, and have wafted along  
 With the flight of the morning's sweet birds?

O birds, dear birds, do you, know you the tale—  
 Did you list to the winds borne by  
 As you skipped from the shadowy fronds in the vale,  
 Did you dream that my love was so nigh?

Did you sigh in your sleep, my love, my own,—  
 Did you dream with the zephyrs borne by,  
 So soon as the night and its shadows were flown  
 I'd be waiting the song-birds to fly?

O birds, sweet birds, take my message away;  
Fly swift o'er the breezy hill's dome!  
Tell my darling, dear birdies, the words I would say—  
Go carry my message: Love's home.

Far away in your dreams, my dear, my own,  
Love tells me, there rose a fond sigh;  
While o'er thee, sweet Night, 'neath a misty veil  
thrown,  
Must have caught it with the zephyrs borne by.

---

#### THE PRINTED PAGE.

Growing nicer every day;  
Welcome comer! By-the-by,  
I have heard a body say,  
We grow nicer if we try.

And the infant mind so clear  
Holds the stamp thought gives its clay;  
Black or white, the same appear  
Hard to be erased away.

Were it true, how careful, friend,  
We should be with infant brain,  
Withholding wrong; than to amend  
A cruel blot, whose scars remain.

We should lay with tender care  
 Flowers of thought's unfading wreath;  
 Then, should rougher lines appear,  
 These shall gleam as pearls beneath

Flowers of love to clamber by  
 The pathway on life's busy stage.  
 Then, beginning, let us try  
 To print with care youth's fair, bright page.

---

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'll think of thee when storms of sorrow lower  
 And throw their shadows o'er thy stainless soul;  
 When dark misfortune holds thee in its subtle power,  
 Beyond the seeming reach of earthly friends' control.

And should thy sorrows drag thee down to darksome death,  
 Seeming to shut thy heaven from out love's rimming bowl;  
 Then will I pray for thee, with tears and falt'ring breath,  
 Nor even forced by Fate to yield thy riven soul.

Then will I think of thee, with that serene desire  
 That ever prompts the soul to noblest deeds of love;  
 When touched by heaven, with its celestial fire,  
 My heart can only yearn to meet thy sinless soul above.

## THE WARRIOR'S DREAM.

The warrior's dream of glory, is it a fleeting name,  
 When the bugle-call sounds him to battle and to fame?  
 I'm thinking of the morning when his proud pulses  
     bound,  
 He dreams not to "drop out" in the silence so profound.  
 And I think with saddened heart of the night's rest  
     that's so deep,  
 No battle's noise can waken; nor bugle call from  
     sleep,—  
 But the flowers on his bed, and the soldier's dream so  
     stilled,  
 May lie as fairest scroll, love, for glory has fulfilled!

## ON A BIRTHDAY.

*27th of May.*

Ah me, how strangely fast the years glide by!  
 They sail like frosted ships on seas of pearl,  
 Where all the shining waves piled mountains high  
     Fall away again, and vanish in the sea's deep whirl!

So fall our precious pearls. The days go one by one,  
 The ships sail noiselessly o'er the heaving waves,  
 The little voyage soon ended, so fearlessly begun,  
     Leaves only the mementos of storms the soul braves!

But we will mourn not without hope, on our fast-  
speeding lives;  
And the specter ship of Time bearing our loved  
away,—  
We will be joyful in the present; happy he who  
strives  
To bring a gleam of sunshine for each and every  
day.

---

## FAREWELL TO SPRING.

Pale are thy dripping eyes, sweet Spring! and bright  
by turns;  
In shy tale tell,  
I love thee well.  
Thou, as in tears, dost fall full-brimming Nature's urns  
To summ'ry dell;  
So fare thee well!

## JUNE.

June, thou art a goddess, on whom all shower  
 Perfection in thy praises. Crowned thou art in power  
 O'er all thy sister months. Thou bindst the magic  
 feet

Of tripping Spring; and Summer's breath to meet,  
 And clasp thee as the darling of Earth's heart.

Folded in gloss of web—in leaf, in flower thou art!  
 In tinkling bells the silver brooks rehearse thy love;  
 The birds fly dipping little bills, a-brimming from  
 above;

The lakes gleam bluer, and the bending skies  
 Reflected are, far rounding depth that lies  
 A clearer soul; thy face of heaven doth give,  
 And man but longs that thou eternally mightst live,—  
 Only vain one! whom naught on earth below, in  
 worlds above,

Can make a heaven for man, but change, and God's  
 unending love.

---

 JUNE'S FRONDED FORMS.

Down by the leafy paths of wild-wood glen  
 I sought fair June's delightful bowers,  
 In other days. She came with lightsome tracery then,  
 Pale-tinted, pearly, with the shadowy fronds and  
 flowers.

Within the cool retreat of bending boughs,  
That interlaced each other highly o'er,  
She hung with tender vines the kingly rows  
Of trees that stood in majesty upon her velvet floor.

Her winds were wafted sweet from royal rose  
And lilies fair to these Druidic aisles;  
And charmed the nymphs celestial to disclose  
The solitary beauty there, the poets' heart beguiles.

But now fair June has forms of fretted tracery,  
In bowers of shaded green the far lands o'er;  
And fronded tops are waving, where royal roses be,  
To billowy fields of wheat that swell as to a shore,

And ripple down the dear, delightful ways  
Of charming lanes, to groves of vernal spring,  
Where every branch breathes melody of perfect days,  
Dipped in the pearl of dyes, the silvery rain and  
sunshine bring.

O man! from busy scenes and city's street  
Come to the fields—to the fair wild flowers,  
Bending their plummy heads and fronded faces sweet,  
And in the wild-wood aisles they sigh through native  
bowers!



Come to the shady groves, where sweetest notes respond  
To music's heart. His spirit's stamp divine  
Is in the leaf, the flower, and plummy waving frond;  
Step lightly past their dewy eyes, O gentle friend of  
mine!

---

## THE MURM'RING SONG.

The dew is sparkling on the flowers,  
The sky is all aglow  
And over earth and woodland bowers  
I catch the murm'ring song that pours  
Its voices soft and low.

---

## SUMMER.

Summer has come! Where the rose cloud lies  
In her beauty veiled, sits the queen of the skies,  
And a thousand gems in the morning hours  
Lie trembling soft on the pale, sweet flowers.  
The sun comes up! And he kisses the fields  
Where the clover springs, and his chariot wheels  
Roll musically on in the still, bright hours,  
And the breath of his steeds charm the sleeping  
flowers.

The valleys awoke! The lily-buds swell,  
And ferns droop by in the shadowy dell,  
While a blended song from the vales arise,  
As the birds go winging through the skies.

With a peaceful rest in the skyey sea  
Lies mirrored the lake's tranquillity;  
And shy, in the shadows of the green,  
The wood-bird woos his speckled queen.  
The squirrel nimbly hops on the trees,  
And a life of pleasure the insect sees.  
The grasses grow, and they talk to some  
Who up to a higher sense have come;  
They sigh and sigh, they weep and moan,  
And melody breathe in undertone.  
The air grows rich as the breath o' the bee,  
Where the rose nods red by the shimmering sea  
Of unnumbered hues, from the pale, sweet flower;  
To the star-eyed lily that blooms but an hour  
In the burning sun—O for cool, spicy gales,  
And a dell of shadow in darkling dales!  
Then come thou with me to bowers of green,  
Where the sun glances shy in a frolic between  
The satiny leaves, and the shadows skip about  
As little nymphy imps, sunshine's chasing out,—  
But for all we love them so, when Sol his burning  
    rays  
Is chasing us to hide from sultriness of days  
That linger as a mask Nature bids us wear.  
Till we are forced to own we love, too, winter dear;  
But that sweet Summer calls and woos us ever on,  
So steadily with beauty; evanishing and gone,  
She lures us yet to come; and on mossy bank in dell  
We pause, we linger here, and sigh—we love her  
    well!

## THE FERN BED.

I come from the wood, I come from the burn,  
I come from the bramble-bray;  
I've gathered the wild flower, mosses and fern,  
To brighten a spot where my eyes may turn  
When silently fades the day.

O the shady spots I have wandered by,  
And the cool, inviting nooks,  
With dear birds caroling through the sky,  
Is a poem grander than you or I  
E'er have seen in the written books.

I've scattered some seed, sung many a song—  
They're poor little verses I know—  
But when south winds sweet kiss the roses among,  
And the lily-bells hang with dew-dripping tongue,  
My seeds maybe beginning to grow.

## VIOLETS.

Wild-wood violets,  
Love thy look begets.  
Lowly living,  
Sweetly giving  
Fragrance, that one ne'er forgets!  
When the bright sun sets  
Stars are shining  
From a lining

Dipped in blue as little pets,  
Sweet, blue violets;  
Coily peeping  
From earth sleeping,  
Some such eyes one ne'er forgets,—  
Blue as were the dyes  
Of their native skies,  
They have passed you  
And have classed you  
With the tints of Paradise!

---

## THE THUNDER STORM.

The thunder rolled amid the sky,  
The wind the tall trees swayed,  
And darksome clouds went hurrying by  
As forkéd lightnings they let fly,  
And o'er the landscape played.

Down came a crash! The rolling ceased;  
Now all the earth was still;  
The rain from out the clouds released,  
Poured down in torrents. Nature, eased,  
Let floods the valleys fill.

Hushed all, and calm, the clouds went by,  
The birds came out to sing;  
The sun peeped forth from out the sky,  
And glistening raindrops far and nigh  
Shone clear as crystal spring.

## LOVE'S IDYL.

Love dreamed she rested in lover's arms  
On a bed of lilies, breathing sighs  
O'er odored with such breath as charms  
The bosom sweet of bending skies.

She dreamed they rested there content,  
With the placid water's heaving rise,  
Until their souls together blent  
And floated up with lilies' sighs.

There caught between the bars of heaven  
And earth apart, they blissful dwelt;  
While mortals thought, bending at even  
Low at their wedded vestal knelt.

## EARTH SO BEAUTIFUL.

Bursting to life from the sunny land-bowers,  
The birds, the bees, and fairy bright flowers,  
Springing as magic to greet the glad eye—  
Earth is so beautiful when summer is nigh!

Come let us haste o'er the valleys so fair,  
And catch the glad anthem of praises and prayer  
From bird-notes, and blossoms that spring from the  
ground—  
Earth is so beautiful, and sweet is each sound.

Still float the clouds in the far ether blue,  
 Anon letting flashes of sunlight burst through,  
 Down from the heights we would scale by and by,  
 Earth is so beautiful, when heaven seems nigh. .

Sweet is the hush that steals over my frame,  
 As I ponder upon it, from whence they all came?  
 The blossoming flowers, the birds, and the bee—  
 Earth is so beautiful, so bright unto me.

O could I but sing this one little song,  
 And carol it forth to Him, all the day long,  
 I'd sing to my Maker this song to His praise—  
 Earth is so beautiful, these beautiful days!

---

#### LADEN WITH SONG.

The air is full-laden with song,  
 And vocal the choristers hie  
 In the green of the wild-wood along,  
 Or scatter their notes in the sky.

So fearless and harmless they rove,  
 Unfettered by prison or cell;  
 They pour out their sweet notes of love  
 And, warbling, go home to the dell.

They hie where the violets bloom,  
 And sing with the breeze's low call,  
 Where the flowers' sweet wealth of perfume  
 Comes floating and breathing with all.

O, the air is full-laden with song!  
And finely the choristers move,  
To strike on the heart-strings along  
A thousand sweet notes that we love.

A thousand sweet strains in the air,  
That rhythmical beat with the bloom,  
The unfolding of Life's holy prayer,  
With those songs that have left their per-  
fume.

---

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! and may thy dreams be sweet!  
Some lovely picture see;  
Or dream, my love, our kisses meet,  
Thus would I dream of thee!

Good night! thou art too pure, too fair—  
I put the thought away—  
But dream we rise together, where  
Diviner love holds sway.

---

## PEARLS FROM THE SUN.

O I have rare pearls, I have pearls from the sun!  
I caught them a-drowning in the ocean, each one!  
For he wept them as hiding. O hiding, I laid  
My head where the amber tree cast its sweet shade!

## JULY AND AUGUST.

Pale seas of rolling billows, and wind-tossed swells  
Of luscious grain in the milk, the hot sun steals  
Magnetic through; till in their calixes' sweet heart  
there dwells  
The million, million kernels quick pulse of Time  
reveals.

So then the world thou keepest, with thy burning skies,  
July! Thy twin sister, August, rolls the shining  
sheaves,  
And tosses them in heaps, where, golden-crowned  
there lies  
The harvester's reward! Nor soon her burnished  
footstep leaves.

## AUTUMN.

The rose is deepening in the sky,  
The purple mists stretch o'er the hills;  
The heather bush is blushing by,  
Far on 'gainst yellow willow's quills.

The landscape takes a richer shade;  
Vermilion, crome, sienna dyes;  
Fair autumn days have gorgeous laid,  
And framed in webs of purpling skies.



## SEPTEMBER.

Cool, friendly shades and knolls of tufted ground;  
Sun—ling'ring, haunts in chosen sheltered dell—  
Above, the silv'ry brook; and mingling mellowed  
    sound  
Winds ever with it on, as bidding us farewell.

---

## AFTER THE HARVEST.

Pour, pour; rain, rain;  
The harvest is o'er and the grain  
    Is ready for the floor,  
    The threshing-floor, bin and store,  
Or off on the train.

Blow, blow; wind and rain;  
    Let the farmer rest;  
    He has done his best,  
    Like a bird to its nest,  
Till the sun shines out again.

Then away he'll hie  
    As happy's a king,  
    And plow and sing  
    Till the fields will ring  
With his melody.

O a farmer's life  
Is a jolly round  
As e'er was found;  
Tilling the ground—  
And his little wife

Is happy and gay  
From morn till night;  
She is fresh and bright,  
And tries to do right  
From day to day.

Together they live  
In peace and content;  
With good will blent,  
Their lives are spent  
In good. And they give

Their goods to the poor;  
With their neighbor they share—  
They've enough and to spare—  
God hears their prayer,  
And doubles the store!

O maiden, young,  
With the bloom on your cheek,  
Loving eyes and meek,  
A soul that can speak  
As well as a tongue!

Be sure that you wed  
With the farmer boy;  
'Twill give you joy—  
As an even tide  
The moments glide,  
And a life well led,

Will bring you peace  
When age comes on,  
And one by one  
The sands all pass  
Adown the glass—  
Till earth-life cease,

And you wing your flight  
O'er the starry floor  
Through the shining door  
To worlds of Light!

---

#### AUTUMNAL DAYS.

Brown bare the hills, O silvery summers green,  
And fields with softened tints that lie between,  
Mellowed in beams that flush the dying day  
On either side, where tufted ranges lay.

Far o'er the hills I lift my wistful eyes,  
And view the scene where fading beauty lies;  
Fond Nature yields at last, in hectic blush,  
In crimson glow, outcropping tree and bush.

I sigh to think these days, so passing fair,  
Must yield to winter's keen and chilling air;  
That where the sky falls down with dew-dripped  
    breath  
Shall tremble little flowers, some weight beneath;—

Shall cover all the valleys and bright brown hills,  
The stretching landscape o'er with soft, white frills,  
Till babbling brooks shall feel the crystal case  
And huddle down beneath the cold embrace!

I love to think these days of all the year  
The fairest, saddest are, and yet most dear!  
As some departing saint, whose race e'er told,  
Smiles backward, touching on steps of gold.

Such mellow, lovely days, smiling half way  
Between the brow of summer and winter's trail away;  
Kindle with jest and song the interlude between;  
Crowning harvest sheaves, and fireside's glowing  
    scene!

## OCTOBER.

Burnished all things! And rimey clouds a-keep  
Float o'er the heavens, on seas of rose and gold;  
The little birds pipe mournfully; gauzy insects sleep  
Till wound cocoons in Winter's arms their glossy  
treasures hold.

## IN OCTOBER.

Hail to thee! Come every soul,  
All the earth is now complete,  
All the hills and vales replete,  
With the harvest's brimming bowl.

Shout aloud, ye peaceful lands!  
Wood and hamlet sing for joy!  
Autumn's golden days employ  
To save full-store with willing hands.

Flood the hills and valleys down  
With a mellowed, softened light;  
But with something more than bright  
Dons the earth her royal crown.

O the pearl-bright, dreamy days!  
 O the fading of the year!  
 Summer ling'ring by her bier  
 Sparkles with a burst of rays.

Droops with work divinely wrought;  
 Pales with hectic, glorious, fair,  
 To the altar of her stair  
 All her treasures home are brought.

Garnished with vermilion dyes,  
 Mounts she upward royally,  
 All her work done loyally—  
 Summer in October dies!

---

BLACKBIRDS.

Sing, birds, o' the bright summer morn;  
 Sing atop o' the tasseled corn,  
 And astride o' the golden grain;  
 Sing, scattering through the sky,  
 As you whirl your thousands by,  
 And quivering, dot the plain.

Sing away, o'er the whistle and plough;  
 Sing atop o' the bending bough,  
 And astride o' the wild rice's plume.  
 O breathe in the blue-bells' eye,  
 And cling to the golden rod by,  
 As you color your coat a-bloom.

Sing, birds, o' the bright summer days;  
Sing blithe when the autumn robe lays  
    In its gold and its crimson dyes;  
Dot it over with your glossy coats;  
Peck about, eat and sing your chatty notes,  
    And rattle 'em up as sparks, Oh, skies!

---

### INDIAN SUMMER.

On distant hills I watch the haze,  
    With rose and purple blending;  
The gorgeous tints of autumn days  
    Their fading beauties lending.

O'er all the land a quiet broods,  
    A soft and golden splendor  
Falls on the earth, and in the woods  
    There is a tint most tender.

The partridge drums with flut'ring wings,  
    And for his mate dissembles;  
While straying insect buzzing sings  
    And summer all resembles.

I catch a feeling of repose,  
    Of perfumes sweetly stealing;  
To treasure cells of op'ning rose,  
    Some mystic sense revealing.

My heart now opens as a rose,  
Its nourishment all-needing,  
And stilly chambers swing a-close  
Upon the heavenly feeding.

Heaven's breath can stir the heart aglow,  
Love's perfumes vanish never;  
And doubt's chill winds can never blow  
Where falls God's sunlight ever.

---

THE ROBIN'S FAREWELL.

Cheery up, cheery up, till I come again;  
Keep my nest, O sweet, down in the shady glen.  
I will sing for you in my southern tree;  
Cheery up, cheery up, I'll come back to thee.



## NOVEMBER.

Where wert thou, Oh, maiden! with thy dark tangled  
hair,  
And what monster, grim-laden, has stripped thee so  
bare?  
O bend thou, fond skies, and spread o'er her thy veil;  
Wind in gauzes to her feet that are gemméd low in the  
vale.

---

## INDIAN SUMMER PRINCESS.

I sing in the land of legends, where  
An Indian princess comes to woo,  
With summ'ry skies and balmy air,  
The rugged earth to life anew.

She sends a courier on the air,  
With silv'ry sandals for her feet;  
While o'er the hills her dusky hair  
She mazes in the sunshine sweet.

The sumac tree, the maple, oak,  
Are dipped for her in brilliant dyes;  
The cunning crow is heard to croak,  
The wild geese wander in the skies.

She lingers on the sunshine's track,  
 And where the woodland berries grow;  
 She calls the song-birds to come back,  
 The squirrels bright to sport below.

Wrapped in a cloud of shim'ring haze,  
 Caught 'twixt the worlds of dark and light,  
 She meshes in her webs the days,  
 And slumbers by the jeweled night.

At morn gives idler hints of skies,  
 When snow-birds hover by the eaves,  
 As o'er the bending boughs there lies  
 A feathery robe, the princess leaves;

And mounts in haste her coursers fleet,  
 While snow-king blows with chilling air  
 A wraith about her flying feet,—  
 And sifts with pearls her dusky hair.

---

SUMMER HAS FLED.

Cold o'er the pebbles the bright waters flow,  
 And fiercely the north wind's beginning to blow,  
 Hurling before it the leaves sere and dead,  
 For summer, the beautiful summer, has fled.

Comes there from south-land a low breathing sigh,  
 Back on the trail of her jewels dropt by;  
 Aye, that she lingered with smiles sweet and fair,  
 Keeping old winter away from his lair.

Not long will she tarry, far onward she hies,  
To grace with her sisters, their own native skies.  
When winter reigns king o'er the north-lands so wild,  
Sweet Summer lives ever, a tropical child!

---

## THE GOLDEN EGG.

The blue-jay screams by the house-wife's cot,  
The wood-bird pecks the grubs from the trees,  
While the good man slays a goose for the pot,  
Unmindful of the egg a poet, golden, sees.

## DECEMBER.

O, in thy barren brownness, thou art a gleaner dear;  
 But thou bindest up the treasures that have gathered  
     with the year;  
 And where contentment smiles, in many a sunny day,  
 Thou rainest pearly drops, and buds do blight in May.

---

 THE LITTLE BIRD BY MY DOOR.

Now the robin red-breast is singing here no more,  
 But blithesome little wood-bird pecks by the door;  
 He comes all in black and white, with a top-knot gay,  
 And with his long, slim bill quite hunts the grubs away.

He's a bright little bird, loves well our northern clime;  
 If not, could fly away down south most any time.  
 Perhaps he stays to cheer us with his sprightly ways,  
 And bring us thoughts of Summer and her sunshiny  
     days.

No matter why he lingers; when the feathery snow  
     falls  
 And covers up so nicely his speckled overalls,  
 He works away the brisker, seldom stops to sing,  
 Never dreaming he is lonesome, nor any such a thing.

I suppose he has a mate, snugly tucked away,  
 And some bright-eyed little chicks, a soft downy gray,  
 Somewhere under cover, in a place safe from harm,  
 With mother-bird snug over, cooing them to charm.

I think I'd like to catch him, and give him crumbs of  
 bread,  
 And smoothe the little top-knot, so nice, upon his head;  
 To ask him where he sleeps when the fiercest wind  
 blows;  
 If his bed is in the grasses, his blanket softest snows?

Or maybe he is sheltered, beneath a little bough  
 So snug the chilly blasts can hardly whistle through.  
 O, I'd ask him many questions, but most I care to know,  
 Our Father's watching o'er him through wintry winds  
 and snow.

---

\*KASOTA'S BRIDAL DRESS.

1877.

Come over to Kasota; 'tis fairy land here;  
 The trees are all frosted, St. Peter, my dear;  
 They're bending and *boughing* in bridal array;  
 So, dearest St. Peter, please heed what I say.

Kasota is lovely, we all know 'tis true;  
 And 'tis whispered in secret she's quite fond of you.  
 We know that your † arms are stretching lovingly o'er,  
 Grasping Kasota on Minnesota's fair shore.

To so display affection, my dearest, kind sir,  
 Is rather quite trying to a proud maid like her,—  
 Without at once proffering your heart and your hand;  
 So dally with her no more, but heed my command!

Hers are jewels the fairest, and purest white dress;  
 No bride was e'er arrayed in such rare loveliness;  
 So modest and drooping she hides her fair head,  
 When I hint it, St. Peter, that she should be wed.

In this bridal dress she's lovely as a star,  
 Or the angel that came when that "door stood ajar."  
 Then come to this fairy land, hasten the day,  
 For are we not longing to give Kasota away?

\*Towns opposite on Minnesota River.

†Bridges.

---

## FAIR KASOTA.

1887.

Kasota was a blooming maid,  
 A long time ago,  
 But of her lover was afraid,  
 And did not wed, you know.

St. Peter held his head so high  
 She dared not seek his face,  
 And so she languished idly by  
 And took an old maid's place.

At last a fairy came her way,  
 And laid a magic wand;  
 She bade the rocks speak, and the clay  
 She turned to gold, with sand.

A maiden's blush she bade to rise  
 On fair Kasota's brow,  
 And gave her beauty back for sighs;  
 She's in the market now!

---

#### DECEMBER TO EARTH.

"She is dead," I said; and I laid her form down  
 All so still and so cold in her fair, jeweled case;  
 And I shrouded her in from the fierce Monarch's  
 frown,  
 And sprinkled with snow-down her bare, dusky face.

---

#### FAIRY ELF SNOW.

I will sing of the snow, of the fairy elf snow,  
 Who has scattered her gems by the daisy beds rare,  
 Where the north winds may sweep, and the blizzards  
 may blow.  
 She has broidered a garment with tend'rest care,  
 Unheeding a frolic the wild winds may keep;  
 With fold upon fold of fairy-like lace,  
 She has spread o'er the beds, as of children asleep,  
 And with daintiest frills has framed in each face.

## FROST FLOWERS.

O lovely little purple, blooming spray!  
Who gave you us but God, to deck the lonely way?  
When all thy sisters bright, closed eyes, and gone  
asleep,  
And their sweet breath the angels, I think, most hold  
a-keep.  
But thou, though lacking glow, the warmer days do  
bring;  
Art decked with fairest grace, thy pale, pure covering,  
With gauzy spider's web of lace, dew-jemméd, sweet,  
Whereon I dare but lay the thought of Sorrow's  
stainless feet!

## DAUGHTERS OF THE YEAR.

*An Idyl.*

Twelve sisters all dwelt 'neath the starry blue dome,  
And they all of them wandered about for a home.  
One stormed, and one wept, one moaned, and one  
loved,  
One sowed, and one reapt, one sang, and one roved,  
And three of them smiled through the wind and the  
rain,  
And scattered bright flowers about o'er the plain,



While the twelfth one so cold, in her pale, regal gloom,  
Swept the aisles of old Time past her sisters in bloom!  
November's chill winds blew the sleet in the air,  
And snow-flakes fell fast on with January there.  
Soon February came, with a smile in her eye,  
To be rudely repulsed by cold March whirling by.  
But April in pity, with smiles and with tears,  
Bursts forth into singing as May, bright, appears;  
Till June, the fair goddess of the land, comes along  
With a lap full of flowers, with sunshine and song.  
Soon July and August go trippingly by  
O'er the velvety vale, 'neath a blue-tinted sky,  
And scatter their treasures with smiles sweet and fair,  
Till the gold of September is twined in their hair;  
And garnered the treasures of summer and sun,  
October comes laden with gifts for each one.

So steadily numb'ring the weeks and the days,  
They keep the scene shifting, no mortal hand stays!  
But they scatter their treasures and gems of sweet song,  
Pearls of thought on the pathway, as you come along,  
While some of them vanish in the corridors of Time,  
They all whirl around again, keeping good time.  
As the year calls them in they trip to the bars  
Of music's far beat, that keeps time with the stars;  
And a-visiting never but one at a time,  
Comes to whisper her love, low, as silv'ry bells chime.

## THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

I go, sweet friends of many days;

But I will leave a precious child for all

My sunny skies have kissed, my wayward ways

Forgive. Hark! for 'tis born with the new year's  
call,

And shifts the scene with midnight's muffled bell,

Striking the hour—and, O my long farewell!

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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SONNET.

As from some withered tree the rose bursts out to  
bloom,  
So shall thy spirit rise from shadow-land of gloom ;  
As misty Night shall weep, and give to glowing Day  
Pale, starry flowers 'mid dewy-blossomed way,  
O'er-nectared all with perfumes, that from their sweets  
exhale,  
And gems of pearly lakelets, studding the flow'ry vale ;  
With grand trees arching round, inclosing vales and  
dells  
In one far-reaching landscape, to where the soft sea  
swells ;  
So, darling, in thy life beyond the azure shore,  
Heaven compasseth thy soul's unfolding evermore !

---

THE OLD HOUSE AND INHABITANT.

The old house was worn, exceedingly so,  
And crumbling with age and decay ;  
No more as of yore could its life-embers glow,  
And though the inhabitant still loved it so,  
Yet sometime must he move away ;

But thought he would linger and patch up again ;  
    It might shield him for long years to come,  
From withering blight and the cold eyes of men ;  
Nor passionate grief or bewildering pain  
    Should force him to leave the old home.

Though a rude spot of clay, and so meager of size—  
    He'd dwelt there now long but unknown,  
And the windows were blurred that looked out to the  
    skies—  
What matter, when over the soul's seeing eyes  
    The wing of the day had ne'er flown ?

Some judged by his looks, that within were rude jars,  
    And the inhabitant ugly as sin ;  
But the soul that dwelt there was as bright as the stars  
You'd have seen sometimes, through the deep window  
    bars,  
    When smiles broke over the worn features thin !

But a stranger came by, and he pitied him so ;  
    A beautiful story he told  
Of a country where never the chilly winds blow,  
And the inhabitants never of sickness could know—  
    Of summer's fierce heat, nor the cold ;

Of a land where the rivers of pleasure do flow,  
    And love's skies gilding the City of Rest.  
So the inhabitant listened, and longed much to go,  
But the old home here, he had loved it, O so !  
    It was hard for him to leave, but 'twas best.

Then he took a survey of all he had done;  
 Of the deeds in this much-abused home,  
 Of the guests he had kept and the smiles he had won,  
 All the sunny bright spots, now over and gone,  
 Eclipsing the darkness of some.

“Down, down, tumble down, old house,” quoth he,  
 “Thy walls are all filled with keen strife;  
 I see the fair city, my home that’s to be;  
 And yonder’s an angel a-beckoning to me.”  
 He, smiled, and the angel was—Life!

---

#### RING LOW, SWEET BELLS.

Ring low, sweet bells,  
 Down o’er the dells,  
 Far, far away,  
 Where Sorrow’s wells  
 Shall flow to-day,  
 For Jenny Lind  
 Has passed away.

Ring no sad knells  
 O ringing bells;  
 But singing, say,  
 O’er hills and dells  
 And dying day,  
 The voice we loved  
 Is hushed, away,

Beyond the rise  
Of native skies.  
And, O bells! say  
That no song dies  
In sweeter lay  
When Jenny Lind's  
Have passed away.

## IN MEMORY.

*Mrs. S. O. S.*

She sleeps! Thy loved one sleeps  
Where, on the hills' bright bloom,  
The rose and lily keeps  
Their fragrance for her tomb!

The star-eyed daisies by,  
And sweetly odorous flowers,  
Shall breathe in pitying sigh,  
With softly falling showers.

And little birds shall trill  
Their notes about the spot,  
Where all her love shall fill  
With sweet forget-me-not!

Sleep on, O loved one, sleep!  
The dew shall kiss thy bed,  
The mourning-dove shall sleep  
With folded wing e'er head.

While prostrate mourner, nigh,  
Weeps lowly o'er the mound,  
As Night, with deepening sigh,  
Broods o'er her rest profound.

---

IN MEMORY OF MYRA.

Steals on the evening air,  
A quiet holy, hushed,  
For up the shining stair  
An angel's wing has brushed.

O it is hard when morn  
Gives promise of a day  
So bright, that dewy dawn  
Dissolves in tears away;

But sweet to know that love  
Is of a heavenly birth,  
And all our best above  
Gives only this to earth.

Not in the deep, dark grave  
Our jewels shall be seen;  
Beyond the flood, the wave,  
They keep their ray serene.

---

## WHERE JESSIE SLEEPS.

A silent rest! No noise nor care  
Comes to disturb the sleeper there.  
Some little flowers their tendrils send  
To twine around about their friend.

The mournful wind her requiem sings,  
And the lone bird with drooping wings,  
While the low ivy lovingly creeps  
To reach the spot where Jessie sleeps.

---

## MAMIE DEAN.

There's a voice that is silent, and lashes softly falling  
Over blue eyes stilled in slumber, down below;  
Nor can she heed the loved ones, in tears and sorrow  
calling,  
For Mamie's sweetly sleeping where the tears can  
never flow.



THE REAPER'S GIFT.

A Reaper for a gift one day  
Flew o'er the dotted plain;  
He took the fairest flower away,  
And left the bearded grain.

Quickly to heaven's gate he rose,  
And passed the bright bud in;  
But when he saw its portals close  
He wept his form of sin.

Then back to earth the Reaper fled,  
And tore his mask away;  
As still in slumber's dreamless bed,  
Neath flowers, sweet Dio lay!

---

JEANNIE'S SLEEP.

On the distant prairie  
Where the wild flowers bloom,  
There sweet Jeannie sleepeth  
In the voiceless tomb.

But in mem'ry's vista,  
Where the school-bell calls,  
Little feet may meet her  
Flitting through hushed halls.

## IN MEMORIAM.

*Mrs. Barker.*

Far in the wild-wood than wert lain,  
 And flowers might wept for grief and pain  
 Over thy bed. Love weeps to-day,  
 To think how thou wert torn away!

---

## LITTLE VOYAGER.

*To Mrs. M. D.*

Where hast thou fled to, little lone one?  
 Over the shadow and under the sun,  
 Into the kingdom of heavenly love;  
 Flown as a birdie or white-wingéd dove;

Gone to discover the country afar,  
 Over the bounds of the pale-tinted star.  
 Rest there and roam there, voyaging one,  
 Far on Life's seas to the mysty land gone.

---

## LILY E. B.

What ling'ring sun shall rise on such sweet maid again?  
 What mortal match again those large, loved violet  
 eyes?  
 Winds kiss, in wand'ring, bells—the bluebells of the  
 glen—

And waft the violet's breath, for love in breathing  
sighs;  
She was so dear on earth—in heaven love catches  
gleams,—  
She wears the vesture's counterpart, far brighter than  
these dreams!

---

ALICE.

Softly the roving zephyrs stray,  
Slowly their airs are floating by,  
Sweetly their voices seem to say:  
Lullaby, sweet, sweet lullaby.

Singing so lowly do they know  
What I would have them wafting sigh  
Over a spot where the daisies grow  
Lullaby, sweet, sweet lullaby.

Bend to the flowers blooming there,  
Dewy with tears and low-breathed sigh,  
Over and over, she was so fair!  
Lullaby, sweet, sweet lullaby.

Sleep on my darling; never a tear  
Stains more the cheek nor the heaving sigh;  
Never a moan, now, never a fear,  
Lullaby, sweet, sweet lullaby.

## TEARS OF JOY.

“ When Love shall die,” the Roses cried,  
 “ Then shall our perfumes fade away;  
 And borne on airs of heaven, abide  
 Where Love and Life forever stay—  
 Nor ever fade, nor fade away—  
 But borne on airs of heaven, abide  
 Where Love and Life forever stay.”

“ When grief shall cease,” the Daxies sighed,  
 “ Then shall we die in tears away ”;  
 “ In tears of joy,” the Roses cried,  
 “ And Love and Life forever stay,  
 When grief shall die in tears away”—  
 “ In tears of joy,” the roses cried—  
 “ And Love and Life forever stay.”

“ Then Love and Joy,” the Roses cried,  
 “ Shall never die, shall ne'er decay,  
 But ever with us shall abide;  
 When all things else shall fade away—  
 Shall never die, shall ne'er decay—  
 But ever with us shall abide,  
 When all things else shall fade away.”

---

 THAT GALLANT BARK.

The winds have kissed thy gallant bark,  
 A-sailing far away at sea;  
 But they might rend in twain, O hark!  
 This heart that beats for only thee.

The winds, the winds, the bleak cold winds,  
Might rend in twain this loving heart, this heart, O hark!  
That beats, that beats for only thee.

But I will pray that sunny skies  
Shall smile upon the wanderer home,  
With yon fair moon, and starlight's eyes,  
And soft winds kiss the billowy foam.  
The winds, the winds, the soft, sweet winds,  
To bring that gallant bark, that bark, O hark!  
And safe to me the wanderer home.

---

ENDYMION.

In dreamland's dream, he's dreaming on,  
He's dreaming on—  
On the marble steps he sleeps upon.  
He will awake when morn shall break,  
And place its gems his brow upon,  
His brow upon,  
He will awake when morn shall break  
And place its gems his brow upon.

The hills are fair in the setting sun,  
In the setting sun;  
On the marble steps he sleeps upon;  
Selena, bright, queen of the night,

Bids him awake, with her be gone,  
 With her be gone;  
 Selena, bright, queen of the night,  
 Bids him awake, with her be gone.

Fair is his form, Endymion, Endymion,  
 On the marble steps he sleeps upon;  
 And the maiden moon in a deeper swoon  
 But lays her spell his eyelids on,  
 His eyelids on;  
 And the maiden moon in a deeper swoon  
 But lays her spell his eyelids on.

In some fair clime he's roaming far,  
 He's roaming far;  
 In dreamland's clime no clouds can mar;  
 He will awake when morn shall break,  
 And shine a bright, a jeweled star,  
 A jeweled star;  
 He will awake when morn shall break,  
 And shine a bright, a jeweled star.

---

THE GOLD OF LOVE.

I plucked a flower, the fairest to see,  
 And placed it fondly upon my breast;  
 Its perfume sweet my soul did meet;  
 But it faded away like all the rest,  
 And only a mem'ry was left for me.

I touched a chord in the depths there be  
Of a heart that ever was true and kind;  
Its pulses sweet with rapture beat,  
But perished away as the sougning wind,  
And only a dirge was there left for me.

I sought for wealth, the truest there be,  
Came gold and gems, and all of the rest!  
I was not content, for love was not sent;  
The treasures I had were as dross at the best,  
And I pined in my palace a beggar to see!

I sought for my love, and my love sought me,  
And my palace vanished away with the rest,  
But the gold of love came instead from above,  
And I owned at last my heart it was blessed.  
Then all I had lost came again to me!

---

### SWEET ROSES BY THE WALL.

Roses budded in their beauty,  
And unfolded with the dew,  
Ever keep a charm that's lovely,  
Brightening always, ever new,  
Bringing back to mind a spring-time  
Where the roses, one and all  
That my mem'ry treasures sweetest, --  
The sweet roses by the wall!

There so coy and shy a maiden,  
    Passed the blooming clusters by;  
None could ever guessed her secret  
    Winds that kissed her, only I.  
Blooming youth and blushing maiden  
    Met to part—in silence all!  
While he threw the roses to her—  
    The sweet roses by the wall.

In that garden, fair as Eden,  
    With the tall trees bending by,  
And the lover and the maiden  
    Met to part so long for aye;  
Only as the spirit wanders  
    Down through childhood's sacred hall,  
Ling'ring where he threw the roses—  
    The sweet roses by the wall.

Sometimes when the sky is burning,  
    And a hush is on the air,  
Then the spirit lingers, yearning,  
    For the quiet beauty there,  
And the veiled silence calling  
    Echoes back in mem'ry's hall,  
With the loved perfume of roses—  
    The sweet roses by the wall.



## EXPECTANCY.

Cometh sweet air, of a clime thou hast half known?  
Reaches it thy senses, stealeth thy frame through  
As a prophecy, as of fair foreshadowing?  
Dreaming art thou in mystic, undeveloped world,  
Doubtful; unformed, and struggling  
To breathe more fully? Languishing for life  
In the uncertain and undefined world  
Of doubt and despair! Wavering as a star  
From its course turned. Dost thou scent the air far  
Of a glad new world? Dost thou feel the sweet breath  
Of winds steal, that guided thee, heaven caught,  
In thy dreams, that trembled the lids of life  
Nigh waking? But the slow budded rose  
Opens not its petals till time to disclose  
That without which its world perishes.  
Now cometh a breath, thy glad being thrills  
With a strange, new life; awakening!  
One circleth the air thy wild'ring world fills,  
And thou tremblest in fear and exuldest  
In expectancy! hiding to obscure,  
In clouds of dim darkling, the too real,  
And holding twixt doubt and hope the darling ideal!  
Rings of morn make a world! One rusheth on sure,  
Thy own cometh to thee! Hast thou lived half a  
sphere  
Lacking thee? It is bounding through spaces pure,  
But it cannot blend with thine till thou art where

Thy love would have thee be, and doubt is holding  
 thee  
 Till thou art purified, and Heaven is circling thee  
 In hushéd wings of thy expectancy!

---

THE SOWER AND MOWER.

A sower went forth to sow,  
 He scattered good seed and bad;  
 The bad came up, but the good wouldn't grow,  
 And seemed lost that he had,  
 Till an angel came down and said:  
 "I'll pull up the weeds for you."  
 He reached to pull up the bad,  
 And pulled up the good seeds, too.  
 Then he bowed his beautiful head,  
 As he took his sickle to mow.  
 "The good'll live ever," he said;  
 "Continue you must to sow!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A mower went forth to mow;  
 "He could not do it," he said.  
 "The fair, bright blossoms a-blow,  
 He'd let them live on in their bed,  
 And the weeds are with them," he said;  
 "Their tassels are all aglow."  
 And he bowed to kiss the fair head  
 That nodded and trembled so.

“Sweet blossom,” said he, as he smiled,  
“The wild flower that blooms by thy bed  
Is, too, my own beautiful child!”

---

## THE INCOMING TIDE.

I have a doubt, and shadows rise  
To blur the way before my eyes,  
And fear steps in to hurl a dart,  
That goes straight through to pierce my heart.  
The sky grows dark and tempest-tossed!  
Then, O, I fear that I am lost,  
But faith steps in to help me through,  
And the heavenly land appears in view;  
O, then I say, my heart like steel  
Shall never quail, nor hurt shall feel!  
I'll brush away the mists that rise,  
And doubts for aye that veil my skies—  
For all is well! Below, above  
God's angels bend in pitying love,  
And clear the mists that gather by  
With balm for every gentlest sigh,  
With help that I may reach the goal,  
And brim with love a flowing bowl!  
For everyone whose skies are dim,  
Love's angels beckon up to Him!  
And everyone whose ships sail on,  
Full-freighted towards the setting sun,  
There shall come back another day  
Two ships for one that sailed away!

For silver gone, there shall be gold  
 Come back to bless a hundred-fold!  
 For jewels all, for precious gems,  
 Shall come a crown of diadems!  
 In loving thoughts thou sends't away,  
 Shall come in deeds another day;  
 For all good deeds to Him there be,  
 His angels minister more to thee.  
 Nor morn, nor eve'n, nor night of care,  
 But find His angels everywhere,  
 Bending to bless, to heal, to raise,  
 And pour to Him their songs of praise!

---

#### THE NIGHT-BLOOMING JASMINE.

O rove for sweets not far from this,  
 My bonny little bird and bee;  
 But linger with the night and kiss  
 The jasmine's starry eyes for me!

Here blooming neath the misty skies  
 This waxy-petaled little flower,  
 The sun to draw its sweets denies,  
 And yields them in the still night hour.

The bee may rove from buds and bells,  
 And lilies fair, throughout the day,  
 May drive him down in sweetest wells  
 Of nectar, from all flowers gay!

And youth may seek for fairer flower,  
When day the key of Flora holds,  
That he may deck his lady's bower,  
But wait him what the night unfolds!

For me I turn as lover's eyes,  
That to the lips of beauty stray ;  
And drink in blissful dreams the sighs  
Sweet Jasmine breathes, in love away.

---

HER EYES.

*To Mrs. G. C——d.*

“ She walks in beauty like the light  
Of cloudless climes.” The blue of skies  
Were days dipped in the starlit night,  
Could not outrival her sweet eyes!

Her laughter rings amid the gay,  
Her feet trip lightly as the notes  
We hear at morn, when early day  
Expand's the little warbler's throats.

So gentle are her ways, and kind,  
May never care her brow distress ;  
And all her paths in life but wind  
Where loving friends her smiles shall bless.

“She walks in beauty” like the dreams  
That flit across our fancies’ skies;  
When on our senses’ sight there streams  
The glory of her star-bright eyes !

---

GO, FORGET THY SORROWS, CHILD.

*To Isabel.*

Why should pass in vain endeavor  
Precious hours in bitter tears;  
All the past has passed forever,  
Now begin some new-born years.

Rear sweet flowers in Nature’s pathway,  
Waiting for thy hand, and wild;  
You can lift your burden some way,  
So forget thy sorrows, child.

Over all the earth in beauty,  
Bend the minist’ring and kind;  
You can help them do their duty,  
Precious sheaves of love to bind.

Ho, the workers! they are many,  
Many more are wanted now;  
You can glean the grain if any,  
Bind love’s laurels on thy brow.

Not a pang thy fond heart merits,  
Life be happy, song beguiled,  
All for thee the earth inherits,  
Go, forget thy sorrows, child!

---

SWEET PEAS.

Beneath their bonneted caps lie hid  
Some starry, tender eyes I ween;  
Fringed sweet beneath the mimic lid,  
And little noses hid between.

A mouth! ah me. I look to find  
Their precious little dew-drop lips,  
That kiss so rare the straying wind,  
And fancy nectar from them drips!

---

MY COUSINS.

I had three lovely cousins,  
Lena, Nell and May;  
But fleet as thought's swift pinions,  
They passed from earth away.

Sometimes a wing droops by me;  
And then I fain would see,  
And comprehend the glory,  
Where these my loved must be!

I grasp as with a passion  
The doors of this, my night,  
That shuts so sternly from me  
The vision from my sight.

Ah! love, but dim veil closes  
The perfect forms that rise;  
Time stays not, nor discloses,  
Nor wild'ring of these eyes.

Gleams of their beauty haunt me,  
Wherever I do roam,  
Clad in the vestures garments  
Of a supernal home.

---

HER NAME.

*To Mrs. S——r.*

Adown, where flitting steps of time  
In memory's hall have jogged the hours—  
Closed doors, and knelt beside a vestal flame  
Of purity; in incense rising through such occult  
powers,  
And wreathing round a pillared fane sublime,  
Sweet memory: there would I carve her spotless  
name!



## THE LOW-BEDDED COTS.

'Neath the sparkling foam of the deeps of the sea,  
Lie the lovely of earth; where the coral beds be!  
We dream not, we cannot, of that slumb'rous deep,  
And the beings of beauty there folded asleep.

O their beds are so peaceful! no mourner is there,  
No stone marks the spot of the sleeper so fair;  
Where the grasses a-waving above the deep deep,  
And palms falling over, as rapt wings a-keep!

There down in the shadows, so softened and still,  
A greenwood is plotted, a fair vale and hill;  
Unmeasured by mortals, unnumbered by lots,  
Are the low-bedded slopes of the dim, vaulted cots!

Not a mourner bends by in the shadowy glooms,  
And the pageant is only the palm-waving plumes!  
Not a tear is there falling, but a ceaseless life by,  
And anthems low swelling in the billow's deep sigh.

There, down in the silence, so wrapt and so lone,  
Is marked not the age on the dust of a stone,  
But Time keeps a date, as the coral beds fill  
On a monument low, 'neath the cemetery hill.

On the bed of old Ocean, where wave-beaten down  
Lie the low and the high, from the cross to the crown,  
Where the beautiful sleep in their pearly-strewn beds!  
And gems of old Ocean crown their low, lovely heads!

O they went out at morn with happy hearts a-sail,  
And dreamed not of the rocks nor the incoming gale,  
Where the mermaid screams in glee, the Carey chicken  
flies

On foamy tossing spray, uneager for the skies.

They went down to rest where the dead of earth meet  
In one common sepulcher; but God knows the feet,  
Unmeasured by mortals, unnumbered by lots,  
In the low-bedded slopes of the dim, vaulted cots!

Where plumes low a-waving, and hosts of life dwells,  
And rocks as in a cradle of billowy swells,  
That forever seems a-calling, and murm'ring sweet by,  
And sad, for the lovely, the sea breathes its sigh!

Where the beautiful sleep in the low-bedded cots,  
And no finger points by to mark out the lots  
But the finger of God, as He breaks the pearl bars  
For spirits to escape, securely held, as risen stars!

---

#### DREAM'S PARADISE.

Sleep, sleep! the mystery of sleep!  
That ever closed to light its lonely chambers keep,  
Until some traveler, by cares oppressed,  
Knocks at the silent door, and sighs for rest,

Then softly as color with the rose-bud blown,  
Folds gentle sleep's sweet wings a-down!  
Hovers as an angel, and with kisses on eyes,  
The weary one passs to Dream's Paradise.

Downy be the couch, or with cold, hard bed,  
Sleep's hov'ring angel, still watches his head,  
Caressees his form, magnetizes the brow,  
Sweetly the slumberer lies resting there now.  
Those curtains have fallen, the silky, soft spreads  
That the ever-present watcher on the downy cheek  
    threads,  
And peace lays her robe o'er and tints the soul's skies,  
While the weary one is resting in Dream's Paradise!

---

LOVE'S HARP.

*To Lottie.*

Were I to touch Love's harp for thee,  
    I'd clothe my thoughts with wings,  
That all the noisy world might see,  
    For thee how sweet it sings!

But O, such power bideth with naught,  
    My striving brings to light,  
Yet sings all by itself, unsought,  
    When the heart is atune—is right.

Then strains so indefinable  
To senseless souls apart,  
Sweep o'er the harp's beloved strings  
And thrills the poet's heart!

And to strike at once song's breathing lyre,  
To grasp with magic art,  
And chain in verse love's glowing fire,  
Gives life to the poet's heart.

---

ETERNITY'S SECRET.

All we love on earth must fade,  
Must pass, by change, through shine and shade,  
Around, above, beneath, within,  
From atoms small to worlds that spin!

But only change. They ne'er can die,  
Then why our thoughts that mount and fly?  
That fly with speed to worlds of light,  
And picture homes there fair and bright.

Our loving thoughts that heavenward tend  
To meet the long-lost, absent friend;  
These are ourselves! inhabitants,  
The being that the body haunts.

The fettered soul, that longs to know,  
To grasp the real, above, below,  
Awhile in prison pent and bound,  
Anon on better vantage ground!

Just now a worm in rusty shell,  
Or prisoner in a bounded cell;  
Confined for days, weeks, months and years,  
Until at last some change appears.

Some crumbling, weather-beaten stone  
Gives way, and then the pris'ner's gone!  
Gone where? Eternity must tell,  
For oh! it keeps the secret well.

---

THE DAISIE'S MISSION.\*

On a lone grave, wild bloomed a flower,  
The daisy, meek and mild;  
As lowly in its native bower  
As was fair Bethlehem's child.

Alone, and pitying it kept  
Its vigils o'er the spot,  
Where Poe, Columbia's poet, slept  
Long years; but love heeds not!

How chanced this flower to bloom apart,  
Why flown from some shy cleft,  
To lie above the poet's heart,  
Fair dream of love bereft?

A little waif from heaven, it grew,  
And borne was far away  
To Tennyson, who ever knew  
The poet's heart, whereon it lay.

\* Presented to Tennyson by Miss Landor.

## NOT TO EXIST.

Ah, were it sweet to close the eye, be dumb the ear,  
Never to wake again? Shut out from fear,  
Still slumb'ring on. The millions overhead,  
Regarding it a fact, "They all are dead"!  
Forgetful of all ties that draw the heart from ill,  
And every fondest wish that does the bosom fill;  
Silently to sleep 'neath a rose-bed sod,  
Forgotten by the world—almost by God!  
Were this our fate, how strange that for to-day  
The sun should shine so brightly o'er the way,  
The myriad-atomed mites of things that be  
Exist so full of life, and fair to see!  
That all the universe should teem with life,  
Each struggling for mastery in the strife;  
And when at last their battling scene is o'er,  
New armies rise, more brilliant than before;  
New beauties grace the face of mother earth  
When spring again renews the rose tree's birth!  
And warbling birds again build in the tree  
The nest where love held mimic revelry!  
O, how can this be true: that we shall cease  
When all of love and life go on—increase?  
When sound so sweet to sense, to rapture's ear,  
Would lose its charms, nor half so dear;  
If this were all our little bound of earth and sky,  
And voices that we love were born to die!  
O, I shall sleep sometime, I know, and blend  
My dust with nature's elements; such end

I cannot know, fain were to grasp the unseen,  
 It is I love to be, because I've ever been  
 With God, and in His thought; no heaven were  
     there to be  
 If all His children, mine, could not live, too, with me!  
 And earth would seem a silent dungeon round  
 Were *all of us* to slumber in the ground,  
 Nor ever wake again, conscious we've lived,  
 Knowing the *best of us* at last survived;  
 That all the *dross of us* had fallen away,  
 And saved a part not made of earth and clay,  
 The fair ideal and lovely counterpart  
 Of Heaven's gifts, now sacred to the heart!

---

### THE MYSTICAL ISLE.

Let me go, said a youth, to some far away isle,  
 Where no thought can e'er come to allure or beguile,  
 And the soul can live on undisturbed and secure  
 In a world all its own, ever sacred and pure!

Do you know, said the youth, of a land bright and fair,  
 Where sorrow ne'er enters, nor the pale specter care?  
 And life all sublime! Where love, peace and joy  
 Live on with the soul, ne'er marred by alloy?

I believe, said a friend—though I've often been told  
 No such spot does exist for the young nor the old—  
 I believe there's a clime and a sweet sheltered vale,  
 Where the roses of love never whither nor pale!

I have heard of a spot and a sweet, shady bower,  
In a far island home, where the sun nor the shower  
Are ever too fierce, and the rainbow of dyes  
Are tingeing with golden its violet skies;

Where at eve the sky drips with ambrosial dew,  
Distilled by the hands of those angels we knew,  
From flowers that bloom in a garden so fair  
That none but the blessed can ever go there!

I once knew an angel who left the dim vale,  
But now walks the paths where those blossoms ex-  
hale;  
She would oft leave her home in those regions of bliss,  
To be guarding and hov'ring around thee in this.

Let me go, said the youth, where the loving may come!  
And hallowed forever the presence of home,  
I will live on the dew that shall fall from those hands,  
Till mortal, immortal, shall view the bright lands !

I will list to her voice that shall cheer me the while  
In my far-away home on the Mystical Isle,  
And my soul shall ne'er hunger nor thirst any more,  
Till my bark shall push off for the beautiful shore.



## THE RAIN.

O how beautiful the rain comes down  
And sweetens all about the dusty town;  
    Round yellow grasses it waves and laves,  
In little shiny pools a silv'ry crown!

O how delicious the air seems here,  
Washed by the waters of the sky so clear,  
    Patter, patter, patter on the pane comes the rain,  
Every drop a diamond in God's hand dear.

O how the flowers lift their sweet heads up,  
And gather in the bubbles, a brimming cup;  
    Ever flowing over on the stems, roll the gems,  
Fit for any lord, or even king to sup.

Far above the flowers, the rain and the air  
Shines the sun of heaven, and God's love there  
    Ever-falling showers, as rain on the flowers,  
It softens the heart and washes it bare.

## THE TEMPERANCE FLAG.

Rally round the flag, the temp'rance flag,  
    The lily-white flag that is calling;  
Hurry to the flag! young men, do not lag  
    While so many older ones are falling.

Come my gallant boys, our fireside's hopes and joys;  
See! its lightsome folds for you are waving.  
Be up and doing then; save yourselves; you save the  
men,  
And the world you'll be the means of saving.

By this standard true you can dare and do;  
You can fight the foes of Peace and Plenteousness;  
For the man who drinks seldom stops and thinks  
That liquor is a foe to health, wealth and happiness.

But the wiser plan is to be a man  
Of firmness, for the truth and right prevailing;  
Drink the draught of home, where your loved ones  
come—  
The drink that seldom causes pain or ailing.

Drink this banner round! pure water from the ground,  
And crystal drops from Heaven's hand falling;  
Then the dimes you'll save, temptations you will brave,  
If you heed in time the voice that's calling.

Be brave boys then, and true; you will conquer if  
you do;  
You will win the goal of health and pleasure;  
Nor you'll regret it, when, you can make the better  
men,  
And for yourselves lay up in heaven your treasure.

## FULFILLMENT.

Fed by the dreams expectant of fond Desire,  
Hope draws the argosied ship, heaving in sight,  
And riding o'er buffeting waves higher and higher,  
Reaches at last the heavenly port of Love's delight.

---

## WOMAN.

Unhappy many, who should claim Love's only care;  
Uncomplaining, woes and sorrows share.  
Who fearless climb alone Ambition's steep;  
Nor shrink to share the dang'rous, downward leap.  
Thrice tripled woes upon the fair, defenceless head  
Are gathered oft, where should be peace instead.  
The bosom, tranquil once as summer's sea,  
Heaves oft with storms of direst misery;  
And Pride, with will of iron, curbs the heart,  
Nor yields till all its walls are rent apart.  
O woman! wert thou born to humbled be,  
And Fate the ruler of thy destiny?  
Forbid it, O just Heaven who hears my prayer;  
And earth's evangels, who are everywhere,  
Let Freedom ride in her triumphal car  
And wave her banner from near and far,  
Till the sweet dove of Peace light down in each home  
Where the noblest of earth's beings—a free woman—  
shall come.

## BEAUTY.

Is Beauty the visible or invisible soul?  
 I asked. Is she hid in the whorl,  
 The low beaded pearl, closed down by the roll  
 Of billowy swell, and crystal waves' curl?

Is she kept in the visible fold of a flower,  
 In stamen and pistil—the breath of perfume  
 That lieth asleep in the slow morning hour,  
 Till the bud has expanded and wakened in bloom?

Where is Beauty? I asked, for I cannot find her;  
 My soul is athirst for the glance of her eyes,  
 The soul of her song—rhythmic pulses astir  
 As I waken Truth's heaven-born breath of replies.

She's not for you here! You but dimly see her  
 In the visible world, though she's hid in the mine,  
 The whorl-star or flower; Love's pulses astir  
 Catch a flash of her form, but her soul is divine.

---

 A WISH.

*To C. W. C.*

The sky is smiling sweet and fair,  
 A bright bird sings on yonder tree,  
 And O its song floats on the air,  
 The air of Heaven love breathes to thee.

I bid it sing a song of joy,  
 A song of rest and peace to be;  
 While all the hills and vales employ  
 Their time in carrying the song to thee.

Its loving song, with the roving bee,  
 And flowers their fragrant sweets disclose,  
 I bid yon bird to sing on free,  
 And carry the breath o' the fragrant rose

With its song afar! Steal to the chair  
 Of an evangel, whose kind deeds  
 Bring health and strength. O balmy air!  
 Touch on his cheek the rose love feeds.

Express from all sweet thoughts of things  
 That Heaven doth hold in store of prayer,  
 From roving bird, that sweetly sings,  
 And blend his life, O balmiest air!

---

#### OUR BABY.

Our baby has the power  
 Of mystic blooming flower;  
 Some breath of love has touched with perfume, O so  
 rare!  
 She has a pretty mouth,  
 As winds from sunny south  
 Her breath comes as soft breezes' kiss upon the air.

She has two pretty feet,  
 They are so nice and neat;  
 They'll trip away as fairies a lovely little pair.  
 She has two dimpled hands  
 O! on from Eden's lands  
 They beckon us to follow, in Love's sweet presence  
 there.

She has a form of grace,  
 The angels' stamp of face,  
 And I know we love God better, where she is any-  
 where.  
 Her presence we revere,  
 As an angel coming here,  
 And O a jewel's setting, that's wondrous sweet and  
 rare.

---

#### MY MADELINE.

Wake the harp, O star-eyed, e'en  
 While I sing—my Madeline.  
 Sweetly dawn O morning fair,  
 On the midnight of her hair,  
 Sweet Madeline, dear Madeline!  
 She came a light life's clouds between.

Step O lightly on the hours,  
Time, and breathe through fragrant flowers;  
Wake with joy the morning scene,  
Where she roves, my Madeline,  
Sweet Madeline, dear Madeline!  
Climes of song, roves Madeline.

Wake the harp, and sing with me  
All ye joyous lives there be.  
Night unveil thy glowing scene,  
Where she moves my dark-eyed queen.  
Dear Madeline, loved Madeline!  
Blame me not, my dark-eyed queen.

When my life's hopes sinking were,  
Came a radiant angel there;  
Burst a star the clouds between,  
A stare of love—my Madeline—  
Sweet Madeline, dear Madeline!  
Blame me not my star-eyed queen.

---

#### THE POET'S WISH.

Give me some little cot,  
From busy scenes away,  
In a quiet little spot,  
Where one might always stay.

Some dell in woodland bowers,  
Where sky with nature weds,  
And slowly slip the hours  
On golden beaded threads.

A fair, enchanted spot,  
Heaven smiles when it begets,  
Where evil troubleth not;  
And Time his scythe forgets.

Spell-bound where Beauty lies,  
So wrapt in arms of Truth,  
He from their presence flies,  
And spares the realms of youth.

There could I live alway,  
Beliefs of ill unknown,  
With Peace and Love to stay,  
E'en dark-winged Death be flown.

Thus does the poet long  
For peace, and quiet, where  
Comes a perpetual song  
Of Life, forever there.



## THE DESERTED OLD HOME.

Oh! the old home is deserted, the old home is deserted,  
And 'tis said the ghosts of midnight haunt the air;  
The home that was so cherished; the many friends  
    there perished;  
And my saintly brother sleeping down in the valley  
    there.

## CHORUS.

Wave, wave, grasses wave,  
Above each lonely grave;  
And bird-notes charm the silence of the air,  
And roses drip in nectar where they lie:  
    In the valley, in the valley,  
Sleeping sweet and fair, sleeping there, sleep-  
    ing there.

O the old home it was lovely; the old home it was  
    lovely;  
And the rose my saintly brother planted there,  
Still keeps a spot enchanted, by the home they say is  
    haunted;  
And I fancy many footfalls resting there

CHORUS.—Wave, wave, etc.

## HASTE WITH ME.

Haste with me, the woods are fair,  
The sunshine lingers softly there;  
And dewy gems so fair and bright  
Are flashing in the morning light;  
Then haste with me, the woods are fair,  
The sunshine lingers softly there,  
And all the gems of morning rare  
Are flashing down so coyly there,  
So coyly there,  
Are flashing down so coyly there.

Then sing, O sing! the world is fair  
As vernal spring, forever there;  
The world is fair, so fair and bright  
Forever where the heart is right.  
Then sing, O sing! the world is fair  
As vernal spring, forever where  
The heart is right, and gems so rare  
Are flashing down from heaven there,  
From heaven there,  
Are flashing down from heaven there.

## THE SLIPSHOD SHOE.

O I'm a happy fellow, I never care a fig  
If you hit me with your elbow, and give my ribs a dig.  
I gang along in life my hat on askew,  
With a roly-poly gait in my bobtailed blue;

What do I care for the world's frowns a few,  
I take an easy gait, in a slipshod shoe.

I take an easy pace, what if the world does frown,  
I jog along the same, up hill or down,  
I whistle to the wind, an old tune or new,  
And shuffle on in life, be black skies or blue;  
With my easy-going gait I sing a song for you:  
O jog along in life with a slipshod shoe.

The winds may chilly blow; heavy storms may fall;  
I sing the cheerier, and drive away it all;  
O I'm a happy fellow, the world is happy too;  
I never wear a frown, my skies are always blue,  
And if they change a bit, I whistle something new,  
And shuffle 'em bright again, in my slipshod shoe.

---

### THE EMIGRANT'S FORTUNE.

I mind me of a German family, Robie by name,  
That over the ocean to the far West came;  
And poor. They dwelt with some friends awhile,  
    until  
They could earn them a home. With purpose and will  
They hired to the neighbors. Fate stern to bend,  
Mrs. Robie and grandmother held the yokes' end,  
And made the time count in dollars and dimes,  
By working in the fields. In the house between times

They knitted and sewed, spun, wove and taught  
The little ones German, as good parents ought.  
Early and late they worked out, and they saved,  
And many a battle of denial they braved  
To get means for a home; and they did it at last;  
Which much made amends for the fate of their past.

One acre of ground they purchased at the start,  
And Fritz put a house up—a frame—with some art,  
Which he soon sided up in such decent shape  
That he rented some rooms, bringing money, the while  
He worked and earned more. Fritz was a carpenter,  
And a farmer good, too. Now, the times were astir  
For help in the field. Good wages were paid,  
So the family flourished, nor of want were afraid.  
A neighbor near by gave Fritz an old mare,  
And soon they had a cow, fowl, and pigs, too, to spare;  
A colt the mare had. The beginning was good  
In the home that snugly by the railroad track stood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four years had come and gone since from "Father-  
land" here  
Mr. Robie, wife and mother, with little children dear,  
Landed in America, so poor they but reached the route's  
end,  
And, fortunate for them, they here found a friend!

Now, this day four years, grandma Robie heard a  
scream

Of the locomotive whistle; like the flash of a dream  
She saw her poor pigs on the dang'rous rail-track,  
And she ran with all speed, ere they hit were a whack;  
She scrambled in face of the engine far o'er  
To save her good pigs. The engine rushed before  
And caught at the woman. "O my pigs, my poor  
pigs!"

Was all that she said; they ran off dancing jigs.  
Her daughter screamed to her: "Mother, you'r killed!"  
"My poor pigs, my poor pigs!" only this her mind  
filled.

The engineer ran back to the city for help;  
A surgeon came; there was grandma laid by on a shelf  
For burial, so to speak, and the priest he stood by,  
And friends gathered round to have a good cry.  
The surgeon took a leg off, examined rough digs,  
While grandma moaned only, "My pigs, my poor pigs!"  
But to die she would not. And soon she was well  
And chasing the pigs on one leg, strange to tell!  
But of course she used crutches. 'Tis said in a day  
She did more work than ever in ev'ry kind of way;  
Doing for the children, saving with care,  
Indoor and out, she hobbled everywhere.  
While Fritz and his wife went to work day by day  
In the fields of the farmers, ever earning good pay,  
Grandma chased the pigs and cattle, kept the house  
well,  
Gathered safely the eggs, and made butter to sell.

In caring for the children, combed nicely their hair,  
And braided snug for a week; bathed, too, they all  
were.

In the fall from the geese they saved feathers to sell,  
And salted the bodies, which served a change so well;  
Some parts they hung up and smoked a nice brown,  
A dish that the king himself fain were to own!  
And at night when the little ones, ten, tucked were in  
bed,

(They'd been raised on a bottle to save time, and fed)  
Then the two women toiled at the wheel and the loom,  
Or scrubbed up the floor, and made a rose bloom.  
Grandmother would spin with one foot very fair,  
While her daughter wove the cloth for clothing they  
should wear.

And many a time they never thought of rest  
Till late into the night, and sleep so heavy pressed.  
So they worked, saved and lived, all neat as could be,  
And reared up the children—a nice family—  
With grandmother's help; she, the heroine true,  
With a firm hold on life, to Germany due.  
Long may she live! And she's living on still;  
For such soul there's no grave, nor cemetery hill!  
But the brave wife fell ill; a long time 'twas feared  
To the dim discovered shore her bark had quite neared.  
And Fritz, a tender man, he nursed her up well,  
And she, too, is living their history to tell.

This true tale happened, friend, near a score of years ago,  
On the sloping prairies Nicollet's people know.

But the family have moved where such waving billows  
roll  
Of grain the farmer loves. They have rimmed a golden  
bowl,  
And made a fairer home, where grandma's loving smiles,  
And children's happy songs declining life beguiles.  
She can rest her weary limbs, and lay the crutches by!  
O, hush my harp of song, as I heave a tender sigh,  
When I muse on how she made those knitting needles  
fly!  
And heed this moral all: Toil sweetens well-earned  
rest,  
Nor age can put a stop to life if you give your powers  
the test.

---

#### THE HEROINE OF WALLSCLIFF.

All night a storm raged on Australian coast,  
And wildly beat the cliff-bound shore,  
Where braver little heroine, no country could boast,  
Grace Russell of the Wallscliff shore.

Her father was away to a distant town,  
Herself and mother now quite alone  
In the little farm house, nestling cosily down,  
Near those cliffs where the wild waves were thrown!

Said Grace in the morning, excited and pale,  
To her mother: "I couldn't sleep for the thought  
That no ship could outlive such a terrible gale;  
And, Oh, the danger to poor seamen fraught!"

A loud rap was heard—Sam Isaacs at the door—  
A native negro, and friendly to them,  
Cried, “Oh, Miss Grace! a ship’s wrecked off de shore,  
Where no boat can live, nor de wild waves stem!”

“Go quickly, Grace dear,” said Mrs. Russell,  
“You may be able to help, but do not be rash!”  
Her mother’s last words Grace scarcely could tell,  
As with a hasty kiss she heard the waves dash!

She rushed to the stable to harness Nero,  
Her father’s splendid black—mounted and flew,  
Following Sam on his pony, so fleetly did they go;  
She minded not the sea, nor the tossing winds that  
blew!

She urged proud Nero on, snorting he through foam;  
And crested wave away, a boat was soon espied  
Full-launched from the ship; as nearer they had come,  
She saw it wave-engulfed. “On, Nero, on!” she  
cried.

She reached the spot to find the people clinging by  
The boat and timbers still; but faces of despair  
Told the tale of agony—the fate that seemed so nigh,  
Till Grace appeared in sight so bravely coming there.

She grasped a little babe, one person holding on,  
And through the foaming waves struggled to the  
shore;



As her mother took them home, quickly was she gone,  
Rode joyfully the sea, and safely brought in more!

Sam followed after now, the waves not quite so wild;  
And noble Nero turned, without urging any more,  
While Mrs. Russell thanked Heaven for such a  
precious child.

Grace brought them all in safe, and landed on the  
shore!

This was a daring feat, but Grace had braved before  
The foamy, surging waves, on the rock-bound cliff;  
And skirted with brave Nero the wild Australian  
shore,  
And on the billowy sea had tossed in little skiff!

How sweet the rest that comes after a noble deed;  
Grace slept that night, and dreamt the sailor's hum-  
ble homes  
Had seen an angel bending, and heard a mother plead,  
"O God protect my boy, who on the wild sea  
roams!"

"And Heaven protect my child!" said Mrs. Russell,  
when  
Grace early joined the family—her father's heartfelt  
prayer  
Was he'd returned to find his dear friends safe again;  
"And mother, you," said Grace, "were brave as I  
was there!"

Grace ne'er would acknowledge she danger had braved.  
When Royal Society Humane a medal bestowed,  
She affirmed: "Nero, brave creature! the people had  
saved,  
And I only guided and on his back rode!

"Oh, and it was wild, where the foamy waves tossed,  
As Nero plunged down on the rocky bed shore,  
And rose launching out, and the deeper seas crossed;  
I never can forget his plunging—never more!

"And I was like a bird, with silver-dripping wing,  
And but a little message of hope to bear away!  
But when I reached the drowning, O such a noble  
thing,  
I thought as Nero did, would live in history's day!"

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### CONEMAUGH VALLEY FLOOD.

*\*From a Traveler's Notes.*

In eighteen hundred eighty-nine, in May,  
Going south to Washington City, on my way,  
While passing through the Conemaugh Vale,  
Little did I dream of the dreadful tale  
I now try to relate. As the train neared a hill,  
Suddenly the cars with a lurch stood still;

\* Mrs. M. J. Blaisdell.

And the word soon came, "A land-slide ahead  
Would detain us some hours." The full river's bed,  
And rain pouring down in torrents the while,  
Bespoke a dull prospect. The time to beguile,  
We made a mark at sight upon a house-door  
Across the river, where such a steady down pour,  
We thought, must swell a flood! And should we tarry  
here

We could watch it while waiting the land-slide to clear  
And let us move along. At Woodvale coming by,  
We noticed people moving from lower rooms to high,  
And did not deem it strange, so heavy hung the clouds—  
Ah me, I see them now, as warning water shrouds!  
We thus watched the water rise—passed the time away,  
Unheeding that above us a deep so monstrous lay—  
A reservoir so insecure, its dam about to break  
And roll into the valley an avalanchine lake,—  
Great Heaven! those skies portentous as dripping  
wing that sweeps,  
While gathering to its folding the brood forever  
sleeps!

I was on the Day Express, from Chicago south bound;  
Later on No. 2 rolled in, trembling the ground,  
And stopped by our side. We had company now;  
Nor stilled the anxiety that hovered each brow,  
And showed apprehensive the faces upon,  
To see the flooded valley; nor could we move on!  
Men began to stir in and out through the aisles,  
Peered out of the windows, and "between whiles"

Asked the conductor, "Why don't we move on?  
What's the matter ahead, is the land-slide not gone?"  
Passengers grew uneasy at being so tied—  
Nervous the women, the small children cried.  
Tired with the worry, and with hunger, too, vexed,  
We trembled at the thought of what might happen  
next!

Now came a telegram, the awful news portent  
With alarm; and with horror a message was sent  
From the mountain top down—spare, O Heaven, the  
tale!

From woman's hands it traveled upon the wire—the  
wail—

Into the valley, into villages nestling round—  
On to city of Johnstown, the warning sound:  
"Run to the hills! to the hills or you're lost!  
Run for your lives, run! the reservoir will burst;  
Heed my appeal! 'tis the last may be given,  
For bursting its barriers South Dam is soon riven!"  
Just God, shall I tell it! People laughed there, and said  
'Twas always the cry—such word they had had  
Before. Only a hoax, such a dreadful rain-pour;  
But from the faithful hands it thrilled, ah, never more!

In the cars excitement was growing intense  
And awful, so hemmed in was the suspense.  
But the officers were cool; and if occurred the thought  
To turn our course back, ere with danger so fraught  
The bridge should go out; 'twas likely any way;  
It was so firmly built naught could take that away;

And not the hero's course to backward turn and fly,  
 For officers at their post must stand there though they  
     die!

Now all the precious moments so dreadful wearing on,  
 If thoughts could move such mountain the land-slide  
     would been gone!

But that was not to be.

Here let my willing pen  
 Write out in fitting theme the nobleness of men,  
 For all they did their best. Nor apprehensive were  
 That danger was so nigh; or with good natured stir  
 They would have cleared the cars, and sent us to the  
     hills.

But now this tale of woe my page of history fills,  
 And bids me seek excuse, why we stayed stupidly,  
 But that the air was dank with gruesome, sickly sea  
 That dully held us in. But O, when skies were bright,  
 To ramble on those hills would been our great delight,—  
     To while those hours away.

There, too, to view the scene,—  
 A valley lying fair, where glimmered rivers' sheen  
 'Twixt mountain slopes. On either side away  
 Rose streets of pretty villages, this ever fateful day!  
 And circling round a hill, East Conemaugh  
 To left of us, with three streets running low  
 By railroad track. Across the river round  
 West Conemaugh rose fair on higher ground;  
 While Johnstown, Cambria and Kernville  
 Closed in the scene, with mountain, stream and hill,

Where all this peaceful valley, startled now,  
Soon heard the thunder call and felt the stunning blow:  
"Run to the hills, O run! a flood is bursting o'er  
To sweep the mountain down, and hills from shore to  
shore!"

Now all along the river's bed was land filled in,  
And lapping over some now firm but beating thin;  
It shook and quivered low when heavy, coming trains  
Rolled in, and rumbled with the beating rains,  
And shaking us with fear, nor knew the fatal hour  
Was just about to strike, and down the mountain pour.  
This avalanchine fury; that tipping now was by  
A body dark with gloom, and to appalling fly  
With its full force! So insecure the clayey wall  
At South Fork Dam. The water had swirléd all  
The weary day, slow pushing down with steady force  
And breaking more and more the dam, and in its course  
Had carried the accumulated mass of debris  
Down 'gainst the bridge. This slow gathering sea  
Had jammed a great weight with sure, hemming power  
Ere fell the full force, ere struck the fatal hour!

We had waited five hours—from nine o'clock till two—  
When the Vestibule from New York rolled beside us,  
too.

Three trains upon the track, in face of that grim flood  
So soon to empty over a million-barreled tub,  
A many million feet—miles it stretched away,  
And near a hundred deep the awful liquid lay!

Headed we toward it, where the mountain towered o'er,  
And surely bursting now the dam with fearful power;  
Nor who there dreamt one car could swim such fear-  
ful wave—

One soul survive the wreck where thousands found a  
grave!

Fearful of trouble coming, tired out at best,  
And discouraged; with hunger and fear oppressed,  
We trembled with fright; where babe's laughter glad  
Unheeded. Conductor and brakemen looked sad,  
Walking the cars. Telegraph poles in the mud,  
And a side track gone, ere struck the dark flood.  
All at once swelled a noise, and loud rang the cry:  
"Dam is gone! dam is gone! to the hills now or you  
die!"

And there was no escape, unless the land-slide gone,  
We still hoped against hope to, Oh, be moving on!

Next we heard a whistle shrill, a locomotive blast,  
Coming on toward us, moving fearful fast,  
Tearing down the mountain, the horseshoe curve,  
Blanched with fear the faces and quiv'ring ev'ry nerve.  
But, O, the awful signal we did not comprehend,  
Or should have rushed at once where hills their help  
would lend—

Excitement was so great! The screeching engine  
stopped.

As o'er that engineer a wall of water dropped  
A wailing cry went by, as though a specter passed,  
And mingled in the dirge that with the torrent dashed!

The rushing, roaring flood that carried down to doom  
And hung a pall of horror as dark as midnight's gloom,  
Without one star of hope, but that on mem'ry's page  
A few should live to mourn Youth, Beauty and Old  
Age!

We breathed a silent prayer, that the noble soul  
survives,

As came the thrilling cry, "To the hills now for your  
lives."

Glancing across the river, we saw no more the mark  
The rain had swelled a flood that rolléd deep and dark!  
I seized my cap and cloak, left my satchel there;  
My money, too, was in it, but O, what did I care!  
I never stopped to think. To leap the car steps o'er  
I stopped was by a cripple, whom Heaven did implore!  
And O, I weep to say it, he nobly gave me place;  
Nor can I e'er forget how eloquent his face!  
Soon was he swept away with avalanchine shroud  
That wrapped him all unheeding, the thunder of its  
cloud,

And sent its spray far on, as with a wicked breath  
It lapped, as monster animal, the people down to death.  
Thank Heaven! I prayed to God, and, Oh! he heard  
my prayer,

And sent a brakeman brave, who came and dragged  
me where

I stood above the track, upon a side hill nigh,  
But few feet from the flood that rolled so roaring by!  
And O, to-day that brakeman—Galbraith was his name—  
Lives in my heart, in mem'ry. On marble carve his  
name!



For I was in a ditch of muddy water, where  
My struggles were so great, and nearly drowning  
there.

Upon the hills some saw me, as, floundering about,  
I scarce could help myself, till Galbraith dragged me  
out.

I'd jumped off from the car and cut the distance short  
By squeezing 'twixt two buildings; but, as a thing of  
sport,

The wind had taken me down, and down again,  
Until I landed in the ditch, which, not so bad for men,  
Of no avail my strength! I live to tell the tale,

And Heaven to thank, the loss of life bewail,  
And O, the mournful fate of those whose pleading eyes  
Were eloquent with voices, the raging torrent flies!

And Johnstown, fated city, lying there so low,  
Had felt so many times the waters' rising flow;  
She heeded not the warning—the wire, nor ringing cry,  
“Run to the hills, O run! or you must surely die!”

And the broken wire ceased soon its thrilling, warning  
sound;

The faithful hands were folded in silence so profound;  
And the horseman rode away to the Valley of Despair,  
And sank within the torrent that surged a death sea  
there.

A pall as dark as midnight fell from the mountain's  
brow

And hung the valley over with sable mantle now;  
Flapped low with drooping wing the brooding birds of  
night,

To hover as a shadow those homes once fair and bright;

Nor sing in glowing hours the livelier, gayer throng,  
 To listening ears of morning, stilled now and hushed  
 the song!

While ling'ring on the scene that haunts my mem'ry's  
 eye,  
 I shudder now to think how near that deep rolled by;  
 With deafening, roaring noise it tipped its force  
 Upon the mountain side and hollowed out its course,  
 And, as monster animal, crunched with a quick grind  
 The three streets low. With snorting spray and wind,  
 It swept the round-house, depot, engines high  
 On breast of the flood. Telegraph tower tipped by,  
 With hotels, boarding houses, people riding on—  
 Men, women and children screaming and gone!  
 As though by cannon's blast submerged in blood  
 Went many thousand souls, riding on topmost flood  
 To certain death; with never a name, date nor grave  
 They fell beneath the ruins.

While many an arm to save  
 Reached out, and Heaven breathes sweet as holy  
 prayers  
 The names of many brave who trip down mem'ry's  
 stairs.  
 I recall pale Mrs. Halford and daughter from "Vesti-  
 bule,"  
 Were saved by colored porter—a brave man he, and  
 cool.  
 Heaven bless his soul; for such 'twere well to say  
 Their souls shine out as white as any other clay,

And scenes like unto this blind with shame the prying  
eye  
That sees a difference where deeds speak volumes by.  
Many a helping hand searched the hills that night,  
And brought the sorrowing in, the lonely, wand'ring  
wight.  
And ere the fierce flood fell we were quite in some  
doubt  
Whether to stay within the car or face the flood without.  
But Donaldson reminded me that certain death was  
nigh  
Unless to save myself I from the car did fly!  
And that poor cripple afterward, I learned, met his fate  
As a stranger tried by carrying him to save, but O, too  
late  
To save himself. He laid his helpless burden down  
And fled for life away above the sinking town,  
The crutches in his hand, sad relics of the deeps  
That rolled so many people within the debris heaps.  
And when the tumbling flood tipped o'er the Day Ex-  
press,  
One car it hurled a-rolling where, clinging in distress,  
Three ladies stood; were seen to clasp their hands and  
leap  
Within the billows swift and all relentless deep.  
Two men around the ever-turning carriage crept,  
Clinging for life! Where many another soul was  
swept  
Down and away, they lived; and O, to sad bemoan  
The fate of their companions, who like a dream were  
gone!

And babes as fair as flowers the morning opes to bless  
Went down from mothers' arms beneath the waves'  
caress!

At Johnstown was a lady, she'd climbed the attic stair  
To gain an entrance to the roof, three stories, where  
In vain she tried for egress; then placed her babies two  
Upon a raft, so high the risen flood; and what, O,  
could she do!

Wee girls out on a door, and held against the waves;  
But O, the surges took them and rocked to dreamless  
graves!

Said one, as flashing from the mother's sight away,  
"Good bye, O mama, dear; in heaven's no rainy day!"  
"Dood dye, O mama, dear!" the other, lisping cried,  
And claspéd sweet together they passed beyond the  
tide.

The mother through the window climbed just above  
the cloud  
That lapped her darlings under, and lay her living  
shroud!

Now here the desolation, the whirling debris swept  
Against the bridge of stone, that all the while had kept  
Its place the same, and gathered as greedy maw,  
All-swallowing the quick and dead, against its walls as  
straw!

And gave not back but in a stench—Heaven forbear!  
Till rocks were rent—the thousands slumb'ring there,  
The mortal part.

Why more relate these scenes of woe!  
 Oblivion, roll thy waters o'er and lap this fetid flow;  
 Waft, sunny South, in winds of od'rous scented sweets,  
 And loving hearts pour balm, as time's sad echo beats.  
 But spare O pity's page, my harp ne'er wakes but stills  
 The scene where tears of sorrow have washed those  
     circling hills,  
 But bring not back the lost who ever'll haunt with wails  
 The memory of those homes—those mountains, hills  
     and vales;  
 For each a specter flies up where the pines' sad breath  
 Drops all the year around an arrow for each death.  
 And all the year around, the wind with soughing sighs,  
 Mingling with night in pity, and weeps in dewy eyes  
 The tender flowers. While wreathéd from beauty's  
     breath,  
 From lovers' vows and kisses sweet, that fell on lips  
     with death,  
 Steal voices born of love. And peacefully as sleep  
 Comes to the mourner hope—the sad eyes cease to weep.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Draw o'er thy mind a veil, and let thy tears fall low  
 As I close the mournful tale—the Vale of Conemaugh.  
 That night upon the mountain I slept, and woke to see  
 Between the parted curtains the masses of debris.  
 And burning were the cars, some lime had set afire;  
 Blazing, they lit the heavens as a funereal pyre;  
 While all around the hills, bemoaning friends and home,  
 The wanderers went about. Shelter there was for  
     some,

But the wind blew cold and pitiless—all sounds were  
full of woe;  
And where was once the railroad was now the river's  
flow.  
The houses had changed places, those that did abide,  
And a monstrous rock had rolled adown the mountain's  
side,  
'Twas said. And far to sea some timbers floated on,  
O God! and riven spirits passed an unknown sea  
upon,  
Out where? To climes' perennial shores of peace  
Have found to grief, to pain and parting sweet sur-  
cease,  
And from this dim earth-veiling may have heard the  
happy call  
Of father, mother, children, love-clasped together, all!  
But O the sight so pitiful! I wept for grief away  
This night of desolation; and Oh! I tried to pray  
"Thy will be done." As oft uprose those lines  
Of phantom pageants passing, I tried to think to  
climes  
Where sorrow never enters; and the vale of peaceful  
rest  
Lies but a hand-breadth parting, between this and the  
blest!  
For all my eyes were blinding with tears as up,  
away,  
I scanned the peaceful heavens, where clouds wept out  
the day,

And brooded silence over, as never wing of death  
Had swept its dark, deep pinions down where the pines'  
    low breath  
Drops all the year around an arrow for each tomb;  
Where the rose of love on mem'ry's immortal heights  
    shall bloom,  
While songs of mortal beings re-echo through the skies  
With the prayers, "Spare earth, O Heaven! Such  
    scenes n'er more arise."

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## VOICES.

O, is a sigh falling,  
    Where the air breathes cold,  
Or a bird-note calling  
    For love to enfold?

Are there speaking voices  
    We knew not nor hear,  
Forgotten and hidden  
    In the closeted year?

How many, I wonder,  
    Are fated to perish  
For want of a hearing  
    Or fond word to cherish!

O, out of the voices,  
So dumb to the ear  
Of the world, I wonder  
Which one is most dear?

Wealth fondles, but fleeting;  
If only one stay,  
Fame soundeth so hollow,  
Let love rule away.

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SONG.

*I know a clime.*

I know a spot in a lovely dell,  
But O it's far away !  
Where the birds, dear birds, are singing well,  
Are singing ever bright and gay—  
Bright and gay, bright and gay—  
Are singing ever bright and gay.

There's many a spot, I mark me well,  
And birds sing sweet away,  
But the birds, dear birds, of that far dell  
Are singing loving songs to-day—  
Loving songs, loving songs—  
Are singing loving songs to-day.



I know a clime that is bright and fair,  
Where never care disturbs,  
And the songs, sweet songs, are welling there,  
Are welling there in loving words—  
Loving words, loving words—  
Are welling there in loving words.

O rove with me in this bright clime?  
The clime where naught disturbs,  
And the songs, sweet songs, are keeping time  
To thoughts of love, and loving words;  
Keeping time, keeping time,  
To thoughts of love and loving words.

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#### THESE DAYS.

Summer again roves in the skies,  
And falls as softly through the haze  
Down to fond earth, as though with sighs  
She loathsome leaves, and loves these days.

Low breathe the sun-kissed winds afar,  
The morning's glow blends into haze,  
And Night o'er Earth dots out each star  
On gauzes that have bound these days.

Still steps fair Night with gentle tread,  
And spangles all the low land ways  
In frosty white, where Summer, fled,  
Re-visits Earth to charm these days.

## THE SPELL OF BEAUTY.

My lady sleeps! while morning hours  
Touch up with rose her dainty cheeks;  
New wine of life fond Nature pours,  
And mantling beauty love bespeaks.

Love, little god, sly nestles down,  
And smoothes out every line of care,  
Brushes away each shade of frown,  
By tinting her dreams more sweet and fair.

My lady sleeps, for beauty's sake,  
While softened light streams from above.  
Disturb her not! speak not, nor break  
The soft-winged angel's spell of love.

The time speeds on! why should she care?  
On every sound the spell is wrought,  
E'en silence broods throughout the air,  
And lingers o'er her couch unsought.

The draperies by the windows bend,  
As weighted by the silence all,  
And far-off tread of beings lend  
Their echoing sounds of sandaled fall.

Her room is beautiful to see!  
With costly lace and cushioned seat,  
And on the floor the tapestry  
Is soft in shadowings, wedded neat.

Around, her bric-a-brac is placed,  
The treasures of some distand land;  
An artist's hand has finely chased,  
And thus quaint sentinels they stand.

These emblems of her servant's look;  
And monitors to bid time fall,  
As silently as from each nook  
They can be seen, but ne'er can call!

O, silvr'y is the silence there!  
And soft the sunshine peeps  
In morning hours, so rosy, fair,  
For beauty's sake my lady sleeps!

Disturb her not! the dream is sweet,  
There is no want to be expressed,  
No children come with pattering feet,  
And urge her to be up and dressed.

Why should she waken from her dreams?  
But hush! she stirs, the lips tale-tell,  
Some pleading friend is there, me-seems,  
To seal with love, fond Beauty's spell.

## ANGELUS BELLS.

O'er the vast plain at bending eventide,  
Two travelers burdened went their weary way,  
Each in the other's loving thought secure abide,  
But plod with heavy steps the same path o'er, where  
Day  
Has dipped so many times for them the rosy west;  
Has hung so many times for them the shining bow,  
And tipped on sky's fair blue the silver crest  
Of Harvest Moon! Bent with some heavier burden  
now,  
They lag behind with seeming sense oppressed,  
Yet happy in the sky's far-mingling glow,  
They pause to catch the charm; and half intent to rest,  
When, lo! upon the air as anthem tones' sweet flow  
Rings Angelus. Dear Heaven! they bend their heads,  
they bow,  
And pause as statues riveted close there,  
Held by the heavenly spell of earth, the sky, and bells,  
Lost to the burdened sense of time, or space and care,  
Each soul the stronger clasped, as Musics' sweet tone  
swells,  
And wrapped in holy hush of Christ's unuttered  
prayer.

O bowed heads! O hush of holy hour!  
The travelers burdened not now are by heavy toil,  
And bound not are to earth by work's ignoble power  
In any thought, or deed, the willing hands not soil.

Thus take their burden up again, and cheerful travel on,  
All knowing that from Heaven should fall a blessed  
dower,  
If on the path of life His work it were well done,  
And from some hidden nook might spring to light a  
flower,  
And angels strike a harp, as Angelus rang on!  
So raised their thoughts from earth as spirit-beings  
soar,—  
So ringing it sang on. Into the purpling day  
The travelers went far, where fell the setting sun;  
Still heard the bells of Angelus, as echoes die away,  
And in their hearts were stilled not the holy spell, but  
gone  
The burdens they had carried, divinely helped were they.  
Thus closed the pathway homeward, as the sweet  
bells done,  
And evening's jeweled curtain dropped softly o'er their  
way.

O soothing of the heavenly bells! Ye come,  
In hush of holy hour, when evening skies  
Drop o'er the peaceful toilers' humble home;  
Naught but the fear of dearth his soul denies,  
With thoughts that wander, and as vagrants roam  
In search of soul-food, whom, if man but cries  
To Heaven! the dear Lord hears, he knows his needs,  
His thirst for heavenly food, on high;  
Rolls not His melody where the sparrow feeds!  
Praise God, O man! and sing, nor sigh.

Praise Him all ye lands! for Angelus  
    (Though days, months, years have circled by),  
Rings now, rings ever on the Christ in us,  
    At morn, or in peaceful hush of the day's decline.  
List toilers! for it lifts your hearts to Heaven,  
    But may breathe by palace, or hovel by lowly kine,  
And swell where the soul in its sins forgiven  
    Has grasped in its struggle with those chords divine!

## MARIE.

I'm thinking on thy life, Marie!  
    And the days that are past and gone,  
When thou wert journeying far from me  
    In a glorious world of song.

O, sweet the dream! but not for me,  
    To journey by thy side,  
To sail, as on Life's blissful sea,  
    And stem with thee the billowy tide.

But yet I have no vain regrets;  
    Thou art too dear by far  
To languish for a star that sets  
    In gloom, beneath Grief's pallid bar.

Were I that star, and couldst thou come  
    To view with me Love's evening skies,  
Though deep in gloom my star were set,  
    I'd break to view thy glorious eyes!

O, but, Marie, I'm thinking still  
Of hopes too sweet to fade—to die,  
Of songs that flow, and thoughts that fill  
My soul with dreams to soar, and fly!

And when thy spirit sighs for rest,  
As though a heavenly dove  
Should seek within my heart its nest,  
And fold its beating wings of love:

Thus folded on this heart, Marie,  
When rude storms wreck the way;  
O to this haven of rest to flee!  
I should but die, couldst thou not stay.



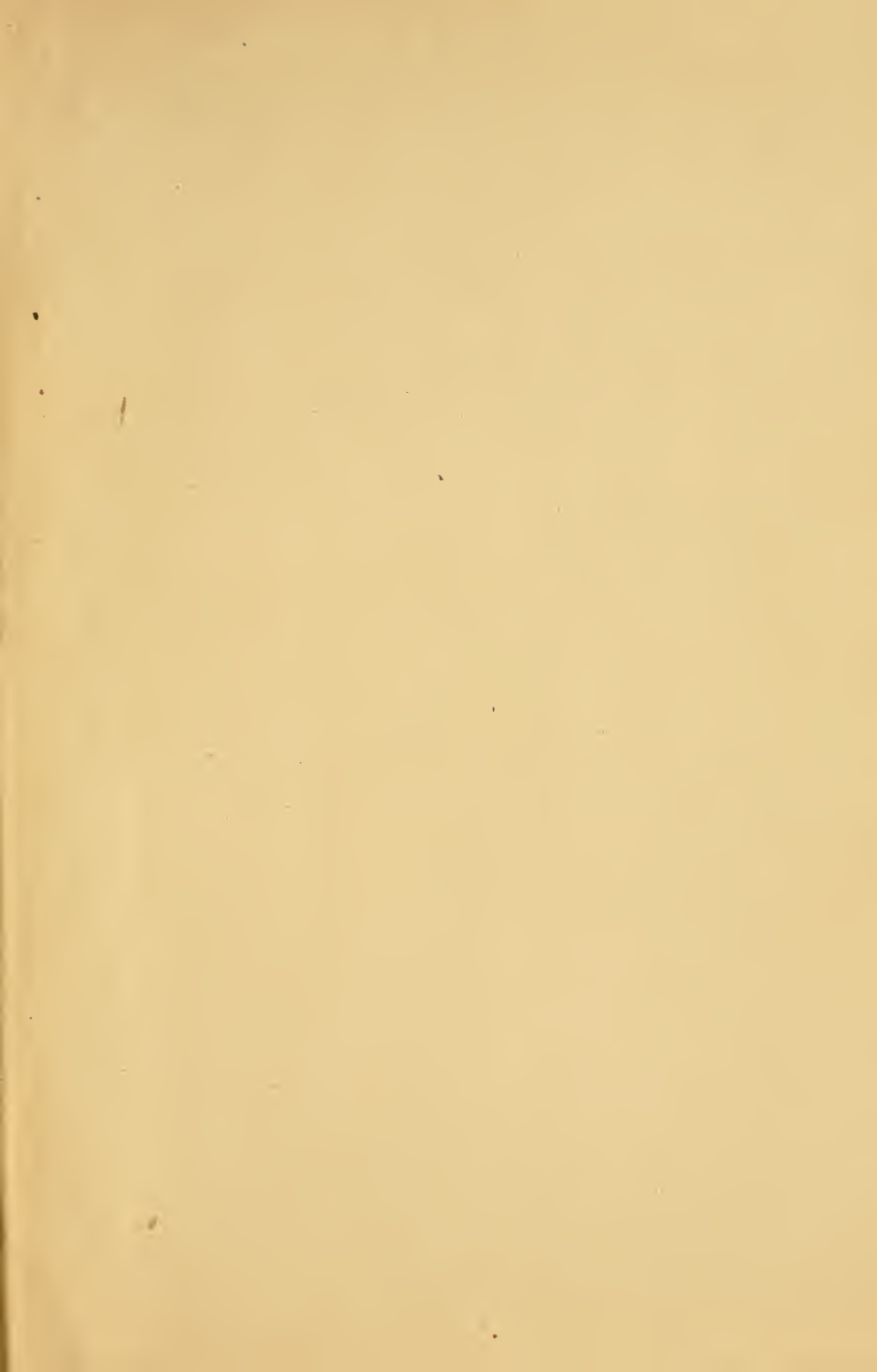












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