

Poems of the Heart and Home

Mrs. J.C. Yule (Pamela S. Vining)

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Mrs. J.C. Yule (Pamela S. Vining)

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this little book to her readers, the author is giving back to them in a collected form much that has previously been given them—anonymously, or under the *nom-de-plume*, first, of “Emillia,” then of “Xenette,” or, finally, under her true name either as Miss Vining or Mrs. Yule—and also, much that they have never before seen.

Some of these poems have been widely circulated, not only in Canada, but in the United States and Great Britain; and some appear for the first time in the pages of this book. They are offered solely upon their merits; and upon those alone they must stand or fall. Whatever there is in them calculated to stir the heart of our common Humanity, —to voice forth its joys or its sorrows,—to truly interpret its emotions,—or to give utterance to its aspirations and its hopes, will live; that which does not thus speak for Humanity, has no right to live; and the sooner it finds a merited oblivion the better for its author and the world.

These poems are essentially Canadian. They have nearly all been written on Canadian soil;—their themes and incidents—those that are not purely imaginary or suggested by current events in other countries—are almost wholly Canadian; and they are mainly the outgrowth of many and varied experiences in Canadian life.

To the author, there is hardly one that has not its little, local history, and that does not awaken reminiscences of some quiet Canadian home,—some rustic Canadian school—house,—some dreamy hour in the beautiful Canadian forests,—some morning or evening walk amidst Canadian scenery,—or some pleasant sail over Canadian waters.

They have been written under widely different circumstances; and, in great part, in brief intervals snatched from the arduous duties of teaching, or the more arduous ones of domestic life.

Of the personal experiences traceable through many of them, it is not necessary to speak. We read in God's word that “*He fashioneth their hearts alike;*” therefore there is little to be found in any human experience, that has not its counterpart, in some sort, in every other, and he alone is the true Poet who can so interpret his own, that they will be recognized as, in some sense, the real, or possible experiences of all.

Trusting that these unpretending lyrics may be able thus to touch a responsive chord in many hearts, and with a sincere desire to offer a worthy contribution to the literature of our new and prosperous country, they are respectfully submitted to the public by the AUTHOR

INGERSOLL, ONT., Aug., 1881.

YES, THE WEARY EARTH SHALL BRIGHTEN.

Yes, the weary earth shall brighten—
Brighten in the perfect day,
And the fields that now but whiten,
Golden glow beneath the ray!
Slowly swelling in her bosom,
Long the precious seed has lain,—
Soon shall come the perfect blossom,
Soon, the rich, abundant grain!

Long has been the night of weeping,
But the morning dawns at length,
And, the misty heights o'ersweeping,
Lo, the sun comes forth in strength!
Down the slopes of ancient mountains,
Over plain, and vale, and stream,
Flood, and field, and sparkling fountains,
Speeds the warm rejoicing beam!

Think not God can fail His promise!
Think not Christ can be denied!
He shall see His spirit's travail—
He shall yet be satisfied!
Soon the "Harvest home" of angels
Shall resound from shore to shore,
And amid Earth's glad evangel,
Christ shall reign for evermore!

TO A DAY LILY

What! only to stay
For a single day?
Thou beautiful, bright hued on
Just to open thine eyes
To the blue of the skies
And the light of the glorious sun,
Then, to fade away
In the same rich ray,
And die ere the day is done?

Bright thing of a day
Thou hast caught a ray
From Morn's jewelled curtain fold
On thy burning cheek,
And the ruby streak
His dyed it with charms untold—
And the gorgeous vest
On thy queenly breast,
Is dashed with her choicest gold.

A statelier queen
Has never been seen,
A lovelier never will be!—
Nay, Solomon, dressed
In his kingliest best,
Was never a match for thee,
O beautiful flower,
O joy of an hour—
And only an hour—for me!

An hour, did I say?
Nay, loveliest, nay,
Not thus shall I part with thee,
But with subtle skill
I shall keep thee still,
Fadeless and fresh with me:—
Through toil and duty,
“A thing of beauty
Forever” my own to be'

As with drooping head
Amid thorns I tread,
I shall see thee unfold anew,
In the desert's dust,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Where journey I must,
Why beautiful form shall view,
And visions of Home
O'er my spirit will come,
As thro' tear-drops I gaze on you'

LIVING AND DYING.

Living for Christ, I die;—how strange, that I,
Thus dying, live,—and yet, thus living, die!
Living for Christ, I die;—yet wondrous thought,
In that same death a deathless life is wrought;—
Living, I die to Earth, to self, to sin;—
Oh, blessed death, in which such life I win!

Dying for Christ, I live!—death cannot be
A terror, then, to one from death set free'
Living for Christ, rich blessings I attain,
Yet, dying for Him, mine is greater gain
Life for my Lord, is death to sin and strife,
Yet death for Him is everlas'ing life!

Dying for Christ, I live!—and yet, not I,
But He lives in me, who did for me die.
I die to live,—He lives to die no more,
Who, in His death my own death—sentence bore
“To live is Christ,” if Christ within me reign,
To die more blessed, since “to die is gain!”

UP THE NEPIGON.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
 Beneath the morning sky,
In bridal veil of snowy mist,
 These dreamy headlands lie!
How beautiful, in soft repose,
 Upon the water's breast,
Steeped in the sunlight's golden calm,
 These fairy islets rest!

A Sabbath hush enfolds the hills,
 And broods upon the deep
Whose music every hollow fills,
 And climbs each rocky steep,
Now low and soft like love's own sigh,
 Now faint and far away,
Now plaining to the answering pines,
 With melancholy lay.

Like white-winged birds, through azure depths,
 Above the restless tide,
With snowy plume and golden crest,
 The fleecy cloudlets glide;
Their dancing shadows fleck the deep,
 Or flit above the green
Of emerald islands fast asleep
 'Neath tranquil skies serene.

I watch the sunshine and the shade,
 The sparkle and the gleam,
Till past and present seem to fade,
 And life becomes a dream—
A fairy, fancy-tinted dream,
 A sun-bright; summer rest,
In which I glide through shade and gleam
 Past islands of the blest

How beautiful! "How beautiful!"
 The quiet hills reply,
And each responsive cliff gives back
 Its answer to the sky;—

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“How beautiful!” the waves repeat,
And every cloudlet smiles,
And writes its answer on the green
Of countless summer isles.

'Tis past—this first, last, only look!—
And now, away, away,
To bear alone in Memory's book
The sunshine of to-day;
Yet oft, 'neath other skies than these,
With other scenes in view,
O isles of beauty, sunny seas,
I shall remember you!

LOOK UP

Christian, lookup? thy feet may slide;
This is a slippery way!
Yet One is walking by thy side
Whose arm should be thy stay,
Thou canst not see that blessed form,
Nor view that loving smile
With eager eyes thus earthward bent—
Christian, look up a while!

Christian, look up!—what seest thou here
To court thy anxious eyes?
Earth is beneath thee, lone and drear,
Above, thy native skies!
Beneath, the wreck of faded bloom,
The shadow, and the clod,
The broken reed, the open tomb,—
Above thee, is THY GOD!

Look up! thy head too long has been
Bowed darkly toward the earth,
Thou son of a most Royal Sire,
Creature of kingly birth!
What! dragging like a very slave
Earth's heavy galling chain,—
And struggling onward to the grave
In weariness and pain?

What wouldst thou with this world?—thy home,
Thy country is not here,
'Mid faded flowers, and perished bloom,
And shadows dense and drear!—
Thy home is where the tree of Life
Waves high its fruitage blest,
'Mid bowers with fadeless beauties rife,—
Look up, and claim thy rest!

FROST-FLOWERS.

Over my window in pencillings white,
Stealthily traced in the silence of night—
Traced with a pencil as viewless as air,
By an artist unseen, when the star-beams were fair,
Came wonderful pictures, so life-like and true
That I'm filled with amaze as the marvel I view.

Like, and yet unlike the things I have seen,—
Feathery ferns in the forest-depths green,
Delicate mosses that hide from the light,
Snow-drops, and lilies, and hyacinths white,
Fringes, and feathers, and half-opened flowers,
Closely-twined branches of dim, cedar bowers—
Strange, that one hand should so deftly combine
Such numberless charms in so quaint a design!

O wondrous creations of silence and night!
I watch as ye fade in the clear morning light,—
As ye melt into tear-drops and trickle away
From the keen, searching eyes of inquisitive Day.
While I gaze ye are gone, and I see you depart
With a wistful regret lying deep in my heart,—
A longing for something that will not decay,
Or melt like these frost-flowers in tear-drops away,—
A passionate yearning of heart for that shore
Where beauty unfading shall last evermore;
Nor, e'en as we gaze, from our vision be lost
Like the beautiful things that are pencilled in frost!

THE BEECH-NUT GATHERER.

All over the earth like a mantle,
Golden, and green, and grey,
Crimson, and scarlet, and yellow,
The Autumn foliage lay;—
The sun of the Indian Summer
Laughed at the bare old trees
As they shook their leafless branches
In the soft October breeze.

Gorgeous was every hill-side,
And gorgeous every nook,
And the dry, old log was gorgeous,
Spanning the little brook;
Its holiday robes, the forest
Had suddenly cast to earth,
And, as yet, seemed scarce to miss, them,
In its plenitude of mirth.

I walked where the leaves the softest,
The brightest, and goldenest lay,
And I thought of a forest hill-side,
And an Indian Summer day,—
Of an eager, little child-face
O'er the fallen leaves that bent,
As she gathered her cup of beech nuts,
With innocent content.

I thought of the small, brown fingers
Gleaning them one by one,
With the partridge drumming near her
In the forest bare and dun,
And the jet-black squirrel, winking
His saucy, jealous eye
At those tiny, pilfering fingers,
From his sly nook up on high

Ah, barefooted little maiden
With thy bonnetless, sun-burnt brow,
Thou glean'st no more on the hill-side—
Where art thou gleaning now?

Poems of the Heart and Home

I knew by the lifted glances
Of thy dark, imperious eye,
That the tall trees bending o'er thee
Would not shelter thee by and by.

The cottage by the brookside,
With its mossy roof is gone;—
The cattle have left the uplands,
The young lambs left the lawn;—
Gone are thy blue-eyed sister,
And thy brother's laughing brow;
And the beech-nuts He ungathered
On the lonely hill-side now.

What have the returning seasons
Brought to thy heart since then,
In thy long and weary wand'rings
In the paths of busy men?—
Has the Angel of grief, or of gladness,
Set his seal upon thy brow?
Maiden, joyous or tearful,
Where art thou gleaning now?

MEMORY-BELLS.

Up from the spirit—depths ringing,
Softly your melody swells,
Sweet as a seraphim's singing,
Tender—toned memory—bells!
The laughter of childhood,
The song of the wildwood,
The tinkle of streams through the echoing dell,
The voice of a mother,
The shout of a brother.
Up from life's morning melodiously swell.

Up from the spirit—depths ringing
Richly your melody swells,
Sweet reminiscences bringing,
Joyous—toned memory—bells!—
Youth's beautiful bowers,
Her dew—spangled flowers,
The pictures which Hope of futurity drew,—
Love's rapturous vision
Of regions Elysian,
In glowing perspective unfolding to view.

Up from the spirit—depths ringing,
Sadly your melody swells,
Tears with its mournful tones bringing,
Sorrowful memory—bells!
The first heart—link broken,
The first farewell spoken,
The first flow'ret crushed in life's desolate track,—
The agonized yearning
O'er joys unreturning,
All, all with your low, wailing music come back.

Up from the spirit—depths ringing.
Dirge—like your melody swells;
But Hope wipes the tears that are springing,
Mournful—toned memory—bells!
Above your deep knelling
Her soft voice is swelling,
Sweeter than angel—tones, silvery clear,
Singing:—in Heaven above,
All is unchanging love,

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Mourner, look upward, thy home is not here!

I WILL NOT DESPAIR.

I will not despair while thou rulest the storm,
 Though the red lightning stream o'er the cloud's sable-breast,
For I catch through the darkness bright gleams of thy form,
 And I know 'tis thy voice lulls the tempest to rest—
 The wild tempest to rest:
Nor yet, though the shadows of deepening night,
 Hang over my path like the pall of despair;
For one star through the gloom sends its hallowed light,
 And I know 'tis thy love smiling tenderly there,
 —Ah! tenderly there.

I will not despair, though the fountain that burst
 For me in life's desert be wasted and dry;
For thy love was the fountain that cheered me at first,
 And again to its life-giving waters I fly—
 O Holiest, fly!
No; I will not despair while thy hand points me on,
 Though flowerless and thorny the path where I roam.
For a calm sunlight rests on the far hills beyond,
 And I know 'tis the radiance that streams from my home,
 —Home, beautiful home!

GOD'S WITNESSES.

A PEN PICTURE FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Upon the plain of Dura stood an image great and high,
With golden forehead broad and bright beneath the morning sky;
All regal in its majesty and kingly in its mien,
The grandest and most glorious thing the world had ever seen!

Full sixty cubits high in air the lordly head was reared,
And robed in gold from head to foot the stately form appeared;
Adown the breast six cubits broad, a flood of yellow gold,
All deftly wrought with matchless skill, its shining tresses rolled.

And, fronting thus the rising sun, it sent back ray for ray—
A golden flood of arrowy light—into—the face of day;
While round its feet, in awe and dread, all Shinar stood amazed,
And up into that radiant face with reverent wonder gazed.

Woke sackbut, psaltery, and harp, woke dulcimer and flute,—
Then prone in dust fell prince and peer, in lowly worship mute!
The wise, the gifted, and the great, the lordly and the base
Before the image bent the knee, and bowed in dust the face.

Not all!—for lo, three princely men, with calm, unaltered mien,
With unbowed heads and folded arms, gaze on the unhallowed scene!
The golden image awes them not, nor yet the king's decree,
They bow not at the idol's shrine, nor bend the servile knee.

“Wake, sackbut, psaltery, and harp—wake yet again!”—but nay,
With calm, pale faces, sad and stern, they slowly turn away;
The monarch's wrath, the furnace-flame, death, *death*,—they know it
all—
Yet all these horrors powerless are those high hearts to appal!

Haste, haste, obsequious minions, bear the tidings to your lord!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Go, tell him there are some who dare to disobey his word;
Men of the captive, Hebrew race, men high in place and power,
Who scorn to bow their haughty necks at his command this hour!

“Go, bring them nigh!” the monarch cries, with fury in his face,
“And set them here before my throne, these men of Hebrew race!
Now, Shadrach, Meshach, answer me, and thou, Abednego,
They tell me ye refuse to bow and worship!—is it so?”

“But hearken: if, what time ye hear once more the pealing swell
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, ye bend in homage—well;
If not, the fiery furnace shall your quivering flesh devour!
Then where's the God can rescue you from my avenging power?”

Then answered they, the captive three, in calm, respectful tone,
While over each young, fearless brow faith's hallowed radiance shone,
“Behold, our God is for us now—our God, O King! and He
Is able to deliver us from the fierce flames and thee!

“*Yea, and He will deliver us!*—yet be it known to thee,
O King, that could we truly know, that so it would not be,
E'en then, we would not bow us down, or worship at the shrine
Of this vain image thou hast reared, or any god of thine!”

“Now lead ye forth these haughty men!” the wrathful monarch cried,
The while his face grew dark with rage and fury, so defied;
“Yea, heat the furnace seven fold, and in the fiercest flame
Blot out forever from the day each impious scorner's name!

“Ay, bind them well, ye mighty men, ye warriors stern and bold,
And let your cords be very strong, your fetters manifold!
For neither they nor He they trust shall foil my kingly ire,
Or save them from the wrathful flame of this devouring fire!

“Now cast them in!—but, oh!—my men!—they fade like morning mist!
Slain by the fierce, out-leaping flame no mortal may resist!
My warriors bold!—alas, alas!—I did not will it so!

GOD'S WITNESSES.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Scathed by the fiery blast of death meant only for my foe!”

The king has risen to his feet!—what sight has fixed his gaze?
What mean the wonder in his face, the look of blank amaze?
And what the changed and falt'ring voice, as doubtfully he cries,
“Tell me, ye counsellors of mine, ye ancient men and wise,

“Did we not cast, each firmly bound, into the fiercest flame,
Three mortal men, for death designed, of Hebrew race and name?
Three?—*only three?*—or do I dream? What sight is this I view?”
And all his counsellors replied, “O monarch, it is true!”

“Yet now, amid the blinding flames, unbound, and calm, and free,
Walking, with firm and steady step, the fiery waves, I see
Not three, but four, and lo, the form of Him, the fourth I ween,
Is like the Son of God, so calm, so gracious is His mien!”

Then to the furnace mouth drew near the monarch with his train—
The baffled monarch, bowed and quelled, feeling how poor and vain
Were all his boasted pomp and power, how impotent and weak
The arm so void of strength that hour his mad revenge to wreak.

“Ho, Shadrach, Meshach, hasten ye! and thou, Abednego,
Servants of God Most High, come forth!” the monarch cried; and lo,
Without a touch or tinge of fire, or smell of scorching flame,
Forth, from the glowing heat intense, God's faithful servants came!

O, servants of a heathen king! all vainly would ye trace
Or hue, or stain, or smell of fire, on any form or face!
Those comely locks of raven hair, smooth and unscorched, behold;
Nor may ye find one trace of flame on any garment's fold!

Then cried the heathen king again—and, oh, how altered now
The tone and utterance!—how changed the haughty lip and brow!—
“Now blessed be the God who hath His angel sent to free
His servants who have trusted Him, and changed the King's decree;

Poems of the Heart and Home

“Who gave their bodies to the flame, rather than once to swerve
From their allegiance to the God whom they delight to serve!
Therefore, let no one speak against this Glorious One and Just,
Who saves, as none but He can save, the souls that in Him trust!”

Then calmly to their wonted toil, their worldly cares again,
Unconscious of their deathless fame, went forth those dauntless men;
Thrice blessed men! with whom, that day, their gracious Lord had
 walked,
And lovingly, as friend with friend, of hallowed mysteries talked.

He walked with *them* amid the flames! Oh, to the paths *we* tread,
The brighter, smoother, greener paths, with summer-flowers o'erspread,
If but our weak hearts welcome Him, the same dear Lord will come,
And walk with us through countless snares, till we arrive at home!

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE DEAD.

["Dr. Reid, a traveller through the highlands of Peru, is said to have found in the desert of Alcoama the dried remains of an assemblage of human beings, five or six hundred in number, men, women, and children, seated in a semicircle as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them. It would seem that, knowing the Spanish invaders were at hand, they had come hither with a fixed intention to die. They sat immoveable in that dreary desert, dried like mummies by the hot air, still sitting as if in solemn council, while over that Areopagus silence broods everlastingly."]

With dull and lurid skies above,
And burning wastes around,
A lonely traveller journeyed on
Through solitudes profound;
No wandering bird's adventurous wing
Paused o'er that cheerless waste,
No tree across those dreary sands
A welcome shadow cast.

With scorching, pestilential breath
The desert—blast swept by,
And with a fierce, relentless glare
The sun looked from on high;
Yet onward still, though worn with toil,
The eager wand'rer pressed,
While hope lit up his dauntless eye,
And nerved his fainting breast.

Why paused he in his onward course?—
Why held his shuddering breath?—
Why gazed he with bewildered eye,
As on the face of death?
Before him sat in stern array,
All hushed as if in dread,
Yet still, and passionless, and calm,
A concourse of the dead!

Across the burning waste they stared
With glazed and stony eye,
As if strange fear had fixed erewhile

Poems of the Heart and Home

Their gaze on vacancy;
And woe and dread on every brow
In changeless lines were wrought,—
Sad traces of the anguish deep
That filled their latest thought!

They seemed a race of other time,
O'er whom the desert's blast,
For many a long and weary age,
In fiery wrath had passed;
Till, scathed and dry, each wasted form
Its rigid aspect wore,
Unchanged, though centuries had passed
The lonely desert o'er.

Was it the clash of foreign arms—
Was it the invader's tread,—
From which this simple-minded race
In wildest terror fled,—
Choosing, amid the desert-sands,
Scorched by the desert's breath,
Rather than by the invaders' steel,
To meet the stroke of death?

And there they died—a free-born race—
From their proud hills away,
While round them in its lonely pride
The far, free desert lay
And there, unburied, still they sit,
All statute like and cold,
Free, e'en in death, though o'er their homes
Oppression's tide has rolled!

BE STILL.

O throbbing heart, be still!
Canst thou not bear
The heavy dash of Memory's troubled tide,
Long sternly pent, but broken forth again,
Sweeping all barriers ruthlessly aside,
And leaving desolation in its train
Where all was fair?

Fair, did I say?—Oh yes!—
I'd reared sweet flowers
Of steadfast hope, and quiet, patient trust,
Above the wreck and ruin of my years;—
Had won a plant of beauty from the dust,
Fanned it with breath of prayer, and wet with tears
Of loneliest hours!

O throbbing heart, be still!
That cherished flower—
Faith in thy God—last grown, yet first in worth,
Will spring anew ere long—it is not dead,
'Tis only beaten to the breast of earth!
Let the storm rage—be calm—'twill lift its head
Some stiller hour!

LITTLEWIT AND LOFTUS.

John Littlewit, friends, was a *credulous* man.

In the good time long ago,
Ere men had gone wild o'er the latter-day dream
Of turning the world upside down with steam,
Or of chaining the lightning down to a wire,
And making it talk with its tongue of fire.

He was perfectly sure that the world stood still,
And the sun and moon went round;—
He believed in fairies, and goblins ill,
And witches that rode over vale and hill
On wicked broom-sticks, studying still
Mischief and craft profound.

“What a fool was John Littlewit!” somebody cries;—
Nay, friend, not so fast, if you please!
A humble man was John Littlewit—
A gentle, loving man;
He clothed the needy, the hungry fed,
Pitied the erring, the faltering led,
Joyed with the joyous, wept with the sad,
Made the heart of the widow and orphan glad,
And never left for the lowliest one
An act of kindness and love undone;—
And when he died, we may well believe
God's blessed angels bore
John Littlewit's peaceful soul away
To the beautiful Heaven for which we pray,
Where the tree of knowledge blooms for aye,
And ignorance plagues no more.

Squire Loftus, friends, was a *cultured* man,
You knew him—so did I:
He had studied the “Sciences” through and through,
Had forgotten far more than the ancients knew,
Yet still retained enough
To demonstrate clearly that all the old,
Good, practical Bible-truths we hold
Are delusion, nonsense, stuff!

Poems of the Heart and Home

He could show that the earth had begun to grow
Millions and millions of ages ago;
That man had developed up and out
From something Moses knew nothing about,—
Held with Pope that all are but parts of a whole
Whose body is Nature, and God its Soul;—
And, since *he* was a part of that same great whole,
Then the soul of all Nature was also his soul;—
Or, more plainly—to be not obscure or dim—
That God had *developed Himself* in him:—
That what is called *Sin* in mankind, is not so,
But is just *misdirection*, all owing, you know,
To defectiveness either of body or brain,
Or both, which the soul is not thought to retain,—
In the body it acts as it *must*, but that dead
All stain from the innocent soul will have fled!

“How wise was Squire Loftus!” there's somebody cries;—
Nay, friend, not so fast, if you please;
His wisdom was that of the self-deceived fool
Who quits the clear fount for the foul, stagnant pool,
Who puts out his eyes lest the light he descry,
Then shouts 'mid the gloom “how clear-sighted am I!”
Who turns from the glorious fountain of Day,
To follow the wild *ignis fatuus*' ray
Through quagmire and swamp, ever farther astray,
With every step that he takes.

But he died as he lived; and the desolate night
He had courted and loved better far than the light,
Grew more and more dark, till he passed from our sight,
And what shall I say of him more?—
Give me rather John Littlewit's questionless faith,
To illumine my lone path through the valley of death—
The arm that he leaned on, the mansion of light
That burst through the gloom on his kindling sight,
And I'll leave the poor sceptic his lore!—
Let me know only this—*I was lost and undone,*
But am saved by the blood of the Crucified One,
And I'm *wise* although knowing no more!

TO A MOTHERLESS BABE.

Why art thou here, little, motherless one,—
Why art thou here in this bleak world alone?
With that innocent smile on thy beautiful brow,
What hath this stern world for such as thou?

Why art thou here in this world of unrest,
Thou that of angels shouldst be the guest?—
Oh, wild are the storms of this wintry clime,
Dire are the ills that will meet thee in time!
Lamb, with no shelter when tempests are near,
Dove, with no resting place, why art thou here?

THE CAGED BIRD'S SONG.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS PATRONESS AND FRIEND,
BY THE LITTLE, BROWN SINGER HIMSELF.

Merrily!

Merrily!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

What can the meaning of these things be?

Tiniest buds and leaflets green—

Who shall tell me what these things mean?

Merrily!

Merrily!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

Much I guess they were meant for me!

Tsu—ert!

Tsu—ert!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

So I shall eat them up you see

Somebody, somewhere, is kindly stirred

To think of me, a poor, brown bird!—

Merrily!

Merrily!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

Somebody, somewhere, thinks of me!

Tsu—ert!

Tsu—ert!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

“A gentle lady?”—and can it be?—

Say it again, 'tis a pleasant word,

Thinking of me, your poor, brown bird!—

Merrily!

Merrily!

Tschee! tschee! tschee!

Bless the lady that thinks of me

Tsu—ert!

Tsu—ert!

Tschee: tschee! tschee!

So I shall eat them up, you see!

Hi, a nip here! and ho, a nip there!

Bless me, mistress, how sweet they are!

Merrily!

Merrily!
Tschee! tschee! tschee!
Bless the lady who thinks of me!

Tsu-ert!
Tsu-ert!
Tschee! tschee! tschee!
Merrily, merrily, let it be!—
Hi, a nip here! and ho, a nip there!
Over, under, everywhere!
Merrily!
Merrily!
Tschee! tschee! tschee!
Somebody, somewhere, thinks of me!

CROSSING THE RED SEA

Before them lay the heaving deep
Behind, the foemen pressed;
And every face grew dark with fear,
And anguish filled each breast
Save one, the Leader's, he, serene,
Beheld, with dauntless mind,
The restless floods before them seen.
The foe that pressed behind.
“Why hast thou brought us forth for this?”
The people loudly cry;—
“Were there no graves in Egypt's land,
That here we come to die?”
But calm and clear above the din
Arose the prophet's word,—
“Stand still! stand still!—and ye shall see
The salvation of the Lord!”

“Fear not!—the foes whom now you see,
Your eyes no more shall view!—
Peace to your fears!—your fathers' God
This day shall fight for you;
For Egypt, in her haughty pride
And stubbornness abhorred,
This day, in bitterness shall learn,
Jehovah is the Lord!”

He spake; and o'er the Red Sea's flood
He stretched his awful wand,
And lo! the startled waves retired,
Abashed, on either hand;
And like a mighty rampart rose
To guard the narrow way
Mysterious, that before the hosts
Of ransomed Israel lay!

Oh! strange and solemn was the road
Which they were called to tread,
With myst'ries of the ancient deep
Around their footsteps spread,—
With ocean's unknown floor laid bare
Before their wondering eyes,
And the strange, watery wall that there

On either hand did rise!

Yet fearlessly, with steadfast faith,
Their Leader led them on;
While, from behind, a heavenly light
Through the dread passage shone;—
Light for that lone and trembling band
Gleamed out with radiance clear,
While Egypt's host came groping on
Through darkness dense and drear!

'Tis past; and on Arabia's coast
The tribes of Israel stand,
While fierce and fast Egyptia's host
Approach that quiet strand;—
Though darkness, like a funeral pall,
Hangs o'er that dreary path,
Still on they desperately press
In bitterness and wrath.

Then slowly, once again, arose
The Hebrew prophet's hand,
And o'er the waiting deep outstretched
Once more that awful wand;—
The rushing waters closed in might
Above that pathway lone,
And Pharaoh, in his haughty pride,
And all his hosts were gone!

Wail, Egypt, wail!—thy kingly crown
Is humbled in the dust!
And thou, though late, art forced to own
That Israel's God is just!
And thou, O Israel, lift thy voice
In one triumphant song
Of praise to Him in whom alone
Thy feeble arm is strong!

THE WAY-SIDE ELM

Standing alone by the highway side,
Stately, and stalwart, and tempest-tried,
Staunch of body and strong of bough,
Fronting the sky with an honest brow,
King of the forest and field is he—
Yon way side watcher—the old Elm tree.

When kindly Summer, with smile serene,
Drapes branch and bough in her robe of green,
Ever the joyous, wild birds come
And sing 'mid the clustering leaves at home;
Ever the soft winds, to and fro,
Steal through the branches with music low,
And golden sunbeams sparkle and play,
And dance with shadows the livelong day.

Up to his forehead undimmed by time,
The morning sun-ray is first to climb,
With the tender touch of its earliest beam
To break the spell of his dewy dream;
And there the longest, when daylight dies,
The rosy lustre of sunset lies,
As loath to fade on the distant sea,
Without an adieu to the old Elm tree.

And grand it is, when the wintry blast
With shout and clamor is sweeping past,
To watch the stately and stern old tree
As he battles alone on the wintry lea,
With leafy crown to the four winds cast,
And stout arms bared to the ruffian blast;
Or fiercely wrestles with wind and storm,
Unbowed of forehead, unbent of form.

O proud old tree! O loneliest tree!
Thy strong-limbed brothers have passed from thee;—
One by one they've been swept away,
And thou alone—of the centuries grey
That have come and gone since thy hour of birth,
And left their scars on the patient earth—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Remainest to speak to the world and me
Of hoarded secrets that dwell with thee.

What of thy birth—hour? what of thy prime?
Who trod the wastes in that olden time?
Who gathered flowers where thy shadows lay?
Who sought thy coolness at noon of day?
What warrior chieftains, what woodland maids,
Looked up to thee from the dusky glades?
Who warred and conquered, who lived and died
In those far off years of the forest's pride?

No voice, no answer! So I, too, speak,
Yet mine, as the insect's call, is weak
To break thy silence, thou lonely tree,
Or win a whispered reply from thee.
Yet, teacher mine, thou hast taught my heart
What soon from its records will not depart—
A lesson of patience, a lesson of power,
Of courage that fails not in danger's hour,
Of calm endurance through winter's gloom,
Of patient waiting for summer's bloom,
And, heavenward gazing, through storm and night,
Like thee to watch for the dawning light.

DROWNED

[Footnote: In the Grand River, at Brantford, July 30th, 1875, Miss Jessie Hamilton, adopted daughter of C.H. Waterous, Esq., Brantford, aged 14 years and 3 months, and Miss Ella E. Murton, only daughter of John W. Murton, Esq., Hamilton, aged 14 years.]

The morning dawned without a cloud,
But evening came with pall and shroud,—
With muffled step, and bated breath,
And mournful whisperings of—*death!*

* * *

Young lips, that in the morning sung
The summer's opening flowers among,
Were hushed and cold;—young, laughing eyes,
That met the dawn with sweet surprise,
Were darkly sealed;—young feet, that pressed
The dewy turf with glad unrest,
Were cold and stirless, never more
To tread the paths they trod before;—
And they, who in the morning strayed
In fawn-like freedom down the glade,
In solemn, dreamless slumber lay,
To wake no more, at fall of day!

O stern, remorseless, sullen Tide!
O dark Flood, never satisfied!
Couldst thou not pity, when, to thee
Those young lambs sped so trustingly?
Nay, nay;—the tempest's stormy wrath
Spares not the lily in its path!—
The tameless river will not rest,
To heed the rose-leaf on its breast!—
A moment, and the quiet shore
Heard a low wail, and heard no more;—
And then, with calm, unaltered mien,
The river glided on serene—
With what a weight of anguish fraught!—
Unconscious of the woe it wrought.

“Dust unto dust!” O God, thy way
Strange and mysterious seems to-day,

Poems of the Heart and Home

As, in the darkness of the tomb,
What but an hour ago was bloom
And beauty, now we hide away,
And leave to silence and decay!
Aid us in lowliness to bow,
And own how just and good art thou,
And, though thou hidest still thy face,
Trust the great love we may not trace!

MY BROTHER JAMES AND I

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A BEREAVED BROTHER.

We were playmates long together,
By the brook and on the hill,
In the golden, summer weather,
When the days were long and still;
We were playmates in the firelight
While the winter eyes went by,
And we shared one couch at midnight—
My brother James and I!

We were schoolmates, too, together,
In the after years that came,
And in toil, or task, or pleasure,
Ours was still one heart, one aim;
Hand in hand we struggled sunward
Toward fair Science' temple high
Aiding each the other onward—
My brother James and I!

We were men at last together—
Oh, the well remembered time,
When we left the dear, old homestead
In our early manhood's prime!
Even then not disunited,
Went we forth with courage high
To one aim and effort plighted—
My brother James and I!

But at length there came a shadow
Dark with signs of change and blight
Deep'ning silently but surely
To a long and tearful night,
And beside a lonely river
That went darkly rushing by
Parted we—but not forever—
My brother James and I!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Not forever! not forever!
 Though the stream is dark and wide
He is beck'ning to me ever
 From the sun lit, summer side,
There the glory fadeth never,
 And I know that by and by
We shall tread that shore together—
 My brother James and I!

IDLE

“Work to–day in my vineyard!”
Hast thou, then, been called to labor
In the vineyard of thy Lord,
With the promise that, if faithful,
Thou shall win a sure reward?—
Look! the tireless sun is hasting
Toward the zenith, and the day,
Which in vanity thou’rt wasting,
Speedeth rapidly away!

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the laborers are few;
Canst thou, then, oh, slothful servant!
Find no work that thou canst do?
Sitting idle in the vineyard!
Sleeping, while the noon–day flies!
Dreaming, while with every pulse–beat
Some unsaved one droops and dies!

Waken! overburdened lab’rers,
Fainting in the sultry ray,
Cry against thee to the Master
As thou dream’st the hours away
Waken! patient angels bearing
Home Earth’s harvest, grieving see
One by one the bright hours waning,
And no sheaf secured by thee!

And at last, when toil is ended,
And the blessed “Harvest home,”
By exulting angels chanted,
Cheers the lab’rers as they come,
What wilt *thou* do, slothful servant,
With no gathered sheaf to bring?
How canst thou stand, empty–handed,
In the presence of thy King?

Poems of the Heart and Home

Lo! the field is white for harvest,
And the laborers are few;
Canst thou, then, oh, slothful servant,
Find no work that thou canst do?
Angels wait to bear the tidings
Of some good that thou hast done;
Then, to patient, earnest labor,
Waken, ere the set of sun!

THE WORLD'S DAY.

Dark was the world when from the bowers
Of forfeit Eden man went forth,
With aching heart and blighted powers,
To till the sterile soil of earth;
Yet, even then, a glimmering light
Faintly illumed the eastern skies,
And, struggling through the mists of night,
Beamed soft on Abel's sacrifice.

It shone on Abram's eager eyes
Upon Moriah's lonely height,
And Jacob, 'neath the midnight skies,
In hallowed dreams beheld its light;
And o'er Arabia's desert sand
Where weary Israel wandered on,
In doubt and fear toward Canaan's land,
The hallowed dawning brighter shone.

Ages roll on 'mid deep'ning day,
And prophet-bard and holy seer
Watch eagerly the kindling ray,
To see the blessed sun appear—
Watch, till along the mountain-heights
The long-expected radiance streams,
And lo! a bloody Cross it lights,
And o'er a blood-stained victim gleams!

And higher climbed the rising sun,
And brighter glowed the joyous day,
And Earth the bowed and weary one
Kindled beneath the blessed ray
A little while—then, dense and drear,
Back rolled the heavy clouds of night,
Till through the murky atmosphere
Scarce stole a single gleam of light

Then Superstition piled her fires
With slaughtered saints,—and dungeons lone
Echoed the tortured victims' prayers,
The stifled shriek, the smothered groan:

Poems of the Heart and Home

Yet ever, Truth, through blood and tears,
Pursued her dark, tempestuous way,
And Faith illumed those stormy years,
With promises of brighter day.

It came at last—through parted clouds
The blessed sunlight burst once more,
And a broad flood of glory swept
O'er vale and plain, o'er sea and shore;
Earth, from her wildering dream of tears,
And blood and anguish, guilt and wrong—
The long, dark, troubled dream of years—
Awoke, and once again was strong.

Then crumbled thrones—then empires fell,
As Science, Freedom, Truth, arose,
And, shaking off their numbing spell,
Closed in stern conflict with their foes:
And onward still, with unbowed head,
Faith's dauntless legions held their way,
Marking with heaps of martyred dead
The pathway that behind them lay.

And still that steady march is on,
Through storm and gloom, through strife and tears.
Still Faith points upward to the sun
Whose glories brighten with the years—
Whose steady light and heat at length
Shall scatter every cloud away,
And Truth, majestic in her strength,
Shall stand complete in perfect day.

BRETHREN, GO!

A VALEDICTION.

Brethren, go! the day is bright'ning
As the sultry noon steals on,
And the fields, already whit'ning,
Tell of labor to be done.

There are toilsome days before you,
Burdens that you may not shun,
Clouds will gather darkly o'er you,
Reeds will fail you one by one.

Yet go forth to strong endeavor,
'Neath the shadow of the cross;
He who calls will leave you never,—
Never let you suffer loss!

Go; the voices of the dying
Float on every passing breeze;
Tones of wild, imploring crying
Come from lands beyond the seas!

Go where pain and sorrow languish,
Go where Sin works strife and woe,
Cleanse Earth's stain, and heal her anguish,
Jesus calls you—brethren, go!

OUR NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

JULY 1ST, 1867.

Ring out your glad peals of rejoicing!
Wake Music's enlivening strain!
Let the sound float abroad o'er your waters,
And echo through valley and plain;
From the shores of the far-distant Fundy,
To the lakes of the limitless West,
Let the sound of a People's exulting
Go forth in its joyous unrest!

For a great Christian Nation, this morning,
From fragments disjointed made one,
With the laws and the speech of old England,
Looks up to the new-risen sun;
And, scarce conscious as yet of her mission—
Of the wealth of her young, earnest life—
Starts out in the march of the nations,
To a future with perils how rife!

Yet who shall not hope for that future—
God's wide-open Book in her hand,
With her sturdy and truth-loving yeomen,
Her broad-spreading acres of land?—
And who does not welcome the rising
Of a new star of promise this morn,
Whose beams shall illumine the darkness
Of millions that yet are unborn?

Then hail we, in songs of rejoicing,
Our father-land over the sea,
Britannia, pride of the ocean,
The home of the gallant and free!—
Hail, Queen of dominions that girdle
The world like an emerald zone,
VICTORIA, Head of three Empires,
Meek Sovereign of Earth's proudest throne!

Poems of the Heart and Home

And hail to our new-born Dominion!
Hail, Canada, happy and blest!
May thy flag ever wave o'er the freest,
Most glorious clime of the West;
Be freedom thy watchword, and Onward,
Thy motto, still cherished and true,
And ever abroad on the breezes
Float thy time-honored "RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

Our field is the world!—let us forth to the sowing,
O'er valley and mountain, o'er desert and plain,
Beside the still waters through cool meadows flowing,
O'er regions unblest by the dew and the rain;—
Let us scatter the seed, though in sorrow and weeping,
Though fields should be verdureless, wintry, and bare,
The Lord of the harvest hath still in His keeping
Each seed as it falls, and will guard it with care.

Our field is the world!—let us forth to the reaping;
The long day is waning, the eve draweth nigh;
Faint omens of storm up the heavens are creeping,
And the sigh of the tempest is heard in the sky;—
The work-hour is brief, but the rest is forever,
Then stay not for weariness, languor, or pain,
But forth to the harvest with earnest endeavor,
And gather with gladness the sheaves that remain.

Our field is the world!—let us forth to the gleaning,
The stores may be small that our labors reward,
Yet One from the height of His glory is leaning,
Attent to behold what we do for the Lord;—
Where, haply, some reaper has passed on with singing,
O'erladen with sheaves for the garner above,
May yet be some handfuls that wait for our bringing,
To crown with completeness the stores of His love.

Our field is the world!—whether sowing or reaping,
Or gleaning the handfuls that others have passed,
Or waiting the growth of the seed that, with weeping,
On rocky and desolate plains we have cast,
Yet each for his toiling, and each for his mourning,
Shall sometime rejoice when the harvest is done,
And know, in the flush of Eternity's morning,
That the toil, the reward, and the glory are one.

SAULT STE. MARIE

Laughing and singing
With rhythmical flow,
Leaping and springing,
O light-hearted Sault!—
Tossing up snowy hands
In thy glad play,
Shaking out dewy locks
Bright with the spray,—
Joyously ever
Thy bright waters go,
Yet wearying never,
O beautiful Sault!

Kingly Superior
Leaps to thy arms,
And all his broad waters
Are bright with thy charms;
They sparkle, and glitter,
And flash in their play,
Chasing ripple and rainbow
Away and away!
Weary, I ween,
Of his solemn repose,
Gaily the mighty Flood
Flashes and glows;
And, buoyantly, brightly,
Fleet-footed or slow,
Doth dance with thee lightly,
Unwearying Sault!

If I were a fairy
I'd dance with thee too,
Daily and nightly,
Unfalt'ring and true;—
In sunlight and starlight,
In darkness and day,
As free as the breezes,
As glad in our play!
We'd sing in the darkness,
We'd laugh in the light,
We'd whirl in the eddies
At noonday and night,—
We'd toss up the waters
In sunshine, to see
How they'd fling us back di'monds
And gold in their glee;—

Such amethysts, topazes,
Rubies and pearls,
As we'd strew o'er the tide
In our innocent whirls,
And never be lonely,
Or weariness know—
Ourselves, and us only—
O light-hearted Sault!

Yet the dance is thine own,
And the song and the glee,
Thou dwellest alone,
Untrammelled and free
Our ships may not glide
O'er thy bosom,—our feet
May not trace out one path,
Or explore one retreat!
We may hollow our channels
To left or to right,
And glide on our way
With thy gambols in sight,
Yet this, and this only,
Of thee we may know,
Thou lone, but not lonely,
Free, fetterless Sault!

Farewell, ye bright waters,—
We part, and for aye!—
My pathway leads on
O'er the billows away;—
These feet will grow weary
In life's busy mart,
These eyes be oft tear-dim,
And heavy this heart;
But thou wilt sing on
In thy joyous unrest,
Unchanging, unwearying,
Buoyant and blest
While the slow-footed centuries
Glide on their way,
And nations grow hoary,
And sink in decay,—
Thou, tireless and tameless,
Unchecked in thy flow,
Shalt sing on as ever,
O beautiful Sault!

BROTHER, REST.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. J. E. V.

Rest, brother, rest! Thy eyes no more shall weep
O'er unhealed anguish and unconquered sin;
Thy peaceful slumber, tranquilized and deep,
Is marred no more by Earth's discordant din.
Calm are the skies above thy quiet bed,
And calm is Earth in Summer—glories dressed,
And cool and sweet the fresh mould richly spread
Above thy folded hands and peaceful breast.

Oh, could my voice thy placid slumber break,
And win thee back to mortal scenes again,—
Bid thee, unblamed, thy heavenly paths forsake,
Once more to walk with me 'mid care and pain,
I could not, dare not breathe the word, for thou
Hast long enough toiled where the dark curse lies
On all Earth's fairest fruitage;—brother, now
Thou seest the “goodly land” with unveiled eyes!

Oh no! I would not breathe that word, though life
For me be sadder for the smile I miss;
For thou hast gained a home unreached by strife,
Undimmed by tears—a home of changeless bliss!
There, in sweet fellowship with angels blessed,
And all the crowned and glorified above,
In thy loved Saviour's longed—for presence rest,
And bask forever in the light of LOVE!

**LOVED AND LOST,
—OR—
THE SKY-LARK AND THE VIOLET.**

VIOLET'S SONG

I.

Come down from thy dazzling sphere,
Bird of the gushing song!
Come down where the young leaves whisper low,
While the breeze steals in with a murmurous flow,
And the tender branches wave to and fro
In the soft air all day long!

I have watched thy daring wing
Cleaving the sun-bright air,
Where the snowy cloud is asleep in light,
Or dreamily floating in robes of white,
While thy soul gushed forth in its song's free might,
Till my spirit is dim with care.

For oh, I have loved thee well,
Thou of the soaring wing!—
And I fear lest the angels that sit on high,
In the calm, still depths of the upper sky,
Will love with a tenderer love than I,
As they stoop to hear thee sing

Come down from the heights, my bird,
And warble thy lays to me!
I shall pine and droop in my grassy nook
For the passionate song that my spirit shook,
And the low, sad voice of the grieving brook
Will murmur all night of thee!

I shall sit alone—*alone*,
While the noontide hour steals by;
And mournful the woodland's music will be,—
Mournful the blue, calm heavens to me,—
Mournful the glory on earth and sea,—
And mournful the sunset sky!

O voice of exulting song!—
O bright, unwavering eye!—
O free wing soaring in fetterless flight
Up to the Fountain of quenchless Light!—
O, Earth that darken'st in sudden night,
I shudder, and faint, and die!
SKY-LARK'S SONG

II.

From the dewy grass upspringing—
From my wing the pearl-drops flinging—
Upward, with exultant singing,
Let me—let me fly!
Sun, with gemmed and flashing banners,
List my rapturous hosannas—
As I mount, on circling wing,
Higher, o'er the fragrant meadow,—
O'er the forest's broken shadow,—
O'er the hill-tops green and golden,—
Where the ivied ruins olden
Echo out with sudden gladness
As I break their brooding sadness
With the lays I sing!

Joy, joy!—I have caught the song
Of the angels that sit above!—
And warble in musical chorus always
Those notes that oftentimes earthward stray
So tenderly sweet at the fall of day,
What time the rose-bud's trembling spray
Thrills with their lays of love!—
Joy, joy!—I have caught the song
Of bright ones that sit above!—
And the far-off Earth's a forgotten thing,
As I mount on free and fetterless wing,
Up to the sun-fields where they sing,
Drawn on by their soul of love!

Hush! is it a voice of Earth—
Of the far-away Earth, I hear?
Breathing of the fragrant meadow,—
Of the drooping willow's shadow,—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Of the breezes' gentle sighing,—
Of the brooklet's low replying,—
Of the blue, o'er-arching heaven,—
Of the violet-curtained even,—
Of the tender, dreamy starlight,—
Of the hushed, majestic midnight?—
And through all that murmur so sad and low,
Meanings of passionate anguish flow,
Till I feel a weight on my glancing wing
Bearing me earthward while yet I sing,
 With its burden of heavy woe.
VIOLET'S SONG

III.

Bird, I am drooping in tears alone,
Pressing my cheek 'gainst the cold, grey stone,
And looking upward with aching eye,
Through the tender depths of the morning sky;—
But thy form fades out in that glorious sea
That lieth so calmly 'twixt thee and me;
A speck—it is lost in the azure deep!
And I droop in the deepening gloom, and weep
 My sorrowful life away!

O voice of passionate song!—
O bright, unwavering eye!—
O free wing soaring in limitless flight
Beyond the stretch of my aching sight!
How the cold earth darkens in sudden night!
 How I shudder, and faint, and die!
SKY-LARK'S SONG

IV.

Fainter and fainter—'tis heard no more—
That plaintive strain from Earth's lessening shore—
And I fling its weight from my fetterless wing,
Higher and higher in heaven to sing,
 Afar from Earth's faded shore!
I shall take my seat in the clouds,
I shall sit beside the Sun,—
I shall gaze with calm, unfaltering eye

LOVED AND LOST, —OR— THE SKY-LARK AND THE VIOLET.

On the face of the radiant one!
O glorious, kingly Sun!—
O brightly beautiful one!—
O Monarch, sitting serenely bright,
In thy quenchless glory on heaven's height,
I am upward drawn to thee!—
And thy fiery spirit's ardent flame
Is downward—drawn to me!
Sun, with gemmed and flashing banners,
List my rapturous hosannas,
As I circle nearer,—nearer,—
Where your rays burn brighter, clearer,—
Up, on wings of strong desire,
Higher still, and ever higher!
VIOLET'S SONG

V.

I droop by the cold, grey stone!—
I faint in the smitten day!—
I hear not the song of my own free bird
Whose joyous music my glad heart stirred
But yester—morn! I can see no more
The humming—bird's wing as it flutters o'er
The fragrant clover—bloom!
The brook, with a far—off, sorrowful tone,
Seemeth in measureless grief to moan
As it hurrieth on its way—
The breath of my lost perfume
Floats on the wandering breeze,
Over the meadow's perishing bloom,
Over the cold, blue seas!
I would not gather it back,
I would not fill anew
With love's pure incense my broken urn,
For the lost can never more return
From the sky's encompassing blue!

It is well!—I would not hang
A weight on his fetterless wing;
For was he not made for the sun—bright sky?—
To face the glories that burn on high?—
And I, to sit 'mid Earth's fading bloom,
And waste my life in the faint perfume
I fling to the thankless breeze?—
Let him cleave the azure infinite!—
Let him pour his soul out in song's free might!—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Till the white-robed seraphs that dwell in light
 Shall stoop to hear him sing!—
Be it mine to fade ere the day-beams die,
And alone in the sighing grass to lie,
With my dull face turned to the tearless sky,
 A faded, forgotten thing!

THE GRACIOUS PROVIDER.

“They need not go away!” the Master said,
“Give ye to them.” Ah, Lord, behold our store—
These loaves, these fishes,—see, we have no more!
How shall this fainting throng with these be fed?
“Make them sit down!”—and the disciples sped
To do His will. He blessed, and brake, and gave
And as they ate, each heart grew strong and brave,
Filled, till they craved no more, with hallowed bread.
Thus, when our hearts grow faint, and stores are small,
And thou demandest all that we possess,
O, help us, Lord, to bring that little all,
Knowing shouldst thou the gift accept and bless,
Our worthless store, so changed and glorified,
Ourselves shall feed, and fainting throngs beside.

REST IN HEAVEN

When tossed on time's tempestuous tide,
By angry storms resistless driven,
One hope can bid our fears subside—
It is the hope of rest in Heaven.

With trusting heart we lift our eyes
Above the dark clouds, tempest-driven,
And view, beyond those troubled skies,
The peaceful, stormless rest of Heaven.

No more to shed the exile's tears,—
No more the heart by anguish riven,—
No longer bent 'neath toilful years,—
How sweet will be the rest of Heaven

GOOD NIGHT

Good night, good night!—the day
Slowly has borne away,
 Music and light;
Once more the starry train
Sweeps over vale and plain,
Soft falls the dews again—
 Good night—good night!

Day's weary toils are done,
Set is the glorious sun,
 Faded the light;—
Now, to the weary breast
Ever a welcome guest,—
Comes the sweet hour of rest—
 Good night—good night!

Evening's cool shadows lie
Calmly o'er earth and sky;
 And, from the height
Of the far, wooded hill,
Sends the lone whip-poor-will,
Softer and sweeter still,
 Plaintive good night.

Gently let slumber lie
On every weary eye
 Tired of the light!
E'en as the folded flowers
Sleep in the forest bowers,
Rest, through the silent hours—
 Good night—good night!

THE OLD CHURCH CHOIR

I am slowly treading the mazy track
That leadeth, through sunshine and shadows, back—
Through freshest meads where the dews yet cling
As erst they did to each lowly thing,
Where flowers bloom and where streamlets flow
With the tender music of long ago—
To the far-off past that, through mists of tears,
In its spring time loveliness still appears,
And woos me back to the gleaming shore
Of sunny years that return no more.

And to night, all weary, and sad, and lone,
I return in thought to those bright years flown,
Whose lingering sweetness, e'en yet, I feel
Like the breath of flower-scents over me steal
I am treading o'er mounds where the dead repose,—
I am stirring the dust of life's perished rose,—
I am rustling the withered leaves that lie
Thick in the pathway of Memory,—
And calling out from each lonely hill
Echoes of voices forever still.

And I pause again where I stood of yore
In the Sabbath light at an old church door,
And, ling'ring a moment, I turn to view
The green hills leaning against the blue
As erewhile they stood in the golden calm
Of morning's sunlight and breath of balm,
With clustering verdure, and blossoming trees,
And gush of bird song and hum of bees,
And glancing shadows that came and went
Of soft clouds high in the firmament,
Floating away in their robes of white
On snowy pinions through realms of light.

And I see again through the azure sky
The same white cloudlets still floating by;
And a greener line through the meadow shows
Where a little streamlet still, singing, flows;
And out from a woodland there floats again
Of joyous warblers the old, sweet strain;
While still, with serious, reverent air,
Aged and young seek the house of prayer.

Poems of the Heart and Home

And with them I enter the narrow door
That open stands as it stood of yore;
And look up again at the windows tall,—
At the narrow aisles and the naked wall,—
At the high, straight pulpit with cushion red,
And its worn, old Bible still open spread,—
At the pews where, unhindered, the slant rays fall,—
At the long, plain gallery over all
Where maid and matron, and son and sire,
Together sang in the old church-choir.

And again, as I listen, I seem to hear
The strains of old, half-forgotten Mear,
And solemn China, and grave Dundee,
And stately Rockingham, calm and free,
And rare Old-Hundred's majestic swell,
And tender Hebron we loved so well,
And tuneful Stonefield's melodies sweet,
Bridgewater, Windham, and Silver-street,
And rich St. Martin, and yet again
Old Coronation's exultant strain,
And sweet Devizes' slow, warbled tone,
Resounding Lenox and Arlington,
And gentle Boyleston, and many more
Which Memory holds in her treasured store,
That rise and fall on the tranquil air,
As they did of old, in this house of prayer;
Where, Sabbath by Sabbath, for many a year,
Often and often we sang them here.

For many a year—but they all are flown,
The band is broken, and hushed each tone,
And voices that mingled in tuneful breath,
Are silent now in the hush of death!
Scattered like Autumn-leaves far and near
Are those who clustered together here,—
Gone, like flowers in the swift stream cast,
Like wandering birds when the summer's past,
Like perfume shed in the tempest's track,
Never again to be gathered back!

I am thinking now of a young, fair face,
A brow of beauty, a form of grace,
The tender tones of whose sweet voice long
Swelled richly forth in our Sabbath-song;
But she laid her own, in a loved one's hand,
And he led her forth to a distant land,
Where a home, all radiant with love's pure beam,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Fulfilled her girlhood's enraptured dream;—
Yet she only pined 'neath the stranger's sky,
And he brought her back to her own—to die!

The breath of Spring—time was on the plain,
And flowers were bursting to life again,
And birds were carolling full and free
On the leafy boughs of the forest tree,
When the sweetest voice in our tuneful throng
Faltered and failed from our choral song,
And we laid her down at her pure life's close,
Peaceful and pale in her last repose.

The silvery Thames, as it glides along,
Murmurs anear her its old, sweet song;—
The tuneful robin sings still, as when
He warbled for her in the woodland glen;—
The star she loved, through the long, still night
Keeps his old, calm watch 'mid the planets bright;—
Her favorite flowers are still as fair
As when twined 'mid the braids of her raven hair;—
But the voice we missed in that far-off Spring
Is only heard where the angels sing!

And yet another,—I see him now,
With his manly bearing and noble brow—
Who turned away from our old church-choir,
To sing with the angels in worship higher
—As an alien bird 'neath inclement skies
Foldeth its pinions to earth and dies,
So he, o'erwearied with life's unrest,
Folded his mantle around his breast,
And, meekly bowing his weary head,
Went down to rest with the quiet dead,
And long were the hearts that had loved him lone
For the absent form and the missing tone!

There was still another. I yet behold
That form as I saw it in days of old,
As we stood in the calm of those Sabbath days,
And mingled our voices in hymns of praise.
—Ah! little we dreamed as we saw him there
In his proud, young beauty, with brow so fair,
And eye so lustrous, and tones so clear,
That the cruel spoiler was then so near;—
We dreamed it not, till we saw the light
Of his clear eyes growing so strangely bright.

Poems of the Heart and Home

And the flush of health on his cheek give place
To the deadly hectic's burning trace!

There's a tranquil isle amid Southern seas—
A fair isle, swept by no wintry breeze—
Where the wandering zephyr through long, bright hours
Gathers the perfume of orange bowers,
And roses droop in the fragrant bloom
Of their summer life o'er a nameless tomb,
—In that nameless tomb he is laid to rest,
And the dust of the stranger is on his breast,
And the breath of the South sweeps its viewless lyre
O'er another lost from our old church—choir

One dreamt of wealth on a distant shore,
And he wandered far to return no more,
For the deadly pestilence swept his path,
And the strong man drooped 'neath its burning wrath,
And he sleeps alone in the shining dust
Whose golden promises mocked his trust!

By a lonely lake in the boundless West,
Another reposes in dreamless rest,—
And yet another—her pure life done—
Slumbers far off toward the setting sun,
And the youngest voice in our old church—choir
Is to-day attuned to a seraph's lyre

That old church choir—I am standing lone
Where we stood together in days by gone,
But the tranquil air by no voice is stirred
Save the lonely call of a distant bird.
The grey, old church is no longer seen,
But the rank grass over its site grows green,
And, 'mid the tomb—stones, with sighing breath,
The sad wind whispers of change and death

Hush! is it fancy?—or do I hear
A far-off melody, faint yet clear,
Of gentle voices, sweet tones of yore,
Tenderly borne from an unseen shore?
—Ah! loved, long parted, ye're joined once more
In the Sabbath light of a changeless shore!
And there, with never a jarring note,
Your joyous anthems forever float
In sweet accord with the seraph strains

Poems of the Heart and Home

That sweep unchecked o'er celestial plains;
And I long to rejoin you in regions higher,
Loved ones, long lost from our old church—choir!

NO OTHER NAME

“For there is none other name under heaven, given among
men, whereby we must be saved.”
Jesus! the only name that's given,
Through which salvation we may claim;
This, this alone, we breathe to Heaven,
For God accepts no other name.

No other name when skies are bright.
And sunshine glows on field and flower;
No other name when, dark as night,
The heavy clouds tempestuous lower.

No other name when, drooping low,
O'erburdened by sin's heavy load,
The contrite spirit pines to know
The way to hope, to Heaven, to God.

No other name when, like a flood,
Temptations beat upon the soul;
Faith, breathing that one name to God,
The raging billows shall control.

In peace or conflict, toil or rest,
In wealth or want, in praise or blame,
Still wear it graven on thy breast,
And, dying, plead *no other name!*

HEART-PICTURES

Two pictures, strangely beautiful, I hold
In Mem'ry's chambers, stored with loving care
Among the precious things I prized of old,
And hid away with tender tear and prayer
The first, an aged woman's placid face
Full of the saintly calm of well spent years,
Yet bearing in its pensive lines the trace
Of weariness, and care, and many tears.

We sat together in our Sabbath-place,
Through the hushed hours of many a holy day,
And sweet it was to watch the gentle grace
Of that bowed form with those who knelt to pray,
And lifted face, when swelled the sacred psalm,
And the rich promise of God's word was shed
Upon her waiting heart like heavenly balm,
And all our souls with angels' meat were fed.

There came a day when missing was that face,—
The form so meekly bent in prayer was gone,—
Those lifted eyes, so radiant with praise,
Beyond the spheres in saintly beauty shone!—
Another crowned one swelling Heaven's high train—
Another loved one missed from our low shrine,—
Hers, the rich wealth of Heaven's eternal gain,—
A tearful trust, a tender memory, mine!

The other picture is a young, fair child—
A gentle boy, with curls of clustered gold,
And calm, dark eyes that seldom more than smiled
As though his life had grown too grave and old—
Too full of earnest thought, and anxious quest,
And silent searchings after things unseen;—
And yet, the quiet child seemed strangely blest,
As one who inly feels Heaven's peace serene.

So close beside me, in his Sabbath-place,
He sat or stood, my hand I might have laid
Upon his rippling curls, or dropped a kiss
Upon his fair, white forehead while he prayed.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Frail, beauteous boy!—upon his little feet—
Though all unheard by love's quick ear attent—
E'en then Death's chilling waters sternly beat,
And with his sweet child—hymns their murmurs blent.

One Sabbath day there was an empty seat—
I could not see for blinding tears that hour—
But by and by, where Living waters meet
In God's fair Paradise, I saw my flower,
And ceased to weep!—Henceforth with loving care,
These precious pictures in my heart I shrine—
Food for sweet thought, incentive to sweet prayer—
My own, until I reach *their* home and *mine!*

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST

To pray as Jesus prayed,
When faithless brethren sleep,—
To weep the ruin sin has made—
The only ones that weep,—
To bear the heavy cross,—
To toil, yet murmur not,—
To suffer pain, reproach, and loss,—
Be such our earthly lot.

Yet oh, how richly blest
The Master's cup to share,—
The aching grief that wrung His breast,—
His broken-hearted prayer,—
If thus we may but gain
One sheaf of golden wheat
Gleaned from Earth's sultry harvest—plain,
To lay at His dear feet!—

If thus we may but win
One precious earthly gem
Snatched from the mire of vice and sin,
For His rich diadem!—
Here, sorrow, patience, prayer;
In Heaven, the rich reward!
Here, the sharp thorns, the cross,—and there
“Forever with the Lord”!

AN ALLEGORY

AN OLD LESSON IN A NEW DRESS.

“Here is a lantern, my little boy,”
Said a father to his child,
“And yonder's a wood, a lonely wood,
Tangled, and rough, and wild;
And now, this night,—this very hour,
Though gloomy and dark it be,
By the single light of this lamp alone,
You must cross the wild to me!

“I'll be on the farther side, my son,
So follow the path you see,
And at the end of this narrow way,
Awaiting you, I will be!”
Thus bidden, the child set out, but soon,
With the gloomy waste ahead,
Oppressed with terror and doubt he stopped,
Shaking with fear and dread.

“Father!—father!—I cannot see!—
The forest is thick and black,
I'm sure there is danger ahead of me,
Please, father, call me back!”
But the father's voice through the gloomy wild,
In answering accents said,—
*“Just keep in the light of your lamp, my child,
And don't look too far ahead!”*

Thus cheered, the child pressed trustingly on,
Though trembling much with fear,
For around, beyond, and overhead,
The forest was dark and drear,
And ever, to keep his courage up,
To himself he softly said,—
“He told me to keep in the light of my lamp,
And not look too far ahead!”

Poems of the Heart and Home

At length the other side was gained,
And lo, the father was there!
To welcome his child from the dreary wild,
Where darkness and danger were;
And, "why did you fear, my son?" he said,
"You had plenty of light, you see,
Though it lit but a step at a time, enough
To guide you safely to me!

"And besides, I was just ahead in the dark—
Though you did not see me at all—
To be sure that no evil or accident
Should my darling child befall;
Then remember, my son, in life's darkest ways
The simple words that I said,—
'Just keep in the light of your lamp, my child,
And not look too far ahead?'"

THE CRY OF THE KARENS

Lines written after hearing a returned missionary relate some of the traditions, and speak of the long-cherished hopes of this interesting people.

A voice from the distant East—
A voice from a far-off shore—
A voice from the perishing tribes of Earth
Has wandered the blue seas o'er!
It comes with a lingering cry,
With a wail of anguish and pain,—
“O brothers,—our brothers!—why
Do we look for you still in vain?

“We are weary,—we droop,—we die!
We grope in the deepening gloom!
We look above with despairing eye!
We drop in the yawning tomb!
Our children stretch their hands
Far over the waters blue,
And vainly cry from our darkened lands—
Alas, how long—for you!

“Brothers! do ye not keep
Our law of the olden time,
For which, through ages of woe, we weep
In darkness, and sin, and crime?
There are sails from the distant West
Dotting our waters blue,
And the feet of strangers our shores have pressed,
But they came not, alas, from you!

“We know there's a God above,
We know there's a land of rest,—
But there's naught that whispers of pard'ning love
To our spirits by guilt oppressed!
We call to the earth below,—
To the calm, unanswering heaven,—
But no voice replies to our cry of woe
That can tell us of sins forgiven!

“And yet we look and wait,
With sorrowing hearts and sore,
If haply we may behold, though late,
Your sails from the western shore;—
O, come with that precious word
We lost in the far-off years,
And tell us the voice of woe is heard,
And God has beheld our tears!”

ALONE

Alone, alone!—the night is very silent,
Voiceless the stars are, and the pallid moon
Through the unknown sends down no tone, no utt'rance
To break the hush of midnight's solemn noon!
I stretch my arms toward the unanswering heavens,
'Tis empty space,—no form, no shape is here!
I call,—no answer to my cry is given,
Powerless my voice falls on Night's leaden ear!

Alone, alone!—I thought the dead were near me,—
The holy dead. E'en now, methought I heard
Low tones whose music long ago did cheer me,
That shadowy hands the parting branches stirred
'Twas but the night wind's mournful sigh above me,—
'Twas but the lonely streamlet's grieving tone,
No voice comes back from those who once did love me,—
No white hand beckons—I am all alone!

Alone?—not so! One sacred, unseen Presence
Fills the far depths, broods round me and above,
Enfolding all in His own Omnipresence,
Pervading all with His unstinted love,
In Him I live, and move, and have my being,
My soul's deep yearnings all to Him are known,
On me in kindness rests His eye all seeing,
His arm upholds me,—I am not alone!

MARY

Thus early with the dead—
Thou of the young, fair brow, the laughing eye,
The light and joyous tread,—
Mary, we little thought thou would'st be first to die!

A little while ago
We saw thee first in girlhood's early bloom;
Now thou art lying low,
Thy pale hands crossed in slumber, silent in the tomb!

Ah me! 'tis hard to speak
Of thee as of the dead—the pale, still dead!—
'Tis hard to think the b'eak,
Stern blast of winter sweeps above thy low, cold bed!

* * * * *

Thus early with thy God!
'Twas a rich boon He sent whose loving voice
Called thee to His abode,
'Mid the sweet bowers of Heaven forever to rejoice!

Mary! thy feet have passed
The silent valley;—on thy placid brow
Heaven's sunlight falls at last,—
Thou'rt with God's shining ones—thyself an angel now!

Thank God! the dreary tomb
Has lost its sting! The Saviour broke death's reign,
Clothing with fadeless bloom
Frail human dust! In Heaven, Mary, we'll meet again!

“I AM DOING NO GOOD!”

“I am doing no good!” said a little rill,
As it rippled along at the foot of a hill,
“I am doing no good with my babbling here,
No one is listening,—no one is near!”

“No good!—no good!” said a violet blue,
As it shook from its petals the sparkling dew,
And opened its wondering, azure eyes
To the soft, clear light of the morning skies.

“No good?”—said a willow tree, bending low
To kiss the rivulet, “say not so!
Daily and hourly I draw from thee
The grace and beauty that dwell with me!”
And the rustling reeds in the marge that stood
Reproachfully murmured—“no good!—no good!”
“No good, indeed!”—cried a dainty bird,
And she sprang from her nest as the sound she heard,
And fluttered her wings o'er the sorrowing stream,
While her bright plumes flashed in the morning beam.
“Peace, peace, my brook!”—and the young leaves stirred
At the gushing notes of the happy bird—
“Do you not nourish the dear beech tree
That spreads its shelter for mine and me?
You give yon wild rose its beauteous hue,—
And yonder violet its tender blue,—
And yonder willow its foliage fair,—
And yonder lily its fragrance rare!
The sun is gracious and kind, we think,
But to you, my brooklet, we come *to drink!*
His beams with glory and warmth are rife,
But you afford us *the cup of life!*
Gentle rivulet, cease to pine!—
Sing, and be happy for me and mine!”

“And me!” said the lily, “and me!”—“and me!”
Said violet, and rose-bud, and willow tree;
And rustling reeds, and the gray, old beech
Tossing his arms high out of reach,—
Fluttering insect, and waving tree,
Murmured and rustled “for me!”—“and me!”

Then the rivulet brightening, sped along,
With a freer step and a gladder song,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Through many a valley and meadow green
Making her flowery foot-prints seen,—
Deepening ever and broadening out,
Greeting the hills with a joyous shout,—
Greeting the rocks with a soft caress,
And singing still in her joy's excess,
Till her song swelled out to an anthem free,
As she caught the flash of the distant Sea—
The glorious Sea that, with answering tone,
Welcomed his guest from the hill-side lone.

Then the Stream shook hands with the kingly main,
And, glancing back to her source again,
Beheld each place where her steps had been
Glowing in tenderest, loveliest green,—
Saw beauty and fruitfulness fresh and fair
Wherever her gladdening footsteps were,
And caught from the green hills far away
The echo of many a woodland lay,
And the perfume of many a wild flower borne
On the scented wings of the dewy morn.

And then the rivulet understood
That all along she'd been doing good;—
That a rich green belt on Earth's sunny breast
Was left to tell of her mission blest;—
That Earth with lovelier flowers was rife
For her calm footsteps and patient life;—
That giving much, she had gathered more,
Winning an ever-increasing store;—
And, at length, unfettered, and strong, and free,
A home she had found with the glorious Sea!

HAIL, RISEN LORD!

Hail, risen Lord, upon whose brow
The crown of victory resteth now,
 Unfading as the sun!
Hail, vanquisher of every foe,
Of Sin, dread source of all our woe,
 And Death—the last undone!

Hail, risen Lord,—the empty grave
Proclaims aloud thy power to save,—
 Thy high, victorious might!
Hail, Lord of life, and peace, and love,
On thy exalted throne above,
 In uncreated light!

Hail, risen Lord,—we bend the knee,
And lift the adoring eye to thee,
 And yield thee worship meet!—
And, while the angelic hosts on high
Shout their hosannas through the sky,
 We breathe them at thy feet

For here, 'mid darkness, sin, and death,
Our loudest praise is but a breath,—
 An infant's feeble sigh!
Yet, haply, to thy gracious ear
Our weak hosannas are as dear,
 As those that swell on high!

Hail, risen Lord,—exalted King,
Well may the highest heavens ring
 With rapture's sweetest lays!
Be ours to add our feeble sigh
To the full chorus of the sky,
 In reverential praise!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER

A voice missed by the dear home—hearth—
A voice of music and gentle mirth—
A voice whose lingering sweetness long
Will float through many a Sabbath song,
And many a hallowed, evening hymn,
Tenderly breathed in the twilight dim!
—But that missing voice, with a richer tone,
Is heard in the anthems before the throne;
And another voice and another lyre,
Are added now to the angel-choir!

There's a missing face when the board is spread—
There's a vacant seat at the table's head,—
A watchful eye and a helpful hand
That will come no more to that broken band.
—But she sits to-day at the board above,
In the tender light of a holier love;
And the kindling eye and the beaming face
At the feast on high hold a nobler place!

A form is missed in the hour of prayer,
At the altar, now, there's an empty chair,
Where one lonely pleader hath scarcely won
Strength, e'en yet, for "*Thy will be done!*"
—But that missing form in its saintly dress
Of Christ's unsullied righteousness,
Bows with worshipful accents sweet,
Where angels bow at the Saviour's feet

A step is missed by the cradle bed
Where an infant nestles its sleeping head—
Smiling, perchance, in his baby rest,
Deeming his pillow her gentle breast
—But the feet that moved with a soundless tread
In the calm still night by that cradle bed,
Beyond the waters of death now stand
Mid the fadeless flowers of the Heavenly land

O heart, sore pierced by the fatal dart—
O, wounded, suffering, bleeding heart—

Poems of the Heart and Home

More than all others doomed to miss
The glance, the accent, the smile, the kiss,—
Nothing is lost that you miss to day—
Not even the beautiful, death cold clay
But Jesus guards it with watchful eye,
Soon to restore it no more to die,
Clothed in the bloom of immortal life,
The sinless mother, the sainted wife!

PATIENCE

I.

I saw how the patient Sun
Hasted untiringly
The self-same old race to run;
Never aspiringly
Seeking some other road
Through the blue heaven
Than the one path which God
Long since had given;—
And I said;—“Patient Sun,
Teach me my race to run,
Even as thine is done,
Steadfastly ever;
Weakly, impatiently
Wandering never!”

II.

I saw how the patient Earth
Sat uncomplainingly,
While, in his boisterous mirth,
Winter disdainingly
Mocked at her steadfast trust,
That, from its icy chain,
Spring her imprisoned dust
Soon would release again;—
And I said;—“Patient Earth,
Biding thy hour of dearth,
Waiting the voice of mirth
Soon to re-waken,
Teach me like thee to trust,
Steadfast, unshaken!”

III.

I saw how the patient Stream
Hasted unceasingly,
Mindless of shade or gleam,
Onward increasingly,—
Widening, deepening
Its rocky bed ever,
That it might thus take in
River by river;—

And I said,—“Patient Stream,
Hasting through shade and gleam,
Careless of noontide beam,
Loitering never,
So teach thou me to press
Onward forever!”

IV.

I saw how the Holiest One
Sat in the Heaven,
Watching each earth-born son
Sin-tossed and driven,—
Watching war's mad'ning strife—
Brother 'gainst brother,
Reckless of love and life,
Slaying each other;—
And I said;—“Patient One,
On thy exalted throne,
Never impatient grown
With our dark sinning,
Though all its depth thou'st known
From the beginning—

V.

“Though thy fair Earth has been
Blood-dyed for ages,
Though in her valleys green,
Carnage still rages,
Thou, o'er whose brow serene,
Caldest and Holiest!
Angel has never seen,
E'en toward Earth's lowliest,
Shadows impatient sweep
Teach me, like thee, to keep
In my soul, still and deep,
Wavering never,
Patience—a steady light,
Burning forever!”

A PARTING HYMN.

Father in Heaven, to thee,
Guardian and friend,
Lowly the suppliant knee
Here would we bend!—
Blessing thee ere we part,
Each with a grateful heart,
For all thy love doth send—
Plenteous and free!

Thanks for thy hand outspread
Ever in power
O'er each defenceless head
In danger's hour!
Thanks for the light and love,
From thy full fount above—
A rich and constant shower,
O'er us still shed!

Go thou with us, we pray,
Whom duties call
To our high tasks away,
Each one, and all,—
Go, with thy Spirit's might,
Go, with thy Gospel's light
—Whatever may befall—
With us always

Now let thy blessing rest
On us anew—
Brother, and friend, and guest,
Tried ones and true—
Till, all our partings o'er,
Meeting, to part no more,
In Heaven we renew
Friendships so blest

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS

The Wind god, Eolus, sat one morn
In his cavern of tempests, quite forlorn,
He'd been ill of a fever a month and a day,
And the sun had been having things all his own way,
Pouring o'er earth such a torrent of heat
That the meadows were dry as the trampled street,
And people were panting, and ready to die
Of the fire that blazed from the pitiless sky

But the King felt better that hot June day,
So he said to himself "I will get up a play
Among the children by way of a change,
No doubt they are—feeling, like me, very strange
At this dreary confinement—a month and more,
And never once stirring at all out of door!
It is terribly wearisome keeping so still—
They all shall go out for a dance on the hill."

Then aloud he spake, and the dreary hall
Re-echoed hoarsely his hollow call:
"Ho! Boreas, Auster, Eurus, ho!
And you, too, dainty-winged Zephyrus, go
And have a dance on the hills to-day,
And I'll sit here and enjoy your play."

Then Boreas started with such a roar
That the King, his father, was troubled sore,
And peevishly muttered within himself—
"He'll burst his throat, the unmannerly elf!"
But Auster, angry at seeing his brother
Astart of him, broke away with another
As fearful a yell from the opposite side
Of the wind-cave, gloomy, and long, and wide.

One from the South, and one from the North,
The rough-tempered brothers went shrieking forth;
And faster, and faster, and faster still,
They swept o'er valley, and forest, and hill.
The clouds affrighted before them flew,
From white swift changing to black or blue;

Poems of the Heart and Home

But, failing to'scape the assailants' ire,
Fell afoul of each other in conflict dire.

Now hot, now cold—what a strife was there!
Till the crashing hailstones smote the air,
And men and women in country and town
Were hastily closing their windows down,
And shutting doors with a crash and a bang,
While the raindrops beat, and the hailstones rang,
And the lightnings glared from the fiery eyes
Of the furious combatants up in the skies,
And burst in thunder—claps far and near,
Making the timorous shake with fear.

Then Eolus with affright grew cold,
For his blood, you'll remember, is thin and old,
And his turbulent sons such an uproar made,
That, watching the conflict, he grew afraid
Lest in the rage of their desperate fight,
The pair should finish each other outright.
So he shouted to Eurus; "Away! away!
Come up from the East by the shortest way,
And try and part them; and you, too, go,
Zephyrus!—why are you loitering so?"

Then away sped Eurus shrieking so loud
That he startled a lazy, half-slumbering cloud,
That fled before him white in the face,
And dashed away at a furious pace.
But he drove it fiercely betwixt the two,
Who parted, and, scarce knowing what to do,
Descended, and each from an opposite place
Began to fling dirt in the other one's face.

Then round, and round, and round again,
They raced and chased over valley and plain,
Catching up, in their mischievous whirls,
The hats of boys and the bonnets of girls,—
Tossing up feathers, and leaves, and sticks,
Knocking down chimneys, and scattering bricks,
Levelling fences and pulling up trees,
Till Eolus—oftentimes hard to please—
Clapped his hands as his wine he quaffed,

Poems of the Heart and Home

And laughed as he never before had laughed

Cried Eurus;—"Ho, ho!—so this furious fight
Ends up in a romp and a frolic!—all right—
I am in for a share!" Then away went he,
And joined with a will in the boisterous glee,
Till, out of breath, ere the sun went down,
They all fell asleep in the forest brown.

A full hour afterwards, ambling along,
Came dainty Zephyrus humming a song,
And pausing—the truant—to kiss each flower
That blushed in garden, or field, or bower.
But no one was left to be merry with him,
So he danced with the leaves till the light grew dim,
And, as Twilight was going to sleep in the west,
He, too, fell asleep on a rose's breast.

STRIKE THE CHORDS SOFTLY

Strike the chords softly with tremulous fingers,
While, on the threshold of happiest years,
For a brief moment fond memory lingers,
Ere we go forth to life's conflicts and fears!

Strike the chords softly!—yet no, as we tarry,
Swiftly the morning is gliding away;
Weary ones droop 'neath the burdens they carry,
Toiling ones faint in the heat of the day.

Let us not linger!—Earth's millions are crying
“Come to us, aid us, we grope in the night!
Come to us, aid us, we're perishing, dying—
Give us, oh, give us, the heavenly Light!”

Let us not linger!—our brethren are calling,—
“Aid us, the harvest increases each day;—
Some have grown weary, alas, of their toiling!—
Others have passed from their labors away.”

Gracious Redeemer we go at thy bidding,
Gladly encountering peril and loss;
Take us—ourselves to thy work we are giving,
Give us—'tis more than we merit—*thy cross!*

AT HOME

I thought it pleasant when a manly sire
Weary of foreign travel, at the door
Of his own cottage left his dusty staff,
And entering in, sat down with those he loved
Beside the hearth of home;—and pleasant, too,
When a fond mother, absent for a day,
At eve returning, from the sunset hill
That overlooked her cot, descried her boys
Flying with joyous feet along the path
To greet her coming; and, with clasping hands
Of baby welcome, lead her through the gate
Of her sweet home.

Pleasant I deemed it, too,
When a young man, a wanderer for years
From those he loved, at length sat down again
With sire and mother in the twilight hour
At home;—and when a gentle daughter, long
From mother's kiss and father's blessing far,
Heard once again their ne'er forgotten tones
Giving her joyous welcome home again,
I felt that life had few such joys as that.
And yet, methought there was—canst tell me why—
Thou, who in Earth alone hast found thy bliss?—
A higher, sweeter, purer joy than those,
When, free from sin and Earth's encumb'ring cares,
A ransomed soul went home to be with Christ.
I knew a man in life's strong; healthful prime—
Aye more, the flush of youth was on his brow,
And all his bounding pulses were astir
With the great joy of work for God, while hope—
Such hope as only Heaven—taught manhood fires
To loftiest ambition—pointed down
The radiant vista of the coming years
To deeds immortal. But the Master called,
And, in mid-race he heard—“Come home, my child!”—
And paused, and listened in surprise and doubt.

“Come home my child!” Then, listening, I heard
The pale lips murmur, while the head was bent
In reverent submission—“Oh, so soon?—
So soon, my Lord? Thou knowest there is much
I fain would do for thee!—thy precious lambs
To gather and to feed—thy sheep to lead
In quiet pastures, and thy name beloved

Poems of the Heart and Home

To herald forth, till Earth's remotest shore
Shall thrill with rapture, and send up to thee
The new-born utterance of love's great joy!"

"Come home, dear child!"—again the Master's voice—
And eagerly he flung his robe aside,
Ungirt his loins, and cast his sandals by;
And while he sweetly sang—"I love the Lord!"—
Entered the peaceful river, and went o'er,
To be forever with the Lord he loved.

————— I knew an aged man,
Yet one scarce bent, with fresh, luxuriant hair
So beautifully white, and clear, blue, loving eyes;—
We almost worshipped that most princely man
In his pure, patriarchal beauty. But one day
A whisper came to him. It was so low
We heard it not, nor knew till he was gone—
Gone home! Our sun was set on earth,
Yet risen in Heaven; and through our falling tears
We saw our loved at home, thenceforth to be
Forever with the Lord—Oh, highest bliss—
Forever with his Lord!

Our mother slept
At eve in a poor, earthly home. At dawn
She stood upon the golden shore, a sainted one,
A victor crowned. We wept, as well we might,
When we looked down upon those folded hands
Whose tender touch had often thrilled along
Our baby temples,—those pale, patient hands
That toiled for us what time sweet slumber lay
On our young eyelids, and in sunny dreams
We gathered wild flowers on the hill-side green,
Or chased the butterfly 'mid orchard blooms,
While she, till the night waned, toiled bravely on—
Not for herself, but us, then knelt and prayed
For each young sleeper, ere herself might sleep.

This morn she slept, and every line that grief
Had ever left on her pale, settled face,
And every furrow care had ever traced
Upon her brow had faded in the calm
Of that blest slumber. Did we softly tread,

Poems of the Heart and Home

And hold our breath suspended, in vague fear
Of breaking the sweet spell, or all too soon
Rousing those tired feet to tread again
Their round of daily toil?—or did we check
Our rising grief, lest one o'er-lab'ring sob
From hearts so full, should banish the sweet smile
Which the glad vision of her Lord's dear face
Had left upon her lips? It may be so,—
And yet the hour of weeping was not long;
For, 'mid the light by mortal eyes unpierced,
We caught the gleam of her unsullied robe,
And we rejoiced, beholding her *at home!*

A little babe, a tiny, broken bud,
A snow-white, breathless lamb lay still and cold
Upon its mother's knees. She did not weep—
She did not pray; but with white, trembling lips
And stony gaze looked down upon her child,
And only moaned in gasping accents—“dead!
My tender babe, my lamb, my own sweet boy!—
Dead, silent, dead!”

Then sweet, as borne
O'er silver seas, there came a voice that said,
“*Do not their angels evermore behold
My Father's face in Heaven?*”—and, swift as thought,
Faith overswept the bounds of space, and caught
A glimpse of her beloved on Jesus' breast
Then tears gushed forth—a precious, healing flood—
And the lips murmured—“Safe, oh, safe at home!—
My bright boy waits at home, thank God, for me!”

Then let us ever when the righteous die
Speak of them joyously as gone before;
Not dead, but sweetly drawn within the veil
To the blest home we're nearing—to the house
Of Christ our Elder Brother, mansion fair,
Prepared and set in order by His hand,—
Their home, and ours to be; forevermore

SABBATH MEMORIES.

I love thee, Sabbath morn!—I cannot say
But 'tis because my father loved thee so,—
Because my mother's care—worn face would grow
So sweetly placid in thy peaceful ray;—

It may be, *that* is part of what endears
Thee, Sabbath, to my soul; for memory stirs
Old buried thoughts of his voice and of hers—
Heard never more on Earth—till sudden tears

So sadly sweet well up, I bid them flow,
They leave a Sabbath in the soul when past;
As when the sky, by April clouds o'ercast,
Shows fairer in the sun's returning glow.

I see the grass—grown lane we trod of old,
Dear father, sainted mother! while
The Sabbath sun looked down with loving smile,
And touched the hills and streams with rippling gold.

I hear your voices as ye talked, what time
In childish pride I walked before, and thought
This world a paradise, and Earth full—fraught
With blessedness and love,—a summer clime

Of changeless beauty!—Ah! those streams flow on,
Blue are those skies, as green the woods, as still
The Sabbath hush that foldeth vale and hill
In sweet embrace, but ye, beloved, are gone!

She sleeps in stranger dust.—He, old and lone,
Long waited by the river, staff in hand,
Till a voice called him, and he sought that land
Where age takes on fresh youth to change unknown.

Poems of the Heart and Home

And we are parted, brothers, sisters dear—
Alas, the band is broken!—One by one
Ye left the hill-side green,—the Sabbath sun
Finds those old paths to-day, forsaken, drear.

And Mem'ry paints me yet another scene—
A home, love-lighted by an earnest eye—
A home, of fellowship so pure, so high.
I pause, and ask myself, have such things been?—

Or have I dreamed?—Was it a blessed dream?—
A dream of peace, and rest, and hallowed calm,—
The skies all sunshine, and the air all balm,—
The tranquil hours aglow with Heaven's own beam?—

A dream?—a dream?—the long, long, clouded day
That ended in a longer, sadder night,
When, in my home went out that blessed light,
And Love from its hushed chambers passed away?

O no!—oh no! 'Tis but the old, old tale
Of human bliss and human agony,—
Of morning's joy-bells ringing full and free,—
And evening's hollow winds and funeral wail!

Yet thou art left me, Sabbath! In thy light
I sit and muse, this sweet, June morning, till
The past, with all its varied scenes of good and ill,
Fades from my thought—fades, with the bliss and blight,

The short-lived transports of those buried years,—
The summer flowers I gathered with such pains,—
The gold I hoarded in slow-gathered grains,—
All lost,—the summer chilled by Autumn's tears,—

The long, lone, flowerless autumn—when the sun,

SABBATH MEMORIES.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Hurled from his zenith, shivered cold and pale
On the horizon's verge—the funeral wail
O! tempest—burdened winds through forests dim,

And desolate, and drear,—all pass away
This morn, O Sabbath, in thy hallowed light,
And, glancing far beyond the infinite
Of thy blue heavens, where a clearer day

Lights the Eternal hills, I seem to see
The Heavenly City, whence the radiant gleam
Of a fair Temple, and a crystal stream
Of living water wanders down to me

In changeless light! O Home!—O Rest!—O Heaven!
Thus to thy hallowed calm I'd look away,
Sabbath of God!—Eternal Sabbath day!
Till to my soul thy tranquil rest is given.

THE EYE THAT NEVER SLEEPS

When the heavy, midnight shadows
Gather o'er a slumbering world,
And the banner folds of darkness
Are in gloomy pomp unfurled,—
Think, lone watcher, pale and tearful,
In thy sad, unpitied lot,
By the death couch waking, weeping,
There is One who slumbers not!—
One who, though no mourning brother
Share thy vigils lone and drear,
Loving, pitying, as no other
Loves or pities, watches near!

When the waves, o'erwrought by tempest,
Lift their strong arms to the skies,
And amid the inky darkness
Shrieks of winds and waters rise,—
Mariner, 'mid doubt and danger,
Wildly tossed upon the deep,
Think, o'er all in power presiding
There is One who does not sleep—
One who holds the risen tempest
In obedience to His will,
Who, to still its wildest fury,
Need but whisper—"Peace, be still"

When, weighed down by heavy anguish,
Waking, sad, at midnight lone,
Sorrowing mourner, thou dost languish
For affection's missing tone,—
When thy heart o'er buried treasures
In its uncheered misery weeps,
Think, that gently watching o'er thee,
Is an eye that never sleeps!
And, above the mournful shadows,
Lift thy heart so lone and riven,
Up to Him who 'mid thy sorrows
Woos thee still to hope and Heaven

BY AND BY

*God will not let His bright gifts die
If I may not sing my songs just now
I shall sing them by and by*
A young man with a Poet's soul,
And a Poet's kindling eye—
Dark, dreamy, full of unvoiced thought—
And forehead calm and high,
Toiled wearily at his heavy task
Till his soul grew sick with pain,
And the pent up fires that burned within
Seemed withering heart and brain

“Work, work, work!” he murmured low,
Glancing up at the golden west—
Work, with the sunset heavens aglow
By the hands of angels dressed,
Work for this perishing, human clay,
While the soul, like a prisoned bird,
Flutters its helpless wings always
By passionate longings stirred

“I hear in the wandering zephyr's song
Tones that no others hear,
And alien melodies all day long
Are murmuring in my ear,—
Phantoms of beauty in cloud and flower
Haunt me where'er I stray,
And flit thro' the green of the summer bower,
At the close of each toil spent day

“There are voices that sigh in the wind's low sigh,
Or wail in the tempest's roar,—
That sing in the brooklets that wander by,
Or sob along ocean's shore;—
I hear them ever, yet may not stay,
To list to the rhythmic strain;
And the unvoiced melodies die away,
Never to come again.

“Something I see in the lightning's flash
That my fellows may not see,
And something hear in the thunder's crash,
That cometh alone to me;—
But the glory fades ere I gather it in,
And fix it in brain or heart;
And the strains I caught thro' the elements' din,
Are lost in Toil's crowded mart.

“O haunting strains of unuttered song!
O tenderest melodies lost!
O sweet, stray notes of the heavenly throng
On the wing of the tempest tossed!
O spirit-harp that, untouched, untuned,
To each subtle influence thrills,
As thrills some wild, Aeolian harp,
To the breezes that sweep the hills!—

“I thirst, I pant, to be free to list
To the voices that call to me,
From flood and fountain, from vale and height,
From forest, and shore, and sea,—
To gaze on the Beauty whose subtle fire
Breaks on me thro' Nature's eyes,
And pour from the strings of my unused lyre
All tenderest harmonies!”

Ah, thirsty spirit! the day will come,
When, the sway of this mortal o'er,
Thou shall strike thy lyre with a fearless hand
On a brighter, calmer shore;
For God, who giveth the breath of Song,
Will not let His bright gifts die;
And though thy harp-strings be silent long,
Thou shalt waken them by and by.

Aye! and the Music that seemeth lost
Shall linger in Memory's cells,
As lingers along the Alpine heights
The echo of vesper-bells;—
Not lost, but waiting the freer pulse
Of the life thou yet shalt know,

Poems of the Heart and Home

To blend with the tides of enraptured song
That the Heavenly heights o'erflow.

And the Beauty that, lost to thee, seemeth now
Sealed in thy heart shall stay,
As the sun-ray sealed in the diamond's heart,
Burns on with unchanging ray,
Then take with gladness the joy that steals
The sting of thy toil away,
And wait in hope for the higher joy
That shall crown thee another day.

THE ONE REFUGE.

I.

Storms gather o'er thy path,
Christian!—the sullen, tempest-darkened sky
Grows lurid with the elemental wrath,—
Say, whither wilt thou fly?

God is my Refuge!—let the tempests come,
They will but speed me sooner to my home!

II.

Night lowers in sullen gloom,
Christian!—a long, dark night awaiteth thee,
Dreary as Egypt's night of fear and doom,—
Where will thy hiding be?

God is my refuge!—in the dreary night
In Him I dwell, and have abundant light!

III.

Thine is a lonely way,
Christian!—and dangers all thy path infest;
Pitfalls and snares crowd all thy doubtful way,—
Where is thy place of rest?

God is my Refuge!—safe in Him I move,
And feel no fear, kept by sustaining Love.

IV.

The grave—that dreary place,
Christian, the lonely dwelling in the dust
Awaits thee; 'tis the doom of all thy race,—
Where, then, shall be thy trust?

God is my refuge! Sweet will be my rest
On the dear pillow that my Saviour pressed!

V.

Alas!—that dreamless sleep—
Christian, its chains are strong, and hard to break;
All thy belov'd sleep on in silence deep,
And dost *thou* hope to wake?

God is my refuge! I shall wake and sing—
“O grave! where is thy vict'ry?—death thy sting?”

JUDSON'S GRAVE.

He sleeps where the billow
Lifts high its white crest
O'er his lone, sea-weed pillow
On Ocean's dark breast;
No shroud is around him,
No flowers bloom above,
No mourners surround him
With grief—drops of love.

But the limitless ocean
His requiem sings,
As, with tireless motion,
The green billow springs
Toward the infinite heaven,
Blue, bending above,
Where angels are watching
His slumbers in love.

Oh! boundless his tomb is,
Far-reaching, sublime,
Stretching forth in immenseness
To every clime;
Thus boundless his love was,
On every side
Spreading freely wherever
Man sorrowed or died.

Sleep, Judson! no grave—dust
Shall rest on thy head,
In sunlight or starlight
No marble shall shed
Its shadow sepulchral
Above thee,—no tomb
Save Earth's grandest and vastest,
May give to thee room!

Man marks not thy pillow
With yew—tree or stone;
But God, o'er the billow,
Keeps watch of His own;

Poems of the Heart and Home

And glorious thy rising,
O crowned one, will be,
When Jehovah shall summon
His dead from the sea!

SHALL BE FREE.

“ALL PERSONS HELD AS SLAVES, within said designated States and parts of States, ARE, AND HENCEFORWARD SHALL BE FREE!”

—*Proclamation of Emancipation, Jan. 1st, 1863.*

“Shall be free! shall be free!”—lo, the strong winds have caught it,
And borne it from hill top to hill top afar,
And echo to answering echo has taught it,
Through the din of the conflict, the thunder of war!
It has flashed like the lightning from ocean to ocean,
Across the black face of the skies it has blazed,
And strong men have thrilled with unwonted emotion,
And shouted for joy as they listened and gazed!

“Shall be free! shall be free!”—the poor, manacled “chattel”
Has caught the sweet word amid fetters and blows;
It has burst on his ear through the tumult of battle,
Through the shoutings of friends and the cursings of foes;
And lifting his poor, fettered hands up to heaven,
He has joined in the song that ascended to God;
Or, kneeling in trembling rapture, has given
Thanksgiving to Him who has broken the rod!

“Shall be free! shall be free!”—there are ears that have listened,
There are lips that have prayed through long, agonized years,
There are eyes that with hope's fitful radiance have glistened
Yet, as hope was deferred, have grown heavy with tears
Joy! joy!—thou hast heard it at last, lonely weeper,
Look up, for the prayer of thy anguish is heard.
Look up, ye bruised spirits, for God is your keeper,
And the heart of His boundless compassion is stirred.

“Shall be free! shall be free!”—O Humanity, listen
The Dawn that long since on the pale “Watcher” shone
Now higher, and brighter, and clearer has risen,
As the Day star rides on toward the glories of noon.
Those words that rang out from the isles of the ocean,
Sarmatia has echoed from mountain to sea
And America, from her red field of commotion,
He echoes the same stirring words—“Shall be free!”

Poems of the Heart and Home

Hark!—all the wild air is astir with the tempest!
The swift lightnings leap in red arrows on high!
Winds shriek to mad winds, and the hoarse thunder answer
As it ploughs its dread path through the shuddering sky!
There are hisses of serpents, and howlings of demons,
And moanings of anguish by land and by sea,
But, clearer than angel tones, high o'er the tumult,
Rings out the glad utterance—“they shall be free!”

And lo! dimly seen, on the crest of the billow
Lashed white by the storm, undismayed and serene,
Moves that form that once bent o'er the sufferer's pillow,
And touched the dim eyes till strange glories were seen
And sweetly, to ears that will patiently listen,
That voice which spake “peace” to turbulent sea,
Now speaks through the roar of the tempest uprisen,
In tones unmistakable,—“THEY SHALL BE FREE!”

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER FAMILY ON HER GOLDEN-WEDDING DAY.

Just fifty years, my daughters,
Just fifty years, my son,
Since your sire and I together
The march of life begun.
It does not seem so long ago
As *half a hundred years*,
Since hand in hand we started out,
To face life's toils and tears.

And toils, and tears, too, we have met;
Yet sunbeams oft have come—
Many and beautiful, and bright—
To cheer our happy home;
Sweet infant faces, thro' the years,
Are smiling back to me;
And, God be praised, each precious one
Still at my side I see!

Yet ye are changed, my children three,
Your baby-bloom is gone;
And you are growing old, I see,
Grey hairs are coming on;
Yet when I, musing, close my eyes,
I see you as you were
In those old years when cloudless skies
Dropped sunshine on your hair.

The patter of your busy feet
Still rings upon the floor,
And song, and jest, and laughter sweet
Float round me as of yore;—
Yet when I open eager eyes,
To watch your pastimes gay,
Your children's faces round me rise—
Yourselves have done with play.

And there was one—a little one—
Who slumbered on my breast—
I loved and cherished as my own,
That dove that sought your nest;
And *she* is here,—I see her face
Among my own to-day;—
Thank God for all the loves I trace,
Along life's devious way!

And yet there's one we miss to-day,—
The last to quit our side,—
The one who wandered far away
The day she was a bride.
Were she but here, our chain of love
No missing link would show,
And every face we called our own
Would still around us glow.

Well, *half a century* is, I know,
A long, long stretch of time;
And truly once we deemed it so,
When we were in our prime.
But as we've glided down the years
They've shorter seemed to grow,
And now, how brief the time appears
Since fifty years ago!

And, husband, you and I have changed
Since that old wedding day;—
I viewed you then with partial eyes—
“Fond, girlish eyes” you'd say;—
But were my eyes as keen as then,
And I allowed to scan
The handsomest of handsome men,
You still would be the man.

The man of men!—'twas so I thought
Just fifty years ago,
When you and I joined hands for life;
And yet, I did not know
Half—half as well as I do now,
How dear you were that day;
And ever dearer still you've grown

As years have rolled away!

And still this fiftieth wedding-day
I have thee by my side—
An old man, weary, bent, and grey,
My tall tree tempest tried.
And yet I do aver that thou
Art fairer in my sight,
As in thy face I gaze just now,
Than on our wedding night!

And husband—oh, the best of all,
We'll soon be young again,
And free to tread with buoyant feet
A brighter, holier plain;—
We'll soon have done with pain and age,
And weariness and strife,
Soon end our earthly pilgrimage
In new, exultant life.

For you and I, dear, have a home—
A mansion of our own—
Where change and blight can never come,
And sorrow is unknown;
And soon we're going to enter in,
And with our Lord sit down,—
Heirs of His glory and His bliss,
His kingdom and His crown!

Many we love have thither gone,
And soon we'll be there too,—
And, children, you will follow on,
We shall look out for you
Oh, may we, in that blessed throng
Of saved ones robed in white,
Not miss a single dear loved face
That smiles on ours to night!

Just fifty years of wedded life
In the dear past I see,
Before us spreads—not fifty years—

Poems of the Heart and Home

But all Eternity
And while, 'mid ever deepening bliss,
The tranquil ages glide,
Still, hand in hand and heart in heart,
With Christ we shall abide!

THE EARTH VOICE AND ITS ANSWER

I plucked a fair flower that grew
In the shadow of summer's green trees—
 A rose petalled flower,
 Of all in the bower,
 Best beloved of the bee and the breeze
I plucked it, and kissed it, and called it my own—
 This beautiful, beautiful flower
That alone in the cool, tender shadow had grown,
 Fairest and first in the bower

Then a murmur I heard at my feet—
A pensive and sorrowful sound,
 And I stooped me to hear,
 While tear after tear
Rained down from my eyes to the ground,
 As I, listening, heard
 This sorrowful word,
So breathing of anguish profound:—

“I have gathered the fairest and best,
I have gathered the rarest and sweetest,
 My life—blood I've given
 As an off'ring to Heaven
In this flower, of all flowers the completest
 Through the long, quiet night,
 With the pale stars in sight,—
 Through the sun-lighted day
 Of the balm-breathing May,
I have toiled on, in silence, to bring
 To perfection this beautiful flower,
 The pride of the blossoming bower—
The queenliest blossom of spring.

“But I am forgotten;—none heed
Me—the brown soil where it grew,
 That drank in by day
 The sun's blessed ray,
And gathered at twilight the dew;—
 That fed it by night and by day
 With nectar drops slowly distilled
 In the secret alembic of earth,
 And diffused through each delicate vein
Till the sunbeams were charmed to remain,
Entranced in a dream of delight,
Stealing in with their arrows of light

Poems of the Heart and Home

Through the calyx of delicate green,
The close-folded petals between,
Down into its warm hidden heart—
Until, with an ecstatic start
At the rapture, so wondrous and new,
That throbbed at its innermost heart,
Wide opened the beautiful eyes,
And lo! with a sudden surprise
Caught the glance of the glorious sun—
The ardent and worshipful one—
Looking down from his heavenly place,
And the blush of delighted surprise
Remained in its warm glowing eyes,
Evermore on that radiant face

“Then mortals, in worshipful mood,
Bent over my wonderful flower,
And called it 'the fairest,'
The richest, the rarest,
The pride of the blossoming bower
But I am forgotten. Ah me!
I, the brown soil where it grew,
That cherished and nourished
The stem where it flourished,
And fed it with sunshine and dew

“O Man! will it always be thus?—
Will you take the rich gifts that are given
By the tireless workers of earth,
By the bountiful Father in heaven,
And, intent on the worth of the gift,
Never think of the maker, the giver?—
Of the long patient effort,—the thought
That secretly grew in the brain
Of the Poet to measure and strain,
Till it burst on your ear, richly fraught
With the rapturous sweetness of song?—

What availeth it, then, that ye toil,
You, thought's patient producers, to be
Unloved and unprized,
Trodden down and despised
By those whom you toil for, like me—
Forgotten and trampled like me?—“

Then my heart made indignant reply,

Poems of the Heart and Home

In spite of my fast falling tears—
In spite of the wearisome years
Of toil unrequited that lay
In the track of the past, and the way
Thorn-girded I'd trod in those years—

“So be it, if so it *must* be!—
May I know that the thing
I so patiently bring
From the depths of the heart and the brain,
A creature of *beauty* goes forth,
Midst the hideous phantoms that press
And crowd the lone paths of this work-weary life,
Midst the labor and care, the temptation and strife,
To gladden and comfort and bless!

“So be it, if so it *must* be!—
May I know that the thing
I so patiently bring
From the depths of the heart and the brain,
Goes forth with a conquerors might,
Through the gloom of this turbulent world,
Potent for truth and for right,
Where truth has so often been hurled
'Neath the feet of the throng—
The hurrying, passionate throng!—

“What matter though I *be* forgot,
Since toil is itself a delight?—
Since the *power* to do,
To the soul that is true,
Is the uttered command of the Lord
To labor and faint not, but still
To pursue and achieve,
And ever believe.
That ACHIEVEMENT ALONE IS REWARD!”

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

Thou hast entered the land without shadows,
Thou who, 'neath the shadow, so long
Hast sat with thy white hands close-folded,
And lips that could utter no song;
Through a rift in the cloud, for an instant,
Thine eyes caught a glimpse of that shore,
And Earth with its gloom was forgotten,
And Heaven is thine own evermore!

We see not the glorious vision,
Nor the welcoming melodies hear,
That, from bowers of beauty Elysian,
Float tenderly sweet to thine ear;
Round us, lie Earth's desolate midnight,
Her winter-plains bare and untrod,—
Round thee, is the glad, morning sunlight
That beams from the City of God!

Our eyes have grown heavy with weeping,—
Thine, “the King in his beauty” behold
And thou leanest thy head on His bosom,
Like him, the beloved, of old;
The days of thy weeping are ended,
Thy sorrow and suffering done,
And angels thy flight have attended
To the side of the Crucified One.

On thy hearth—stone the ashes are fireless,
In thy dark home the lights never burn,
In thy garden the sweet flowers have perished,
To thy bower no song—birds return!
Yet a mansion of bliss glory-lighted,
Where anguish and death are unknown,
Where beauty and bloom are unblighted,
Henceforth is forever thine own!

Oh! joy for thee, glorified spirit!
With Jesus forever to be,
And with sinless and sainted companions
The bliss of His Paradise see!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Joy, joy!—for thy warfare is finished,
Thy perilous journeying o'er,
And, above the deep gloom of Earth's shadows,
Thou art dwelling in Light evermore!

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

I.

Beautiful Autumn is dead and gone—
 Weep for her!
Calm, and gracious, and very fair,
With sunny robe and with shining hair,
And a tender light in her dreamy eye,
She came to earth but to smile and die—
 Weep for her!

Nay, nay, I will not weep!
 She came with a smile,
 And tarried awhile,
 Quieting Nature to sleep;—
 Then went on her way
 O'er the hill-tops grey,
And yet—and yet, *she is dead*, you say!
Nay!—she brought us blessings, and left us cheer,
And alive and well shall return next year!—
 Why should I weep?

II.

Desolate Winter has come again—
 Frown on him!
He comes with a withering breath,
 With a gloomy scowl,
 With a shriek and a howl,
Freezing Nature to death!
 He stamps on the hills,
 He fetters the rills,
And every hollow with snow he fills!
Frown on the monster grim and old,
With snowy robes and with fingers cold,
 And a gusty breath!

Nay, nay! I shall give him a smile!—
 For I know by the sleet,
 And the snow in the street,
 He has come to tarry awhile.
Ho, for the sleigh-bells merrily ringing!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Ho, for the skaters joyously singing—
Over the ice-fields gliding, swinging!—
So let the Winter-king whiten the plain!
Fetter the fountains and frost the pane,
 His greeting shall be—
 Not a frown from me,
 But a smile—a smile!

TILL TO-MORROW.

Good night! good night!—the golden day
Has veiled its sunset beam,
And twilight's star its beauteous ray
Has mirrored in the stream;—
Low voices come from vale and height,
And murmur soft, good night! good night!

Good night!—the bee with folded wings
Sleeps sweet in honeyed flowers,
And far away the night-bird sings
In dreamy forest bowers,
And slowly fades the western light
In deepening shade,—good night! good night!

Good night! good night!—in whispers low
The ling'ring zephyr sighs,
And softly, in its dreamy flow,
The murm'ring brook replies;
And, where yon casement still is bright,
A softer voice has breathed good-night!

Good night!—as steals the cooling dew
Where the young violet lies,
E'en so may slumber steal anew
To weary human eyes,
And softly steep the aching sight
In dewy rest—good night! good night!

**OUR COUNTRY;
—OR,—
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.**

Over the waves of the Western sea,
Led by the hand of Hope she came—
The beautiful Angel of Liberty—
When the sky was red with the sunset's flame,—
Came to a rocky and surf-beat shore,
Lone, and wintry, and stern, and wild,
The waves behind her, and wastes before,
And the Angel of Liberty, pausing, smiled.

“Here, O Sister, shall be our rest!”
Softly she sang, and the waters shone
While a mellower radiance flushed the west,
Lingering mountain and vale upon;—
Sweetly the murmurous melody blent
With flow of rivers and woodland song,
And wandering breezes that singing went,
Joyously wafted the notes along.

Acadia lifted her mist-wreathed brow,
Westerly gazing with eager eye,
And lakes that sat in the sunset glow
Flashed back upon her in glad reply;—
On, with every murmuring stream,
On, with every wandering breeze,
Floated the strain through the New World's dream,
Till it died on the far Pacific seas.

* * *

Many a season came and went,—
Many a changeful year sped by,—
Many a forest its proud head bent,—
Many a valley looked up to the sky;
Patient Labor and bold Emprise,
Art, Invention, Science, Skill,
Each for each 'neath those northern skies
Toiled together with earnest will.

Up the mountain, and down the glen,
And far away to the level West,
Hosts of dauntless, unwearied men
Onward ever with firm foot pressed;
The blue axe gleamed in the wintry light,
And forests melted like mist away,
Through virgin soils went the ploughshare bright.
And harvests brightened the summer day.

Learning gathered around her feet
Listening crowds of aspiring youth;
Meek Religion with accents sweet
Guided her vot'ries in ways o' truth;
Countless church—spires pierced the skies,
Countless temples of Science wooed
To thought's arena of high emprise
An eager, emulous multitude.

White sails dotted the waters blue,
Hamlets smiled amid valleys green,
Populous cities sprang and grew
Where swamp and wilderness erst were seen;
Fleet as the tempest the iron—steed
Shook the hills with his thunderous tread;
From shore to shore, with the lightning's speed,
Couriers electric man's errands sped.

Then kindred States that had stood apart
Stretched to each other fraternal hands,
And, each to all, with a loyal heart,
Bound themselves with enduring bands;—
Then the Angel of Liberty smiled once more,
Softly singing—“O Lands, well done!”
And the strains were wafted from shore to shore
To the far—off climes of the setting sun.

“Here, O Sister, shall be our rest!”
—Again the beautiful Angel sung—
Long, oh long, shall these climes be blessed,
Free and fetterless, brave and young,
If only loyal to Him who reigns
Over all nations the Lord Most—High,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Monarch of Heaven's serene domains,
Ruler of all things below the sky.

“Bow to His service, O young, bright lands!
Give Him the bloom of your joyous youth!
Lift to Him always adoring hands!
Worship Him ever in love and truth!
So shall ye still, as the glad years rise,
Ever more stable and glorious be,
Heir of all loftiest destinies,
HOPE OF HUMANITY! HOME OF THE FREE!”

JESUS THE SOULS REST.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and

I will give you rest.“

I gave myself to Jesus

In my sunny childhood's years,

When on my young, unsullied cheek

There lay no trace of tears;

I little knew what gift I gave,

Nor yet what gift I took;

For life without and life within

Were each a sealed-up book.

But soon enough unfolding years

Brought sorrow, toil, and pain,—

Brought disappointment's burning tears,

And yearnings wild and vain;

And then I learned what precious Gift

In Jesus I received

In that still hour of childish trust,

When my young heart believed.

'Twas then I knew what arm unseen

Was round me 'mid the strife,

The blighted hope, the toil uncheered,

The cold, rude storms of life;

And when the reeds on which I leaned

All failed me one by one,

I clasped my pierced and bleeding hands,

And wept, but *not alone*.

For He was near me midst the strife,

And, leaning on His arm,

I trod the thorny paths of life,

Safe sheltered from all harm;

The while He whispered to my heart,

“I gave my life for thee!

Then, heavy laden as thou art,

Cast all thy care on me!”

Poems of the Heart and Home

“*On me!* ON ME!”—oh, gentle word!—
O Sympathy divine!—
O Fount of joy, how deeply stirred,
Within this heart of mine!—
O cool, sweet Waters, how ye stilled
The fever of my brain,—
And soothed the heart—strings that had thrilled
With agonizing pain!

My own,—My Rock!—the heavy tide
May beat in uproar dread,
Calmly 'gainst its unmoving side
I rest my weary head;—
For well I know how deep it strikes
Beneath the raging flood—
My Soul's firm Anchor 'mid the strife,
My Refuge and my God!

THE BEAUTIFUL ARTIST.

There's a beautiful Artist abroad in the world,
And her pencil is dipped in heaven,—
The gorgeous hues of Italian skies,
The radiant sunset's richest dyes,
The light of Aurora's laughing eyes,
Are each to her pictures given.

As I walked abroad yestere'en, what time
The sunset was fairest to see,
I saw where her wonderful brush had been
Over a maple tree—half of it green—
And the fairest coloring that ever was seen
She had left on that maple tree.

There was red of every possible hue,
There was yellow of every dye,
From the faintest straw-tint to orange bright,
Fluttering, waving, flashing in light,
With the delicate, green leaves still in sight,
Peeping out at the sunset sky.

She had touched the beech, and the scraggy thing.
In a bright new suit was dressed;
Very queer, indeed, it looked to me,
The sober old beech tree thus to see,
So different from what he used to be,
Rigged out in a holiday vest.

Red, and russet, and green, and grey—
He had little indeed of gold—
For the beech was never known to be gay,
Being noted a very grave tree alway,
Never flaunting out in a fanciful way
Like other trees, we are told.

But the beautiful artist had touched him off
With an extra tint or so;
And he held his own very well with the rest,

Poems of the Heart and Home

On which, I am sure, she had done her best,
Dressing each in the fairest kind of a vest,
Till the forest was all aglow.

There were the willow that grew by the brook,
And the old oak on the hill;
The graceful elm tree down in the swale,
The birch, the ash, and the bass-wood pale,
The orchard trees clustering over the vale,
And weeds that fringed the rill.

One, she had gilt with a flood of gold,
And one, she had tipped with flame;
One, she had dashed with every hue
That the laughing sunset ever knew,
And one—she had colored it through and through
Russet, all sober and tame.

Now this beautiful artist will only stay
A very few days, and then,
She will finish her gorgeous pictures all,
And hurry away ere the gusty squall
Ruins her work, and the sere leaves fail
Darkly in copse and glen.

Then welcome these pictures, so soon to fade,
While they're fresh, and bright, and new,
For a frosty night, and a gusty day,
And a withering blight are not far away,
So enjoy the beautiful while you may,
It was given, good friend, *for you!*

“LET US PRAY”

[Footnote: A precious memory is associated with these words. The voice that uttered them is silent now but the solemnity of their utterance has not passed away. The [below] is a feeble attempt to give it something like permanency.]

Bow the head in supplication,
Lowly, penitent, sincere,
Worthiest of adoration,
God, the Holy One is here!—
Here, while through the open casement
Gently beams the rising day,
While, in contrite self abasement,
Rev'rently we kneel and pray!

Let us pray!—we're weak and weary,
Faint of heart and slow of limb,
Over mountains dark and dreary
Lies our pathway—narrow, dim,
Thorn beset and demon-haunted,
Steep and slipp'ry is the way,
Would we tread it all undaunted,
Firm of footstep?—let us pray!

Let us pray!—on every spirit,
Secret, solemn records lie,
Of transgression and demerit,
On'y seen by God's pure eye,—
Secret sins, desires unholy,
Thoughts impure that once held sway,—
Oh, in penitence most lowly,
Deeply contrite, let us pray!

Let us pray!—we need forgiveness,—
Strength and patience to endure,—
For our arduous labors fitness,—
Spirits consecrate and pure,
Shelter need when storms are round us,—
Bread of Heavenly life each day,—
Help when hidden snares surround us,—
Guidance always—let us pray!

RICH AND POOR

Old Aleck, the weaver, sat in the nook
Of his chimney, reading an ancient book,
Old, and yellow, and sadly worn,
With covers faded, and soiled, and torn;—
And the tallow candle would flicker and flare
As the wind, which tumbled the old man's hair,
Swept drearily in through a broken pane,
Damp and chilling with sleet and rain.

Yet still, unheeding the changeful light,
Old Aleck read on and on that night;
Sometimes lifting his eyes, as he read,
To the cob-webb'd rafters overhead;—
But at length he laid the book away,
And knelt by his broken stool to pray;
And something, I fancied, the old man said
About "*treasures in Heaven*" of which he'd read.

A wealthy merchant over the way
Sat in his lamp-light's steady ray,
Where many a volume richly bound
And heavily gilded was lying round.
One, with glittering clasps was there,
Embossed, and pictured, and wondrous fair;
But the printed words were the very same
As those I read by the flickering flame
That gave me light as I stooped to look
Into the old man's tattered book,
And I knew by the page's spotless white,
No hand had opened it yet to the light.

"*Treasures In Heaven*"!—what, rich man, heir
To countless thousands, your thoughts are—where?
With these *he* read of?—No; ah, no!—
Over the storm-vexed waters they go,
Where stout ships buffet the blast to-night,
With never a glimmering star in sight!

Day fretted the east with its stormy gold,
But the turbulent ocean raged and rolled,
And dashed on many a rock girt shore
The wrecks of ships that would sail no more,—
Lifting, at times, to the topmost wave
Ghastly faces no hand could save,—

Poems of the Heart and Home

And then, far down with his treasures vain,
Burying each in the depths again.

And the merchant looked from his mansion fair,
Over the ocean, with troubled air;
And thought of his treasures, in one short night
Whelmed in the deep by the tempest's might;—
Ah,—I knew by that pale brow's deepening gloom,
That he owned no treasure beyond the tomb.

Day fretted the east with its stormy gold,
Creeping slow through a casement old,
And stealing sadly with faint, cold ray
Into the hut where the old man lay.
White and still was the scattered hair,
And the hands were crossed with a reverent air;—
Calm and stirless the eyelids lay,
Pale as marble and cold as clay,
But the lips were tenderly wreathed, the while,
With the beautiful light of a saintly smile;
And I knew he had passed from that desolate room
To a fadeless treasure beyond the tomb.

PALMER.

THREE YEARS OLD.

A light departed from the hearth of home,
Leaving a shadow where its radiance shone,—
A flower just bursting into life and bloom,
Lopped from its stem, the bower left sad and lone,—
A golden link dropped from love's precious chain,—
Gem from affection's sacred casket riven,—
Of music's richest tones a missing strain,—
A bird-note hushed in the blue summer heaven!

That light is gathered to its Source again,
Though long its radiance will be missed on earth,
That flower, transplanted to a sunnier plain,
Bloometh immortal where no blight has birth;
That missing link gleams in Love's chain above,—
That lost gem sparkles on the Saviour's breast,—
That music—uttrance, tuned to holier love,
Swells richly 'mid the anthems of the blest.
Thank God! there's nothing lost! A little while,
And what ye miss will be your own again
E'en the dear clay once more will on you smile
With life immortal throbbing in each vein
Tis well to leave your treasure with the Lord—
With One so tender your beloved to see,—
Back to the Source of life a life restored—
Then *where your treasure is let your affections be!*

BALMY MORNING

Balmy morning! blessed morning!
Dew—drops bright
All the emerald glade adorning
In thy light—
In thy golden glowing beam
With an ever—changeable gleam
Flashing sparkling deeply glowing
Varying tints of beauty showing
Everywhere
Radiant are
In thy welcome light!

Balmy morning! blessed morning!
Flowers look up,
With a precious, pearly offering,
In each cup—
Dewy offering gleaned by night,
As a tribute to the light,—
Far more precious than the gem
Of a monarch's diadem,
Is the gift
Which they lift
To thy welcome light!

Balmy morning! blessed morning!
Sounds of mirth,
From the vocal vales ascending,
Hail thy birth.
Happy birds in echoing bowers,
Waken all their tuneful powers,
And spontaneous music springs
From all animated things,—
Verdant hills,
Tuneful rills,
Joyful greet thy light!

Balmy morning! blessed morning!
How serene,
In thy calm and cloudless dawning
Smiles the scene!
Even man, by care oppressed,
Feels thy gladness thrill his breast,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Hails thee as a source of bliss,
Precious in a world like this,
 Gratefully
 Blessing thee—
Welcome, morning light!

SONG

Oh, take me where the wild flowers bloom!
Oh, take me where the wild flowers bloom!
I'm dying, mother dear!
And shades of ever deepening gloom
Are round, and o'er me here,—
The city's din is in my ear,
Its glitter mocks my eye,—
Oh, take me where the skies are clear.
And the hills are green, to die!

I do not dread the shadowy vale,
The river deep and chill,—
For, leaning on my Saviour's arm,
My soul shall fear no ill,—
But oh, to pass from Earth away
Where skies are blue above,
Where glad birds sing, and streamlets play,
And soft winds breathe of love!

And oh, within these fevered hands,
To clasp my flowers again!
To lay them on my weary breast,
And round my throbbing brain!
Then, feel the South wind o'er me pass
As long ago it swept,
When, 'mid the scented summer grass,
I laid me down and slept!

Oh, ever, in my fevered dreams,
The fountain's play I hear,—
The sighing winds, the rippling streams,
The robin's music clear,—
Old pleasant sounds are in my ear,
Sweet visions meet my eye—
Oh take me, take me, mother dear,
To the summer hills, to die!

THE PLOUGHMAN

Tearing up the stubborn soil,
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands, and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet there's lustre in his eye,
Borrowed from yon glowing sky,
And there's meaning in his glances
That bespeak no dreamer's fancies;
For his mind has precious lore
Gleaned from Nature's sacred store.

Toiling up yon weary hill,
He has worked since early morning,
Ease, and rest, and pleasure scorning,
And he's at his labor still,
Though the slanting, western beam
Quivering on the glassy stream,
And yon old elm's lengthened shadow
Flung athwart the verdant meadow,
Tell that shadowy twilight grey
Cannot now be far away.

See! he stops and wipes his brow,—
Marks the rapid sun's descending—
Marks his shadow far-extending—
Deems it time to quit the plough.
Weary man and weary steed
Welcome food and respite need
'Tis the hour when bird and bee
Seek repose, and why not he?
Nature loves the twilight blest,
Let the toil worn ploughman rest

Ye, who nursed upon the breast
Of ease and pleasure enervating,
Ever new delights creating,
Which not long retain their zest
Ere upon your taste they pall,
What avail your pleasures all?
In his hard, but pleasant labor,
He, your useful, healthful neighbor,
Finds enjoyment, real, true,

Vainly sought by such as you

Nature's open volume lies,
Richly tinted, brightly beaming,
With its varied lessons teeming,
All outspread before his eyes.
Dewy glades and opening flowers,
Emerald meadows, vernal bowers,
Sun and shade, and bird and bee,
Fount and forest, hill and lea,—
All things beautiful and fair,
His benignant teachers are

Tearing up the stubborn soil,
Trudging, drudging, toiling, moiling,
Hands, and feet, and garments soiling—
Who would grudge the ploughman's toil?
Yet 'tis health and wealth to him,
Strength of nerve, and strength of limb,
Light and fervor in his glances,
Life and beauty in his fancies,
Learned and happy, brave and free,
Who so proud and blest as he?

“HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.”

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO A DEAR FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF
A BELOVED FATHER.

The dawn—light wakes, and brightens to the day,
And the slow sun climbs the far eastern skies,
Then, down the western slopes pursues his way,
Till shadows deepen and the twilight dies;—
And still I muse, and wait, and list in vain
For feet that never, never will return,—
For loving words I may not hear again,
Howe'er with ear attent I wait and yearn.

O love that never wavered, never changed!
How shall I miss thee as the years go by?
O tenderest heart that could be estranged!—
O fount that age and suffering could not dry!—
O guiding hand to earliest thought endeared—
O hand that after clung so long to me!—
O patient Father, honored, loved, revered!
How shall I hear life's burden wanting thee?

Be still, fond heart!—another Father, thine—
Both *his* and thine—still on thee bends His eye;
Thou canst not walk alone, for Love Divine,
Unseen, yet near, each starting tear will dry.
Lean on the strong, true breast, of Love more deep,
More constant far than earthly love may be,
Who gently soothed his pain, and gave him sleep,
And shall enfold, uplift, and comfort thee!

So lay thy burden in His hands, and rest!
Thy Lord hath fathomed every earthly woe;
With patient feet Earth's thorniest pathway pressed,
And left the tomb with Heaven's light aglow;—
For, what them seest not now, some other day,
In lands unreached by sorrow's dreary knell,
Thou in His light shalt read, and meekly say,
“E'en so, dear Lord, Thou hast done all things well.”

SOMEWHERE

“For he looked for a city that hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God.”

I.

Somewhere, I know, there waits for me
A home that mocks the pomp of Earth,
Eye hath not seen its majesty,
Nor heart conceived its priceless worth,—
Talk not of crystal, gems, or gold,
Or towers that flame in changeless light,
Imagination, weak and cold,
Faints far below the unmeasured height!
And through its open doors for aye,
As ages after ages glide,
Without a moment's pause or stay,
Flows grandly in the living tide—
Brothers, redeemed ones, pressing home
From every clime, from every shore,
Beneath that fair celestial dome
Meet to be parted nevermore!

II.

Somewhere, I know, there waits for me
A holy, tranquillized repose,
Calmer than summer noontides be,
Softer than twilight's tenderest close—
Peace, deeper than the peace that stole
O'er the vexed Galilean flood,
When One, Almighty to control,
Breathed o'er it the still “peace” of God.
To break that calm, no throbbing pain
May ever come, no chilling fears,
No hopes unreached, no yearnings vain,
No love–light quenched in sorrow's tears;
But, while eternal ages glide,
That hallowed peace without alloy
Shall still increase, and still abide,
A deepening fount of holiest joy.

III.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Somewhere, I know, there wait for me
Sweet tones that wander back betimes
Through the charmed gates of Memory,
Like far-off swell of Sabbath chimes;
And fair, sweet faces, dimly seen
In the uncertain light of dreams,
And glances, tender and serene
As star-beams mirrored soft in streams;—
They wait for me who long have missed,
From the lone paths I since have pressed,
The hands I clasped, the lips I kissed,
The loves that life's young morning blessed,—
Wait long, while still, through mist and tears
I darkly wend my pilgrim way,
Until for me the dawn appears
And night gives place to perfect day
IV.

Somewhere, I know, in brighter lands,
ONE waits—"the Fairest of the Fair"—
With loving words and gentle hands,
To welcome all who gather there.
"Father, I will," we heard Him say,
"That those whom thou hast given me
Be with me where I am, that they
My glory evermore may see!"
And there, without a veil between,
The sweetness of His face to hide,
Him whom I've loved yet never seen,
I shall behold well satisfied—
And, viewing Him, shall sweetly be
Transformed into His image bright,
And through a glad Eternity
Walk in His love's unclouded light!

THE TIDE.

Landward the tide setteth buoyantly breezily,—
Landward the waves ripple sparkling and free,—
Ho, the proud ship, like a thing of life, easily,
Gracefully sweeps o'er the white-crested sea!
In from the far-away lands she is steering now,
Straight for her anchorage, fearless and free,—
Lo, as I gaze, how she seems to be nearing now,
Sun-lighted shores, a still haven, *and me!*

Landward the tide setteth!—mark my proud argosy
As the breeze flutters her pennons of snow,
Wafting from far the glad mariner's melody
O'er the blue waters in rhythmical flow!
Tell me, oh, soul of mine, what is the freightage fair
'Neath her white wings that she beareth to thee?
Treasures of golden ore, gems from Golconda's shore,
Lo, she is bringing me over, the sea!

* * * * *

Seaward the tide setteth hoarsely and heavily,—
Seaward the tide setteth steady and stern;—
Oh, my proud ship!—she has missed the still haven! see,
Baffled and drifting, far out she is borne!—
Far from the shore, and the weak arms that helplessly,
Wildly, are stretched toward the lessening sail!—
Far, far from shore, and the white hands that hopelessly
Flutter in vain in the loud shrieking gale!

Seaward the tide setteth—oh my rich argosy,
Freighted with treasures ungrasped and unwon!—
Oh, the dark rocks!—the dread crash!—the fierce agony!—
And seaward more madly the tide rushes on!
Gems and red gold won from Earth's richest treasury
Straw the dark floor of the pitiless sea,
Buried for aye—and my wealth-freighted argosy
Fades like the mist from the ocean *and me!*

ELOISE.

Eloise! Eloise!

It is morn on the seas,
And the waters are curling and flashing;
And our rock-sheltered seat,
Where the waves ever beat
With a cadenced and rhythmical dashing,
Is here—just here,
But I miss thee, dear!
And the sun-beams around me are flashing
O seat, by the lonely sea,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to day!
And the plaintive, grieving main
Hath a moan of hopeless pain
That it had not yesterday.

Eloise! Eloise!

It is noon; and the breeze
Through the shadowy woodland is straying;
And our green, mossy seat,
Where the flowers kissed thy feet
While the zephyrs around thee were playing,
Is here—just here;
But I miss thee, dear!
And the breezes around me are straying.
O seat, by the greenwood tree,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day!
And the sighing, shivering leaves
Have a voice like one that grieves
That they had not yesterday.

Eloise! Eloise!

It is eve; and the trees
With the gold of the sunset are glowing;
And our low, grassy seat,
With the brook at its feet
Ever singing, and rippling, and flowing,
Is here—just here;
But I miss thee, dear!
And the sunset is over me glowing.
O seat, by the brooklet free,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day!
And the brook, to me alone,
Hath a tender, grieving tone,

Poems of the Heart and Home

That it had not yesterday.

Eloise! Eloise!
It is night on the seas,
And the winds and the waters are sleeping;
And the seat where we prayed,
'Neath our home's blessed shade,
With the soft shadows over us creeping,
Is here—just here;
But I miss thee, dear!
And the drear night around me is sleeping.
O seat, where she prayed of yore,
O seat, where she prays no more,
I am kneeling alone to—night!
And the stern, unyielding grave
Will restore not the gift I gave
To its bosom yesternight.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

No martyr—blood hath ever flowed in vain!—
No patriot bled, that proved not freedom's gain!
Those tones, which despots heard with fear and dread
From living lips, ring sterner from the dead;
And he who dies, lives, oft, more truly so
Than had he never felt the untimely blow.

And so with him thus, in an instant, hurled
From earthly hopes and converse with the world.
Each trickling blood—drop shall, with sudden power
Achieve the work of years in one short hour,
And his faint death—sigh more strong arms unite
In stern defence of Freedom and of Right,
Than all he could have said by word or pen,
In a whole life of threescore years and ten!

Dead! fell assassin! did you think him *dead*,
When, with un murmuring lips, he bowed his head,
While round him bent pale, stricken—hearted men?
Never more grandly did he live than then!
Never that voice had such unmeasured power
To fire men's souls, as in that solemn hour,
When, on a startled world's affrighted ear,
“*E'er so with tyrants!*” rang out wildly clear.
And the red bolt that pierced his quiv'ring brain
Maddened a million hearts with burning pain!

Dead?—frenzied demon of the lash and whip,
What time you let your dogs of ruin slip
At his unguarded throat with raud'rous cry,
And passion—howl of rage and agony?—
Nay:—in that deathful hour, from shore to shore,
Men heard his voice who never heard before;
And, pale with horror by his bloody clay,
Vowed from that hour his mandate to obey,—
Nor rest till all your fiends of Crime and Lust,
'Neath Freedom's heel, lie weltering in the dust!

Dead? dead?—Nay!—'tis not thus that good men *die*!
Tis thus they win fame's immortality!
Thus does their every utt'rance grow sublime,—
A voice of power,—a watchword for all time!—
And the dead arm a mightier scepter sways,
Than his, who, living, half a world obeys!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Sleep, uncorrupted Patriot! faithful one!
Friend of the friendless! Freedom's martyred son!
Henceforth no land shall call thee all its own,—
The World, Humanity, the bruised and lone,—
The oppressed and burdened ones of every clime
Shall claim thee theirs, and bless thee thro' all time,
And "*are, and shall be free!*" from shore to shore
Speed grandly on till serfdom is no more,
And gentle brotherhood our sorrowing race
Link man to man in warm and true embrace!

GOD'S BLESSINGS.

“For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou
compass him as with a shield.”

Like the dew-drops that fall
Through the chill, midnight hours,
Unheeded by all,
On the close-folded flowers,—
E'en so, on thy chosen,
Grief stricken that bend,
Thy tenderest blessings
In silence descend.

Like the showers that moisten
The tree's shrivelled root,
And quicken its branches
To flower and fruit,
E'en thus, on thy people
Descend from above,
In richest abundance
The showers of thy love

Like the glad light that never
Our sad Earth forsakes,
But, as day fadeth, ever
In the star beam awakes,
So certain and constant,
So rich and unspent,
Thy blessings unstinted
From Heaven are sent.

Like the waters that fail not
Their course to fulfil,
Like the wind's tireless pinions
That never are still,
Like the day in its rising,
The night in its fall,
Thus constant thy blessing,
Great Father of all!

THE SILENT MESSENGER

I sat beside a bed of pain,
And all the muffled hours were still;
The breeze that bent the summer grain,
Scarce sighed along the pine-clad hill;
The pensive stars, the silvery moon
Seemed sleeping in a sea of calm.
And all the leafy bowers of June
Were steeped in midnight's dewy balm.

She seemed to sleep, for lull of pain
Had calmed the fevered pulse a while,
But, as I watched, she woke again,
With wondering glance and eager smile.
The pale lips moved as if to speak,
The thin hand trembled in my own,
Then, with a sigh for words too weak,
The eyelids closed, and she was gone.

Gone! gone!—but where, or how, or when?
I had not seen or form or face;
Unmarked God's messenger had been
Beside me in that sacred place—
No sound of footsteps as he came,
No gleam of glory as he went,
Swift as the lightning's arrowy flame,
Still as the dew the flowers that bent.

Yet she had heard the coming feet,
Had seen the glory of that face,
And, with unuttered raptures sweet,
Had sprung to welcome his embrace
As the swift arrow leaves the string,—
As the glad lark ascends the sky;—
And 'neath that soft o'ershadowing wing,
Swept past the radiant spheres on high.

O track of light! O car of flame!
The calm sky bears no trace of you;
The tranquil orbs sleep on the same,
In heaven's unclouded fields of blue;

Poems of the Heart and Home

And yet, upon this placid clay,
There lingers still that radiance blest,—
Sweet token that her untracked way
Led up to bowers of heavenly rest!

UNDER THE SNOW

Over the mountains, under the snow
Lieth a valley cold and low,
'Neath a white, immovable pall,
Desolate, dreary, soulless all,
And soundless, save when the wintry blast
Sweeps with funeral music past.

Yet was that valley not always so,
For I trod its summer-paths long ago;
And I gathered flowers of fairest dyes
Where now the snow-drift heaviest lies;
And I drank from rills that, with murmurous song,
Wandered in golden light along
Through bowers, whose ever-fragrant air
Was heavy with perfume of flowrets fair,—
Through cool, green meadows where, all day long,
The wild bee droned his voluptuous song;
While over all shone the eye of Love
In the violet-tinted heavens above.

And through that valley ran veins of gold,
And the rivers o'er beds of amber rolled;—
There were pearls in the white sands thickly sown,
And rocks that diamond-cruled shone;—
All richest fruitage, all rarest flowers,
All sweetest music of summer-bowers,
All sounds the softest, all sights most fair,
Made Earth a paradise everywhere.

Over the mountains, under the snow
Lieth that valley cold and low;
There came no slowly-consuming blight,
But the snow swept silently down at night,
And when the morning looked forth again,
The seal of silence was on the plain;
And fount and forest, and bower and stream,
Were shrouded all from his pallid beam.

And there, deep-hidden under the snow,
Is buried the wealth of the long-ago—
Pearls and diamonds, veins of gold,
Priceless treasures of worth untold,
Harps of wonderful sweetness stilled
While yet the air was with music filled,—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Hands that stirred the resounding string
To melodies such as the angels sing,—
Faces radiant with smile and tear
That bent enraptured the strains to hear,—
And high, calm foreheads, and earnest eyes
That came and went beneath sunset skies.

There they are lying under the snow,
And the winds moan over them sad and low.
Pale, still faces that smile no more,
Calm, doped eyelids whose light is o'er,
Silent lips that will never again,
Move to music's entrancing strain,
White hands folded o'er marble breasts,
Each under the mantling snow—drift rests;
And the wind their requiem sounds o'er and o'er,
In the oft-repeated “no more—*no more*“

“No more—no more!” I shall ever hear
That funeral dirge in its meanings drear,
But I may not linger with faltering tread
Anear my treasures—anear my dead.
On, through many a thorny maze,
Up slippery rocks, and through tangled ways,
Lieth my cloud-mantled path, afar
From that buried vale where my treasures are.

But there bursts a light through the heavy gloom,
From the sun-bright towers of my distant home;
And fainter the wail of the sad “no more”
Is heard as slowly I near that shore;
And sweet home-voices come soft and low,
Half drowning that requiem's dirge-like flow.

I know it is Sorrow's baptism stern
That hath given me thus for my home to yearn,—
That has quickened my ear to the tender call
That down from the jasper heights doth fall,—
And lifted my soul from the songs of Earth
To music of higher and holier birth,
Turning the tide of a yearning love
To the beautiful things that are found above;—
And I bless my Father, through blinding tears,
For the chastening love of departed years,—
For hiding my idols so low—*so low*—
Over the mountains, under the snow.

LONGINGS

Sleep, gentle, mysterious healer,
Come down with thy balm—cup to me!
Come down, O thou mystic revealer
Of glories the day may not see!
For dark is the cloud that is o'er me,
And heavy the shadows that fall,
And lone is the pathway before me,
And far—off the voice that doth call—
Faintly, yet tenderly ever,
From over the dark river, call.

Let me bask for an hour in the sun—ray
That wraps him forever in light;
Awhile tread his flowery pathway
Through bowers of unfailing delight;—
Again clasp the hands I lost sight of
In the chill mist that hung o'er the tide,
What time, with the pale, silent boatman,
I saw him away from me glide—
Out into the fathomless myst'ry,
All silent and tranquillized, glide!

Let me look in those eyes so much brighter
For the years they have gazed on the Son,—
On that pure brow grown purer and whiter
In the smile of God's glorified One;—
Let me rest for a while with closed eyelids,
On the bank of Life's river, to hear
The song he has learned since he left me,
Breathed tenderly sweet in my ear—
The song he has learned of the angels
And saved ones, breathed soft in my ear!

Thou canst not?—what! hast thou not entered
The gates of yon city of light?—
Not walked in the flower—bordered pathway
Of the saved ones in raiment of white?—
Never stood on the bank of Life's River,
Where gather the glorified throng?
Or glowed with emotion ecstatic
'Neath the swell of their rapturous song—
That song *he* has learned since he left me,

Poems of the Heart and Home

The redeemed ones' exultant, *new* song?

O Saviour, the wounded heart's Healer!
I turn from my sorrow to thee,
The gracious and tender Revealer
Of glories thy ransomed shall see!
They will pass—the dark cloud that is o'er me,
The shadows that darken my sky,
And the desolate pathway before me
Will lead to thy mansions on high;—
And with *him I shall rest in thy presence,*
Forever and ever on high!

FOUNT OF BLISS

“Yea I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”

Love of God!—amazing love!
Height, above all other height,
Depth no creature thought can prove,
Boundless, endless, infinite!
Howsoe'er I sink or rise,
Stretch my powers beyond, abroad,
Pierce the depths or climb the skies,
Find I still the love of God—
*Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free,
Evermore unsealed for me!*

Love of Christ!—amazing love!
Vast as His eternity;
Theme of angel-tongues above,
Theme of souls redeemed like me!
Outward to creation's bound,
Up to Heaven's serenest height,
Universal space around,
Swells the chorus day and night—
*Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free,
Evermore unsealed for me!*

Oh, these tongues that falter so
When we sing of love like this!
Oh, these songs that, faint and low,
More than half their sweetness miss!
Saviour, lift our music higher
Till the notes to rapture spring!
Touch our lips with hallowed fire
From thine altar while we sing—
*Fount of bliss, exhaustless, free,
Evermore unsealed for me!*

AWAY TO THE HILLS

A HOLIDAY SONG.

Away to the hills, away!—

There is health in the summer air;—
The rustling bough, and the bending spray,
And the breath of flowers are there—
The honey-bee's hum and the wild bird's song,
And sunshine and summer winds all day long!

Away to the hills, away!
There are peace and calmness there—
White cloudlets floating in light all day
Through the blue transparent air,—
Rose-tinted mornings and noontides rare,
And sunsets of crimson and gold are there!

Away to the hills, away!
From your weariness and care—
From toil that has held on with tyrant sway,
To quiet and calmness there;
And bask in the beauty and bloom that fills
The cool, sweet depths of the summer hills!

FLOWERS BY A GRAVE

Alien blossoms! tell me why
Seek ye such a lonely place,
Thus to bloom, and droop, and die
Far away from all your race?

Wherefore, from the sunny bowers
Where your beauteous kindred bloom,
Have ye come, O banished flowers!
Thus to decorate a tomb?

“Mortal, dost thou question why
Thus beside the grave we bloom?
Why we hither come to die,
Aliens from our garden—home?”

“’Twas Affection's gentle hand
Placed us thus her dead so near;—
Tis at weeping Love's command
That we breathe our fragrance here.

“Ask not why we wither here,
Thou who ne'er hast tasted woe,
Who hast never felt the tear
Of bereaved affection flow,—

“Ask not, till thy household band
By death's cruel stroke is riven,
Till some bright bird'scapes thy hand—
Then thy answer will be given!”

“THREE FOR THREE.”

“Giving up three for one!”—mother,
You said in the long ago,
When father, yourself, and John, mother,
I left, o'er the deep to go.
“Giving up three for one!”—mother,
You said, and it sank in my heart;
For tho' strong was my love for the one, mother,
It was hard from the three to part.

But to-day, as I sit alone, mother,
Rocking my little one's bed—
(Not Winnie's bed, dear, but her brother's—)
I am thinking of what you said;
And a sweet thought glads my heart, mother—
Can you guess what the thought can be?
'Tis, that tho' I'd but one in the start, mother,
Yet now I have *three* for three.

Yes, three for three, my mother,
God is good to your wandering child,
So far from her father and brother,
And you, in this western wild!
And tho' her heart oftentimes yearneth
For its loved ones over the sea,
Yet ever it gratefully turneth
To its home-ties—*three* for three.

Aye, three for three, sweet mother,
Say, am I not happy to-day?
Tho' something must ever be wanting,
While far from you all away;—
Then thank the dear Lord, my mother,
Who, afar o'er the lonely sea,
Is blessing your absent daughter,
With home ties—*three* for three!

NOW.

“Now is the accepted time.”

Now, sinner, now!

Not in the future, when thy longed-for measure
Thou hast attained, of fame, or power, or pleasure,
When thy full coffers swell with hoarded treasure,
Not then, but now.

God's time may not be thine. When *thou* art willing,
His Spirit may have taken flight forever,
No more thy soul with keen conviction filling,
Softening thy spirit to repentance never,—
Now, sinner, now!

Now, Christian, now!

Look round, and see what souls are daily dying;
List!—everywhere the voice of human crying
Smiteth the ear;—the moan, the plaint, the sighing,
Come even now.

Rise! gird thyself;—go forth where sorrow weepeth
And ease the pang. Where sin holds guilty revel,
Go tell of God! Where man securely sleepeth
On ruin's verge, go, warn him of the evil
Now, Christian, now!

Now, sinner, now!

Day waneth fast! The noon is spent! To-morrow
Is God's, not thine!—and dost thou hope to borrow
An hour from doom, when bursts the cloud of sorrow
That darkens now?

Nay; the red bolt, e'en now, vindictive flashes
The thunder rolls nearer, and still more near!
Hourly the tide of wrath more sternly dashes
On ruin's rocks!—oh, that thou wouldst but
Now, sinner, now!

Now, Christian, now

Gather thy sheaves—the harvest time is hasting
Gather thy sheaves—the precious grain is wasting!
Too many hours Earth's cup of nectar tasting
Thou'st wasted now!

Up, up!—the Master's coining steps already
Echoing adown the steeps of heaven are heard!
The angel-reapers, with firm hand and steady,

NOW.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Stand, dim–descried, waiting the signal–word
Now, Christian, now!

SUNSET

The glorious sun, behind the western hills,
Slowly, in gorgeous majesty, retires,
Flooding the founts and forests, fields and rills,
With the reflection of his golden fires.
How beautiful all, how calm, how still!
Yon star that trembles on the hill,
Yon crescent moon that raises high
Her beamy horns upon the sky,
Seem bending down a loving glance
From the unclouded skies,
On the green Earth that far away
In solemn beauty lies;—
And, like sweet Friendship in affliction's hour,
Grow brighter still the more the shadows lower.

SWEET EVENING BELLS

Soft evening bells!—sweet evening bells!
O'er vale and plain your music swells,
 And far away
 The echoes play
O'er shaggy mount and forest grey;
 And every rock its secret tells
 To your soft chime, sweet evening bells!

Soft evening bells!—sweet evening bells!
Now twilight drapes the woodland dells,
 And shadows lie
 On the closed eye
Of flowers that dream beneath the sky;
 Yet fainter, sweeter, tenderer swells
 Your dying chime, sweet evening bells!

O evening bells!—sweet evening bells!
With every note that sinks and swells,
 Sadly and slow
 The warm tears flow
In pensive pleasure more than woe,
 As Mem'ry wakes her witching spells,
 'Neath your soft chime, sweet evening bells!

UNKNOWN

Thou hast marked the lonely river,
On whose waveless bosom lay
Some deep mountain—shadow ever,
Dark'ning e'en the ripples' play—
Didst thou deem it had no murmur
Of soft music, though unheard?
Deem that, 'neath the quiet surface,
The calm waters never stirred?

Thou hast marked the pensive forest,
Where the moonbeams slept by night,
While the elm and drooping willow
Sorrowed in the misty light—
Didst thou think those depths so silent
Held no fount of tender song
That awoke to hallowed utt'rance
As the hushed hours swept along?

So, the heart hath much of music,
Deep within its fountains lone,
Very passionate and tender,
Never shaped to human tone!
Dream not that its depths are silent,
Though thou ne'er hast stooped to hear;
Haply, even thence some music
Floats to the All-Hearing ear!

ONWARD

Onward, still on!—though the pathway be dreary,—
Though few be the fountains that gladden the way,—
Though the tired spirit grow feeble and weary,
And droop in the heat of the toil—burdened day;
Green in the distance the hills of thy Canaan
Lift their bright heads in a tenderer light,
Where the full boughs with rich fruits overladen
Spread their luxurious treasures in sight.

Onward, still onward!—around us are falling
Lengthening shadows as daylight departs;
Up from the past mournful voices are calling,
Often we pause with irresolute hearts.
Wherefore look backward?—the flower thou didst gather
Wounded thy hand with the thorn it concealed,—
Onward, and stay not!—the voice of thy Father
Calls thee to glory and bliss unrevealed.

Onward!—Earth's radiance fadeth,—the glory
That gilded her brow when the noon was in prime
Faieth each hour, and the chill mist is hoary!
Gathering thick on the dim shores of time.
Yet as the stars come out brighter and clearer
While the day faints in the slow—fading west,
So do the home—lights grow larger and nearer,
Clearer the ray on the hills of thy rest.

Onward, and stay not!—the fountain, the flower,
Toward which thou'rt pressing with wearying haste.
Are but the mirage that floats for an hour,
Glowing and green o'er the desolate waste;
Yet from the distance come tender home—melodies
Borne from the Summer—land over the flood,
Lovingly wooing thee homeward and Heavenward
To the sweet rest of thy Saviour and God.

LOOKING BACK

Do the dancing leaves of summer
To the time of buds look back?—
Does the river moan regretful
For the brooklet's mountain-track?
Does the ripened sheaf of summer,
Heavy with precious grain,
Ask for its hour of blossom,
And the breath of Spring again?

Does the golden goblet, brimming
With the precious, ruby wine,
Look back with weary longing
To the damp and dusky mine?
Is the sparkling coin, that beareth
A monarch's image, fain
To seek the glowing furnace,
Where they purged its dross again?

Would the chiselled marble gather
Its rubbish back once more.
And lie down, undistinguished,
In the rough rock as before?
Does the costly diamond, blazing
On that crowned and queenly one,
Look back with sorrowful gazing
To the coarse unpolished stone?

And shall man, the grandly gifted,
Earth's monarch, tho' Earth's son,
Turn back to court the shadows
Of existence scarce begun?
Nay; with strong arm and helpful
To aid the world's great lack,
Press on, nor pause a moment,
Supinely to look back!

MINNIEBEL

Where the willow weepeth
By a fountain lone,—
Where the ivy creepeth
O'er a mossy stone,—
With pale flowers above her,
In a quiet dell.
Far from those who love her,
Slumbers Minniebel.

There thy bed I made thee,
By that fountain side,
And in anguish laid thee
Down to rest, my bride!
Tenderest and fairest,
Who thy worth may tell!
Flower of beauty rarest,
Saintly Minniebel!

Weary years have borrowed
From my eye its light,
Time my cheek has furrowed,
And these locks are white;
But my heart will ever
Mid its memories dwell,
Fondly thine forever,
Angel Minniebel!

WEARY.

Weary of dreaming what never comes true,
Weary of thinking what never is new,
Of endea'ring, yet never succeeding to do.

Weary of walking the dusty, old ways,
Weary of saying what every one says,
Weary of singing old, obsolete lays.

Weary of laughing, to make others laugh,
Weary of gleaning for nothing but chaff,
Of giving the whole, and receiving but half.

Weary of making, so shortly to mend,
Weary of patching, to turn round and rend,
Weary of earning only to spend.

Weary of weeping when tears are so cheap,
Weary of waking when longing to sleep,
Of giving what nobody wishes to keep.

Weary of drinking to thirst ere I've done,
Weary of eating what satisfies none,
Weary of doing what still is undone.

Weary of glitter without any gold,
Weary of ashes grown fireless and cold,
Weary!—the half of it cannot be told!

THE BODY TO THE SOUL

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO AN OVERWORKED STUDENT.

O tyrant soul of mine,
 What's the use
Of this never-ceasing toil,
Of this struggle, this turmoil,
 This abuse
Of the body and the brain,
Of this labor and this pain,
Of this never-ceasing strain
On the cords that bind us twain
 Each to each?

O tyrant soul of mine,
 Is it well
Thus to waste and wear away
The poor, fragile walls of clay
 Where you dwell?
Was I made your slave to be—
I the abject, you the free,
That you task me ceaselessly?—
Tyrant soul, come, answer me,
 Is it well?

O tyrant soul of mine,
 Don't you know
That in slow, but sure decay,
I am wasting day by day,
 While you grow
None the better for the strain
On my nerves and on my brain,
For my head's incessant pain,
And my sick heart's longings vain
 For repose?

O tyrant soul of mine,
 God, the good,
Joined together you and me
In a wondrous unity,
 That we should
Work together,—not that I,
You degrade and stupefy,
Nor that you His laws defy

Poems of the Heart and Home

By maltreating ceaselessly
Hapless me!

O tyrant soul of mine,
By and by,
Weary of your cruel reign,
Quite worn out with toil and pain,
I shall die
Then, when I have passed away,
And you're asked whose hand did slay
Your companion of the clay,
Much I wonder what you'll say,
Soul of mine!

NOT YET

“Go thy way, and when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee.”

* * * * *

“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.”
Not yet, not yet, O Saviour,
Although thou callest me
In life's unclouded morning
Why should I follow thee?
The world and all its pleasures
Outspread before me lie,
When I have grasped its treasures
I'll hear thee, by and by.

Not yet, not yet, O Saviour!—
True, thou hast called me long,
Yet, almost more than ever,
I love the world's glad song!
Say not the years are hasting
With rapid footsteps by,—
Say not life's sands are wasting,
But call me by and by!

Not yet, not yet, O Saviour!
I have no time to stay;
The goal tow'rd which I hasten
Is now not far away.
Another day—and haply
The triumph I shall see,
And grasp my crown of vic'try,—
Then, I will call for thee!

* * *

Poems of the Heart and Home

No more, no more, O sinner,
The Saviour's call is o'er!
The door is shut forever,
To be unclosed no more!—
So late the hour and lonely,
So dark the night and drear,
And He who called thee only
To bless thee, will not hear!

Past is the harvest—gladness,
The summer—bloom is o'er,
Thy sun has set in sadness,
To rise—oh, nevermore!
So late the hour and lonely,
So dark the night and drear,
And He who called thee only
To bless thee, will not hear!

MARGUERITE

Lightly the shadows
Play through the trees,
Green are the meadows,
Soft is the breeze,—
June's early roses,
Pensive and sweet,
Droop where reposes
Lost Marguerite!

Meeting thee never
In the green bowers,—
Missing thee ever
'Mid the fresh flowers,—
Till the long hours die—
Hours once so fleet—
Hopelessly wait I,
Lost Marguerite!

Day has grown weary
In the blue sky,
Summer is dreary,
Melodies die;
Lowly the willow
Droopeth to meet
And kiss thy pillow,
Lost Marguerite!

Flower the fairest
Of sweet summer time,
Rosebud the rarest
Plucked ere its prime,
Mine to weep ever
Where the wares beat,
Meeting thee never,
Lost Marguerite!

“COME UNTO ME.”

Weary soul, by care oppressed,
Wouldst thou find a place of rest?
Listen, Jesus calls to thee,
Come, and find thy rest in me!

Hungry soul, why pine and die
With exhaustless stores so nigh?
Lo, the board is spread for thee,
Come, and feast to-day with me!

Thirsty soul, earth's sweetest rill
Mocks thee with its promise still;
Hark, the Saviour calls to thee,
Here is water, come to me!

Homeless soul, thy path is drear,
Angry tempests gather near,
Night is darkening over thee,
Here is shelter, come to me!

Heavenly bread and heavenly wine,
Living waters, all are mine!—
Mine they are, and thine may be,
Weary wand'rer, come to me!

“I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.”

Nay, I will not let thee go,
Though the midnight glideth slow,—
Though the darkness deep and long
Dim the sight and hush the song,
On thy tender, faithful breast,
Find I still my perfect rest—
Soothing sweet for keenest woe—
And I will not let thee go!

Nay, I will not let thee go,
Though the morn's enkindling glow
Flame along the mountain-height.
Flooding all the hills with light;
What can morning bring to me,
Tender Shepherd, wanting thee?
What its songs but sobs of woe?
Nay, I will not let thee go!

Nay, I will not let thee go,
Though the day no shadows know;
Though, the sky's serene to dim,
Lower no storm-cloud dark and grim;
Whom have I in Heaven but thee?—
What beside hath earth for me?—
Thou, the only trust I know,—
Nay, I will not let thee go!

Let thee go?—my Saviour, nay
Thou my night's unfailing day,
Thou my dawning's tenderest gleam,
Thou my noonday's richest beam,—
Night is day if thou art near,
Day without thee, joyless, drear,—
Wanting thee, all bliss were woe,—
Nay, I will not let thee go!

GREETING HYMN.

Written for the Alumni of Albion College, Michigan; and sung at their last re-union, June, 1881.

The gliding years have rolled along,
And once again we come,
With greeting hand and choral song,
To our old college-home;—
Sweet college-home! dear college-home!
We gladly gather here,
Old friends to greet,
Old faces meet,
And sing our songs of cheer!

A welcome true for those we meet,
For those we miss, a sigh;
Of some we ne'er again may greet,
We speak with tearful eye;
Some rest with God, whose feet once trod
These halls with ours of yore;
And some there are
Who wander far
On many a distant shore!

God, bless and keep the ones who roam,
And us who meet again;
And lit us each for that bright home
Where comes no parting pain;—
Oh, aid us still, thro' good or ill
Still earnest for the right,
With spirits true,
To dare and do,
With Heaven and thee in sight!

And as the lingering years go by,
And changeful seasons come,
Still let thine eye rest lovingly
On this old college-home;—
Sweet college-home! dear college-home!
We gladly gather here,
Old friends to meet,

Old faces greet,
And sing our songs of cheer!

ONE BY ONE

One by one, ye are passing, beloved,
Out of the shadow into the light.
 One by one,
 Are your tasks all done.
Ended the toil, and the swift race run.
 Child and maiden, mother and sire,
 Sister and brother,
 Ye follow each other,
Out of the darkness where we stand weeping,
Weary and faint with our virgil-keeping,
Into the summer-land, peaceful and bright!

One by one, ye are passing, beloved,
Out of the darkness round us that lies—
 One by one,
 Gliding on alone,
Hearing nor heeding our plaint and moan.
 Friend and lover, the fondest, best,
 Most tender and true,
 Ye pass from our view,
Out of the night that enfolds us ever,
Out of the mists where we moan and shiver;
Into the joy-light of sunniest skies!

One by one, we are hastening, beloved,
Out of the midnight into the day.
 One by one,
 Are *our* tasks all done,
And the race that is set us with swift feet run.
 Loved and parted ones, still our own,
 Nearing you ever
 We press toward the river.
Over whose waters ye passed on before us,
Shortly to join in your rapturous chorus,
And swell the hosannas of Heaven for aye!

One by one, ye are greeting, beloved,
Those whom you left for a while in tears.
 One by one
 Is the bright goal won
By those ye lost sight of at set of sun.
 Child and maiden, mother and sire,
 Sister and brother,
 Ye're greeting each other,
Up where the holy ones round you are singing,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Up where the new song of Heaven is ringing,
Never to part through eternity's years!

LOVE

God so loved me that He gave
Jesus for my sins to die;
Jesus loved me in the grave,
Jesus loves me still on high,—
Father—love and Saviour—love,
Mine on earth and mine above!

Love, from highest heights that stooped,—
Love, to deepest depths that came,—
Love, that 'neath my burden drooped,—
Bore my anguish and my shame—
Died, that I may never die,—
Living, lifts me to the sky!

Love, the arm that reached me first,—
Love, the hand that raised me up,—
Love, my prison—bars that burst,—
Love, that filled my brimming cup—
Filled it full of Heavenly wine—
Filled, and blessed, and made it mine!

Love, the holy, cleansing fount
Where I wash my garments white,—
Love, my Tabor, hallowed mount,
Where I stand with Him in sight,—
Love, my watch—tower, till the day
Chase all earth—born mists away!

AN EVENING HYMN

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only
makest me dwell in safety"
The tranquil hours steal by
 On drowsy wings and slow,
And over all the peaceful sky
 The stars of evening glow.

No gathering clouds I see,
 I hear no rising blast,
I fold my tired hands restfully,
 As though all storms were past.

Yet, whether so or not,
 O Lord, thou knowest best!
This night, let every anxious thought
 And trembling fear have rest

This night I will lie down
 In peace beneath thine eye,
Nor heed what ills unseen may frown,
 Since thou art ever nigh.

I will lie down and sleep,
 From every terror free;
Nor wake to tremble or to weep,
 Secure, O Lord, with thee!

DEATH

'Tis but to fold the arms in peace,
To close the tear-dimmed, aching eye,
From sin and suffering to cease,
And wake to sinless life on high.

'Tis but to leave the dusty way
Our pilgrim feet so long have pressed,
And passon angel-wings away,
Forever with the Lord to rest.

'Tis but with noiseless step to glide
Behind the curtain's mystic screen
That from our mortal gaze doth hide
The glories of the world unseen.

Tis but to sleep a passing hour,
Serene as cradled infants sleep;
Then wake in glory and in power,
An endless Sabbath day to keep.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED

I shall be satisfied when I awaken
In thy dear likeness, my King and my Lord,—
When the dark prison of death shall be shaken,
And the freed spirit comes forth at thy word!—
I shall be satisfied, Saviour, be satisfied,
Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!
Sinless and sorrowless, robed in thy righteousness,
What can I ask for in glory beside?

I shall be satisfied loving thee ever,
Hearing thy accents and sharing thy joy,
Fearing nor change nor estrangement to sever
Me from my Lord and His blissful employ!—
Satisfied, satisfied, evermore satisfied,
Wearing thy likeness and near to thy side!
Sinless and sorrowless, robed in thy righteousness,
What can I ask for in glory beside?

I shall be satisfied when I behold thee,
I shall be like thee, my Saviour and King!
And, in the radiance that will enfold thee,
I shall enfolded be, too, while I sing—
Lo, I am satisfied, Saviour, am satisfied,
Wearing thy likeness and near thy side!
Sinless and sorrowless, robed in thy righteousness,
What can I ask for in glory beside!

AT THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG MOTHER

A transient day,
A troubled night,
The swift decay,
The certain blight,
And death and dust;—

And are these all?—
Nay: those are past;
And she who sleeps
Shall wake at last
Among the just!

GO, DREAM NO MORE

Go, dream no more of a sun-bright sky
With never a cloud to dim!—
Thou hast seen the storm in its robes of night,
Them hast felt the rush of the whirlwind's might,
Thou hast shrunk from the lightning's arrowy flight,
When the Spirit of Storms went by!

Go, dream no more of a crystal sea
Where never a tempest sweeps!—
For thy riven bark on a surf-beat shore,
Where the wild winds shriek, and the billows roar,
A shattered wreck to be launched no more,
Will mock at thy dream and thee!

Go, dream no more of a fadeless flower
With never a cankering blight!—
For the queenliest rose in thy garden bed,
The pride of the morn, ere the noon is fled,
With the worm at its heart, withers cold and dead
In the Spoiler's fearful power!

Go, dream no more—for the cloud will rise,
And the tempest will sweep the sea,
Yet grieve not thou, for beyond the strife,
The storm and the gloom with which Earth is rife,
Gleam out the light of a calmer life,
And the glow of serenest skies!

COME HOME

Come home! come home! O loved and lost, we sigh
Thus, ever, while the weary days go by,
And bring thee not. We miss thy bright, young face,
Thy bounding step, thy form of girlish grace,
Thy pleasant, tuneful voice,—
We miss thee when the dewy evening hours
Come with their coolness to our garden, bowers,—
We miss thee when the warbler's tuneful lay
Welcomes the rising glories of the day
And all glad things rejoice!

Come home!—the vine that climbs our cottage eaves,
Hath a low murmur 'mid its glossy leaves
When the south wind sweeps by, that seems to be
Too deeply laden with sad thoughts of thee—
Of thee, our absent one!—
The roses blossom, and their beauties die,
And the sweet violet opes its pensive eye
By thee unseen; and from the old, beech tree
Thy robin pours his song unheard by thee,
Dally at set of sun!

Dearest, come home! Thy harp neglected lies,
Breathing no more its wonted melodies;
Thy favourite books, unopened, in their case,
Just as thy hands arranged them, keep their place,
And vacant is thy seat
Beside the hearth. At the still hour of prayer
Thou com'st no more with quiet, reverent air;
And when, around the social board, each face
Brings its warm welcome, there's one vacant place—
One smile we may not meet.

Come home!—*thy* home was never wont to be
A place where clouds might rest; yet, wanting thee,
All pleasant scenes have dull and tasteless grown,
And shadows lower—shadows, erewhile unknown
Of ever—deepening gloom.
The halls where erst thy happy childhood played,
The pleasant garden by thy fair hands made,
The bower thy sunny presence made so fair,
Are all unchanged,—yet grief is everywhere;—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Dear one, come home!

Come home?—come home?—alas, what have I said?
Beyond the stars, beloved, thy feet have sped!
No more to press these garden paths with mine,
Or walk beside my own at day's decline—
 No more—no more to come
To these old summer haunts! But I shall stay
A little while; and then, at fall of day,
I, too, like thee, shall sleep, and wake to see
Thy Lord and mine, and so shall ever be
 With Him and thee at home!

BE IN EARNEST

Be in earnest, Christian toilers,
Life is not the summer, dream
Of the careless, child that gathers
Daisies in the noontide beam!
It hath conflict, it hath danger,
It hath sorrow, toil, and strife;
Yet the weak alone will falter
In the battle-field of life.

There are burdens you may lighten,
Toiling, struggling ones may cheer,
Tear-dimmed eyes that you may brighten,
Thorny paths that you may clear;—
Erring ones, despised, neglected,
You may lead to duty back,—
Beacon-lights to be erected,
All along life's crowded track.

There are wrongs that must be righted,
Sacred rights to be sustained,
Truths, though trampled long and slighted,
Mid the strife to be maintained;—
Heavy, brooding mists to scatter—
Mists of ignorance and sin,—
Walls of adamant to shatter,
Thus to let God's sunlight in.

Boundless is the field and fertile,
Let the ploughshare deep be driven;
So, at length, the plenteous harvest
Shall look smiling up to heaven!
Sow the seed at early morning,
Nor at evening stay thy hand;
Precious fruits, the earth adorning,
Shall at length around thee stand

Be in earnest, Christian toilers,
Life is not the summer-dream
Of the careless child that gathers
Daisies in the noontide beam!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Life hath conflict, toil, and danger,—
It hath sorrow, pain, and strife,—
Yet the weak alone will falter
In the battle-field of life!

CHLODINE

We met one fresh June—morn, Chlodine,
Where two roads came together;
I'd travelled far through storm and rain,
And you, through pleasant weather.
I loved you for the light, Chlodine,
Of summer all around you,—
I loved you for the sweet June—flowers,
Whose dewy garlands bound you!

You loved me not, Chlodine, because
The storms had beat upon me;
Because there was no breath of flowers,
No summer sunshine on me;—
You could not see, Chlodine, that deep
Within my soul were growing
Fresh flowers that evermore would keep
The fragrance of their blowing.

And so we parted—you and I—
Your ways all fresh and flowering;
Mine, rocky steeps up mountains high,
'Neath skies with tempests lowering;
And yet the sunshine spoilt your flowers,—
Mine, bitter grief—drops nourished,
And while yours withered day by day,
Mine bloomed the more, and flourished

And now we're met again, Chlodine,
You love me for my flowers,
Their perfume scenting all the air.
Like breath of Eden—bowers;—
I love you not, Chlodine, alas!
You're changed since those old mornings,
Your regal summer—robes are lost,
With all their rare adornings!

We stand together side by side,
And yet, at farthest, never,
Before stretched out so far and wide
The distance that did sever

Poems of the Heart and Home

Us, as to-day it does, Chlodine,
 Though hand touch hand in greeting,
And never again shall we know, Chlodine,
 Another June-day meeting.

THE BIRD AND THE STORM-CLOUD

Little bird, is that thy sphere,
Yonder threat'ning cloud so near?
Sunbeams blaze along its brow,
Yet what darkness reigns below!
There the sullen thunder mutt'ring,
Wrathful sounds is sternly utt'ring;—
There the red-eyed lightning gleameth,
Where no more the sunlight beameth,
And the strong wind, fiercely waking,
Wings of fearful might is taking;—
Creature of the calmer air,
Wherefore art thou soaring there?

Wert thou weary of the vale,
With its blossom-scented gale?—
Weary of thy breezy bowers?—
Weary of thy wild-wood flowers?—
Weary of thy wind-rocked nest
In the bright, green willow's breast?—
Didst thou sigh, on daring wing,
Up in heaven's blue depths to sing?—
Claim with storms companionship,
And in clouds thy free wings dip?—
And, where rushing winds are strong,
Pour thy melody of song?

Bird, thy wing is all too weak
Such adventurous heights to seek;
In the bower thou seem'dst to be
Trembling with timidity;
Now, with proud, unshrinking glance
Thou art daring yon expanse,
And, with wild, exultant singing,
Upward thy free flight art winging;—
Creature of the calmer air,
Wherefore art thou sporting there?

Bird, that cannot be thy sphere,
Yonder threatening cloud so near!—
With thy bright, unfeared eye,
Wherefore seek that troubled sky?
Ah! a hand is o'er thee spread,
To defend thy beauteous head;
Sheltering arms are round thee cast,
'Mid the lightning and the blast;

God doth shield thee, and shall He
Thine, and not *my* guardian be?

No: He, who guards thy fragile form
Midst the dread, o'erwhelming storm,
Will His kind protection spread
O'er His child's defenceless head,—
Temper every blast severe,—
Mingle hope with every fear,—
Pour into the bleeding heart
Balm for sorrow's keenest smart,
And will gift the feeblest form
With a might to brave each storm!

Bird, thou well mayst soar and sing
High in heaven on raptured wing!
Thou hast never learned to fear
Blighting change, in thy bright sphere;
'Tis to us, and us alone,
Faith's mysterious might is known:
We, that tremble at the blast,
Shall o'ersweep the storms at last!
Though around us tempests lower,
We shall know our triumph-hour;
And on glad exultant wing
Soar, and with the angels sing

NO SOLITUDE

“Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?”
I stood where ocean lashed the sounding shore
With his unresting waves, and gazed far out
Upon the billowy strife. I saw the deep
Lifting his watery arms to grasp the clouds,
While the black clouds stooped from the sable arch
Of the storm-darkened heavens, and deep to deep
Answered responsive in the ceaseless roar
Of thunders and of floods.

“Here, then, I am alone,
And this is solitude, “I murmured low,
As in the presence of the risen storm
I bowed my head abashed. “Alone?”—
The echoing concave of the skies replied,—
“Alone?”—the waves responded, and the winds
In hollow murmurs answered back—“Alone?”

“Thou canst not be alone, *for God is here!*
Yon mighty waste of waters, whose deep voice
Goes up unceasingly to heaven, He holds
E'en as a drop within His hollow hand!
He makes His dark pavillion stormy clouds;
The winds and thunders are His uttered voice;
And the red flames that blaze athwart the sky
Are but the lightnings of His awful glance!”

* * * *

I stood at eve, where, high in upper air,
A mountain reared its solitary head,
Bathing its forehead in the ruddy light
Of cloudless sunset. Like a snowy veil
The white mist gathered o'er the distant plain,
While, over all, the sunset heavens shone
In burning glory, and the blushing West
Gathered all gorgeous hues into a wreath
Of wondrous radiance to twine around
The temples of her monarch, ere he sought

The chambers of his rest.

Full-orbed the moon
Rode slowly up the east; while, one by one,
Spirits of night lighted the lamps of heaven.
“This is to be alone!”—I whispered low,
For nature's solemn beauty had a spell
To awe my soul to silence.

“What, alone?”—
Murmured the mountain wind, as round my brow
It waved its rustling pinions. “What, alone?”—
Low voices questioned from the sighing pines,—
“Alone?”—the stars repeated to my soul—
“In the Eternal's presence, canst thou stand,
While, from above, His awful glories look,—
While all, around, beneath thee, and within,
Attest His presence, and thus idly deem
Thou art alone? No; thou art *not* alone,
For God is here!“

* * * *

It was a summer noon.
The soft, south wind made music 'mid the boughs
Of the cool forest, whence glad bursts, of song
Floated unceasing. On a mossy bank
Starred with pale flowers, I laid me down to rest,
Yet not to slumber. Tenderly, the sky
Glanced like a loving spirit through the leaves;
And, ever and anon, like fleecy gold,
The yellow sunbeams dropped amid the gloom
Startling the shadows. Twas a hallowed scene!
Each waving leaf seemed Instinct with glad life,
And every sound was richly freighted with
The wealth of harmony.

“Is this to be alone?”
I inly questioned, yet my secret soul
Needed from Nature no responsive voice;
For my whole being, with a thrill of joy.
Replied;—“In all the universe of God,
There is no solitude!”

O soul of mine,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Joy in thy wealth of being!—in the power
To grasp the Infinite where'er thou turn'st;—
To see Him, feel Him near, yet most of all,
Him to adore and love;—to hear His voice
In every breeze, in every gentle chime
Of the sweet waters, in the song of birds,
The hum of insects, and all deeper tones
Of Nature's wondrous music;—yet, far more,
To recognize His Spirit's gentle voice
Unto thy spirit, whisp'ring tenderly—
“I am thy Father, thy Redeemer, thine
Amid the devious paths that checker earth,
And thine in Heaven!”

THE STRAY LAMB.

A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

We had finished our pitiful morsel,
And both sat in silence a while;
At length we looked up at each other.
And I said, with the ghost of a smile,—
“Only two little potatoes
And a very small crust of bread—
And then?”—“God will care for us, Lucy!”
John, quietly answering, said.

“Yes, God *will* provide for us, Lucy!”
He said, after musing a while—
I'd been quietly watching his features
With a feeble attempt at a smile—
“For, '*trust in the Lord, and do good,*'
Our Father in Heaven has said,
'*So shalt thou dwell in the land,*
And verily thou shalt be fed!”

Scarcely the words had he spoken,
When a faint, little tap at the door
Surprised us,—for all the long morning
The rain had continued to pour.
I am sure I shall never remember
The pelting and pitiless rain
Of that desolate day in November,
Without a dull heart—throb of pain.

For work had grown scarcer and scarcer,
Till there seemed not a job to be done;
We had paid out our very last sixpence,
And of fuel and food we had none.
John had tried—no one ever tried harder—
For work, but his efforts were vain;
And I wondered all faith had not failed him
That morning when out in the rain.

Poems of the Heart and Home

“Come in!” said John, speaking quite softly.
And opening the door a small space,
For there stood a thin, little beggar
With such a blue, pitiful face!
“O sir, if you please sir, I’m hungry,
Do give me a small bit of bread!”
“Come in, then, you poor, little woman,
I am sure you are freezing!” John said.

We each caught a hand cold and dripping,
And drew the poor trembler in;
But she sank at our feet like a baby,
Half-frozen, and drenched to the skin.
John ran for our last bit of fuel;
And I, to an old box, where lay
Our own little Maggie’s warm clothing,—
Our Maggie—dead many a day!

I tore off her old, dripping tatters,
And rubbed her blue, shivering form;
And then put those precious clothes on her,
And made her all glowing and warm.
“O ma’am, if you please, I’m *so* hungry!”
Again the dear innocent said;
So John brought our two cold potatoes
And our one little morsel of bread.

“Here, take this,”—he said; and she snatched it,
And ate till the last bit was done;
And we two looked on, never grudging
Our all to the famishing one.
I looked up a half-minute after,
But John had slipped out in the rain;
And the wind was still howling and raging
Like some great, cruel monster in pain.

Soon the pale, little eyelids grew heavy,
And I watched till the weary one slept;—
Then I, a poor weak-hearted woman,
Held her closer, and oh, how I wept!
With our fire all burned out to black ashes,—
Our very last bit of food gone,—
Poor John, too, out facing the tempest,—

And I left there shiv'ring alone!

But the little, warm head on my bosom
Seemed so strangely like hers that I lost;
And the soft, little hands I was holding,
So like the dear hands that I crossed
In their last quiet rest,—and those garments—
Ah, those garments!—I mused till it seemed,
I had got back my own little Maggie;—
And then, for long hours. I dreamed.

* * * *

“Why Lucy, my girl, you are sleeping!—
Come, rouse up, and get us some tea!”—
It was John, who'd returned, and was speaking—
“Poor wife, you're as cold as can be!
See, here are some coals for the firing;
And here is a nice loaf of bread,—
A steak, and a morsel of butter,
Some tea and some sugar”—he said.
“Nay now, do not ask any questions!—
Let me just lay this lammie in bed,
And when we have had a nice supper,
I'll tell you, dear, all how it sped.”

And so, when the supper was over—
That supper!—I'll never forget
The warm, glowing fire—oh, so cozy—
I can see every coal of it yet—
We knelt down, and John thanked the dear Father
For all He had sent us that day;—
Yes: e'en for thee dear, pretty baby
His own little lamb gone astray!

And then, in a few words, John told me
Of his desperate walk in the storm—
Every minute believing, expecting,
That God would His promise perform;—
Of the merchant up town who had hailed him,
(One of his men being sick,)
And hired him to run of a message;

Poems of the Heart and Home

And, because he'd been trusty and quick,
Had trebled his wages, and told him
To come the next morning again;
“Just because,” added John, softly laughing,
“I'd been willing *to work in the rain!*“

Well, long ere the morning dawned on us,
The child had grown frantic with pain;
And for many long days she lay moaning
With the fever that burned in her brain.
Every morning John prayed by her pillow,
Then went to his work; and I stayed,
And kept my sad watch the long day through,
And at night he returned to my aid.

At length the fierce struggle was over,
She lived, and we both were content,
For we knew God had given her to us—
His lamb, through the wintry storm sent
The fever had burned every record
Of home and friends out of her mind;
And though we sought long, yet we never
Any traces of either could find.

And so she grew up by our fireside,
And we called her—not Maggie—oh no!—
That name we had laid up in Heaven,
And no one must wear it below!—
But we just called her, Pet; and her husband
Calls her nothing but Pet to this day:—
She's a grown woman now, and a mother,
How swiftly the years glide away!

Well, John never has lacked for employment,
And we never have wanted a home;
We never said nay to a beggar,
Or refused one that asked it a crumb.
Pet grew up a dear, loving woman—
“God's light in our house,” John would say—
And when a good man came and took her,
He took *us*, too, the very same day.
But here she comes now with the baby,
And grandmother never says nay;

So here's a good bye to my story,
For baby has come for a play!

STAY, MOTHER, STAY!

“Stay, mother, stay, for the storm is abroad,
And the tempest is very wild;
It's a fearful night with no ray of light,
Oh stay with your little child!”

“Hush darling!” the mother, with white lips said—
“Lie still till I come again,
God's angels blest will watch o'er thy rest
While I am abroad in the rain!
Thy father, child?—oh, I quake with fear
When I think where he may be,
And I dare not stay till the dawn of day—
I must hasten forth to see!”

Then the young child buried her tangled curls
In the ragged counterpane,
While the half-clad mother went forth alone
In the blinding wind and rain.

Down many a narrow, slippery lane,
Down many a long, dark street,
Went that shivering form thro' the pelting storm
Of wind, and rain, and sleet;
Till, nearing a den where inebriate men,
With Bacchanal oath and yell,
And curse and jeer, spent the midnight drear,
She reeled in the gloom and fell;
For a prostrate form, in the pitiless storm
And inky darkness, lay
Helpless and prone on the pavement—stone,
Across her desolate way.

She knelt alone by the fallen one,
And murmured in accents low,
A name, how dear to her girlhood's ear
In the beautiful long ago!
But no voice, no tone replied to her own,
And the cold hand fell like lead;
And her wailing cry brought back no reply,
As she shrieked “he is dead!—he's dead!”

Aye, “dead!”—God pity thee, stricken wife!
God pity thee, orphan child!

Poems of the Heart and Home

Poor slave to wine, what a death was thine,
In that wintry tempest wild!

We know not how long that wild, drunken song
And those curses assailed her ear,
But the morning-ray found its early way
To one who no more could hear;
For the faithful heart that had borne its part
Awhile, through those watches lone,
Had grown still it last as the pitiless blast
Swept by her with wrathful tone;—
But the rumseller—he slept quietly
In his chamber of gilded pride,
For little he cared how his victims fared,
Or whether they lived or died!

Oh! the old, old strain with its old refrain,
Of agony, death, and woe!—
Oh! the bitter tears that, through all the years,
Have been flowing, and ever flow!
Must the ghastly tragedy never cease?
Will Manhood never awake?
And, by God's great might made strong for the right.
Stand up for Humanity's sake,
And wipe the horrible stain away
From his country and his home—
The dark, ensanguined, loathsome stain
Of the merciless monster, Rum?

TIME FOR BED

“Time for bed!”—the weary day
With its toils has passed away
Sol has wrapped his forehead bright
In the curtains of the night,
And his glorious lamp again
Lowered behind the western main
Leaving all heaven's pure expanse
Radiant with his parting glance

Just a few, faint stars are seen
Ranged around the midnight queen—
A select and glorious band
Who alone may waiting stand
Hound the monarch of the night,
Bearing up their urns of light,
Her majestic path to cheer
Till the shadows disappear.

“Time for bed!” the folded flowers
Hang their heads in forest bowers;
Nestled in each downy nest
Day's sweet songsters calmly rest;
And the night-bird's plaintive hymn
Echoes through the forest dim;
Dew-drops on the birchen-bough
In the star-beams sparkle now,
Scarce a zephyr stirs the rose
So profound is Earth's repose.

“Time for bed!” put by thy books,
Learner, with thy studious looks;—
Poet, lay the pen away,
Candle-light will spoil thy lay;—
Leave it till the morning hours
Come with sunshine to the flowers,—
Leave it till from shrub and tree
Birds pour forth their minstrelsy,—
Till the sun on wood and wold
Turns the drops of dew to gold,—
Till the bee comes forth to sip
Nectar from the flow'rets lip,—
Till the light-winged zephyrs wake
Dancing ripples on the lake,
And the cloudlets in the height
Don their fleecy robes of white;—

Then, with graceful Euterpe,
Seek the spreading greenwood tree,
And with joy, and light, and love,
AH around thee and above,
Tune thy lyre to praiseful mirth
With all happy things of Earth!

“Time for bed!”—thou man of toil,
Why consume the midnight oil?—
Night was made for slumbers blest,
Thou art weary, therefore rest!

“Time for bed!”—poor “Martha,” thou
Long enough hast labored now;
All the day's bright hours are numbered,
Yet art thou “with toiling cumbered.”
Lay that tedious work away
Till the blest return of day,—
Thou art care-worn and oppressed,
Thou art weary “Martha,” rest!

“Time for bed!”—shut up the stove,
To its place the table move,
Lay the books into their case,
Wheel the sofa to its place,
Wind the clock, brush up the floor,
Close the shutters, lock the door,
That will do—put out the light,
Toil and trouble, all good night!

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR

I hear the beat of the unresting tide
On either shore as swiftly on I glide
With eager haste the narrow channel o'er,
Which links the floods behind with those before.
I hear behind me as I onward glide,
Faint, farewell voices blending with the tide,
While from beyond, now near, now far away,
Come stronger voices chiding each delay;
And drowning, oft, with wild, discordant burst,
The melancholy minor of the first

“Farewell! farewell!—ye leave us far behind you!”—
Tis thus the bright-winged Hours sigh from the Past—
“Ye leave us, and the coming ones will find you
Still vainly dreaming they will ever last,—
Still trifling with the gifts all fresh and glowing,
Each in its turn will scatter in your way,—
Still chasing airy phantoms, though well-knowing
That, ere you grasp them, they will melt away—
Farewell! farewell!”

“Haste! haste! haste!”—
Thus from the Future the voices ring—
“The air is balmy with breath of spring,
The waters sleep in the morning light,
The storms are hushed, and the skies are bright,
Haste! haste! haste!

“Isles of beauty and bloom are here,
Groves, whose leafage is never sere,
Teeming harvests of boundless wealth,
Peace, and plenty, and buoyant health—
Haste! haste! haste!

“Joy-bells ring in the sunny air,
Mirth and music are everywhere,—
Bend to the oars, and away, away
While the ripples dance and the breezes play—
Haste! haste! haste!”

“Farewell! farewell!—ye leave us far behind you—
Us, the lost Hours that would have blessed you so!
Yet, as ye leave us, let our strains remind you
That we, not empty-handed, Heavenward go.
Records we bear of all the good we brought you,—
Of all we offered,—all that ye refused,—
Of all the lessons we in patience taught you,—
Of wasted time, of privilege abused;
To God's tribunal we those records bear,
Sometime, remember, they will meet you there—
Farewell! farewell!”

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I heard a voice—'twas the voice of Spring,
Up from the rivulets murmuring,
Singing of freedom,—thus the lay
On the breezes floated away—
“Joy! joy!—the chains that bound us
Now disappear,
Sunlight pours its treasures round us,
Warm, warm and clear,
Onward, speeding onward
To the bright main,
Chainless, free, unfettered,
Are we again!”

I heard a voice—'twas the voice of Spring,
Out from the hill sides whispering,
And a tender strain from the woodland lone
Blended with it in murmurous tone—
“Joy! joy!—the world is waking
From her long rest,—
Earth a glow of warmth is taking
To her chill breast,—
Tiny flower germs, hidden
Long out of sight,
Stealing forth unbidden,
Seek the warm light!”

I heard a voice—'twas the voice of Spring,
Over the waters wandering,
As to the wilds came the song birds back,
Singing still in their homeward track—
“Joy! joy!—we're home returning
To the free hills,
From our long and far sojourning,
Now, to the rills,
To the echoing forest.
Orchard and plain,
With our old-time music,
Speed we again!”

I heard a voice—'twas the voice of Spring,—
Nature, all Nature awoke to sing;
And every valley, and grove, and plain

Poems of the Heart and Home

Had its share in the welcome strain:—

“Joy! joy!—the chains are broken,

Spring smiles again,—

Joy for every blessed token

Of her glad reign,—

Joy on all the waters,

Joy on each shore.—

Sunlight, song, sweet odors,

Welcome once more!”

HONOR TO LABOR

HONOR TO LABOR!—it giveth health;
Honor to labor!—it bringeth wealth;
Honor to labor!—our glorious land
Displayeth its triumphs on every hand.
It has smoothed the plains, laid the forests low,
And brightened the vales with the harvest's glow,—
Reared cities vast with their marts of trade,
Where erst undisturbed lay the woodland shade,—
Brought up from the depths of the teeming mine,
Its treasured stores in the light to shine,—
Sent Commerce forth on his tireless wings
In search of all precious and goodly things—
Forth to the ice-bound Northern seas,
And to bright isles fanned by the Southern breeze,
Where the Orange deepens its sunset dyes,
And the Cocoa ripens 'neath glowing skies,—
To the sunny islands of Austral climes,—
To lands undreamt of in elder times,—
Till every region, and clime, and zone,
Has yielded its treasures to bless our own.

Honor to Labor!—it diveth deep
To dim sea-caves where bright treasures sleep,
And dareth with curious quest explore
The ancient wonders of Ocean's floor.
It fearless roams over Deserts vast,
Where destruction rides on the Simoom's blast,
And trackless sands have for ages frowned
O'er cities in ancient song renowned.
It climbs where the dazzling glaciers lie,
Changeless and cold, 'neath a glowing sky,
And leaves the trace of its triumphs proud
Above the regions of storm and cloud.

The Ocean, once an untravelled waste,
By feet adventurous never passed,
Spread forth to the solemn skies alone
Its restless waters to man unknown.
Imagination, with eager quest,
Went forth o'er its bosom with vague unrest,
To loneliest regions devoid of light,
Where dark Cimmerii dwelt in night,—
Or peopled its realms, undiscovered, lone,
With phantoms of horror and shapes unknown.

But Labor came, and with kindling glance
Boldly he traversed the far expanse,
Scatt'ring the shadows of ancient night,
And lifting a glad New World to light.
Now, a realm of life is the glorious Sea—
A peopled realm of the bold and free—
Where the proud ship glides like a thing of life,
And laughs at the storms and the billows' strife,—
Vast highway of nations, above whose deeps
Commerce with tireless navies sweeps,
And Life goes forth in its glad unrest,
Buoyantly treading the waves' white crest.

Honor to Labor!—his strong right hand
Old, frightful chasms has boldly spanned,
And hung his teeming thoroughfares high
'Twi'xt rushing torrent and bending sky.
He has harnessed Steam to the flying car,
And sent it from ocean to ocean afar,—
Pierced strong-ribbed mountains that barred his way,
And oped through their caverns a broad highway,—
Taught the lightning to carry his messages forth
From West to East, and from South to North,
And flash his thoughts through the depths profound
Of Ocean, the Earth's circumference round,—
Made Light his servant to do his will—
With faultless pencil and subtlest skill
Limning the features most dear in life,
Of friend, or husband, or child, or wife,
And compressing into a single hour
The work of months of artistic power.

Honor to Labor!—with steady eye
He has fearlessly traversed the midnight sky,
And followed the mazy, perplexing dance
Of planets and moons thro' the far expanse,—
Their orbits, periods, weight and size,
Studied with heedful and cautious eyes,
And forced the haughty, imperial sun
To answer his inquiries one by one.
He has tracked the comet's erratic flight
Through the silent star-fields of primal night,—
Walked through the depths of old nebulae
With flashing glance and with footstep free,

Poems of the Heart and Home

And seen spin round him in wildering flight
Systems and suns, while the infinite
Of God's great universe stretched away
Farther far than e'en thought might stray

“Honor to Labor!”—the mariner sings,
As forth to the breezes his sails he flings;—
“It has made us lords of the boundless deep—
Fearlessly over the waves we sweep!”

“Honor to Labor!”—the traveller cries,
As forth in the rushing tram he flies;—
“We may rival the speed of the bird's swift wing
As he joyously soars thro' the skies of Spring,
And the fetterless wind on its pinions free,
Is scarcely more fleet in its course than we!”

“Honor to Labor!”—the student cries,
As he gazes around him with joyful eyes,—
“Honor to Labor!—the teeming press
Pours forth its treasures the world to bless!
From the pictured pages where childhood's eye
Findeth a world of bright imagery,
To the massive tome 'mid whose treasures vast,
Lie the time-dimmed records of ages past,
We may wander, and revel, yet ever find
Supplies exhaustless for heart and mind
We may turn to the Past—to the ages fled—
And converse hold with the gifted dead,—
Old climes of historic fame explore,
And gather the gems of their buried lore,—
With Prophet-bards seek inspiring themes,
Or muse alone by old fabled streams,—
With the Poet take our enraptured flight,
And woo the Muse on Parnassus' height,—
Take fair Philosophy by the hand,
And roam with her through her native land,—
May win from the God-inspired of Earth
Heavenly treasures of priceless worth,—
Till the mental stores of all ages flown,
And all gifted minds, we have made our own.”.

Honor to Labor of body or mind,

HONOR TO LABOR

Poems of the Heart and Home

That hath for its object the good of mankind!
The Farmer, who cheerily ploughs the soil,
And gathers the fruit of his hopeful toil,—
The strong Mechanic, whose manly brow
Weareth of labor the healthful glow,—
The bold Inventor, beneath whose hands
The useful engine completed stands,—
The Artist, who, with unrivalled skill,
Creations of loveliness forms at will,—
The Teacher, who sows in the minds of youth
Seeds of precious undying truth,—
The pale-faced Student, who, worn with toil,
Consumes o'er his studies the midnight oil,—
The man of Science, with earnest mind,
Who toils to enlighten and bless mankind—
To themselves, their race, and their country true.
Honor, all honor, to such is due!

THE MISER

The night was dark and dreary,
And the autumn-wind went by
With a sound like Sorrow's wailing
In its sadly mournful cry;—
The yew trees, old and drooping,
Shook in the angry blast,
And the moon looked, pale and tearful,
Through the clouds that hurried past.

In a dreary room and fireless,
With mouldy walls and damp,
A grey, old man was seated
Beside a flickering lamp;—
An old man, worn and wasted,
With bent and shivering form,
And haggard looks, sat trembling
At the moaning of the storm.

The casements, old and creaking,
Shook in the angry blast;
And the pale, thin face grew paler,
As the shrieking winds went past;
For hovering fiends seemed clutching
His treasures from his grasp,
And unseen fingers tight'ning
On his throat their icy clasp.

Again the strong wind rattled
The broken window-pane,
And the dying taper wavered
In the rude blast yet again—
For one brief instant wavered,
Then paled its sickly light,
And the shuddering wretch was shrouded
In impenetrable night.

The dull, grey light of morning
Illumed the mountain-height,
And Earth lay, cold and shiv'ring,
In the blanched, autumnal light,

Poems of the Heart and Home

But a sunbeam struggled faintly
Through the Miser's broken shed,
And lit the pale, set features
Of the still, unshrouded dead.

For there, alone, and trembling
With the horrors of affright,
He had met the king of terrors
Mid the darkness of the night;
And with gold enough to satiate
A monarch's haughty pride,
In fear, and rags, and misery
Of *want* the wretch had died!

BROKEN

I.

Broken!
It's only a ring—a plain, old ring,
Worn down to a thread almost—
Fling it away—the useless thing!
What value now can it boast?—
Fling it away!
Yet stay!—oh stay
Ere you cast it away!
There's a tale of the vanished years
That ever will cling,
To that broken ring,
That hallows and endears—
Oh stay!
In vain!—in vain!—What matters it now
That tenderest memories cling
To that thread of gold so wasted and old—
Who cares for a broken ring?—
Fling it away!

II.

Broken!
It's only a vase—an old, stone vase—
Ancient and out of style—
That has stood for years in the chimney place,
Provoking many a smile—
Throw it away!
Yet stay!—that vase
Held honored place
In the sight of prince and peer
And the flowers it held
Were gathered of old
By the lovely and the dear!—
Oh stay!
In vain!—In vain!—What matters it now
How honored was once its place!
It is broken, and old, and the hearts are cold
That cherished the old stone vase—
Throw it away!

III.

Broken!
It's only a promise—as light as air—
Though earnestly, solemnly given,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Made to be broken—yet who should care?—
Do you think it was heard in Heaven?—
Break it to day!
Yet stay!—that breath
Is a blast of death
To an innocent human heart!
Unsay the word,
For God has heard!
And He taketh the wronged one's part—
Break it *not* to-day!
In vain!—in vain!—What matters it now?
It was only a breath—no more!
A faithless promise—a traitor's vow—
Such things have happened before—
It's broken to-day!

IV.

Broken!
It's only a heart—a human heart—
That has throbbled for years and years,
With the burning pain and the cruel smart
Whose agony knows no tears—
Cast it away!
Yet stay!—oh stay!
A father, grey
And sorrowful, prayed for her long
And a mother's love
Bore to God above
The tale of her poor child's wrong!—
Cast it *not* away!
In vain!—"Tis a story old and worn—
This story of falsehood's art—
Of the harsh world's withering blight and scorn,—
Who cares for the broken heart
That's been cast away?

"TO OUR PARENTS"

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING

Full fifty years together—
 Father and mother dear—
Through pleasant summer weather,
 Or wintry tempests drear,—
Thro' sunshine and thro' shadow,
 Oft travel sore and tried,
Yet strong to aid each other,
 You've journeyed side by side

A few brief years of climbing,—
 One glad, exultant glance
At the sun bright world around you,
 At the smiling heaven's expanse,—
And then, the slow descending
 Into the vale below,
Where the light with shade is blending,
 And the deamy waters flow

Full fifty years of travel—
 Then, on your worn staves rest,
And welcome home your children,
 And many an honored guest,—
We come to give you greeting,—
 We come to bring you cheer,—
To hail with glad rejoicing
 This fiftieth wedded year!

We know your hearts are asking
 For *one* who is not here—
Whose voice was sweetest music,
 Whose smile was very dear,
But the blessed Heaven that holds him
 Is very near to you,
And the warm love that enfolds him,
 Enfolds his parents too.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Then let the tears we're shedding
Have naught of grief's alloy;—
And let this GOLDEN WEDDING
Be one of tranquil joy.
God bless our honored father
God bless our mother dear!
And a thousand, thousand welcomes
To this fiftieth wedded year.

UNDER THE ROD

“Be Still, and know that I am God!”
Be silent, Soul!—though dark thy path and dreary,
And wild with storm, yet what is that to thee?
Though thou art faint, and desolate, and weary,
Thy God hath willed thus,—so let it be!
Murmurs the mountain oak when storms assail it,
And warring tempests wildly shake its form?
Firmer within the earth its root it striketh,
And gathers strength and vigor from the storm.

Be silent, Soul!—the hand of God is on thee!
And, as a skillful gard'ner, from the vine
Doth lop away each worthless branch and barren,
So He would lop each fruitless bough of thine.
Ah! thou art earth-bound, prone, and lowly creeping,
clinging to things too frail to be thy stay;
Jesus, with watchful care His vineyard keeping,
Would lift thee up to sunshine and the day.

Be silent, Soul!—thou'rt not thy own;—the Saviour
With blood and anguish bought thee on the tree!
Why murmur, then, that He should seek to make thee
Holy, and pure, and fit with Him to be?
This world is not thy home!—cease thy weak clinging
To its frail reeds, O thou whose mansion blest
Is where Life's river flows with ceaseless singing
Through the fair Paradise where angels rest.

Be silent, Soul—in the great heavenly Temple,
The Master–Builder hath a niche for thee;
And thou must pass beneath His forming chisel,
If thou a goodly, polished stone wouldst be.
Bless God for every stroke that severs from thee
The gross and earthy, bringing to the light
The intrinsic worth His Spirit hath wrought in thee,—
The gem His hand would polish and make bright

Poems of the Heart and Home

Be silent, Soul!—thy God is ever near thee,
Whether thy path 'mid storm or sunshine lie,—
Whether the morning's tender radiance cheer thee,
Or rayless darkness veil the midnight sky!
What matter though thy pathway lone and dreary
Should *all* with weary, trembling feet be trod?
Enough for thee to know, thy Lord is near thee,
And the rough road leads up to Heaven and God!

THE WHITE STONE CANOE

AN INDIAN TRADITION; VERSIFIED FROM SCHOOLCRAFT

It was a day of festive—mirth,
And bright the Indian wigwams shone,
For 'twas a chieftain's bridal—day,
And gladness dwelt in every tone;
But ere the glow of sunset hours
Upon the western hills was shed,
Deep sadness rested on those bowers—
The bride was numbered with the dead.

Days passed; and still beside her tomb
The stricken lover bowed his head;
And—nightly, through the forest's gloom
The stars beheld him with his dead.
In vain did grey—haired chieftains urge
The youthful hunter to the chase;—
He heard, yet heeded not their words,
For grief had chained him to the place.

They laid his war—club by his side,
His bow and arrows, too, they brought,
And sang of glorious deeds of might
That stately chiefs of yore had wrought;
But listlessly he heard their songs,
Flung back his bow with sullen pride,
And by the silent grave sat down
Where they had laid his youthful bride.

But pleasant memories came at length
Of what he learned in boyhood's day,
Of a bright path that led from earth
O'er the blue mountains far away
To the best land where spirits dwell,
The home of GHEEZHA MONEDO, [1]
Where parted loved ones meet again
Beyond the reach of pain and woe.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Then from the ground the warrior rose,
And bade the sleeping dust adieu,
And started for the spirit-shore
With the bright southern skies in view;—
Forests, and hills, and vales, and streams,
In his quick flight he left behind;—
Earth's stores of rare and lovely things
Had nought to charm the wand'rer's mind.

The snow, that lay upon the earth
When he forsook his native hills,
Had slowly melted from his path,
And sought the bed of crystal rills;
The woods assumed a gayer hue,
The flowers put on the bloom of spring,
The clear sky shone with brighter blue,
And birds sped by on joyous wing.

By these blest signs the warrior knew
That he was travelling aright;
For old Tradition taught him so,
And on he pressed with fresh delight.
At length the shining path he spied
Winding amid a beauteous grove,
Up to the summit of a hill
That rose the verdant plain above.

High on the summit stood a lodge
To which this mystic pathway led;—
Thither, with undecaying zeal
And ardent hopes, the warrior sped.
An old man met him at the door,
With piercing eyes and long, white hair,
Who took the wand'rer by the hand,
And kindly bade him welcome there.

“I know thy quest!” the old man said,
“Leave here thy arrows and thy bow;
Thy body, too, thou must forsake—
Thither thy soul alone can go.
Thou seest yon gulf, and far away
Beyond, a region bright and fair,
Whose blue hills in the distance rise,

Warrior, the land of souls is there'

“My lodge the gate of entrance is,—
I'll guard whatever thou leav'st behind,
And thou may'st hasten on thy way,
A joyous spirit unconfined.”
Thus saying, the aged man withdrew;
And the freed traveller sped away—
As though his feet were changed to wings—
Upon his fair, but shadowy way.

Shadowy indeed, for all he passed—
Trees, plants, and flowers no substance wore,
And birds and beasts were but the souls
Of those that dwelt on earth before;—
Yet birds swept by on joyous wing,
And, pausing, gazed the timid deer
With fearless look, as if to say,
“We have no strife or bloodshed here!”

Onward he went, till, just before,
A beauteous lake appeared in view;
And at the water's edge he spied
A snow-white, shining, stone canoe.
Lightly the warrior sprang within,
And grasped the paddle by his side;
When turning, lo, beside him sat
The spirit of his beauteous bride

She sat within a light canoe,
And sweetly beckoned him away
To a green isle that, like a gem,
Amidst the sparkling waters lay;
High leaped the waves, yet on they pressed,
Wreath after wreath of foam they passed,—
Thus gliding o'er the water's breast
They reached the wished-for shore at last.

Together o'er those verdant plains,
'Mid fadeless flowers the lovers walked;
And of their native hills and streams,

Poems of the Heart and Home

And forest-homes, they freely talked.
There were no storms, no chilling winds,
No frost, no blight, to dim the flowers,
But never-fading summer reigned
Amid those calm and peaceful bowers.

None hungered there—no death, no pain,
No blighted hope, no sleepless fear;
No mourner sorrowed o'er the dead,
And no bereaved one dropped a tear;
Serenest skies were spread above,
Bright flowers were blooming all around
And every eye was filled with love,
And music dwelt in every sound.

“Here let me stay!” the warrior cried,
“On this secluded, happy shore;
Here, with my loved and beautiful bride,
Where bitter partings are no more!”
Thus spake the youth, but, ere the words
Had died away upon the breeze,
There came a low, sweet spirit-voice
Murm'ring among the sheltering trees.

“Warrior!”—thus spake the breezy voice—
“Return unto thy native shore;
Resume again thy mortal frame,
And mingle with thy tribe once more.
Listen to him who keeps the gate,
And he will tell thee what to do;
Obey his voice, return to earth,
And virtue's pleasant paths pursue.

“Thy time to die has not arrived;
But let each gloomy thought be still,
Thy maiden waits thee on this shore,
Subject no more to pain or ill!
In never-fading youth arrayed.
Here shall ye dwell in peace at last,
When thou hast done thy work on earth,
And life's brief wanderings are past.

“Return!—thou yet must lead thy tribe
Through many a wild, adventurous scene;
But when a good old age is reached,
And thou their leader long hast been,
Then will I call thee to thy rest
In this bright island of the skies,
Where thou mayst mingle with the blest,
While long, succeeding ages rise!”

The chieftain woke—'twas fancy all,
The bright revealings of a dream;—
Around him still the forest stood
Beneath the cold moon's placid beam.
Up from the ground he proudly rose,
Took up his war-club and his bow,
Quelled in his soul the bitter floods
Of disappointment and of woe,—

And, turning from the grave of her
Who erst was all the world to him,
He wiped away the gathering tears
That made his eagle-glances dim;
And with a proud, majestic step
He slowly from the grave withdrew,
Resolved to hope and labor on,
With better prospects in his view

[Footnote 1: Merciful Spirit.]

GONE BEFORE

(IN MEMORY OF A PUPIL)

Thou art but gone before—
Gone to that unknown shore
Toward which *my* feet are journeying swiftly on
Thou hast but laid thy head
First with the dreamless dead,
I, too, shall come, and share thy rest anon.

Methinks 'twas sweet to die,
Ere childhood's purity
Had been polluted by sin's withering breath;
Ere Care's pale, haggard mien
Thy laughing eye had seen,
Or thou hadst wept beside the bed of death!

We weep—yet thou art blest!
We mourn—but thou'rt at rest!
Well may we weep, yet, lost one, not for thee!
Not that thy race is run,
Thy brief life—journey done,
And thou departed with thy Lord to be.

O no!—yet we may weep,
That sin, so strong, so deep
A root within our tempted souls should have;
That we, with mortal fear,
Still trembling, doubting here,
Should cling to Earth in terror of the grave!

To Earth, whose very bloom
Speaks of the dust, the tomb,—
Whose fairest blossoms round our footsteps die,—
Whose hopes are fraught with fears,—
Whose smiles are washed with tears,—
Whose sweetest songs are burdened with a sigh!

Sleep on, thou early blest!
No cares can mar thy rest,
No years of grief and trial are for thee;
No blighted hopes, no fears,

Poems of the Heart and Home

No wasted, sin-cursed years—
Joy for thee, little one, thou'rt free—aye, free!

Now with the peaceful dead
Lay we thy beauteous head,
No mourner's dirge for thee shall chanted be!
So may we rest at last,
When all our toils are past,
And rise to tune an angel's harp with thee!

JOHANNA

(HIAWATHA MEASURE.)

'Twas a balmy day in Autumn,
In the drowsy, dreamy Autumn,
When from out the quiet woodland
Sounds of rustling leaves came only—
Leaves that floated softly earthward—
And the streamlets had a murmur
Such as wanders through our visions
In the hushed and starry midnight—
Low, soft murmur, full of music.

With the small hand of her darling
Clasped in her's, there came a mother
To an Artist—fondly asking
For the picture of her pet—lamb—
Winsome pet—lamb full of child—life,
Full of merry, ringing laughter—
Laughter that went up unceasing
Like the happy chime of streamlets
Singing thro' some mountain valley,—
Like the bird—song in the forest
In the time of early roses,—
Like the tinkle of sweet waters
Dripping o'er a marble fountain.

And the child's glad eyes grew brighter
As she saw her own sweet image
From its little case look smiling
Back upon her radiant features—
Saw the clustering curls fall softly
Round the peach—blow neck and bosom,—
Saw the lips, two tiny rose—buds,
And the scarce—shown pearls that edged them,—
And the quivering, laughing lashes
Of the eager eyes were lifted
In glad wonder, as she murmured
“Oh, it's pretty!—ain't it, ma ma?”

Came another day in Autumn—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Gloomy, sad, tempestuous Autumn—
And from out the moaning forest
Came the sound of rushing tempests
As they dashed the sere leaves downward
From the darkly tossing branches,—
And the turbid streams were chafing
With the rush of swollen waters
That, in tones all hoarse and angry,
To the rude winds made replying.

With the hot hand of her darling
Clasped in hers, that same fond mother
O'er a little couch was bending,
Where her little lamb lay moaning
In unquiet fevered slumbers.
Oft the blue-veined lids would tremble
O'er the half-veiled eyes, and sadly—
Painfully the lips would quiver,
As the sobbing breath came slowly
From the scarcely heaving bosom

Ah! that little lamb was treading
'Mid the shadows of the valley!—
And her spirit-ear, affrighted,
Just had caught the nearer murmur
Of the death-stream cold and sullen
Haply, wond'ring at the darkness
That was slowly settling round her.

But it passed, and o'er those features
Slowly broke a smile, so holy
That we deemed the angels gathered
Round her in the gloomy valley.
Then the life-light gently faded
From those eyes, as fades the sunset
From the peaceful summer heavens,—
Stillter grew the little bosom,—
And the sobbing breath grew fainter,—
And the fading smile more sweetly
Played around those lips, till slumber—
Strange, deep slumber slowly settled
In its marble stillness o'er her.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Ah!—that little tear–stained image
Now, is all that's left thee, mother,
Of thy little, dark–eyed daughter!
Ever, as it smiles upon thee
From its tiny case, how keenly
Will thy heart–strings thrill with anguish.
As that voice again comes to thee,
And again those sweet lips murmur—
“Oh it's pretty!—ain't it, ma–ma?”

SANZAS

“Whom have I in heaven but thee?”
’Twere nought to me, yon glorious arch of night,
Decked with the gorgeous blazonry of heaven,
If, to my faith, amid its splendors bright,
No vision of the Eternal One were given;
I could but view a dreary, soulless waste—
A vast expanse of solitude unknown;—
More cheerless for the splendors o’er it cast,
For all its grandeur more intensely lone.

’Twere nought to me, this ever-changing scene
Of earthly beauty, sunshine, and delight—
The wood’s deep shadows and the valley’s green,
Morn’s tender glow, and sunset’s splendors bright—
Nought, if my Father smiled not from the sky,
The cloud, the flower, the landscape, and the leaf;
My soul would pine ’mid Earth’s vain pageantry,
And droop in hopeless orphanage and grief.

’Twere nought to me, the Ocean’s far expanse,
If His perfections were not mirrored there,
Hopeless across the unmeasured waste I’d glance,
And clasp my hands in anguish, not in prayer,
Nought, Nature’s anthem, ever swelling up
From Nature’s myriad voices, for the hymn
Would breathe nor love, nor gratitude, nor hope,
Robbed of the tones that speak to me of Him.

This wondrous universe, how less than nought
Without my God—how desolate and drear!
A mockery Earth with her vain splendors fraught—
A gilded pageant every rolling sphere;
The noonday sun with all his glories crowned,
A sickly flame, would glimmer faint and pale;
And all Earth’s melodies, their sweetness drowned,
Be but the utterance of a funeral wail!

CANADA

Fair land of peace!—to Britain's rule and throne
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,
And free as happy, and as brave as free,
Proud are thy children—justly proud, of thee!

Thou hast no streams renowned in classic lore,
No vales where fabled heroes moved of yore,
No hills where Poesy enraptured stood,
No mythic fountains, no enchanted wood;
But unadorned, rough, cold, and often stern,
The careless eye to other lands might turn,
And seek, where Nature's bloom is more intense,
Softer delights to charm the eye of sense.

But we who know thee, proudly point the hand
Where thy broad rivers roll serenely grand—
Where, in still beauty 'neath our northern sky,
Thy lordly lakes in solemn grandeur lie,—
Where old Niagara's awful voice has given
The flood's deep anthem to the ear of heaven
Through the long ages of the vanished past,
Through Summer's bloom, and Winter's angry blast—
Nature's proud utterance of unwearied song,
Now, as at first, majestic, solemn, strong,
And ne'er to fail, till the archangel's cry
Shall still the million tones of earth and sky,
And send the shout to ocean's farthest shore—
“Be hushed ye voices—time shall be no more!”

Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange;
Once, far and wide, the unbroken forests spread
Their lonely wastes, mysterious and dread—
Forests, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word,—
Where only rang the red-browed hunter's yell,
And the wolfs howl thro' the dark, sunless dell.

Now, fruitful fields and waving orchard-trees
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands;—
Here smiles a hamlet thro' embowering green,
And there, the statelier village—spires are seen;—
Here, by the brook—side, clacks the noisy mill,

There, the white homestead nestles to the hill;—
The modest school—house here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds that seek its simple lore;—
There, Learning's statelier fane of massive walls
Wooes the young aspirant to classic halls;
And bids him in her hoarded treasures find
The gathered wealth of every gifted mind.

Here, too, we see, in primal freshness still,
The cool, calm forest nodding on the hill;
And o'er the quiet valley, clustering green,
The tall trees linked in brotherhood serene,
Fattening from year to year the soil below,
Which shall in time with golden harvests glow;
And yield more wealth to Labor's sturdy hands,

Than fabled Eldorado's yellow sands.
Where once, with thundering din, in years by—gone,
The heavy waggon labored slowly on
Thro' dreary swamps by rudest causeways spanned,
With shaggy cedars dark on either hand,
Where wolves oft howled in nightly chorus drear,
And boding owls mocked the lone traveller's fear,

Now, o'er the stable Rail the Iron—horse
Sweeps proudly on in his exultant course,
Bearing in his impetuous flight along,
The freighted car with all its living throng,
At speed which rivals in its onward flight,
The bird's free wing thro' azure fields of light.

Wealth of the forest, treasures of the hills,
Majestic rivers, fertilizing rills,
Expansive lakes, rich vales, and sunny plains,
Vast fields where yet primeval nature reigns,

Poems of the Heart and Home

Exhaustless treasures of the teeming soil—
These loudly call to enterprising Toil

Nor vainly call. From lands beyond the sea,
Strong men have turned, O Canada, to thee,—
Turned from their father's graves, their native shore,
Smiling to scorn the flood's tempestuous roar,
Gladly to find where broader, ampler room
Allured their steps, a happy, Western home.

The toil-worn peasant looked with eager eyes
O'er the blue waters, to those distant skies;
Where no one groaned 'neath unrequited toil,
Where the strong laborer might own the soil
On which he stood; and, in his manhood's strength,
Smile to behold his growing fields at length;—
Where his brave sons might easily obtain
The lore for which their father sighed in vain,
And, in a few short seasons, take their stand
Among the learned and gifted of the land,

Could ocean-barriers avail to keep
That yearning heart in lands beyond the deep?
No!—the sweet vision of a home—his own,
Haunted his days of toil, his midnights lone;
Till, gath'ring up his little earthly store,
Boldly he sought this far-off Western shore,
In a few years to realize far more
Than in his wildest dreams he hoped before.
We cannot boast those skies of milder ray,
'Neath which the orange mellows day by day,
Where the Magnolia spreads its snowy flowers,
And Nature revels in perennial bowers,—
Here, Winter holds his long and solemn reign,
And madly sweeps the desolated plain,—
But Health and Vigor hail the wintry strife,
With all the buoyant glow of happy life,
And, by the blazing chimney's cheerful hearth,
Smile at the blast 'mid songs and household mirth.

Here Freedom looks o'er all those broad domains,
And hears no heavy clank of servile chains,
Here man, no matter what his skin may be,

Poems of the Heart and Home

May stand erect and proudly say "I'M FREE!"
No crouching slaves cower in our busy marts,
With straining eyes and anguish riven hearts!

The beam that gilds alike the palace walls
And lowly hut, with genial radiance falls
On peer and peasant,—but the lowliest here
Walks in the sunshine, free as is a peer.
Proudly he stands with muscles strong and free,
The serf—the slave of no man, doomed to be.
His own, the arm the heavy axe that wields,—
His own, the hands that till the summer fields,—
His own, the babes that prattle in the door,—
His own, the wife that treads the cottage floor,
All the sweet ties of life to him are sure,
All the proud rights of MANHOOD are secure!

Fair land of peace' Oh mayest thou ever be,
Even as now, the land of LIBERTY!—
Treading serenely the bright upward road,
Honored of nations and approved of God,—
On thy fair brow emblazoned clear and bright,
FREEDOM, FRATERNITY, AND EQUAL RIGHT!

"I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT"

(Ps. 3 5.)

Dark was the midnight hour,
And wild with storm. Nor moon nor pitying star
Gleamed through the inky darkness from afar;
And Earth seemed reeling blindly to her doom,
As reels some stout ship thro' the midnight gloom,
What time the tempest and the waves have power.

I stood alone that night,
And stretched my chill hands tow'rd the rayless sky,
And heard the wrathful winds go shrieking by,
And thought of one, whose weary feet from far
Were journeying homeward thro' that night's wild war,
Stricken with dire Consumption's deadly blight

"Oh! feeble, woman's hands
Outstretched in anguish thro' the enshrouding dark,
Ye cannot reach that far-off, struggling bark
That seems so lashed and beaten by the storm;
Ye cannot clasp that fever-stricken form,
And lead him home across the cold, wet sands!

"But thou canst kneel and pray,
Oh, burdened one!—Thy Father, through the night
Can hear thy prayer!—Thy tears fall in His sight!
Call e'er so faintly, He thy voice can hear!
Then close the door, and pray;—thy Lord is near—
Is near to thee, and near to him alway!"

Thus spake the voice of Love;—
And, kneeling there, in God's own gracious ear
I whispered all my anguish and my fear,
Then laid me down, and slept, and saw no more
The night's black pall, or heard the sullen roar
Of battling storms that 'mid the darkness strove.

I slept, and woke at length,
Strengthened, sustained. Another day, I knew
That he had been sustained and strengthened too;
And when, at length, his fevered hand I pressed,

Poems of the Heart and Home

I blessed the love that so had brought him rest,
And me, for added sorrows, added strength.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR A DARK DAY

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?—
Will the sunshine come ever again?—
Will the clouds, that are weeping in sorrow,
Their glorious beauty regain?
Will the forest stand forth in its greenness?—
The meadows smile sweet as before?—
And the sky, in its placid sereneness,
Bend lovingly o'er us once more?

Will the birds sing again as we heard them,
Ere the tempest their gentle notes hushed?—
Will the breeze float again in its freedom,
Where lately its melody gushed?
Will the beautiful angel of sunset
Drape the heavens in crimson and gold,
As the day-king serenely retireth,
'Mid grandeur and glory untold?

Yea; the clouds will be lifted to-morrow,
From valley, and hill-top, and plain;
And sunshine, and gladness, and beauty
Will visit the landscape again;—
The forest, the field, and the river
Will bask in the joy-giving ray;
And the angel of sunset, as ever,
Will smile o'er the farewell of day.

For the longest day hastes to its ending,—
The darkest night speeds to the day;—
O'er thickest clouds, ever, the sunbeam
Shines on with unfaltering ray;—
Though thou walk amid shadows, thy Father
Makes His word and his promises thine;
And, whatever the storms that may gather,
At length thro' the gloom He will shine!

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

A little child stood moaning
At the hour of midnight lone,
And no human ear was list'ning
To the feebly wailing tone;
The cold, keen blast of winter
With funeral wail swept by,
And the blinding snow fell darkly
Through the murky, wintry sky.

Ah! desolate and wretched
Was the drunkard's outcast child,
Driven forth; amidst the horrors
Of that night of tempests wild.
The babe so fondly cherished
Once 'neath a parent's eye,
Now laid her down in anguish
Midst the drifting snows to die!

"Papa!—papa!"—she murmured,
"The night is cold and drear,
And I'm freezing!—Oh, I'm freezing!
In the storm and darkness here;—
My naked feet are stiff'ning,
And my little hands are numb,—
Papa, can I not come to thee,
And warm myself at home?"

"Mamma! mamma!"—more wildly,
The little suff'rer cried—
Forgetting, in her anguish,
How her stricken mother died—
"Oh, take me to your bosom,
And warm me on your breast,
Then lay me down and kiss me,
In my little bed to rest!"

Poor child!—the sleep that gathers
Thy stiffened eyelids o'er,
Will know no weary waking
To a life of anguish more.

Poems of the Heart and Home

Sleep on!—the snows may gather
O'er thy cold and pulseless form—
Thou art resting, calmly resting,
In the wild, dark, midnight storm

THE NAMES OF JESUS

[Footnote: This poem is designed to form a part of a volume of strictly religious poetry, which the Author has in course of preparation; and is inserted here in deference to the expressed wish of a large number of friends. Its appearance here will not, however, prevent its appearing in its appropriate connection.]

I SING the NAMES of JESUS!—matchless names!
Highest and holiest Earth or Heaven claims!
By which alone we may approach to Him
Before whose faintest ray the sun grows dim,
And all the brightest glory of the skies
Like twilight's feeble glimmer fades and dies.

MESSIAH, CHRIST!—God's high, Anointed One!
The Eternal Father's well-beloved Son!
On whom the mystic oil of Heaven was shed,
What time, descending on His sacred head,
The Consecrating Spirit from above
Set Him apart to holiest deeds of love;
Anointed Prophet, from that favored hour
To teach His Father's will, to wield His power,—
Anointed Priest, for His own people's sake,
Himself a sacrifice for sin to make,—
Anointed King, unrivalled and alone
To reign on universal Empire's throne,—
To whose high majesty and regal worth
All crowns shall bend in Heaven and in Earth,—
All Powers to Him their cheerful tribute bring,
And all above, below, confess Him King.

OUR PASSOVER! 'Twas night on Egypt's coast,
And all were hushed to rest save Israel's host;—
They, silent, wakeful, harnessed as for flight,
Each in his own hushed dwelling watched that night
Through the slow, fateful hours of deepening gloom,
The coming of God's Messenger of doom,
Whose piercing eye, through the deep, awful shade
By Judgment's stern uplifted pinions made,

Poems of the Heart and Home

The blood-mark on each dwelling should descry
Of the slain lamb, and, seeing, pass it by.

Thus, thus, O Soul! in that more awful hour
When the last Judgment's darker shadows lower,
And, swift and stern, God's messengers go forth
To reap the harvest of this fated Earth,—
If then, on thee is found no crimson stain
Of God's own Lamb on bloody Calvary slain,—
If thou art resting not beneath the blood
Of that one sacrifice ordained of God,
Where wilt thou fly?—where hide thyself away
From the dread reck'ning of the Judgment day?—
If resting 'neath the blood for sinners spilt,
Look up!—the judge Himself has borne thy guilt'
Justice and Judgement claim thy life in vain,
Since Christ, thy Passover, Himself is slain!

IMMANUEL!—God with us. *With us*, O Soul!
Of this brief utt'rance canst thou grasp the whole?—
Nay, comprehend one attribute of God,
The Maker, Sovereign, Him who at a nod
Can hurl all worlds to wreck, and with a breath
Can wake a Universe from night and death,
And clothe in Beauty's robes of richest bloom
Ten thousand worlds snatched from chaotic gloom?

If not, couldst grasp the thought that such as He,
Clothed in frail, human flesh, a *man* should be?
Of us and with us, veiled his dazzling ray
Of awful Godhead, and at home in clay,
A living, dying man? Heaven, Earth, and Hell
The mystery fail to solve, Immanuel!—
And yet, Faith lays her hand in thine,
And whispers low,—“Immanuel is mine!”

But He has other Names, it may be less
Bewildering in their deep mysteriousness,
O'er which we oftener linger, which we bear
Oftener to Heaven upon the breath of prayer,—
Sweet, hallowed home-names,—dearer, it may be,
Because first learned beside a mother's knee;—
The tender names of Father, Brother, Friend,—
Names that with all sweet recollections blend,—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Names full of high significancy, given
To Him who intercedes for us in Heaven.

FATHER!—dear name, to thought and feeling dear
Thrice—precious ever in the Christian's ear!
An earthly father, trials may estrange;
THE EVERLASTING FATHER knows no change!—
With tireless patience and unslumbering care,
Watching wherever His earth—children are,
Nor failing e'en the faintest cry to hear,
By His weak children breathed into His ear.

BROTHER!—our Eldest, FIRST—BORN FROM THE DEAD,
Of all the glorified the Living HEAD!
Yet condescending to the youngest child,
With tenderest looks and accents sweet and mild;—
Who feels a wrong done to the feeblest one,
Keenly, as though unto Himself 'twere done;—
Who, sees no kindness to the humblest shown,
But 'lisas though 'twere to Himself alone;—
And who will judge the wrong, the kindness bless,
With all a brother's truth and tenderness;—
Nay, more: an earthly brother faints and dies,
Or faithless oft, forgets affections ties;—
His love, enduring as the eternal throne,
No change, decay, or loss have ever known.

FRIEND!—there is music in that simple word,
Which through all time the human heart has stirred.
Earth cannot be a desert, joy—bereft,
To any heart, if but one friend is left;—
Yet friends oft change, and friendship proves a name,
And death at last must ever quench its flame.

Yet He's a friend, than brother closer far;—
One whose affection changes cannot mar;—
One tempted, tried, and grieved, as you have been;—
Long a lone wanderer through this world of sin;—
Himself without a friend whose steadfast heart
In His deep cup of anguish shared a part.

Friendless He knelt in dark Gethsamane;—
Unfriended hung on Calvary's bloody tree;—
And all for what?—His matchless love to prove
For man, His enemy! O, matchless love!—
O, wondrous Friendship!—O, unchanging Friend!—

Poems of the Heart and Home

Who, loving thus, should love unto the end,
That, evermore, the ransomed soul might rest
Its weary head upon His faithful breast,
And feel, 'mid all vicissitudes and pains,
That one, true, constant, loving friend remains.

Friend, Brother, Father!—Could we ask for more?
Yet these dear names exhaust not half the store.

REDEEMER!—SAVIOUR!—Lo! a captive, bound
With chains and fetters, wrapped in night profound,
In helpless, hopeless bondage, dark I lay,
When He, in pitying mercy, passed that way.

He saw me hugging close my heavy chain,
Loving my bonds, despite their bitter pain,
Deaf to the music of the songs of Heaven,
Blind to the light His pitying love had given,
Sick unto death, yet boastful of my health,
Clothed in foul rags, yet vaunting of my wealth.

Was *that* a thing to love or pity?—Nay!—
Yet He did stoop, on me, His hand to lay;
Touched my dark eyes, and lo! the light was mine;
Ope'd my dull ears to harmony divine;
Showed me my rags, my wretchedness, my grief,
My deadly sickness, and then gave relief;
Paid my full ransom—price, warmed, cleansed, and red,
And clothed in spotless raiment, me He led
Forth from the dungeon of impurity,
To the pure air of heaven, made whole, set free!
Henceforth my all in life or death is thine,
And thou, Redeemer, Saviour,—thou art mine!

Nor yet, with these, the exultant song should cease;
for this Redeemer is the PRINCE OF PEACE!
To be redeemed by earthly Prince, would be
High honor, lasting joy to him set free;
Yet earthly princes, emulous of fame,
Oft win their way to power by sword and flame,
And leave the path by which they reach a throne,
Red with slain victims in their rage o'erthrown,
And rudely crushed beneath the maddened tread
Of fiery Conquest, reckless of his dead.

But oh, how different is the Prince of Peace!
He comes to bid the rage of conflict cease;
He lifts His hand above the stormy sea
Of human passion, surging wrathfully,

Poems of the Heart and Home

And lo! its maddened waves in peace subside,—
Hushed is the tempest—roar of power and pride,—
The desert and the wilderness rejoice,
And life awakes at His creative voice,—
Peace spans with rainbow arch the weeping sky,
And angels smile from their pure homes on high!

And yet our Prince is more. He is a PRIEST,
In whom signs, symbols, offerings all have ceased;
For, more than Priest, a SACRIFICE He stands,
With streaming side, and bloody feet and hands,
Bearing to Heaven, not blood of bullocks slain,
Nor victims' ashes sprinkling the unclean,
But His own blood, an offering to Heaven
That God might thus be just and man forgiven,
Himself, at once, Prince, Priest, and Sacrifice,
Man mediatorial, Lord of Earth and Skies,—
Angels in vain the myst'ry would explore,
And men and angels mutually adore!

Yet, as though these were not enough, we find
Him stooping still, to meet the human mind,
Under still other names His boundless grace
And love to symbolize for Adams race.

See yonder flock upon the mountain bare
Is there no hand to guide or tend them there?
When the wild beast comes prowling from his den,
Who will protect the helpless creatures then?
Who, when the pastures fail, and springs are dry,
Will lead them forth where greener pastures lie?

What pitiest thou the helpless flock?—so He,
Thy watchful friend, in pity thinks of thee
“I the GOOD SHEPHERD am, and ye the sheep,
With tenderest care my little flock I keep,
No ravenous beast shall prey upon my own,
They know my voice, and follow me alone”

Is yonder sun a welcome sight to thee,
As up the east he rides exultingly?—
Do the hills wake to beauty as he comes,
And valleys blush with countless opening blooms?
Do the streams sparkle, and the woodlands ring
With the sweet lays the happy warblers sing?

He is a SUN, and where His radiance streams
Beauty and gladness waken in His beams,

Poems of the Heart and Home

The soul expands to perfect leaf and flower,
And ripening fruitage waits the vintage hour,—
Songs of rejoicing float upon the air,
And 'neath His rays 'tis Summer everywhere.

Is yonder vine a pleasant, goodly thing,
As upward still its laden branches spring,
As its ripe clusters woo the longing sight
To linger still with ever new delight?
"I'm the TRUE VINE," saith Christ, "the branches ye,—
The living Vine, abide ye still in me;
Thus shall my life to every branch be given,
Thus shall each branch bring forth the fruit of Heaven!"

See, yonder traveller in a desert land,
Toils day by day o'er tracks of burning sand,
A lurid sky above—beneath, around,
The dreary desert spreads its wastes profound.
With blistered feet, and aching, blood-shot eye,
Long dimly strained some fountain to descry,
Onward he toils, while hope, as days depart,
Grows feebler, fainter, at his weary heart

On the horizon's verge he sees at length
A shadowy line, and lo, his failing strength
In a full tide returns!—His weary feet
Speed gladly on, by courage rendered fleet:
He gains the fount, he drinks, and toil and care,
And dread and danger, all forgotten are!

So, to life's weary pilgrim, Christ is made
In the drear desert a refreshing SHADE!
A FOUNT OF LIVING WATER, never dry,
To all the thirsty yielding full supply,—
A WELL OF WATER ever springing up
To Life Eternal—fount of joy and hope!

Student of nature! dost thou love, at morn,
To tread where earliest flowers the wild adorn?—
To view the lowly blossoms of the field,
In shady nooks half-hidden, half-revealed—
The wild rose, scenting all the dewy air,
The graceful lily bending meekly there?

Then think as with admiring eye you trace

Poems of the Heart and Home

Those meek, sweet dwellers in each lonely place,
That He, of whom I sing well knowing how
The heart to Nature's lovely gifts, would bow,
Would lead your thoughts with gentle, winning force
Up from created Beauty to its Source

He is the ROSE OF SHARON—fairest flower
That perfume breathed through Eden's hallowed bower
The LILY OF THE VALLEY, pensive, fair,
With heavenly sweetness flooding all the air,—
Thrice sacred symbol, breathing evermore
Of Him whom angels cease not to adore!

Thou man of Science, who, with practised eye
And glance untiring sweep'st the starry sky,
Speeding in thought along those trackless ways,
Where planets burn and constellations blaze,
Leaving uncounted worlds behind thee far,—
Listen—"I am THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR !"
He says—and does not thought more gladly stray,
Where the meek herald of the rising day
Sits like a peaceful vestal bearing high
Her radiant urn on the soft eastern sky?—
Thence, rising, seek the Morning Star of Heaven,
Who to Night's myriad suns their light has given,
And, bowing low Light's sacred Fount before,
In wondering, reverential awe adore?

Soul, ever groping through the mists of time,
To find the path which leads to the sublime,
Still heights of God!—weak are thy steps and slow,
Yet there's a path no fowl of heaven doth know,—
No lion's whelp that secret way hath found,—
No eagle marked it from the heights profound,—
No human art, unhelped, discerned the road
That leadeth up to happiness and God!

Yet, anxious Soul! dost thou not hear Him say,
"Cease thy vain groping,—lo, I am the WAY,—
The way to God,—the one unerring Way?
All other paths will lend thy feet astray,
I only, WISDOM, am the path that lies
'Twixt man and God the Sovereign of the skies!"

Seeker of Truth !—long hast thou striven to find
This only boon that satisfies the mind

Poems of the Heart and Home

Through Nature's stores the treasure hast thou sought;
Hast traversed all the boundless fields of thought,
Questioned the lonely night, the laughing day,
The ocean—depths, the founts that ceaseless play,
Old hoary mountains, cliffs, and caverns lone,
Earth's secret depths—mysterious, unknown,
Asked of the past, the present, future, striven
To pierce the mysteries unrevealed of Heaven,
Yet weary and unsatisfied remained,
Longing for Truth, still far off, unattained,—
That truth which *satisfies* the anxious quest,
And with the attainment, bringeth *perfect rest*.

“I am the TRUTH!”—saith Christ,—O, wearied one!
Tired of thy fruitless search beneath the sun,
Accept this boon, so sacred, so divine,
In simple trust, and all thou seek'st is thine—
Truth that makes free,—that falsehood cannot dim,—
In full completeness all made thine in Him!

Lover of life! say, what wouldst thou not give,
To know that thou eternally shouldst live?
Is Death a thing from which to shrink with dread?
The dreary valley dost thou fear to tread?
What wouldst thou give to pierce the unknown Dark
That lies before thy feebly tossing bark.
And know what anchor in that unknown sea,
Or wreck disastrous, there awaiteth thee?

Dost trembling cling to this frail thread of life,
Through pain, and doubt, and weariness, and strife,
Rather than trust thy dimly groping hand
Its hold to fasten on that unknown land
Whence none return, its secrets to declare,
And tell what bliss or rum waits thee there?

Well mayst thou cling to Earth, unless thy ear
Opened has been, the voice from Heaven to hear,—
To hear the Christ, amid Earth's wearying strife,
Its toil and tumult, say “*I am the LIFE!*”
“*I am THE LIFE!*”—oh, then, undo thy clasp
On this frail-being, and with deathless grasp
Lay hold on Him, in whom, by whom alone,
The bliss of Life Eternal may be known!—
Failing in this, how deep must be the gloom—
The unpierced darkness of the lonely tomb!—
In this succeeding, what exultant day

Poems of the Heart and Home

O'er all thy future pours its blissful ray!

Is light a blessing?—He's the soul's clear LIGHT—
The blessed DAY—STAR, scattering the night!
Is peace the sweetest boon to mortals given?—
Jesus is PEACE made manifest from Heaven!
Is love the bond of life, beneath, above,
In Earth, or Heaven?—His highest name is LOVE!

ROCK, REFUGE, REST. a SHIELD in conflict dire,
Around His saints A WALL OF LIVING FIRE,
STRENGTH, HOPE, REDEMPTION, RIGHTEOUSNESS divine;
FAIREST AMONG TEN THOUSAND fair that shine
On hills Of light by high archangels trod,
Judah's stern LION, spotless LAMB OF GOD;
THE SON OF GOD, THE SON OF MAN, THE BREAD
OF LIFE, with which each heir of Heaven is fed;
THE RESURRECTION from the dust of death;
AUTHOR AND FINISHER of all our Faith;
God's manifested thought—Eternal WORD
By whom creation's eldest depths were stirred;
ALPHA, OMEGA, FIRST, LAST, JEHOVAH, MAN!
So ends my song just where my song began!
JESUS!—"He saves His people from their sins!"
Thus end all praises, where all praise begins!