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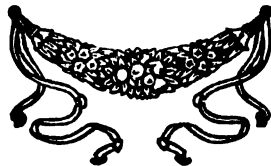


*Yours sincerely,
J. H. Bair*

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF REV. JOHN FRANKLIN BAIR

WITH A NUMBER OF ILLUSTRATIONS PREPARED
ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK



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BY JOHN F. BAIR

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English

Dedication

TO my dear, faithful wife,
who has nobly stood by
me amid my greatest trials,
and has been my greatest
source of earthly comfort,
this volume is affection-
ately dedicated

Eng. G.E.Z. 6 May 20 Cadmus 2.50

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REMOTE STORAGE

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NAMES OF THE ADVENTURERS

(Executed.)

J. J. Andrews, leader. . . . Citizen of Kentucky. . .
William Campbell Citizen of Kentucky.
George D. Wilson Co. B, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.
Marion A. Ross Co. A, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.
Perry G. Shadrack Co. K, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.
Samuel Robinson Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
Samuel Slavens Co. G, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
John Scott Co. K, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.

(Escaped in October.)

W. W. Brown Co. F, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
William J. Knight Co. E, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
J. R. Porter Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols
Mark Wood Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols
J. A. Wilson Co. C, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
W. J. Hawkins Co. A, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
John Wollam Co. C, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
D. A. Dorsey Co. H, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.

(Exchanged in March.)

Jacob Parrot Co. K, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
Robert Buffum Co. H, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
William Bensinger Co. G, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
William Reddick Co. B, Thirty-third Reg't, Ohio Vols.
E. H. Mason Co. K, Twenty-first Reg't, Ohio Vols.
William Pittenger Co. G, Second Reg't, Ohio Vols.

Preface

"Why is it that no one in our day writes long poems?"

"Because nobody would read them."

I am not the author of the above question and answer. **The** author is a noted Doctor of divinity of the same denomination of which I have the honor to be an humble minister, namely, "The Reformed Church in the United States."

I sat in one of the pews of his church while I was a student in the Theological Seminary, about eleven years ago, and there heard him ask the above question and give the above answer.

I must say that I doubted whether the learned Doctor was correct in his views concerning long poems. Of course one would naturally think that he a D.D., ought to know better than I an humble student of theology. But under such circumstances, and especially when I desired to differ with one whom I knew was much more highly educated than I, I was comforted by the Scripture which says, "Great men are not always wise." And my experience in after years proved that the Doctor erred in his judgment.

While I was ready to admit that if a poet of this age were to write a long poem the nature of some written centuries ago, it would doubtless not be read, yet, on the other hand, I felt quite certain that if long poems, adapted to our age were written, they would be eagerly read.

I began to ask myself the question, What do our people of this age want in the way of poems? What kind of a long poem shall I write that will likely be read?

I finally came to this conclusion, Something written in plain, smooth English. The author must avoid using what are commonly called, "Big words," for, while the world is more highly educated today than ever before, there is also more of a tendency on the part of our best educators to simplify our language as much as possible. The people want something just a little humorous, a little sensational, something that will have just enough snap in each stanza to instill in them a desire for more. If I can succeed in writing such a poem, I feel assured that it will be eagerly read, without regard to length.

I therefore ventured boldly into the field and began the task of writing my long epic poem, "The Andrews Raid," and in the year 1898 published an edition of it, of one thousand copies. The rapid sale with which it met astonished me and I felt more assured than ever that the age of long poems was not past. In 1904 I published my "Poetical Works," an edition of one thousand copies. This work contained 315 poems, with 12 illustrations.

It sold so rapidly, that really, before I began to think very seriously of putting out another edition, the one thousand copies were exhausted and my friends were crying out, Give us another edition. I have labored long and earnestly to grant the request of my friends. Often have I kept at the work late at night, until I became so weary that I nodded sleepily over my manuscript.

But after long and tedious efforts, I have at last succeeded in gathering together these five hundred and one children of my brain into one large volume.

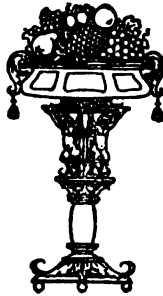
The long poem, "Drucilla," written in hexameter verse, was suggested to me by a remark made by Mrs. Rev. E. S. Bromer, Greensburg, Pa., concerning one of those empty titled foreign counts, who endeavored to marry a daughter

of a certain rich American, but was scorned by her, although her mother did all in her power to compel her to marry him. The part of the poem, which has reference to the Spanish American War, was suggested by an experience of a friend of mine in San Francisco, to which place he had been brought after having been severely wounded during a battle in the Philippine Islands.

In conclusion, I wish to thank my many admirers of my former works, for their many expressions of encouragement and cheer, and also to express the hope that they, and many others who may read this work, may find in it even more pleasure than that which they derived from my former works.

J. F. B.

Greensburg, Pa., August 5, 1907.



OLD JIM BROWN.

Have you ever heard of old Jim Brown?
He's worth a million dollars,
They say he'll squeeze a dollar till
The eagle on it hollers;
He owns the largest bank in town,
They call him the old skinner,
Because he will not let his wife
E'er get a decent dinner.

If she would buy some extra steak
Or spend an extra copper
For things she needed in the house,
Old Jim would promptly stop her;
He wears an old and faded coat
He's worn for seven summers,
A stranger meeting him would think
He was the chief of bummers.

If you e'er go into his bank
And money try to borrow,
You'll find him ready, yes, to loan,
But you'll find to your sorrow,
He'll charge you in'trest, twelve per cent,
The sneaking, low lived robbber,
Of principle he has no more
Than the worst low bald knobber.

Does he belong to church, you ask?
Yes, he's a leading member!
He boasts that he gave fifty cents
To orphans last December;

And actually he paid three dollars
To help support his pastor,
And thinks his generosity
Will surely please the Master.

What, what question did you ask me?
Will he e'er get to heaven?
Well! I don't know, he thinks he will,
But I to doubt am given;
For if he would, I do believe
He'd never be contented;
He'd see his mansion and he'd think
Part of it should be rented.

What? no, he's not the only one
In Greensburg, there are others
So stingy that they'd sell the homes
Of their old gray haired mothers;
Yes, there are others rich enough,
Still scrambling for more dollars,
Who, as some say, will squeeze their coin
Until the eagle hollers.

Yet, they're not rich, but very poor,
Their time to self is given;
They've laid all up on earth, they've laid
No treasure up in heaven;
And some day they will hear the voice
Of Him they should have trusted,
Your gold and silver cankered are,
Your treasures all are rusted.

And thus I speak to you young men,
Now starting on life's journey
No matter what you choose to be,
A banker or attorney,

Don't ever charge men twelve per cent.
 Interest on loaned money,
 Or you may never reach that land
 Which flows with milk and honey.

BEN WARREN.

Ben Warren lived in Ligonier,
 His father drank whisky and beer,
 But not to excess, he ranked with those
 Who boasted that whene'er they chose
 They could drink beer or could refrain,
 And said that all men could abstain
 From drinking if they'd only choose,
 That no one need go on a booze,
 That total abstinence was wrong,
 And that they never would belong
 To any temp'rance band or pay
 To drive the liquor men away.

Said he, I've drank e'er since a boy,
 A glass of whisky I enjoy;
 I can't see where it e'er harmed me,
 And I will let the public see
 That I can train my boy Ben too
 To do just what I always do,
 Take but a drink or two a day,
 No matter what companions say.

So he began to give to Ben,
 Who had just reached the age of ten,
 One glass of whisky ev'ry day,
 And smiled when he beheld the way

His son soon learned to like the drug
 And how the contents of the jug
 Brought flushes to the boy's pale face,
 But failed to see the darkened trace
 'Twas leaving on his only boy,
 Destined to mar his future joy.

Twelve years passed by, upon a bunk,
 In a lock up, a man, dead drunk,
 Is lying clad in rags, 'tis Ben,
 Now numbered with the drunken men;
 That first glass which his father gave
 To his own son caused him to crave
 For more and all his power of will
 Could not keep that strong craving still;
 He could not pass a barroom by
 No matter how hard he might try.
 He ceased his work the same old tale,
 His goods were sold at sheriff's sale;
 Ben to the barroom daily went,
 His young wife o'er the washtub bent
 And thus from morn till ev'ning's dim,
 She earned her food and food for him.

A baby boy was born one day,
 Ben gazed upon him as he lay
 Upon a pile of rags, his bed,
 And fully sobered now he said,
 Poor child a drunkard's son are you,
 But heaven knows that it is due
 To your grandsire who first gave me
 That fatal glass of vile whisky
 Which robbed me of my senses and
 My honor and today I stand
 An outcast and a by word here,
 Because he said a glass of beer

Would not harm me, alas, today
 He sees the error of his way!
 But you, my son, shall e'er be taught
 The misery which rum hath wrought.

Ben moved away from Ligonier
 To Delmont, where they sold no beer;
 With no saloons to tempt him there,
 He went to work and with great care
 Saved money and in six years bought
 Within the town a house and lot.
 After two years more had passed by,
 Two men for license did apply,
 The people raised a strong protest
 But old Judge B. thought he knew best
 And soon two barrooms opened up
 In Delmont and the fatal cup
 Was raised to lips of young and old
 As day by day the drug was sold.

The balance of my tale I would
 Gladly erase if I but could;
 But duty calls me to tell all,
 E'en though my tears in torrents fall.
 It happened on an afternoon
 That Ben passed by John Hay's saloon,
 He smelled the whisky and once more
 The old craving, which years before
 Had caused him to become a sot,
 Seized him again and he could not
 Control himself, into that hole
 He went and raised the fatal bowl
 And drank the fatal drug and then
 He filled the bowl and drank again.

Five hours later, up the street,
 A sound is heard of tramping feet,
 The people shout in tones most wild,
 A man has killed his wife and child!
 Where, who? the people all exclaim,
 Where, who? Ben Warren is his name;
 And, hark! Ben Warren, in the crowd,
 Is heard to shout like thunders loud,
 Yes, Ben Warren, yes, yes, 'twas I,
 Hang me quick, for I want to die!

No, 'twas not I, 'twas those who sell
 The drug which sends men down to hell!
 No, 'twas not I, 'twas old John Hay
 Who sells the stuff down on Broadway,
 No, 'twas not I, 'twas old Judge B.
 Who gave the license, yes, 'twas he,
 Upon his head shall rest the curse,
 My crime is great but his is worse.

The frantic crowd sped on their way
 Until they reached Ben's home, there lay
 His only son, there lay his wife,
 From both had gone the breath of life;
 Men groaned aloud, the whole town wept,
 A hurricane of gloom had swept
 O'er that small town, once free from rum,
 Alas! a darker day had come.

'Tis Sunday morning and there lies,
 With folded hands and with closed eyes,
 Two forms inside the church and all
 The pews are full and the rear hall,
 And ev'ry aisle, and all the space
 Of standing room, and ev'ry face

Within that church is sad and pale
 As if they'd entered in the vale
 Of death itself, the preacher's head
 Was bowed in sadness as he read,
 The Master saith, Yea, verily
 Offences come, it must needs be ;
 But hear, yea hear, ye who sell rum,
 Woe to that man through whom they come.

THE LIVING STREAM.

O Rock of ages, from which flowed
 The stream so fresh and pure,
 Which quenched the thirst of Israel's sons
 And caused them to endure
 The journey through the wilderness,
 An trials to surmount,
 Permit me to draw near and drink
 From that same sacred fount.

In thy blest word thou dost proclaim
 That whosoever will
 May of that living water drink,
 For it is flowing still ;
 Dear Lord, my Rock, my help, my strength,
 Daily be thou my guide
 Within the paths of righteousness
 And with me e'er abide.

Then, even though the way be rough,
 Nothing shall I e'er fear,
 For I can conquer ev'ry ill
 If thou, my strength, art near ;

Then on thee, Lord, my guide, my strength,
 Daily I'll fix my eyes
 Until my soul, from care set free,
 To heavenly mansions flies.

BY KEEPING AT IT.

I saw upon a frosty morn,
 A collier boy with looks forlorn,
 With ragged clothes and feet nigh bare,
 With bright gray eyes and sandy hair,
 Lugging upon his bended back,
 A dirty and well filled coal sack,
 I judged it would a bushel hold,
 And he a lad but ten years old.

He could but go ten yards at best
 Before he'd be obliged to rest ;
 Said I, my boy, how do you do,
 Where are you taking that coal to ?
 Said he, to home I'm taking it
 To warm our room a little bit ;
 My mother's lying sick in bed,
 My father has for years been dead.

Said I, my boy, at that slow rate,
 How do you think you'll reach your gate,
 For 'tis a long way up that hill
 And weather cold enough to chill
 A man well dressed in winter clothes,
 The frost will surely nip your nose ?
 He smiled and said, with a slight bow,
 "By keeping at it, that is how."

My hairs since then all gray have turned,
 But that good lesson I then learned
 From that poor humble collier boy
 Has been to me a source of joy.
 When I by business cares am pressed
 And when my mind is sore distressed,
 My soul is cheered by that boy's vow,
 "By keeping at it, that is how."

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Then was the Son of God led forth
 Into the wilderness,
 There to be tempted by the foe
 Of truth and righteousness.

When he for forty days and nights
 Fierce hunger's pangs endured,
 The Devil came and cunningly
 The Son of God adjured.

'If thou be Christ, the Son of God,
 Command that these stones be
 Made bread,' for surely such great power
 Is given unto thee.

Jesus replied, 'Tis written, man
 Shall not by bread alone
 Live but by ev'ry word which doth
 Proceed forth from God's throne.

Then quickly to Jerusalem,
 He took the Prince of light,
 And placed him on a pinnacle
 At an enormous height.

Said he, 'Now if thou art the Christ,
 From thence cast thyself down,
 Display thy power before the world,
 Bring to thyself renown.

'For it is written that God shall
 His angels charge with care
 Concerning thee and in their arms
 Thee upward they shall bear.'

"Lest thou at any time should dash
 Thy foot against a stone,"
 But Jesus to his cunning foe,
 Replied in a stern tone,

"But it is written again, Thou
 Shalt not tempt the Lord God,"
 To this reply Satan could not
 Answer a single word.

Thus thwarted, Satan thinks he will
 One more temptation try,
 Then last of all he taketh him
 Upon a mountain high.

There, all the kingdoms of the world,
 The continent and sea,
 Shewed he to him and said, 'All these
 Are given unto me

Yes, throughout all the mighty world,
 The kingdoms all are mine,
 But if thou wilt now worship me,
 These kingdoms shall be thine.

But Jesus said, Go hence, he would
 Not from the right path swerve,
 For it is written, God alone
 Shalt thou worship and serve.

Then Satan vanished out of sight
 Into the dark vale's dim,
 And lo from heaven angels came
 And ministered to him.

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

My days on earth speed quickly by,
 Swift as the wind my moments fly,
 Daily the question comes to me,
 Where shall I spend Eternity?

When I commit some dreadful sin,
 My conscience probes my soul within,
 What if death now should come to me,
 Where would I spend Eternity?

Young men, now sowing your wild oats
 In company with whisky bloats,
 Do you e'er think while on a spree,
 Where you will spend Eternity?

Young women, vain and proud, who care
 For worldliness alone, beware,
 You soon will from these vain things flee,
 Where will you spend Eternity?

Lord, keep us faithful here below,
 That when we die we all may go
 On joyful wing to be with thee,
 In heaven to spend Eternity.

THE PEST OF PIPETOWN.

There was a man in Pipetown,
 Who was, in his own eyes,
 Of vastly more importance
 Than all the meek and wise;
 If you went hauling lumber
 And this man happened by,
 He'd have to stop and tell you
 How you your boards must tie,
 Or if his neighbor happened
 To be out with his hoe
 A planting his potatoes,
 This wise man best would know
 Just how he ought to plant them,
 One foot apart, just so!
 He was certain that his neighbor
 Put too few in each row;
 Or if at a barn raising,
 This great man chanced to be,
 No one knew how to manage
 The things as well as he.
 He had no education,
 Could neither read nor spell,

But he the teacher's business
Knew always very well.
No matter how the preacher
The Gospel truths let fall,
This wise old man would tell him
He could not preach at all ;
No matter where he ventured
Nor what he saw or heard,
All other men's opinions
Were to him most absurd.
One day, O joy ! it happened
This man of wisdom died,
The neighbors when they heard it
All laughed until they cried ;
The preacher, in the pulpit,
Said, Brethren, we are here
To bury one who always
Seemed to me rather queer ;
And for that very reason
I am somewhat perplexed
To tell on this occasion,
What to take for a text,
For whether I should preach him
To heaven or to hell,
'Twould puzzle a head wiser
Than mine I'm sure to tell,
For if his one queer habit
Will along with him go
No matter where he goes to,
He'll want to boss I know ;
So then, since I am puzzled
About what I should say,
Without a ceremony,
We'll lay the corpse away.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Within a crowded city,
 Alone upon the street,
 I saw a little newsboy
 With no shoes on his feet ;
 The wealthy took no notice
 Of that boy in the throng,
 But as he sold his papers,
 He sang this little song.

(Chorus)

My mother's a poor widow
 And lying sick in bed,
 And I must suffer hunger
 Because my father's dead ;
 For breakfast I had nothing,
 For dinner a hard crust,
 But I've treasures in heaven
 Where they never shall rust.

I went home to my mansion,
 But I could not forget
 That hungry little newsboy,
 I in the street had met ;
 So out again I sauntered
 Into the street so throng,
 And soon again I found him
 Still singing his sad song. (Chorus.)

Then gently I addressed him,
 Come now, my boy, show me
 The home of your sick mother
 And I will go and see
 What can be done to ease her,
 Fear not, the bill I'll pay,
 He led me to an attic,
 While singing all the way. (Chorus.)

Alas, too long I'd waited!
 The poor mother lay dead
 Upon rags foul and filthy
 Which formed her only bed;
 E'er since that night I've often
 Shed many bitter tears
 O'er that same little newsboy
 Whose song rings in my ears. (Chorus.)

AN OLD BLUFF.

When I was young, said Uncle Bill,
 Each farmer had a whisky still,
 And made his own pure rye whisky,
 In those days you would never see
 A man get drunk for we did not
 Have stuff that made the drunken sot;
 So Uncle Bill says, but somehow,
 He very often gets drunk now.

Then farmers drank it ev'ry day
 While cutting wheat and making hay;
 It gave them strength, then they'd do more
 Work in one day than half a score

Of young men do in this late day,
 Of course we sometimes would feel gay,
 But none got drunk, I can't see how
 It happens he gets so drunk now.

There were no drunken riots then,
 We had a set of decent men ;
 To drink good whisky is all right,
 We didn't then get drunk and fight ;
 But squire's records tell the tale,
 That Uncle Bill was twice in jail
 For getting drunk, I guess that's how
 It happens that he gets drunk now.

Ah, old fogies, don't try to bluff !
 What you claim was the good pure stuff,
 Would give delirium tremens then
 As well as now to many men,
 And ever since hist'ry began,
 Old alcohol, the curse to man,
 Made victims for the dirty slough,
 Men got drunk then, men get drunk now.

A VOICE FROM HELL.

When the founders of our nation framed our first laws,
 wisely they
 Placed a law upon the statutes that the Holy Sabbath Day
 Should be kept by all men sacred, that from work they
 should refrain,
 And it was their full intention that this statute should re-
 main
 As a law unto our nation until time should be no more ;

Our forefathers never dreamed that by and by upon our
 shore
 Would be dumped the filth of Europe which would our
 fair land disgrace
 And with impudence endeavor our good Blue Laws to
 erase.

But alas! the filth of Europe has been dumped upon our
 shore,
 Filth as foul as they can make it, rotten to the very core;
 Now there comes forth an alliance, called German Ameri-
 can,
 Calling on our Legislature with a most ungodly plan,
 To repeal our sacred Blue Laws and enact another law
 Authorizing greedy Germans to insert their greedy paw
 Not for six days but for seven, ev'ry day in the whole week,
 I can't find words sufficient my contempt of them to speak.

Fellow citizens, I ask you, who should rule America?
 Should the sons of her brave founders or those coming o'er
 today?
 We, the sons of those brave sires, have the right alone to
 say
 What the law shall be to govern our Holy Sabbath Day;
 Then let us teach those Germans who care more for their
 beer
 Than for our sacred Blue Laws, that they dare not inter-
 fere;
 Teach them that we've not forgotten brave George Wash-
 ington's command,
 That such lawless Europeans, we're to watch with steady
 hand.

They use the name American, with German hitched to it,
 There's no loyalty among them, no not a single bit;
 It is not because they love it that they use our sacred name,

For a cloak they simply use it where to hide their sin and
 shame ;
 Loyal citizens then let us rise and to those Germans say,
 We've no room for such vile schemers, now get out of our
 way ;
 If you want to on the Sabbath wreak in vice and revelry,
 Then go back to your own country where you came from
 o'er the sea.

OUR REFUGE.

When the whole world was lost in sin
 And Satan's host had full control,
 God, in his mercy, sought to win
 Each precious and immortal soul ;
 He sent his son from heaven down
 To bear our sins and set us free,
 To bear the cross, the thorny crown
 To wear, and die on Calvary.

(Chorus)

Behold what love, what wondrous love
 The father did on us bestow,
 In sending Jesus from above
 To rescue us from sin and woe.

Satan no longer holds control,
 But Jesus reigns as king o'er all ;
 His blood once shed cleanses the soul
 And rescues sinners from the fall ;
 To him the vilest sinner may
 Now come and lean upon his breast,
 And have his sins all washed away
 And find in him eternal rest. (Chorus.)

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

(Tune, Sweet Hour of Prayer.)

From Pisgah's height I now behold
 The City with its streets of gold,
 In Canaan's land so rich and bright
 Where never fall the shades of night;
 Nought but the Jordan rolls between
 Myself and that celestial scene;
 Its waters I will soon pass o'er
 And dwell in bliss on yonder shore.

Once in that land I shall fore'er
 Be free from sin and earthly care;
 There Christ shall all my fears allay,
 There God shall wipe my tears away,
 And with the saints who've gone before,
 I'll sing sweet praises evermore
 Unto the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Who rescued me from grief and pain.

My days on earth are nearly o'er,
 I'm nearing that celestial shore;
 Jesus has washed my sins away,
 He all my debt to God did pay;
 Now free from sin I'll take my flight
 To that blest land where all is light,
 Forever with the Lamb to dwell,
 Farewell all earthly cares, farewell!

MARY'S PORCUPINE.

Mary had a porcupine
 With quills as sharp as pins,
 And ev'ry time she got too close
 It pricked her on the shins.

It followed her to town one day,
 Into a large cafe,
 And furnished tooth-picks for all guests
 A stopping there that day.

But soon the landlord kicked him out,
 Because he took all trade
 Away from him for toothpicks which
 He out of wood had made.

What makes the porcupine so kind
 To Mary all the time?
 If I can e'er the reason find,
 I'll put it into rhyme.

CHESTNUT HUNTING.

When the chestnut burrs burst open and the nuts begin to
 fall,
 When the breezes sway the branches of the trees so large
 and tall,
 Thereby causing many chestnuts all to loose their hold and
 drop

To the ground where many children wait to reap a splendid
 crop ;
 'Tis a pleasure seldom equaled to be in that happy throng
 Of gay little lads and lasses who so gaily romp along
 To the forest in the distance, to the trees so large and tall,
 When the chestnut burrs burst open and the nuts begin to
 fall.

O, it thrills one's soul with pleasure when the autumn days
 come round,
 When we see the burrs and chestnuts falling thickly to the
 ground,
 And the old folks stare in wonder when they see child after
 child
 Going to the woods a yelling like young Indians running
 wild ;
 But they know that it is useless to attempt to stop the
 noise,
 And good old grandfather mutters, 'twas the same when
 we were boys,
 For of all the pleasant seasons, that was pleasantest of all,
 When the chestnut burrs burst open and the nuts began to
 fall.

But small boys oft had their troubles, for some trees loomed
 very tall
 And although their burrs were open, many chestnuts would
 not fall ;
 But a boy is always equal to just such emergencies,
 For you'll find him volunteering to climb up the biggest
 trees ;
 James will shed his shoes and stockings and say, Bill, give
 me a hist
 I haint very good at climbing, but I have clum wunst or
 twist ;

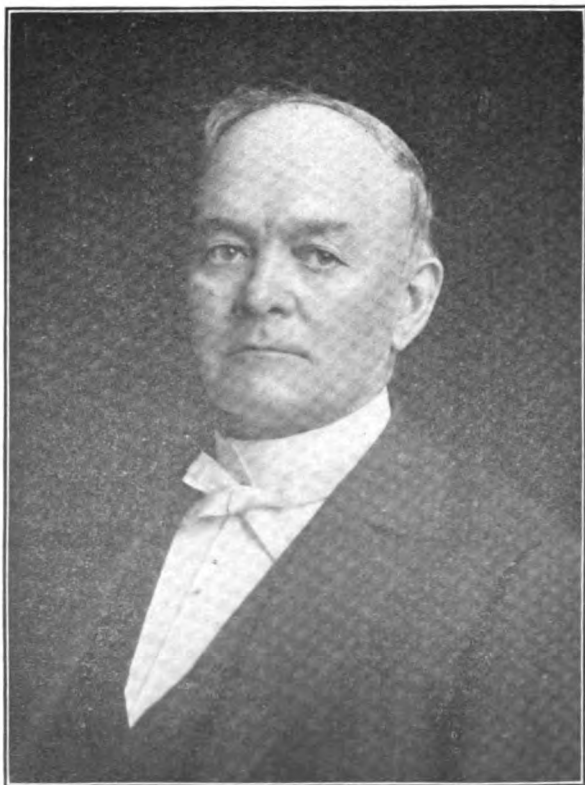
See him go just like a kitten up that monstrous tree so
tall,
When the chestnut burrs burst open and the nuts begin to
fall.

You don't know what you are missing if you never take a
day
In the lovely autumn season when the forests all are gay;
If you've never gone out nutting, you have missed a pleas-
ure rare,
Take your trip across the ocean, not a trifle do I care;
You of course may find great pleasure trav'ling in a pull-
man train,
Or while hunting in the forests of the good old state of
Maine;
But there comes to me a pleasure which is greater than
them all,
When the chestnut burrs burst open and the nuts begin to
fall.

*IN MEMORY OF REV. CYRUS R. DIFFEN-
BACHER, D.D.*

His sympathetic eyes have closed,
His friendly voice is hushed,
A dismal gloom enshrouds our homes,
Our hearts with grief are crushed;
Yet, have we not great cause to be
Bowed down in grief today?
For 'twas he who for years kept us
Within the narrow way.

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And never did we children have
A better friend to guide.

When we, who now are middle aged,
 Were children, very small,
 God sent him in our midst to be
 A friend to one and all,
 And never did we children have
 A better friend to guide
 Us in the path of righteousness,
 Than he who has just died.

Of him it can be truly said,
 He was the poor man's friend,
 How earnestly his prayer for all
 Would to God's throne ascend ;
 And more than one young man who trod
 The fatal downward track,
 Was by him saved from ruin and
 To righteousness brought back.

When death's strong hand laid hold upon
 Some loved one in our home,
 The heavy gloom seemed to dispel
 Whenever he would come ;
 His words of comfort deep would sink
 Into the broken heart
 And leave a deep impression there
 Which never would depart.

His noble spirit now has fled,
 His work on earth is done,
 Now free from care, at God's right hand,
 He shines forth as the sun ;
 I fancy now I see him clasp
 Dear little Flora's hand
 And that he smiles on her once more
 In Canaan's happy land.

I fancy that in heaven's choir,
 He hears dear Lillie's voice
 And meets the gaze of her blue eyes,
 O how he must rejoice!
 The joy which now his bosom fills,
 No mortal man hath known,
 'Tis only known to those who now
 Are seated round God's throne.

Servant of God, thy work of love
 On earth hath been well done ;
 Well hast thou run thy race and well
 The crown of glory won ;
 Rest from thy many labors now
 And may thy mantle fall
 Upon thy flock and they from sin
 Be rescued one and all.

And when the trump of God shall sound
 And we all shall arise
 On joyful wings of peace to meet
 Our Savior in the skies,
 And to our everlasting home,
 Be safely ushered o'er,
 We shall with joy behold thy face
 And meet to part no more.

LEAD ME SAVIOR.

Lead me Savior, lead me onward
 In the path of righteousness,
 Let thy light daily shine on me
 And my good deeds daily bless.

Bless the talents thou hast given
 To thy servant and increase
 My ability to walk in
 Paths of righteousness and peace.

And when thou shalt come in glory,
 In the clouds from heav'n above,
 May I at thy right hand seated,
 Share thine everlasting love.

May I there, among the faithful,
 Hear thy blessed words, "Well done,"
 And among the righteous shine forth
 In thy kingdom as the sun.

JESUS SEND THY LIGHT.

Jesus send thy light from heaven
 Down to earth and let it shine,
 From the morning until ev'ning,
 Into this frail soul of mine,
 And deliver
 Me from everlasting woe.

Savior, let thy loving spirit
 Breathe new life into my soul,
 And may I sweet peace inherit,
 While the endless ages roll,
 In the mansions
 Which thou hast prepared above.

WILSON WHISKY, THAT'S ALL.

While taking a drive one bright summer day,
I saw on a hill top over the way,
 A sign board large and tall;
In artistic letters, straight in line,
I read as I journeyed, this simple sign,
 "Wilson whisky, that's all."

(Chorus)

Now what need you take to madden your brain,
To bring to your home, great sorrow and pain,
And last, but not least, to drive you insane?
 "Wilson whisky, that's all."

As I entered a town I saw a man come
From one of those places where they sell rum,
 I saw him reel and fall;
Said I, Sir, my friend, what made you fall down?
He answered me with a scowl and a frown,
 "Wilson whisky, that's all." (Chorus.)

While passing a house I heard a shrill cry
And then a gruff voice, saying, You shall die!
 I rushed into the hall;
Upon the floor lay a drunkard's young wife,
He crazed with strong drink had taken her life.
 "Wilson whisky, that's all." (Chorus.)

The Sheriff, one day, me a message sent,
 Saying, Come to the jail, and at once I went,
 There I saw a scaffold tall;
 And a stout young man on that scaffold died
 As the trap was sprung in despair he cried,
 "Wilson whisky, that's all." (Chorus.)

That night, in a dream, I saw open wide
 The gates of hell and a swift moving tide
 Of wretched sinners fall
 Into the abyss and all disappear,
 But cries of despair I plainly could hear,
 "Wilson whisky, that's all." (Chorus.)

IN MEMORY OF ISAAC W. WENTZEL.

No millionaire of great renown
 Nor wealthy man was he,
 But very rich indeed in works
 Of Christian charity;
 Like Enoch, of long years ago,
 He daily walked with God,
 The Narrow Way, which leads to life,
 He through his whole life trod.

Daily, while he still journeyed here,
 His face with halo shone,
 With halo like unto that light
 Which shineth round God's throne;
 And by that light which he let shine
 In ev'ry path he trod,
 Others were turned from sin and led
 To glorify their God.

Out of the means which he possessed,
 He ever freely paid
 To all the church's needs and thus
 Treasures in heaven laid ;
 Rich men, who strive for earthly gain,
 Must lose it all but he
 Has wealth laid up which shall endure
 Throughout eternity.

Servant of God, rest from thy work,
 And may thy mantle fall
 Upon us who still journey here,
 That we may, one and all,
 Walk in the path which thou hast trod,
 That when our work is o'er,
 We may with joy to heaven ascend
 And see thy face once more.

A PASTOR'S LAMENT.

Thy Church, O Lord, is in distress,
 Discord and treason reigns within,
 Rebellion and unrighteousness,
 Heresy, ungodliness, and sin
 Now rule and thy blest church must be
 Compelled to blush with shame,
 For traitors have unrighteously
 Dishonored thy great name.

Like the vain pharisees of old,
 They blindly, stubbornly arose
 Against thy law and waxing bold,
 Turned traitors and unrighteous foes

Against sound doctrine and assailed
 Thy servant, thine anointed one,
 They drove him out, nor once bewailed
 The grievous wrong which they had done.

But had not Paul himself such fears
 And did he not in prison say,
 Such persons, "having itching ears,"
 Shall from sound doctrine turn away
 And after their own lusts shall heap
 Unto themselves teachers and turn
 Aside to fables and ne'er keep
 Their vows but righteousness they'll spurn?

"As Jannes and Jambres withstood
 Moses," these also truth withstand,
 They stir up strife, reject the good,
 Against thy laws, thy precepts and
 Against thy Church, her laws and say,
 The preacher we no longer need;
 They from their midst drive him away,
 But they no further shall proceed.

Like Belshazzar, they e'en now see
 The hand that's writing on the wall,
 And with pale face and trembling knee,
 The traitors see that they must fall;
 But thy blest Church, O God, shall stand
 Undaunted until Judgment Day,
 When this unrighteous, traitorous band,
 Shall for their actions reap their pay.

But Father, we know that thou hast
 No pleasure in the death of those
 Who die and in hell their souls cast
 And suffer everlasting woes;

O Father, all their sins forgive,
 Open their eyes that they may see;
 O teach them while on earth to live
 In peace with men, in peace with thee.

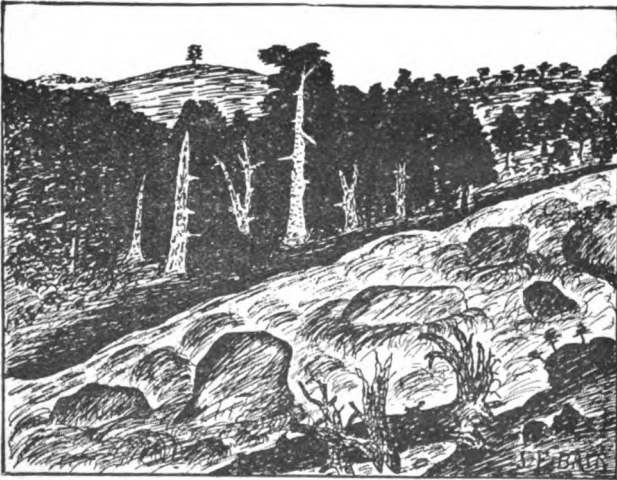
SONG OF THE LOYALHANNA.

Rushing down the mountains,
 Leaping over breakers,
 Through the shady forests,
 Passing many acres,
 Tumbling o'er huge boulders,
 Gurgling night and day;
 Thus I spend each moment
 Speeding on my way.

Soon I reach the meadows,
 Winding all about,
 Drovers of thirsty cattle,
 Wading in and out,
 Make my waters cloudy
 And my fishes scare,
 Still they cease not troubling,
 Nothing do they care.

On again, quite smoothly,
 For awhile I flow,
 But my path grows rougher,
 Bout a mile below;
 Huge rocks can not stop me,
 Though 'tis hard they try,
 With a roar of laughter,
 Quickly I pass by.

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Huge rocks cannot stop me,
Though 'tis hard they try.

Thus far, all my waters,
 Clear as crystal are,
 When I come to Kingston,
 Men my pleasures mar ;
 Naughty paper makers
 Make my waters foul,
 And in rage I pass them
 With a dreadful howl.

From there to the river,
 I feel dreadful mean,
 Like the ancient lepers,
 I cry out, "Unclean!"
 But I cannot help it
 If the people throw
 Filth into my waters
 As I onward go.

Did not the Creator
 Make me clean and pure?
 It was his intention,
 I feel very sure,
 That I should remain so
 And a dwelling give
 To the bass and trout which
 In my waters live.

You, who love pure water,
 Will you not protect
 Me from unkind fellows,
 Who have no respect
 For my crystal waters,
 God has made so pure,
 Tell them you'll no longer
 Such rude acts endure.

All your life I'll greet you
 With my smiling face,
 As I daily pass by
 Your fine dwelling place,
 And when you lie buried
 On my shores so green,
 God will ever give you
 Peace and rest serene.

THE PERSECUTED PASTOR.

Lord, like Elijah, I'm pursued
 By foes like ancient Jezebel,
 Who in an angry, selfish mood,
 Inflamed by demons sent from hell,
 Withstand thy law, seek to o'erthrow
 The work which I for good have done;
 Rebuke, O Lord, my wicked foe,
 Bring judgment to the guilty one.

For as Elymas, Paul withstood,
 He doth thy church withstand today
 And seeks to overthrow the good
 And drive the minister away;
 Have mercy Lord, upon his soul,
 May he repent and rightly live,
 Restore thy church, Lord, make it whole,
 Repenting sinners, Lord, forgive.

*HOW SQUIRE CLAWSON'S COOK TURNED THE
JOKE ON HIM.*

A very unusual and amusing scene
Lately happened within the old burg of Green ;
Old Squire Clawson, you know him well,
He always has plenty of jokes to tell,
Whenever he attempts to display his wit,
He usually makes a very big hit,
He's one of that type very hard to catch,
But even Mark Twain sometimes meets his match ;
One day, before company, I have been told,
The Squire was by his own cook badly sold ;
If you will have patience for a little spell,
Just how the thing happened I'll proceed to tell.

One ev'ning five gentlemen and the old Squire
And ladies were seated before a bright fire ;
The Squire as usual amused the young folks
By telling them many of his comic jokes ;
Said he, last night I dreamed that Miss Lute
Turned suddenly into a very fine flute,
And Mr. John Thompson on her a tune played
And I tell you 'twas very sweet music she made,
And George Jackson turned into a bass horn
Such noise as he made, since the day I was born,
I have never heard anything half so loud,
He could make more noise than this whole crowd ;
And Jerry McCausland turned into a drum
And made the whole town resound with a hum ;
Charlie Brown turned into an organ and Pete
Played on him a tune which we thought very sweet.

Thus the Squire his comic little story told
 When he had finished, before him, quite bold,
 Stood Bridget, his cook, eyeing him with disdain,
 That she doubted his story it seemed very plain;
 Then a mischievous twinkle was seen in her eye
 And to the old Squire she thus made reply,
 Faix Squire, and 'tis a fine tale ye've just told,
 And if ye'll excuse me for being so bold,
 I wish haer and now to relate to you,
 That on the same night I dramed a drame too,
 It was the same drame that you Squire dramed,
 Yis, ev'rything happened that you have just named,
 But a part of the drame you didn't relate,
 For in my drame Squire, you too met your fate
 By turning into a fine instrument too,
 And the tune that you played was becoming to you.

The old Squire, greatly amused, made reply,
 O tell me what instrument, Bridget, was I?
 And Bridget replied, Indade I will, Squire,
 'Twas that which Apollo, the Greek, called a lyre.

THE GORILLA AND THE ARMADILLA.

Barnum had a gorilla
 And he was large and tall,
 He scorned the armadilla
 Because he was so small.

Said Barnum's hugh gorilla,
 You must look up to me
 You little armadilla,
 You will not? well, we'll see.

In rage the huge gorilla
 Opened his great jaws wide,
 Pounced on the armadilla,
 Saying, I'll pierce your hide.

Alas, that huge gorilla
 Had calculated wrong,
 He found the armadilla
 Had hide both thick and strong.

And soon that huge gorilla
 Had broken his jaw bone,
 Because the armadilla
 Had hide as hard as stone.

And now that old gorilla
 Goes round with bandaged face,
 While the little armadilla
 Still has both jaws in place.

And now all ye gorillas,
 Don't scorn the little folk,
 Respect the armadillas,
 Or you'll get your jaws broke.

TO THE MEMORY OF COUSIN LAURA.

A friend indeed from us has gone,
 A faithful child of God
 Now sleeps the sleep of God's redeemed,
 Beneath the hallowed sod.

A bright and shining light was she
 While here on earth she trod,
 But brighter still her light now shines
 Before the throne of God.

Mid trials sore and often, she
 Could say while suff'ring pain,
 'For me indeed to live is Christ,
 For me to die is gain.'

Dearly loved was she by us,
 More than I here can tell,
 But she now dwells in bliss with Him
 Who doeth all things well.

O Laura dear, we miss thee much,
 'Tis sad that we must lay
 Thee thus so early in the tomb,
 "God's will be done, it is his way."

Farewell, dear Laura, we no more
 On earth will gaze on thee,
 But God will call us soon and then
 Thy face again we'll see.

MOTHER.

Mother, how precious is the name,
 To loving hearts how dear!
 To the sad heart o'erwhelmed with grief,
 It brings relief and cheer;
 It is a sacred name and sweet
 To ev'ry grateful son
 And daughter who can realize
 What she for them has done.

A mother, such as we have had,
 So patient, meek and mild,
 Should ever be remembered by
 Each woman, man and child
 Whom she by toil and patient care,
 Has nurtured, reared and taught
 To tread the straight and narrow way
 And their welfare has sought.

Mother! there stands the vacant chair
 In which she oft reclined,
 Because unable to lie down,
 How vivid to my mind
 Appears the scene we oft beheld
 When dear mother sat there,
 Her silver hair, her wrinkled face,
 Emblems of toil and care.

We saw her in the prime of life,
 When she was brave and strong,
 Then more than three decades passed by,
 It did not seem so long ;
 We saw her past three score and ten,
 Past seventy and three,
 We saw her fall asleep in Christ,
 From care and sorrow free.

Dear mother, yes, she suffered much,
 But O, how patiently
 Her lot she bore and to God's will
 She bowed submissively!
 O mother, dear and precious, if
 We ever forgot thee,
 Then let our tongues forget to speak,
 Our eyes forget to see!

But we will not forget her, no,
 We could not, if we would,
 Forget that noble character
 So lovely and so good ;
 We'll not forget but follow in
 The path which she has trod,
 The straight and narrow way which leads
 To heaven and to God.

And when we reach our journey's end
 And walk the golden street
 In the bright new Jerusalem,
 Dear mother we shall meet ;
 With gladness we once more will gaze
 Upon her sainted face,
 Of marks of toil and looks of care,
 We will not find a trace.

For they will all have disappeared,
 No sorrow can come there ;
 There such as she shall dwell in peace,
 God's saints are free from care ;
 Then mother dear, farewell till then,
 'Twill not be long ere we
 Will leave this world of care and come
 To dwell in peace with thee.

Written at Greensburg, Pa., Nov. 28, 1905, my mother
 having died five days before.

THE OLD HARROLD CHURCH.

The old stone church has disappeared,
 Her walls have all been razed ;
 But still I love to think how we
 Within her walls once praised
 God's holy name from year to year
 And in old box pews heard,
 Upon each holy Lord's-day morn,
 God's servants preach the Word.

On one side the old mother sat,
 And opposite the sire,
 While foremost on the gallery,
 Was seen our country choir ;
 We had no organ then at all
 And there were very few
 Among the members who the notes
 One from another knew.

Old Father Isaac Wentzel led,
 And old and young would sing,
 It thrilled one's soul with joy to hear
 Them make that old church ring ;
 But Father Wentzel's voice is hushed,
 He sleeps beneath the sod
 Near by the place where he once led
 In praises sang to God.

There we first went to Sunday School,
 No lesson helps were used,
 We small boys used our spelling books,
 While larger ones perused

A chapter in the Testament,
 There was a German class,
 Thus for an hour before church time,
 We there our time would pass.

On week days we were catechized,
 Ah! how we loved to hear
 Old Father Dieffenbacher teach
 The lessons plain and clear;
 There he, on confirmation day,
 His hands on us did place
 And thus upon us did bestow
 God's blessings full of grace.

Yes, the old church we so much loved,
 Will ne'er again be seen!
 A new one, grander far than it,
 Now stands upon the green;
 But though the old church has been razed,
 Fond memories still cling,
 Within our hearts, of that old church
 In which we used to sing.

OLD WIDOW JALLOW.

In Vinegar Alley lived old Mrs. Jallow,
 Her temper was sour, her brain very shallow,
 At daylight each morning her tattle tongue started
 And kept running until the day had departed.

She seldom could find time to scrub her own floor
 But ev'ry day for two hours or more,
 She found time to lean upon her front gate
 And stories about all her neighbors relate.

She was an old widow and matchmaker too,
 She ev'ry young lady's own business well knew,
 If a young man, a lady attention would pay,
 'Twould be widely known before the next day.

She was indeed very obliging and kind
 To ev'ry young couple, she never would mind
 Advertising their business without extra charge,
 And would never curtail but always enlarge.

The servant of Satan and wicked deceiver,
 Caused Mrs. McGuire's young husband to leave her,
 If she doesn't repent, the wicked old liar
 Will some day be wailing in brimstone and fire.

I hope that all women, like old Mrs. Jallow,
 Whose tempers are sour and hearts very shallow,
 Will soon disappear from off the earth's face
 And others much better appear in their place.

OUR HELP IS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Our help is in thy name, O Lord,
 Open our eyes that we
 May day by day, where'er we roam,
 The paths of wisdom see.

Make us, O Lord, as serpents, wise
 And harmless as the dove,
 And ev'ry day while here below,
 Abide in thy blest love.

IN MEMORY OF A FAITHFUL PASTOR.

Gone from his earthly home,
From labor now rests he,
From pains of body, cares of mind,
He henceforth shall be free.

His works do follow him,
He's dead but still he lives,
The memory of his kind deeds,
Still inspiration gives.

Before the throne of God,
Bright as the noonday sun
He stands, and hears the Savior say,
Servant of mine, "Well done."

Faithful on earth hast thou
Over a few things been,
Behold the New Jerusalem,
Now enter thou therein.

JESUS, FRIEND OF SINNERS.

Jesus, friend of sinners, hear us
When we call upon thy name;
Grant to us poor sinners pardon,
As we bow in grief and shame.

Blot out all of our transgressions
 And in us new hearts create;
 Guide us in the path which leadeth
 Up to heaven's golden gate.

Be thou with us as we journey
 On our way to Zion's Land,
 That we may, when life is ended,
 Undefined before thee stand.

Then within the Golden City,
 At thy feet ourselves we'll cast,
 And we'll sing to thee rich praises
 With the saints of ages past.

THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
 In pastures green doth He
 Make me to lie down, and beside
 Still waters leadeth me."

He also doth my soul restore
 And for his namesake he,
 Within the path of righteousness,
 Doth by his hand lead me.

Yea, though I through the valley of
 Death walk, I shall not be
 Afraid for thou art nigh, thy rod
 And staff they comfort me.

Thou dost a table set before
 Me in view of my foes,
 My head thou dost anoint with oil
 And my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy shall
 Follow me all the days
 Of my life and I'll dwell within
 The house of God always.

THE BOY, THE TEACHER, AND THE PIN

There was a schoolhouse by the way,
 There was a seat within,
 Upon which sat a boy of twelve,
 In whose hand was a pin;
 But in his hand it did not stay,
 For soon it found a place
 Upon the seat of a small boy
 Who'd gone to wash his face.

(Chorus)

Ouch, ouch, boo hoo, O dear, O dear!
 Ouch, ouch, O dear, boo hoo!
 O teacher, teacher, do come here,
 O dear, ouch, ouch, boo hoo!

The bad boy who had set the pin,
 Began to study fast,
 But at the same time, now and then,
 A stealthy glance was cast
 Across the room and soon he saw
 Poor little Jimmy Brown
 Come back unto his seat and then
 Saw the poor boy sit down. (Chorus.)

The teacher rushed upon the scene,
 A boy rose to his feet,
 'Twas Bob Jones, teacher, I saw him
 Place that pin on Jim's seat!
 No longer did the teacher wait,
 He stood Bob on the floor
 And beat him o'er his legs while Bob
 Set up a hideous roar.

(Chorus)

Ouch, ouch, boo hoo, O teacher, please,
 O dear, ouch, ouch, boo hoo!
 O teacher, teacher, ouch, my knees,
 O dear, ouch, ouch, boo hoo!

THE BROOK IN WHICH I USED TO FISH.

About two miles west of Greensburg,
 We moved in eighteen seventy three,
 Dense white oak forests loomed about
 Far as the naked eye could see.

Large numbers of huge gray squirrels frisked
 Within the forests dense and wide,
 While rabbits, plentiful, were chased
 Through deep ravine and up hillside.

Not far from where we lived there flowed
 The brook in which I used to fish,
 And often with my hook and line,
 I landed all my heart could wish.

I was then but a little lad,
 But by and by there came a day
 That I became a full fledged man
 And from the old scenes turned away.

But during college days I oft
 Would ponder and would often wish
 That I might once again behold
 The brook in which I used to fish.

I've been to banquets, large and grand,
 And ate of many a luscious dish,
 But sweeter were the mem'ries of
 The brook in which I used to fish.

One day I visited the scenes
 Of boyhood days and stood once more
 Upon the banks of that small stream
 In which I fished in days of yore.

I found the brook there, flowing still,
 But ah, alas! her waters were
 No longer clear and sparkling but
 Were foul and filthy with sulphur.

The fishes all had disappeared,
 The sulphur, yes, had killed them all;
 While I beheld the mournful scene,
 Tears of regret my eyes let fall.

The coal mines, which were opened near,
 Had been the cause of this sad scene,
 I cried aloud, Cursed be the horde
 Of capitalists so base and mean.

I turned away, my heart was sad,
 But O, how fondly I did wish
 That I might just once more behold
 That brook in which I used to fish!

But I shall never see the day
 When I shall gratify my wish,
 But memories I'll cherish of
 The brook in which I used to fish.

FATHER, GIVE ME STRENGTH.

Give me strength, O Heavenly Father,
 Daily to combat all sin,
 Guide me by thy hand and keep me
 Pure and undefiled within.

In the path of duty ever
 Keep me and ne'er let me turn
 From the narrow way and never
 Let me thy blest precepts spurn.

Help me to resist temptations,
 Daily help me fix my eyes
 On my Savior and Redeemer
 And o'er sin in triumph rise.

And when death shall come to claim me
 It shall be no dread to me,
 For my soul shall soar to glory
 And forever dwell with thee.

MY EYES HAVE SEEN THY GLORY.

Thy glory Lord, my eyes have seen,
 Thy law my ears have heard;
 From Sinai's height thou didst proclaim
 Thy everlasting Word.

To Zion's Mount we are come near
 To learn thy holy law;
 Fill us with grace that we each day
 May nearer to thee draw.

May we thy law each day observe,
 While here on earth we roam,
 That we may tread the path which leads
 To our eternal home.

INCREASE OUR FAITH.

O Lord, increase our faith,
 Kindle a flame of love
 Within our hearts that we may lay
 Treasures in heaven above.

Enable us to serve
 Thee better ev'ry day;
 Each moment be our strength that we
 May daily watch and pray.

And when the day arrives,
 When death shall set us free
 From earthly cares we shall fore'er
 Sing praises unto thee.

I'LL GIVE UP ALL FOR JESUS' SAKE.

Jesus, for thee alone,
 Earth's pleasures I resign;
 To work for thee is joy to me,
 Make me forever thine.

It is for thy name's sake,
 The jeers of foes I bear;
 Since in my heart, thou, Jesus, art
 What need I for them care?

My spirit's strong indeed,
 My flesh is very weak;
 Jesus, my King, to thee I cling,
 Lest I earth's treasures seek.

Daily increase my faith,
 Make me to grow in grace
 Until set free, I fly to thee
 And find my resting place.

NIGHT.

The sun has set, the day has gone,
 The stars above now brightly shine,
 The grass is wet upon the lawn,
 The birds sleep in the lofty pine;

The owl within the forest hoots,
 The bats fly through the balmy air,
 The bullfrogs pipe like silver flutes,
 The moon arises bright and fair.

In yonder field the shocks of wheat
 Dark shadows in the moonlight cast,
 The whip-poor-will makes music sweet,
 While katydids are clicking fast;
 Beneath the grass the crickets' song
 Can now and then be softly heard,
 While one can hear, both loud and long,
 The crowing of the farmyard bird.

The cows have all lain down to sleep,
 The chickens to their roosts have gone;
 All in a group, the lambs and sheep,
 Sleep calmly on the grassy lawn,
 While in the tree each mother bird
 Sits quietly upon her nest,
 No human voice at all is heard,
 The whole world calmly takes its rest.

ON A TARE.

Once a tailor made a coat
 Of woolen cloth so warm,
 He sold it to a whisky bloat
 Who lived upon a farm;
 The whisky bloat soon put it on
 And went to Greensburg where
 He found four others like himself,
 And all went on a tare.

At midnight he went stagg'ring home,
 While he went stumbling through
 A forest, his new coat agreed
 He'd go on a tare too;
 When he got home he took it off
 And hung it on a chair,
 And gazing at it soon beheld
 It had been on a tare.

Said he, how's this, do you not know
 That you were made to be
 A shelter from the wind and cold
 Both day and night for me?
 And how can you expect to shield
 Me from the frosty air,
 If you, each time you go to town,
 Go thus upon a tare?

Do you not know, the coat replied,
 That you were given life
 To spend in earning clothing for
 Three children and a wife?
 And how can you expect to shield
 Them from the frosty air,
 If you, each time you go to town,
 Go thus upon a tare?

Alas, alas! the bloat replied,
 Your argument I see
 Cannot be answered and applies
 Most forcibly to me!
 But I, tonight, will my word pledge,
 From henceforth I shall e'er
 Provide for those God gave to me,
 And not go on a tare.

WHEN HEAVY TRIALS COME.

When trials heavily upon
 Our faint hearts weigh and we are prone
 To waver in our faith, then Lord
 Teach us to trust in thee alone.

Great trials now confront us Lord,
 Before thee, faint, on bended knee,
 We bow and from our hearts we pray,
 Suffer us not to turn from thee.

THE BEST NAME.

Thy name, O Lord, is dear to me,
 Dearer than all that earth can give,
 And may it thus, O Lord, e'er be,
 That I in righteousness may live.

May thy blest precepts ever shine
 And ever shed a brilliant ray
 Upon this sin stained soul of mine
 And guide us in life's bright pathway.

Amid my sorest trials give
 To me abundantly thy grace,
 That though I die I still may live
 In heaven's glorious resting place.

*PRAYER FOR CLOSING OF RELIGIOUS
SERVICES.*

Dear Lord, we close this service now
And from thy house depart;
May all the truths we have proclaimed
Find lodgment in each heart.

We leave thy sanctuary, Lord,
And to our homes repair,
But may the blessings here received,
Be ever with us there.

May our desire at all times be
To come to thy house, Lord,
Here to receive abundant grace
And strength from thy blest Word.

Then let thy blessing, Lord, descend
Upon us ere we part,
Grant that this congregation may
Be ever one in heart.

WHERE THE SAINTS REST.

Free from all care and sorrow,
Safe in the Shepherd's fold,
Saints are at rest, enjoying
Blessings and joys untold;

There, at the feet of Jesus,
 His faithful ones sit down,
 While angel hosts bestow on
 Each an immortal crown.

There, day and night, they worship
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 And with the angel choir,
 Join in the sweet refrain,
 Worthy art thou, O Jesus,
 To be adored by all,
 For thou didst die to save us
 Poor sinners from the fall.

THE PRISONER'S SAD TALE.

You will take me to the lockup?
 Well I s'pose it is your business
 To arrest all drunken toppers
 And keep order in the city?
 No sir, I will not resist you!
 Though I'm full, I have my senses,
 And I always have respect for
 Officers who do their duty;
 But before you lock me up sir,
 Will you listen to my story?
 Thank you, you are very kind sir!
 Listen now and I will tell it.

In a large and thrifty city,
 Years ago there lived a preacher,
 With a wife and seven children,
 That man sir was my own father;
 Yes, I thought you'd be astonished,

But 'tis true, I was the youngest
 And was by the others fondled.
 My kind parents did their duty
 Toward me and all the others;
 I will now proceed to tell you
 What has brought me to this level.

At the proper age we children
 All were brought to make profession
 In the faith of our Lord Jesus,
 It was on an Easter morning
 That my good father confirmed me.
 Yes, I pondered o'er that service
 And it made a deep impression
 On my heart and I determined
 That I'd keep my vows forever;
 I had reached the age of fifteen
 When I made this solemn promise.
 For three years I labored faithful
 In the Church, I loved to do it;
 When eighteen, I entered college
 And for three years I was leader
 Of a class of forty students.

When I came back for my last year,
 I one day became acquainted
 With a young and charming lady
 Whose father was very wealthy;
 She one night gave a huge banquet
 And of course I was invited;
 Finally, they filled the glasses
 Of all guests with wine, I shuddered;
 After all had drank 'twas noticed
 That my glass still held its contents,
 Then my lady friend said, Joseph,
 Here's your wine, you have not touched it?

Said I, Jessie, I can't do it,
 I have always stood for temp'rance;
 Jessie smiled and said, Now Joseph,
 You need not be so partic'lar,
 A small glass of wine can't harm you,
 Come, drink wine with me, I pray you?

For a long time I protested,
 But she teased till I, like Samson,
 Yielded to a woman's pleading;
 That one drink set me to craving
 After more and I obtained it;
 One can always find at college,
 Students who are fond of tippling.

On a certain Friday ev'ning,
 I, in company with others,
 Purchased wine and drank it freely,
 All got drunk and were arrested;
 We were all expelled from college;
 I had now disgraced our fam'ly
 And indeed I deeply felt it;
 But I felt I could not meet them,
 How could I e'er face my father
 Who had taken pains to teach me
 To be sober, true and honest?
 No, I vowed, I'll never do it!

So, out in the world I wandered,
 I, who but a fortnight previous,
 Had such bright hopes for the future.
 Ever since then I have wandered
 In the broad pathway of Satan,
 Two years have passed since I tasted
 That vile liquor which first turned me
 From the path of light to darkness

And brought me to this low level;
I have never seen my parents
Since I was expelled from college.

Let me see, this is September,
And the fourteenth day, how strange sir,
Just two years ago this ev'ning,
I and my chums were arrested,
Anniversary of my downfall,
Fittingly I celebrate it;
Had I temptation resisted,
I, ere this, my course had finished
In the college and today would
Doubtless be esteemed and honored
In the world by honest people,
But instead I am dishonored
And despised where'er I venture.

But sir, I am very weary
Of this wretched life, I long for
The old home and my kind parents,
And no doubt their hearts are yearning
For their boy, I know they're praying
Daily that I may be rescued
And, kind sir, I am determined
That their prayers shall soon be answered.

Lock me up now for the night sir,
And tonight inside this prison,
I will make peace with my Savior
And receive his ready pardon;
Then tomorrow morning early
I'll return unto my parents

And begin anew to journey
 In the path which they both led me
 Which will lead to life eternal,
 Thank you, kind friend, for your patience,
 God night sir, and God be with you.

THE CONDEMNED MURDERER.

Behind the iron prison door,
 He lay handcuffed upon the floor.

The sheriff had a short time spent
 With him and read a document.

The governor had fixed the date
 Upon which he should meet his fate.

When he should be, the message read,
 Hung by his neck till he'd be dead.

Then he began to meditate
 Over his sad impending fate.

I am but young, just twenty four,
 My race on earth will soon be o'er.

Alas, it has not been well run!
 What good on earth have I e'er done?

But let me wander back and see
 What the cause of my fate might be.

When a small boy I did rude things,
 Caught helpless flies and tore their wings.

I took delight in tying pails
On innocent young doggie's tails.

One day I, with a baseball bat,
For pleasure killed a harmless cat.

I did not, as I older grew,
A worthy calling e'er pursue.

But ev'ry day I wandered in
The downward path of shame and sin.

I called my brother a young fool
Because he went to Sunday School.

So, to my mind, the cause is clear
Which led me to this prison here.

I see it now but 'tis too late
I, by my sin, have sealed my fate.

To all young men I say, Be wise,
Good admonition ne'er despise.

May you take warning at my fate,
Do good before it be too late.

MADE AND BROKEN.

During our journey here below,
We oft good resolutions make,
But as we on our journey go,
We oft good resolutions break.

MY CHOICE.

Rockfeller and Carnegie may
In their great riches dally trust,
But I my treasures all will lay
In heaven where they cannot rust.

IN GETHSEMANE.

Dark was the night when Jesus crossed
The brook of Kidron to the place,
Beneath the olive's gloomy shade,
And, plunged in grief, fell on his face.

Great drops of sweat like blood fell from
His sacred brow down to the ground,
While his disciples, bowed in grief,
All carelessly were sleeping sound.

Jesus, today from God's right hand,
Looks down upon his scattered sheep
And sees men, who should be awake,
Carelessly lying sound asleep.

Awake, ye who profess to love
The cause of Him who died for you!
Sleep not, but let your cry e'er be,
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Then shalt thou hear the Master's voice
 From heaven above aloud proclaim,
 Go forth and in my vineyard work
 And preach the Gospel in my name.

LIFT UP YOUR VOICES.

Lift up your voices, shout the praise
 Of Him who reigns through endless days;
 Sing praises to his holy name,
 His love o'er all the world proclaim.

For by his grace he saveth all
 Who in true faith upon him call,
 And for his loved ones doth prepare
 A heavenly mansion bright and fair.

Come then and worship at his throne
 And Jesus as your Savior own,
 And him through life your service give,
 Walk in the light and to him live.

Live for him until life shall end,
 A blest eternity you'll spend
 With him in glory and behold
 The Holy City of pure gold.

O'ER MY SINS I MOURN.

O Lord, o'er my past sins I mourn,
 My transgressions remember not;
 In iniquity I was born,
 O Lord, all my transgressions blot

From thy remembrance and forgive
 The wrong which I have done to thee ;
 Cleanse my vile heart that I may live
 In peace, and thy great glory see.

Create my heart, O Lord, anew
 And a right spirit in me make,
 A contrite heart, upright and true,
 I ask, dear Lord, for thy name's sake ;
 Then Lord, thy ways I will proclaim
 And transgressors and sinners turn
 Toward the truth and thy blest name
 Make known and thy blest precepts learn.

I'LL FIX MY EYES ON JESUS.

While sailing o'er life' troubled sea,
 Jesus I fix my eyes on thee,
 Though stormy winds may fiercely blow,
 Still onward I will safely go ;
 No raging billows will impede
 Me in my course as on I speed,
 For by the helm I'll firmly stand
 And fix my eyes on Canaan's land.

Though billows may my vessel toss
 And Satan oft my path may cross,
 Though threat'ning waves, like mountains high
 My trembling soul may sorely try,
 If I but fix my eyes on thee
 And through the voyage faithful be,
 Vile Satan's host I'll triumph o'er
 And land upon the Shining Shore.

Jesus, my Lord, enable me
 Daily to fix my eyes on thee,
 And when the waves of sin arise,
 May I ne'er turn aside my eyes
 Unto the left hand or the right
 But fix them on the Prince of Light,
 Be thou my guide and by thy hand
 Safely lead me to Canaan's land.

GLAD TIDINGS.

(Tune, "Massa's in de Cold Ground.")

While the shepherds watch were keeping
 O'er their flocks by night
 Suddenly there shone from heaven,
 A bright gleam of radiant light;
 When the shepherds all beheld it,
 They were filled with fear,
 While they stood fearing and trembling,
 The angel of the Lord drew near.

(Chorus.)

Glory and honor
 To our God most high,
 Peace on earth, good will to mankind
 Now and evermore shall be.

And he said, Be not affrighted,
 For to you I bring
 Tidings of great joy for unto
 You today is born a King,

In the city of King David,
 Ye the child shall find,
 Lying in an humble manger,
 Christ the Savior of mankind. (Chrous.)

Suddenly there came from heaven,
 An angelic throng,
 Joyfully they all descended,
 Singing a melodious song ;
 Sweetly their angelic voices
 O'er the broad plains rang,
 And the shepherds filled with glandness,
 Listened as they sweetly sang. (Chorus.)

IN THE OLD THOMAS SCHOOL HOUSE, 1873.

Close by a pleasant, shady grove,
 An old frame school house stood,
 Warmed by a large volcano stove,
 The fuel coal, and wood :
 Near by it flowed a little brook,
 The water pure and cool,
 'Twas in that house I, when a boy,
 Began my days in school.

The winter term ran but five months,
 The teacher the first day
 Brought in a bundle of stout rods
 And we boys heard her say,
 You see this bundle, well take care
 Today just what you do,
 Or I will lay them o'er your backs
 And lay them heavy, too.

And she made use of some of them
 Before the day was done,
 Some of the large boys grew quite bold
 And thought they'd have some fun ;
 The spelling class was on the floor,
 Will Powell and John Bell
 Began to play some funny pranks
 And both refused to spell.

The teacher, though a lady, was
 Both very tall and strong,
 She seized Will Powell by the neck
 And soon he changed his song ;
 Upon his back, with a huge rod,
 She rained blow after blow
 And made him promise to behave
 Before she let him go.

Thus having conquered William, next
 She seized hold of John Bell,
 It seems as if I yet can hear
 Him give his hideous yell ;
 She conquered them, they had enough,
 They listened when she spoke ;
 To be flogged like she had flogged them,
 They said, was no small joke.

HE WOULD NOT BE OUTWITTED.

In a small cottage, 'neath the hill,
 Lived Katharine McCall,
 A widow aged 'bout forty years,
 Highly esteemed by all :

She had five daughters but no sons,
They lived together there
In harmony and happiness
And labored with great care.

Their nearest neighbor, strange to say,
Was Jeremiah Good,
A widower esteemed by all
Men in that neighborhood;
He had no daughters but five sons,
All excellent young men,
The oldest, twenty years of age,
The youngest then but ten.

One day Rudolph, his oldest son,
Fell deep in love with May,
The oldest of the widow's girls
Who lived across the way;
Both Jerry and the widow were
Completely satisfied
That their young hearts should beat as one,
And soon the knot was tied.

Less than a year had passed away
Before his second son
Fell deep in love with number two
And they became as one;
Old Jerry said but little then,
But when son number three
Began to court the widow's third,
He stormed most furiously.

But still in spite of his protest
They married very soon,
Old Jerry raged and said, Jerome,
You're crazy as a loon!

But still the worst was yet to come,
Before six months were o'er,
His next son quietly ran off
And married number four.

This grieved old Jerry to his soul,
He wept most bitterly
To see his four sons disregard
His wishes utterly ;
He turned to Joe, who yet remained,
And said to him, My son,
You surely will not scorn my plea
As all the rest have done.

Alas! again he was deceived,
After three years had passed,
Joe fell in love and soon became
The husband of the last ;
When Jerry heard the news he ran
Into his old mare's stall,
And after hitching up the nag,
Sought Katharine McCall.

Come on, said he, climb on this seat,
We'll go to Parson Robb
And let those young chaps understand
We'll finish up this job!
She yielded to his blunt request,
They started on a trot
And soon they greeted Parson Robb
Who quickly tied the knot.

MY OLD HOME.

Far away in a lone valley,
 In a log house I was born,
 Beautiful meadows and wheatfields,
 Beautiful bright golden corn ;
 Oh how lovely, O how sublime !
 Fond recollections I cherish
 Of happy days when a boy,
 O that I might be permitted
 Those days once more to enjoy.

Orchards with bright golden apples,
 Peaches and cherries and plums,
 How that dear scene of my boyhood,
 Vividly to my mind comes !
 Oh how I long, O how I long !
 How I now long to behold that
 Scene of my happy old home,
 Once more to tread in those meadows
 Where I when young oft did roam.

On the hilltop in the distance,
 Stood the old church made of stone,
 In which we heard about Jesus
 Who for our sins did atone ;
 Oh how I long, O how I long !
 How I long once more to listen
 To those sweet voices which sang
 Praises to Him who redeemed us,
 Till the old church fairly rang.

But they no longer are singing
 In that church for they all sleep
 Peacefully in the old graveyard,

Thoughts of them now make me weep;
 O how I long, O how I long!
 I long to lay down life's burden
 And in that graveyard to sleep,
 And meet those dear friends in glory,
 Where no one ever shall weep.

THE DEFRAUDER.

Hardened and conscienceless,
 Heart filled with worldliness,
 What must thy thoughts from morn till eve be?
 You, by your craftiness,
 Rob the poor fatherless,
 Thing of the judgment awaiting for thee.

Great is thy swell and pomp,
 Gayly thy children romp
 O'er the green lawns you've gotten by fraud;
 But while they romp and play,
 Idling their time away,
 Your victims cries are ascending to God.

There'll come a judgment day,
 When you'll be called away,
 Then your possessions will be lost to thee;
 And you'll go down to dwell
 Deep in the hottest hell,
 Except you repent of your sins utterly.

FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST.

For me to live is Christ,
 For me to die is gain,
 For I on joyful wing shall fly
 To glory's bright domain.

Therefore, I would not wish
 Forever to remain
 Here in this weary world and e'er
 To suffer grief and pain.

Nor would I wish to go
 Before my Lord shall call,
 But rather patiently await
 On Him who rules o'er all.

Help me, O Lord, to watch
 For thee both day and night,
 That when I sleep in death I may
 Awake to endless light.

FILL ME WITH THY SPIRIT.

Fill me with thy spirit, Lord,
 That my heart may e'er be strong,
 That my faith may e'er increase
 As I daily march along
 In the sacred path of life
 In which thou my Lord hast trod,
 Leading to the pearly gates
 Of the city of our God.

Fill me with thy spirit, Lord,
 That I may be pure within;
 Make my heart both brave and strong,
 Able to surmount all sin;
 Give me courage, ev'ry day,
 To combat each foe I meet,
 That I may ever keep down
 Satan's host beneath my feet.

Fill me with thy spirit, Lord,
 That I e'er may thankful be
 For the blessings, small and great,
 Which thou daily givest me;
 May I, ever keep the faith
 Of the saints who've gone before;
 When I've finished my work here,
 Take me to bright Canaan's shore.

MY GOD IN WHOM I TRUST.

My God, in whom I trust,
 Be thou ever near me,
 I cannot for a moment stand,
 Except I lean on thee.

Strengthen my faith, O Lord,
 That as I onward go,
 I may tread in the path which thou
 Didst tread when here below.

Permit me ne'er to turn
 From righteousness aside,
 But guide me in the path of life,
 Be ever by my side.

Be with me unto death,
 Conduct me safely o'er
 Dark Jordan's stream and land me safe
 On Canaan's peaceful shore.

JESUS.

No other name can e'er compare
 With that the angel gave
 To him who in a manger lay,
 Born all mankind to save.

Jesus, most precious of all names,
 A Savior, Lord and King,
 Who to all mankind here below,
 Doth full salvation bring.

Then let our praises e'er ascend
 To Him we should adore,
 And some day we shall see his face
 On Canaan's happy shore.

Then we will with the angels join
 In singing, Glory be
 To the blest Lamb for sinners slain,
 Now and eternally.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE TO BE LIKE?

I would not be a prodigal
 And wander far away
 From my kind Father's house but would
 Forever with Him stay;
 I would not, like the younger son,
 Leave my good peaceful home
 And plunge into the world of sin,
 In wretchedness to roam.

But like the elder brother, I
 Would with my Father dwell
 Forever and enjoy sweet rest
 And ne'er have woes to tell.
 Some seem to like to tell how they
 Wandered away from God
 And after they came to themselves,
 Again the right path trod.

But greater would their joy have been,
 Had they remained with God
 And through life's journey, day by day,
 The path of life had trod;
 E'en though the prodigal returned
 And on good things did dine,
 The Father could not say to him,
 "All that I have is thine."

But to the elder brother he
 Could say, Dear son of mine,
 'Thou art forever with me and
 All that I have is thine.'
 Dear little children, early seek
 The Savior while you may,
 Remain within your Father's house,
 Ne'er seek to turn away.

THE COUNTRY BOYS AND THEIR BICYCLE.

In eighteen hundred and eighty one,
 The bicycle craze had just begun,
 The first kind were made very high,
 The price was too, but few could buy;
 We boys who worked day after day
 Out on the farm for meagre pay,

Would watch the riders passing by
 And view their wheels with eager eye;
 We scarce could in a summer make
 The pile of money it would take
 To buy one of those queer machines,
 But still young chaps, just in their teens,
 Will scheme and plan and find a way
 To win their point and gain the day;
 So we three chaps one day began
 To figure and devise a plan
 How we with our scant means might buy
 One of those wheels which sold so high.

We threw together all we had,
 Thirty dollars, we all felt sad,
 We knew it was not half enough
 To buy a wheel, 'twould take more stuff;
 We'd better let the matter go,
 We were inclined to think, when lo,
 A man came down from Hazel Dell
 Who had a wheel he wished to sell;
 Forty dollars, he said he would take
 Then we boys all began to shake;
 We grew excited, could we four,
 Among us raise ten dollars more?
 We tried but could raise only six,
 It put us in an awful fix,
 Must we this splendid chance let go?
 We all decidedly said, No!
 But what more could we four boys do?
 We'd reached our limit, we well knew,
 The owner of the wheel stood by
 And watched us heave sigh after sigh;
 He eyed us for a little spell,
 Then said, Well boys, I think I'll sell!
 Since you have all done what you can,
 I'll try to play the gentleman,

I will a special bargain make,
 Give what you have and you may take
 The wheel and may you pleasure get
 And never have cause to regret
 The bargain which you make today,
 For which your hard earned cash you pay.
 Four prouder boys were never found,
 We hurried home with leap and bound ;
 Upon a level lawn we tried
 Each one in turn the wheel to ride ;
 It threw us often but at last
 We learned to ride it slow, then fast ;
 I now will tell the funny tale,
 How James once rode to Millersdale.

JAMES TAKES A BICYCLE RIDE.

After James had fully learned
 To ride upon the bike,
 He made a trip to Millersdale,
 Over the old turnpike.

With those high wheels one could ride fast
 Down grade and through mud deep,
 But one could not with them ascend
 A hillside very steep.

It happened on the way while James
 Was coasting down a hill,
 He heard, not very far behind,
 A noise both loud and shrill.

Instinctively he turned around,
 Horrors! what did he see?
 Brown's fierce bull after him full tilt,
 Bellowing tremendously.

While going down the hill he could
Keep easily ahead
Of his pursuing foe and on
With rapid pace he sped.

But when he came to a steep hill
He went with slower pace,
The bull was gaining and appeared
Likely to win the race.

James was almost exhausted and
Began to quake with fear,
He knew his fierce pursuing foe
Must now be very near.

He rode up to a farmer's yard
And stopped before the gate,
Intending to leap over it,
Alas, he was too late!

There was a roar, a crash, and then
James in the air was tossed
And soon he realized that he
The fence indeed had crossed.

Half dazed he lay upon the grass,
Things seemed to have grown dim,
He soon revived and then beheld
One bending over him.

My wheel, he cried, where is my wheel?
Down there, the man replied,
The bull has got it round his neck,
James' heart within him died.

The mean old bull, he's ruined it!
O dear, what shall I do?
Fear not, the farmer said, Old Brown
Will have to square with you.

Old Brown, who was an honest man,
 Came over that same day,
 Asked what the damage was and said,
 The bill he'd freely pay.

He paid the price of a new wheel,
 Gave ten dollars beside,
 James says that he on the same terms,
 Would take another ride.

IN THE ORCHARD.

There are many pleasant places
 In the country and the town,
 Which one cannot fail to notice
 As he journeys up and down
 Throughout this most glorious country
 Which we proudly call our own,
 Where the seeds of blessed freedom
 Many years ago were sown.

But there is no place more pleasant
 Anywhere on land or seas,
 Than within the shady orchard,
 Neath the spreading apple trees ;
 There is no place more delightful,
 Where the summer days to pass,
 Than within the golden orchard,
 Lying on soft orchard grass.

One can lie thus and look upward
 And behold a luscious treat
 In abundance hanging o'er you,
 Mellow apples, "Golden sweet."

Have you ever, while thus lying,
 Seen the golden apples fall?
 If not you have missed a pleasure
 Which is greater than them all.

Next time, during your vacation,
 Do not sail across the sea,
 But come out into the country
 And there spend the time with me,
 Roaming in the shady orchard,
 Rolling on the soft green grass,
 You will feel you're growing younger
 While vacation days you pass.

A SERMON TO CHILDREN.

Children, hear what I say,
 While trav'ling life's pathway,
 Keep striving day by day,
 Justice to give;
 Treat all men honestly,
 From fraud and malice flee,
 And let your motto be,
 "Live and let live."

Ne'er to vice be a slave,
 Smite boldly the foul knave,
 Be strong, upright and brave,
 Stand for the right;
 Tread where good men have trod,
 Break the oppressors rod,
 Trust in Almighty God,
 "Be strong and fight."

Ne'er to the tempter yield,
 Put on the sword and shield,
 Influence ever wield
 For what is pure;
 Tread in the narrow way,
 Trust, watch, and ever pray,
 Even until death's day,
 Faithful endure.

THE MANY MANSIONS.

Beautiful mansions are being prepared
 By our Lord Jesus above,
 For all who serve him while here upon earth,
 And abide in his blest love.

Through this dark vale we are journeying now,
 But 'twill not be long ere we
 Will this dark valley of tears leave behind,
 And with our Savior shall be.

When we at last reach those mansions above,
 We shall behold Him who gave
 His precious life as a ransom for all,
 That he all nations might save.

We shall behold Him upon his bright throne
 And we his glory shall see,
 And with the angels shall praise his great name
 Throughout eternity.

GO FORTH AND TEACH.

Go forth therefore and teach
 All nations the blest Word,
 Go forth and to mankind proclaim
 The message of the Lord.

Go forth, do not delay,
 It is the Lord's command,
 Go now and in his vineyard work,
 No longer idle stand.

Go forth, do you not hear
 The Macedonian cry,
 Come bring the Gospel o'er ere we
 Poor helpless heathen die.

Go forth and let your light
 Before the world e'er shine,
 And when you die, eternal joy
 And glory shall be thine.

WORK FOR JESUS.

Work daily for Jesus,
 From morning till night,
 Wherever you journey,
 Be thou a bright light;
 Be ready and willing
 A kind word to speak
 For Jesus and ever
 Help those who are weak.

Work daily for Jesus,
 Though you may have few
 Talents, there is something
 For each one to do ;
 Be never discouraged,
 Do that which is right
 And you will find favor
 And grace in his sight.

Work daily for Jesus,
 Be kind to the poor,
 The homeless and needy,
 Ne'er turn from your door ;
 And when your life's journey
 Is over and done,
 You will in His kingdom,
 Shine forth as the sun.

SAVE ME ERE I SINK.

Lord save me ere I sink
 Beneath the waves of sin,
 The threat'ning billows round me rise,
 My soul is faint within.

Jesus, the sinner's friend,
 To a lost one draw near,
 Stretch forth thy hand and lift me up
 And banish all my fear.

Lead me within the path
 Of righteousness and love,
 Guide thou my feet and bring me to
 That happy home above.

And when I reach that home
 On that bright, radiant shore,
 My Savior and eternal King,
 I'll praise forevermore.

SONG OF JACK'S CREEK.

Before the white man's axe e'er felled
 The lofty oaks and chestnuts near
 My banks, the red men oft beheld
 My waters flowing pure and clear.

My waters then flowed freely on
 Through many miles of forest dense,
 No plowed fields ever saw I then,
 Nor tracts of land enclosed by fence.

But years passed by, the white man came
 And drove the red men far away,
 Then gradually the giant trees
 Were felled by him day after day.

Till by and by, where once stood trees,
 The plowmen with their teams were seen,
 Who broke the ground and planted seeds,
 Producing meadows rich and green.

And soon thereafter I beheld
 Another grand and pleasing scene;
 Large droves of cattle were turned in
 To graze upon the meadows green.

They ate the grass, then came to me
 And with my waters quenched their thirst;
 Such drinkers I had never seen,
 They drank until I thought they'd burst.

But I did not begrudge a drop
Of what they drank, nor did I care
How many times they came for I
Had water plenty and to spare.

If the white man had left things thus,
I never would have made complaint;
Alas, there came a day when he
Began my pure waters to taint!

He opened up coal mines which poured
Foul sulphur water into me,
Killed all my fishes, ah, the sight
Was pitiful indeed to see!

And now I, who once proudly flowed
Along so happy pure and free,
Must wear a cloud upon my face,
I'm but a drudge, foul and filthy.

O how I long to have once more
My waters cleansed of this foul stain,
To see them coursing pure and free
And see the fishes come again.

Good people of Greensburg, arise
In your indignation and say,
That you this vile outrage will stop,
And take my filthy stains away.

And when my beauty is restored
And I reflect the sunny sky,
I'll greet you with a pleasant smile
Day after day as I pass by.

ON THE WAY TO EMMAUS.

And two of them to Emmaus,
Went forth on that same day,
A village, from Jerusalem,
Threescore furlongs away.

While they with each other communed,
Jesus drew near the spot
Where they were, but their eyes were held
So that they knew him not.

And Jesus spake to them and said,
I pray, what kind of talk,
Tell me, is this which ye now have
Together as ye walk?

Amazed at him, they both stood still,
With countenance distressed,
Then one, whose name was Cleopas,
The Master thus addressed,

Dost thou, today, sojourn within
Jerusalem alone,
And the things which have come to pass
These days, hast thou not known?

And Jesus said to them, "What things?"
They said, as he gave heed,
Of Jesus, who a prophet was,
Mighty in word and deed?

And how the rulers and chief priests
 Condemned and crucified
 Him in whom we had placed our trust,
 And on the cross he died?

But we, alas, had trusted that
 He should have been the one
 To save our race, this is the third
 Day since these things were done.

And women of our company,
 Astonished us today,
 Who very early went unto
 The place where Jesus lay.

When they did not his body find,
 They came to us and said,
 That angels had informed them that
 He'd risen from the dead.

And certain of our company
 At once went to the spot
 And found it even as they said,
 But Jesus they saw not.

He said to them, O foolish and
 Slow of heart to believe
 All that the prophets have spoken,
 Hear, and the truth receive!

Ought not Christ to have suffered and
 In glory have entered?
 From Moses and the prophets then
 Expounded he the Word.

All prophecies concerning him,
 He taught them and made clear
 How all those things had been fulfilled,
 They heard with eager ear.

And when they finally drew near
 The village where they went,
 They said to him, abide with us,
 For the day is far spent.

He went in with them and behold
 As he sat down to meat,
 He took the bread and blest and break
 And gave to them to eat.

Their eyes were opened and they saw
 And knew the Prince of light,
 While gazing in astonishment,
 He vanished from their sight.

And they said, did not our heart burn
 Within us by the way,
 While he the scriptures opened to
 Us as we walked today?

They rose and to Jerusalem
 Returned with rapid speed,
 And to the brethren there proclaimed,
 "The Lord is risen indeed."

That happened centuries ago,
 But people still proclaim
 The same words and ever revere
 The risen Savior's name.

I KNOW FOR I HAVE BEEN THERE.

Mary Ann trudged down the mountain
 With a basket on her arm,
 Hurrying, for not far distant,
 She beheld a furious storm;
 Loud the rolling peals of thunder,

Soon were sounding in her ear,
 Causing her to start and tremble,
 Filling her with dread and fear.

(Chorus.)

Young men, when a tired lady asks
 You for help, for her have a care,
 If you don't she will pay you back some day,
 I know, for I have been there.

She was weary, for her basket
 Was quite heavy, she, all day,
 Had been gath'ring huckleberries,
 Faithfully had worked away
 From sunrise until the ev-ing,
 That her basket she might fill,
 Now with heavy heart and trembling,
 She was hast'ring down the hill. (Chorus.)

Now it happened that Joe Thompson,
 A young man whom she well knew,
 Chanced just then to overtake her,
 She said, Joe, how do you do!
 Will you not help me to carry
 This big load, come Joe, be kind?
 Joe winked, then replied, yes, Mary,
 When I nothing else can find! (Chorus.)

Down the hill he then ran laughing
 At poor Mary's awful plight,
 And the poor girl, wet and wearied,
 Reached her home long after night;
 But she vowed that she'd get even
 With that good for nothing man,
 She watched him from that day forward
 And began to lay her plan. (Chorus.)

Summer passed away and autumn
 Came and still she found no way
 To get even with Joe Thompson,
 But at last there came a day
 When she paid him back with int'rest,
 At a schoolhouse near by, she
 With some other folks attended
 An old fashioned spelling bee. (Chorus.)

Both boys and girls enjoyed themselves,
 The meeting adjourned at ten,
 And the young men asked the girls, you know,
 This one, and that one, and then,
 Joe Thompson bowed and smiled and said,
 Mary Ann, you will not mind
 If I go along? she said, Yes Joe,
 When I nothing else can find. (Chorus.)

TO HENRY KIMBALL.

A wonderful man was Henry Kimball,
 A genius of the first class,
 He might have become very famous,
 Had he but refused the first glass.

He was one of the best carriage painters
 The old burg of Green ever had,
 But like many another bright fellow,
 Drank recklessly and turned out bad.

Henry Kimball possessed wit and humor
 That was equal to that of Mark Twain,
 And he might become equally famous,
 If he'd sober and honest remain.

He's serving a sentence in prison,
 Down in the east part of the state,
 We hope he will come to his senses
 And reform before 'tis too late.

O Henry, brace up now in earnest
 And make of yourself yet a man,
 Leave all your bad habits behind you,
 Put your trust in the Lord and you can.

Just think of the good you'll accomplish,
 The many hearts you will make glad
 When they see one now upright and honest,
 Who once was so reckless and bad.

For you, dear Henry, we are praying
 And hoping that you will return
 And henceforth be upright and honest
 And crime and dishonesty spurn.

May the blessing of God rest upon you
 And His grace abundant be given,
 That you ever hereafter may serve Him
 And be rewarded in heaven.

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

Lord Jesus, risen from the dead,
 Thou art the ever living Head
 Of thy Church in this world below,
 From whom all living blessings flow.

Pour out thy Spirit on us Lord,
 Assembled here with one accord,
 To of thy sacrament partake,
 Which we do for thine own name's sake.

Lord, evermore may we be fed
 Upon that sacred living bread
 Which down from heaven above came,
 Lord, we receive it in thy name.

Thou Son of man, once lifted up,
 Give us to drink of that blest cup,
 Thy blood of the New Covenant,
 This blessing, Lord, to us now grant.

May we thus ever eat and drink
 Until we stand on Jordan's brink,
 Then with our souls cleansed from all sin,
 To glory may we enter in.

SAVIOR, RECEIVE OUR THANKS.

Savior of all mankind who died
 That we poor sinners all might live;
 Who for our sins was crucified,
 Receive the thanks we freely give.

Unworthy were we to receive
 The gift which thou O God didst give,
 That all who will in Him believe,
 Will with their Lord forever live.

Lord may we more and more each day,
 Appreciate this gift of thine,
 And tread the straight and narrow way
 And in thy kingdom ever shine.

And as we journey in the way
 Which thou our Lord and King hast trod,
 May we, like John, to others say,
 Behold the Christ, the Lamb of God.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.

“Rejoice in the Lord always,
 Again I say rejoice;”
 Praise Him from morn till ev-ning,
 Praise Him with heart and voice;
 Rejoice, for He triumphant,
 Has risen from the dead,
 And at God’s right hand reigneth,
 Our ever living Head.

Rejoice, for lo He cometh
 Down to the earth again,
 In glory with the angels,
 He comes to judge all men;
 O may we all be numbered
 With those at his right hand,
 Washed in the blood of Jesus,
 In glory we shall stand.

WHAT ARE WE?

Dear Father, what are we
 That thou should’st show thy love
 In sending thy beloved Son
 Down from thy home above

Into this world of sin,
 To have an humble birth;
 To suffer and thereby redeem
 All nations of the earth?

Father, we know that we
 Did not thy love deserve,
 For we were sinful creatures and
 Did not thee rightly serve;
 'Twas not that we had earned
 Such great reward, but by
 Thy grace were we redeemed from sin,
 Be thou exalted high.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

On a mountain by the sea,
 In the land of Galilee
 With five loaves and two small fishes Jesus fed
 A vast multitude of men,
 All did eat their fill and then,
 With hearts filled with gratitude they gladly said,

He who did the hungry feed,
 Is that prophet, great indeed,
 Which should come into this world to save us all;
 Let us all with heart and voice,
 Praise our Savior and rejoice
 That He came to rescue sinners from the fall.

That was many years ago,
 When he journeyed to and fro
 In that blessed holy land of Galilee;
 But he still our souls doth feed,
 Satisfying ev'ry need,
 He who pitied them now pities you and me.

When our souls are faint and weak,
 We need only to him speak
And to him make known our wants both great and small;
 From his glorious throne above,
 He will send his bounteous love
Which will satisfy the longings of us all.

SAVIOR, I IMPORE THEE.

Blessed Savior, I implore thee,
 Send thy Spirit down upon me,
 Give me wisdom, give me power
 To fight Satan ev'ry hour.

Give me strength and inspiration,
 Help me to resist temptation;
 Make thou my talents to increase
 And guide me in the paths of peace.

Keep thou me faithful all my days,
 May my last words be of sweet praise
 To thee my Savior, and then bear
 Me to those mansions bright and fair.

THE FIELDS ARE WHITE FOR HARVEST.

Lift up your eyes, look on the fields,
 Behold already they are white;
 The sheaves should all be gathered in
 Before there falls the shades of night.

Why stand ye idle all the day,
 Do you not hear the Master's call,
 Go forth into the harvest fields,
 Gather the sheaves both great and small?

The day advances and the sun
 Has risen high, it soon will set,
 Haste then to work for many sheaves
 Are lying round, not gathered yet.

Work until the last golden sheaf
 Rests safely in the sacred hold,
 Then thou shalt rest forever in
 That city with streets of pure gold.

COME BOW BEFORE GOD'S THRONE.

O come and humbly bow
 Before God's glorious throne,
 Accept the mercy of our Lord
 And him your Savior own..

Come, cast your burden on
 The Lord, he will sustain
 And will henceforth deliver you
 From misery and pain.

Do not reply to him,
 For this time go thy way,
 Tomorrow it may be too late,
 Come while 'tis called today.

*A TALE OF TWO HORSES CONCERNING
 THEIR TAILS.*

Old Senator Jones was a millionaire,
 He had plenty to eat and plenty to wear,
 His family lived in the grandest of style,
 In a beautiful mansion that cost quite a pile.

He owned some fine horses and often would go
 Out for a long drive in a fine tallyho,
 As his beautiful horses went prancing along,
 They were greatly admired by the onlooking throng.

The senator's family, I scarce need to tell,
 Stood high in society that we call swell,
 And to keep with the style they oft had to do
 Things that were quite wrong, as they very well knew.

And one of their sins, which my very soul shocked,
 Was, that they had all of their horses' tails docked;
 Those beautiful horses with bright glossy rumps,
 Went prancing along with their short tail stumps.

One night the old senator could not sleep well,
 Just what was the matter he never could tell;
 While dosing a little he had a strange dream,
 Which he said, while relating, very real did seem.

He dreamed he was out at his barn and while there,
 Thought he heard some persons conversing somewhere;
 He opened his barn door and then stepped inside,
 What he saw caused his eyes to open quite wide.

His two bay horses, named Dewey and Lue,
 Stood there conversing just like people do;
 The senator listened to them with bowed head
 And these were the words which the two horses said.

(Dewey

O Lue, I've felt dreadfully mean since the day
 Those mean fellows took my long tail away;
 You cannot imagine how awkward it feels
 To have no long tail hanging down at one's heels.

That master of mine, the old hypocrite,
 Ev'ry Sunday will go to his church and will sit
 And this Scripture so plain, not move him the least,
 "A good man regardeth the life of his beast."

Regardeth indeed, he has not the least
 Regard for us or any other dumb beast,
 For how could a man with a heart but feel shocked,
 To see his poor horses go with their tails docked?

When that fellow came and cut off my tail,
 The pain was intense, I let out a wail,
 But there was not one in the crowd I could see,
 Except a young girl, who had pity on me.

Had my heels been loose I'd have made that man fly
 Up into the air about twenty feet high;
 I would like to have sent him away down below,
 Where all dockers of horse tails are likely to go.

(*Lue*)

Yes Dewey, indeed all is true that you say,
 Since my tail has been docked I've felt the same way;
 When those tormenting flies sit aloft on my back
 And I have no tail to hit them a whack.

When they cut off my tail I heard a man say,
 My friend, you should not treat a poor horse that way,
 The senator said, as he smiled broad and grim,
 O what does it matter? it does not hurt him.

I wish some one would cut through his thumb nail,
 Then he would know just how it hurt my poor tail;
 How I wish the great men of our nation all felt
 Concerning this thing like Mr. Roosevelt.

But what does this wicked old senator care
 How we or all other poor horses may fare?
 He'll do anything that is mean, low and vile,
 Just to keep his vain family always in style.

But a very great change will take place some day,
 When this hard-hearted senator passes away ;
 For he'll go to a place where he'll no more dock tails,
 Where he, not the horses, will utter the wails.

These words were more than the old man could bear,
 He trembled all over and said, I declare
 From henceforth my horses shall not lose their tails,
 Nor shall I e'er hear any more piteous wails.

I wish that each proud old society chap
 Might, like the old senator, have such a nap,
 And dream such a dream that would his soul shock,
 That he never again would a horse's tail dock.

A CRICKET'S SONG TO ME.

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up!
 A little cricket sang,
 His voice came strong and steady,
 His music sweetly rang
 Within my dreary study,
 Where I sat musing sadly
 O'er hard times and poor wages
 And churches faring badly.

Thought I, how hard I struggle
 Within this mission field,
 For fifty dollars monthly,
 'Twill not a living yield ;
 How I must plan and worry
 To build this mission up,
 Hark, hear the cricket singing,
 Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up!

The Mission Board and Classis
 Seem not the least to care
 How much we toil and worry,
 Or how our children fare ;
 But they are always careful
 One duty to discharge,
 They see that Superintendents
 Get sal'ries fat and large.

I sat there thus, lamenting
 And pond'ring o'er my lot ;
 Here we keep daily toiling,
 The church not caring what
 Great burdens we are bearing,
 How bitter is our cup ;
 That cricket still keeps singing,
 Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up !

There, just across the river,
 Another preacher lives,
 His work is not so irksome,
 The Board of Missions gives
 To him a larger salary,
 And he a single man,
 Say, do you call that justice ?
 Answer me if you can.

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up !
 The cricket still sings on,
 He has no house or money,
 The soft grass on the lawn
 Alone affords him shelter
 Throughout the night and day,
 Yet, thoroughly contented,
 He sits and sings away.

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up !
 Well, if he can sing thus,
 I will not sit here longer
 And kick and make a fuss ;
 What if the Board or Classis
 Care nothing how I fare,
 He who cares for the cricket,
 For me will also care.

AS MEAN A MAN AS LIVES.

I wonder when men first began
 To do things mean and base?
 I'm sure I cannot tell, I s'pose
 It's always been the case.

The first mean man we read about,
 Was Adam's oldest son
 Who killed his brother, then I s'pose
 Was when mean tricks begun.

And ever since that time mean men
 Have very plenty been ;
 Each age has furnished multitudes
 Addicted to this sin.

Some men are very mean indeed
 And others not so mean ;
 Who knows who is the meanest man?
 No one can tell, I ween ?

Look in the mean man's catalogue,
 A great long list it gives,
 'Tis large, but I can tell you who's
 As mean a man as lives.

You needn't tear your eyes so wide
And look at me that way;
I'm not a joking, no not I,
I mean just what I say.

The man who keeps a poultry yard
Without a fence around,
And lets his chickens run about
Upon his neighbor's ground,

And when he sees that his whole flock,
Annoyance daily gives,
And does not stop them, such a man's
As mean a man as lives.

And when he sets a lot of hens,
Which broods of chickens hatch
And lets the whole flock run into
His neighbor's garden patch,

And sees them eating, ev'ry day,
Tomatoes, all they can,
Say, show me if you can, where I
Can find a meaner man?

Perhaps you think I'm too severe,
Well, I do not think so;
Just how it feels to be annoyed
By chickens, I well know.

I tell you friends, I've been compelled
To drink this bitter cup;
If you don't want to be called mean,
Go pen your chickens up.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

And after six days Jesus took
 With him his chosen three,
 And went into a mountain high,
 Were they beheld that he
 Transfigured was, his face did shine
 As radiant as the sun,
 His raiment white as light became
 And fear seized ev'ry one.

And Moses and Elijah then
 Were both seen to appear,
 And Peter said, "Master, it is
 Good for us to be here;"
 And Master, if it be thy will,
 Then let us make booths, three,
 Moses one, and Elijah one,
 And also one for thee.

And suddenly a cloud appeared
 And over them was spread,
 And they, on entering into it,
 Were filled with fear and dread;
 Forth from the radiant cloud there came
 A voice, saying to them,
 "This is my beloved Son,"
 My chosen, "hear ye him."

Help us, dear Lord, to daily look
 Towards Mount Zion's height
 And with the eyes of faith behold
 Thy glory shining bright;

And when a cloud o'ershadows us
 And ev'rything seems dim,
 May we then hear thy words, This is
 My chosen, hear ye him.

WHEN BROWN AND WHITE GOT TIGHT.

Young Roger Brown and William White,
 Went to Pittsburg and both got tight;
 They both went stagg'ring down the street
 They yelled until they chanced to meet
 A big policeman dressed in blue,
 Said he, I'll show you what to do;
 And as he spoke he seized them both,
 And said, come on, but they were loathe
 To leave their sport, so they began
 To tussle with the policeman;
 Brown sent his helmet in the air,
 While White began to pull his hair,
 Just then another policeman,
 To his assistance quickly ran,
 And drawing forth his heavy mace,
 He struck young White square in the face
 And on Brown rained a heavy blow
 Which laid the drunken rascal low.
 In the lockup both spent the night
 And paid a fine for getting tight;
 Now if these men will lessons learn
 And from henceforth save what they earn
 And both live honest and upright
 And never while they live get tight,
 They yet may do a site of good
 For tem'prance in their neighborhood;
 Come, wake up Brown, come, wake up White,
 Go sign the temp'rance pledge tonight.

I GO BUT I WILL COME AGAIN.

I go away, the Savior said,
 But I will come again,
 In glory with the angel hosts,
 I'll come to judge all men.

The earth with fervent heat shall melt,
 The heavens shall be rolled
 Together as a mighty scroll,
 And all things be dissolved.

Heaven and earth shall pass away
 And both be formed anew,
 Within their borders evermore,
 Shall dwell the just and true.

Watch ye, therefore, for no man knows
 The day when He shall come;
 Be ready then your Lord to meet
 And He'll conduct you home.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Let us not be weary in
 Well doing for we shall reap
 In due season if we strive
 Daily his precepts to keep.

We shall reap if we faint not,
 Let us ever then be true
 To our Lord and faithfully
 Do whate'er he bids us do.

Even though the work may be
 Difficult and full of care,
 Let us work and hope and trust,
 God is with us ev'rywhere.

Let us ever onward push
 Till we lay our burden down
 At the feet of Jesus Christ
 And receive the golden crown.

HE IS WORTHY.

Give unto the Lord all glory,
 Praise and honor, he alone
 Is worthy of adoration,
 For our sins he did atone.

He it was who came from heaven
 And dwelt in this sin cursed earth,
 Took upon himself our nature
 An assumed an humble birth.

Praise his name and ever serve him,
 On his name ever believe,
 Honor, praise and adoration
 He is worthy to receive.

I LOOKED TOWARD MOUNT ZION.

And I looked toward Mount Zion
And behold upon it stood
The Lamb who was slain for sinners,
Who redeemed them with his blood ;
And with him an hundred, forty
And four thousand creatures came,
On their foreheads there was written
God the Father's holy name.

And I heard a voice from heaven,
Like the voice of a great flood,
They were all a new song singing,
As before the throne they stood ;
And before the beasts and elders
And no man could learn that song
But the forty and four thousand,
Which composed the redeemed throng.

May we, Lord, ever keep looking
To the Lamb on Zion's height,
May our eyes be fixed upon him,
Guide us in the path of right,
And may we thus ever journey,
Till we stand on Zion's mount,
And there drink of that pure water
Flowing from the sacred fount.

LET THY SPIRIT ON US FALL.

Savior as we bow before
 Thy blest throne and thee adore,
 When upon thy name we call,
 Let thy spirit on us fall.

With thy spirit us baptize,
 Open our sin blinded eyes,
 Help us that we may to thee,
 Come in deep sincerity.

Holy, blessed Trinity,
 Three in one, and one in three,
 Day by day upon us send
 Blessings that shall never end

HIS GRACE IS FREE TO ALL.

Thou God of mercy, thou alone
 Canst hope and comfort give ;
 Where'er thy saving grace is known,
 Each soul in peace may live.

Thy grace, O God, is free to all,
 Thou turnest none away,
 Upon mankind thou dost let fall
 Rich blessings day by day.

For thy rich grace, we praise thy name
 And carrolls to thee sing,
 For Jesus who to this world came
 And did salvation bring.

To thee, great God, our hearts we'll raise
 And all join in the song,
 Until we end our earthly days
 And join the heavenly throng.

Composed in 10 minutes Aug. 20, 1906.

*LORD, LIFT UP THY COUNTENANCE UPON
 US.*

Lift up thy countenance, O Lord,
 On us and give us peace;
 From all the bitter pangs of sin,
 O Lord, grant us release.

Lord, let thy glory shine upon
 Our hearts and make us strong,
 That we may praise thee ev'ry day
 With joyful mirth and song.

Guide thou our feet each day aright,
 As we our journey make
 Through this vile world of sin and shame,
 Grant all for thy name's sake.

THOSE GATES ARE OPEN ALL THE DAY.

The pearly gates of heaven stand
 Wide open all the day,
 And all may enter in who tread
 The straight and narrow way.

Those gates are never shut by day,
 And there is no night there ;
 There pilgrims enter, on their way
 To heaven bright and fair.

Many of our dear friends have passed
 In through those gates so fair,
 Into the city and have cast
 Away all earthly care.

We long to pass those pearly gates
 And tread the streets of gold,
 In Zion's city, where awaits
 For us blessings untold.

WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.

We love our God because he first
 Loved us and sent his son to be
 A sacrifice for us, and bare
 Our sins upon the accursed tree.

What greater love hath man than this,
 That for his friends he should lay down
 His life, thus Jesus did and wore
 Upon his head the thorny crown.

O blessed be his holy name ;
 Let all praise him forevermore ;
 Come, let us bow and worship him
 Who in our stead the curses bore.

Come, let us throughout life e'er walk
 Within the straight and narrow way,
 And fix our eyes on Jesus who
 Will guide us on to perfect day.

GUILTY I STAND.

Lord, with a guilty soul
 I stand before thee now,
 With shame and deep humility,
 Before thy throne I bow.

Not but thy blood can cleanse
 This guilty soul of mine;
 O Jesus, wash away my sin,
 Make me forever thine.

O let me ne'er again
 Fall into sin and shame;
 Help me, O Lord, to watch and call
 Daily upon thy name.

Keep me faithful until
 Death's hand shall lay me down;;
 Then may I at thy throne receive
 The everlasting crown.

AN OLD TIME SPELLING BEE.

It was in the old school house in the country years ago,
 On a beautiful November moonlit night,
 That we boys and girls were hast'ning with our faces all
 aglow,
 And our young hearts overflowing with delight.

We were going to the place to an old time spelling bee,
 And a good time was looked forward to by all,
 We were feeling happy and went our way with joy and
 glee,
 And some lively jokes by many were let fall.

That old frame school house was filled to its full capacity,
 With a crowd of merry happy girls and boys,
 Like a flock of singing birds from their prison just set free,
 That old house fairly resounded with their noise ;
 When the master tapped the bell quietness at once pre-
 vailed

And the audience was seated orderly ;
 Then the master two captains from the audience detailed
 To arrange the sides for the grand spelling bee.

Then the spelling race began and continued till the last
 Champion of the spelling contest down had gone,
 Thus we spent the time until fully an hour or more had
 past,

Then the happy crowd retired to the lawn ;
 There a monstrous ring was formed, boys and girls joined
 hand in hand,

While a handsome young man started on the round
 Till he reached the girl he thought was the fairest in the
 land,

Touched her, then began a race across the ground.

Yes, of course, he did pretend to run very fast indeed,
 But the handsome girl ran faster far than he ;
 Like a hunted deer she ran at a rapid rate of speed
 And the fugitive was captured presently ;
 Arm in arm they journeyed back to the place where she
 had stood,

Both their hearts beating with happiness and bliss,
 When they reached the open space, close to his she held
 her face,

Then was heard a loud smack, something bout like this.

One night my sister Jane by a handsome man was caught,
 Who had taken of tobacco a fresh chew;
 After they had walked around and had halted near the
 spot,
 When he bent and kissed her she cried out, Phew-w!
 Then she looked fiercely at him like an angry little dog
 And replied to him while feeling very sore,
 You are not a gentleman, you're a big tobacco hog
 And I'll never, never kiss you any more.

You swell city dudes may think we were very green and
 soft,
 But you know not what a grand treat you have missed,
 If to such a spelling bee you have never been and oft
 Played at ring and by the handsome girls been kissed;
 No matter what you think, I for one will ever say,
 There is one thing that my very soul enjoys;
 'Tis the pleasant memories of that happy bygone day,
 I was numbered with those awkward country boys.

HE SAW HIM SMILE AT LAST.

John Turner was a broker
 With face solemn and grave;
 It seems his whole attention
 Was bent on how to save
 More money still, though thousands
 Already he possessed;
 It seemed his mind was centered
 On grabbing for the rest.

George Simpson, a stone mason,
 Well known in that same place,
 For many years had noticed
 John Turner's solemn face;

He cracked jokes in his presence
 Laughed loudly oft, but while
 He joked and laughed, John Turner
 Ne'er once was seen to smile.

He told his wife about it,
 I've known John ten years now,
 He's ne'er once laughed, I wonder
 If he does not know how?
 I've joked when in his presence
 Till man, woman and child
 Laughed heartily, but Turner
 Never as much as smiled.

One day, in haste, young Simpson
 Rushed home and said, O wife,
 Today I saw the greatest
 Event of my whole life!
 And what was that, dear husband?
 She answered hastily,
 You seem to be excited,
 What can the matter be?

I must confess it almost
 Took my breath, answered he,
 Because I came upon it
 So unexpectedly;
 What is it, George, do tell me,
 That has surprised you so?
 Well now, said he, I'll tell you,
 You'll laugh, of course, I know.

As I passed by the court house,
 I saw old Judge McKee
 And Turner near him standing
 And laughing heartily.

Now, is it any wonder
 The scene excited me?
 I did not think I'd ever
 The like in this world see.

I shall, next time I meet him,
 Demand of Judge McKee,
 What he said that caused Turner
 To laugh so heartily ;
 It must have been quite funny,
 Something extremely so ;
 I must not fail to learn it,
 'Twill be worth while to know.

TO A WILD TURKEY.

Sail thou, proud bird of the forest so dense,
 Above the tall pines on the mountains so high ;
 From thy haunts in the thicket depart thee now hence,
 Game season approaches, the hunter is nigh.

From morning till ev'ning for thee he is seeking,
 He knows the traits of the wild turkey full well ;
 Soon the blade of his knife in thy blood will be reeking,
 Then haste from thy haunts, no more in them dwell.

Spread abroad thy strong wings, mount high in the air,
 Beware lest thou leave any tracks in the snow ;
 Soar to the bleak rocks where no hunter will dare
 To attempt to ascend from the valley below.

Haste then for the day of Christmas draws nigh,
 A moment's delay may make it too late,
 And tomorrow may see thee all featherless lie
 Headless and steaming on some rich man's plate.

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM.

Phew-ew, phew-ew, phew-ew-ew-ew
 Do you hear that music boys?
 Hear the doors and windows rattle,
 My, but isn't it a noise!

Phew-ew, phew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 'Tis the storm of equinox;
 Boys, go out into the stable,
 Bed the horses and the ox.

Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 My, it nearly knocks me o'er!
 It seems to pierce me through the skin,
 Ere I reach the stable door.

Softly now, phew-ew, phew-ew!
 Now I'll make a skip and dash
 To the house and at the table,
 I'll enjoy my bowl of hash.

Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 Rough again as it can be,
 I thought that I would surely beat him,
 But he was too quick for me.

Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 Quickly close the kitchen door,
 You must play inside now children
 Till the equinox is o'er.

Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 Ha, old storm, we're safely sheltered,
 We're not at all afraid of you!

Phew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew-ew!
 All night he keeps a raging
 While around the hearth we're romping,
 In joyful games engaging.

Phew-ew-ew-ew, phew-ew-ew-ew!
 Gently he sings us to sleep,
 While in cozy beds we're snoring,
 He all night at work will keep.

*THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE AND THE OLD
 COAL PIT.*

By the side of a small brooklet,
 Near a forest large and wild,
 Stood a little white frame structure,
 There I lived when a small child.

Near the house, beneath a hillock,
 Was the mouth of a coalpit;
 Day by day the men kept hauling
 Tons of coal away from it.

At the edge of the large forest
 Stood a giant hick'ry tree,
 Neath its cheerful shade we childrer
 Passed the time most pleasantly.

Oft upon a summer ev'ning,
 We would gather there and sing;
 Some would romp and chase, while others
 Took a ride upon the swing.

Our swing was a hick'ry sapling
 Split at one end where a seat
 Made of plank was firmly fastened,
 'Twas in width about three feet.

Two would mount the seat and upward,
 Fully thirty feet and more,
 They with laughter and with shouting,
 On that wooden swing would soar.

Many years have passed, but mem'ries
 Of those days still cling to me ;
 Mem'ries which I'll fondly cherish
 Till from care death sets me free.

HOW TOIL AND PATIENCE WON.

Come, sit down with me, little boys,
 Just for a little spell ;
 Come, for a moment cease your noise,
 While I a tale will tell ;
 It is a tale about a boy,
 It is a tale that's true,
 The boy wore patches on his knees,
 The same as some of you.

This little boy a father had,
 But might as well had none,
 For he indeed was very bad,
 And cruel to his son ;
 But he a Christian mother had,
 Who very patiently
 Endured her lot and for that lad
 Cared very tenderly.

When he was only ten years old,
 His father made him go,
 Before daylight, through storm and cold,
 Into coal mines and so
 From that day forth that boy was kept
 Away from school, poor lad,
 His mother often for him wept,
 And said it was too bad.

But that young lad was brave and strong,
 His courage ne'er gave way;
 For daily, as he toiled along,
 He ne'er forgot to pray;
 He prayed to God daily to give
 Him patience to endure
 His lot so hard and let him live
 A life honest and pure.

And while he prayed he also worked,
 His spare moments were spent
 In studying, he never shirked
 His work, but was intent
 On gaining knowledge, and at last
 That lad grew up to be
 A man of learning and was classed
 High in authority.

And now, my lads, I've told my tale,
 And much I hope that you
 Will not your poverty bewail,
 But go to work and do
 Like that small lad, e'er strive to learn
 Something useful each day,
 That you a name also may earn,
 Trust in the Lord alway.

WHEN JESUS WAS A LITTLE CHILD.

When Jesus was a little child
 The same age I am now,
 He was so gentle, meek and mild
 And ev'ry day did bow
 Quite meekly to his Father's will,
 His mother he obeyed ;
 Her wishes he sought to fulfill
 When he with children played.

So Jesus did, and so ought we,
 We should always obey
 Our Father's voice and ever be
 Willing to work and pray ;
 Like Jesus, who was good and kind,
 We ought to be kind too,
 And ev'ry day should bear in mind
 What he wants us to do.

MY GIFT TO JESUS.

When Jesus was a baby,
 There came to him three kings
 Who brought him pretty presents,
 Nice gold and other things.

I come to thee, dear Jesus,
 I have no gold to bring,
 I give myself forever
 To thee, my Savior King.

SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE.

“If ye then with Christ be risen,
 Seek those things which are above,”
 Where Christ at God’s right hand sitteth,
 Whom all should adore and love.

Set your heart and your affection
 On the things which are above ;
 Set them not on earthly treasures,
 But on Christ where all is love.

For your life with Christ is hidden
 In God who hath all things made,
 Let not then your heart be troubled,
 Neither let it be afraid.

When Christ shall appear ye also
 Shall appear in glory and
 With him reign fore’er in heaven,
 In the glorious promised land.

WHY I LOVE JESUS.

’Tis not through fear of punishment,
 That I serve thee, O Lord,
 But ’tis because thou didst reveal
 To us in thy blest word,
 Thy love to man through Jesus Christ
 And didst through him assure
 Us that thou wouldst completely cleanse
 Our hearts and make them pure.

I serve thee, Lord, because I love
 Thee with my heart and mind,
 Because thou didst die to redeem
 People of ev'ry kind;
 O may my love to thee increase
 And may my light so shine
 That others may thy goodness see
 And be forever thine.

LET THY LIGHT SHINE IN MY HEART.

Lord, let thy holy light
 Shine in my heart;
 Radiant and ever bright,
 That nought may part
 My soul fore'er from thee,
 With tender care guide me,
 Ev'rywhere with me be,
 Dwell in my heart.

Thy Holy Spirit pour
 Upon my heart,
 That I may nevermore
 From thee depart;
 Lord, let thy tender grace,
 Save a poor fallen race,
 Prepare a resting place
 For ev'ry heart.

LET US TO THE LORD RETURN.

Come, let us to the Lord return,
 He hath torn and he will us heal;
 Come, let us not his mercies spurn
 Which his word doth to us reveal.

Let us return unto the Lord,
 He hath smitten and he will bind
 Us up, he promised in his Word,
 We should through him salvation find.

Let us follow to know our God
 Who doth the precious promise give,
 If we walk in the path he trod,
 We shall with him forever live.

I LIVE TO THEE MY SAVIOR.

Jesus, I will forever live
 To thee my Savior and my Lord,
 Who doth to ev'ry sinner give
 Comfort and joy through thy blest Word.

E'en though my sins as scarlet be
 And I by them am plunged in woe,
 Still thy blest Word doth say to me,
 They shall be made white as the snow.

Thanks be to thee, O God, for this
 Blessed assurance thou dost give,
 That I with thee in joy and bliss,
 In heaven shall forever live.

To thee, O God, the Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit, blessed three,
 One God in three and three in one,
 Be glory through eternity.

JESUS REIGNS.

Jesus, King of glory, reigns,
 He who once dwelt here below,
 Suffered for the sins of men,
 Saved them from eternal woe.

Mocked by enemies was he,
 Rudely scourged and crucified
 For poor sinners such as we,
 For our sins the Savior died.

Death could not over him have
 Dominion for the third day
 He triumphantly arose,
 And death's terrors drove away.

Now, at God's right hand he sits
 And for all mankind there pleads
 With the Father day by day,
 For poor sinners intercedes.

THOU ART WITH ME IN TRIBULATION.

Lord, many trials come
 To meet me ev'ry day,
 As I pursue my journey here,
 They meet me on the way.

Lord, they are heavy too,
 I know I could not bear
 Them for a day, could I not go
 To thee in earnest prayer.

Alone, they soon would crush
 Me down in deep despair,
 I fear them not, I know that thou
 Art with me ev'rywhere.

Lord Jesus, with me stay
 Lest I grow faint and fall,
 For thou alone art my great strength,
 My God, my Lord, my all.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

O weary sinner, come and cast
 Thy burden on the Lord;
 Trust in the promise which he gives
 Thee in his precious Word.

His promises are ever true,
 His laws righteous and just,
 Come then, and worship at his feet
 And in him ever trust.

Then, cast your burden upon him,
 And he will thee sustain
 And from thy heart he will remove
 Sin's foul and filthy stain.

A FALSE ALARM.

Old Mr. Fouse and wife one night
 Awoke and both were filled with fright.

In terror Mrs. said, O Fouse,
 Hear that strange noise within the house!

'Tis burglars sure, the old man said,
Come, let us hide beneath the bed!

The noise increased and Mr. Fouse
Aroused the members of the house.

Each to a window quickly sped,
Each sash was raised, out popped each head.

Much as a pack of hounds would yelp,
With one accord they cried for help.

The state policemen hear the cry,
They mount their steeds and quickly fly.

They reach the place all out of breath
And find old Fouse nigh scared to death.

He heaves a sigh of sweet relief
As they look round to find the thief.

They sought the place whence came the sound,
And lo the awful thief was found.

They enter through the pantry door,
Then loudly they with laughter roar.

With a stone jar fast on his head,
There lay the cat now well nigh dead.

The officers at once released
The frightened, helpless little beast.

The family went back to bed,
The troopers to their barracks sped.

Be sure next time now, Mr. Fouse,
That there are burglars in your house,

Before you make a fuss and rout
Your neighbors from their slumbers out.

WHAT MAMMA'S KISS CAN DO.

Little Sammy bumped his nose,
Then he began to yell,
His mother kissed it tenderly
And soon his nose was well.

Susie touched a red hot stove,
Then she began to cry,
But mamma blew gently on it
And soon her tears were dry.

Tommy tumbled down the stairs
And hurt his head one night;
O, how he cried! but mamma's kiss
Made ev'rything all right.

I often wonder what we'd do
If mammas were no more,
What would we do when heads get bumped,
When little hands got sore?

I'm sure 'twould be a weary world
If mammas were all gone;
'Twould be a gloomy, endless night
And day would never dawn.

How thankful then we ought to be
 For dear mamma's sweet kiss,
 For ev'ry day it brings to us
 Sweet happiness and bliss.

LEAH.

Men did some brave and daring deeds
 During our Civil War,
 Which orators delight to tell,
 Which bards have sung afar;
 'Tis right that we thus honor them,
 For they our Union saved
 And for four years faced death itself
 And many hardships braved.

But why give all the honor to
 The men who faced the gun,
 And oft forget their noble wives
 Who too have brave deeds done?
 Give heed now while I tell of her
 Who did a noble deed
 And nobly served her country when
 It was in deepest need.

When rebel guns poured shot and shell
 Upon Fort Sumter, then
 Responsive to the call there came
 Three hundred thousand men;
 Among them was a young man who
 From old Westmoreland came,
 Who left behind a noble wife
 And Leah was her name.

Not only her, but children, yes,
One, two, three, four and five;
No money could he leave with them
To keep them all alive;
Thus left without a dollar, what
Could that poor woman do?
But she to the emergency,
Through all those years proved true.

Out in the corner of a field,
A little log hut stood,
Erected many years before,
Out of hewn logs of wood;
With her five children, to that hut,
That brave young woman went,
There she, during the war, the days
In toil and patience spent.

From sunrise till sunset she toiled,
Out in the fields that she
Might her five darling children keep
From want and misery;
She hoed the corn, she cut the wheat,
She helped to haul the hay,
And thus through all the summer long,
She toiled day after day.

Winter came on, the conflict raged,
Cold January came,
And still the bloody war went on
Day after day the same;
The cold winds howled throughout the night,
Making a dismal sound,
The snow in huge flakes fell until
It covered thick the ground.

Sickness came into that home,
 Soon Lizzie breathed her last;
 Ah, 'twas indeed a dreadful gloom
 That o'er that home was cast!
 The father many miles away,
 Down south, they knew not where,
 And that poor mother crushed with grief
 O'er her dead darling there.

Ah, those were days of bitter grief
 And misery and woe!
 Just what they suffered, you and I
 Will never truly know;
 While time shall last, we ever should
 Honor the boys in blue,
 But at the same time don't forget
 To honor their wives too.

CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

The following is a true story according to a tradition of our family. The captive girl was my father's great aunt.

Into Westmoreland county's wilds,
 There came long years ago,
 Brave settlers from the eastern lands,
 To face the redskin foe;
 They cleared the land, they tilled the soil,
 They caused rich crops to grow,
 But to accomplish this, oftimes
 Their blood in streams did flow.

Rude cabins of plain logs were built,
In which these settlers dwelt
And while the redskins hostile were,
Secure they never felt;
And many times did Indian bands
Come forth with sudden bound
And with their guns and tomahawks
Would torture slay and wound.

Among those settlers was a man
Who dwelt in a small hut,
His own hands had erected it
With wood which he had cut;
He had a wife and children, two,
A bright young girl and boy,
Who to their parents daily brought
Sweet comfort, peace and joy.

One day the father early went
To take a grist to mill;
Two hours after he had gone,
There rang out loud and shrill,
A dreadful whoop and instantly
A band of Indians rushed
Into the hut and cruelly
The mother's skull they crushed.

The boy and girl were quickly bound
And off the redskins sped,
The father afterwards returned
And found his poor wife dead;
As he beheld her lying there,
Her face dyed red with gore,
He vowed that he would be revenged
Before two days were o'er.

He seized his gun and quickly from
The scene of horror fled ;
One thought alone was in his mind,
Vengeance upon the head
Of ev'ry redskin who had helped
To murder his dear wife,
I'll wreak it, said he to himself,
Or forfeit my own life.

Then, through the forest, cautiously,
He sped as fast as he could,
Nor halted until he had reached
The home of Captain Good ;
To Captain Good, in a few words,
He told the awful tale,
And soon he, with a squad of men,
Was hard upon the trail.

On, on they sped, nor did they cease
Pursuit during that night ;
Towards morning they perceived ahead,
A glaring, brilliant light ;
Now steady men, the captain said,
We're not far from their camp,
We now must exercise great care,
Be careful where you tramp.

Now down upon your hands and knees,
And strictly silence keep ;
Speak not a word but steadily
Close to their camp all creep ;
Thus silently they crept along
Till they came near a heap
Of burning sticks and their beheld
Ten Indians fast asleep.

And too, that father there beheld,
 What filled his soul with joy ;
 Near by the Indians also lay
 His darling girl and boy ;
 The Indians were not all asleep,
 Three big ones on guard stood,
 Up quickly men upon your feet,
 Now! whispered Captain Good.

Bang bang! the white men's guns rang out,
 Then rang the Indian's yell,
 And all three brawny redskin guards
 Threw up their hands and fell ;
 Then with a yell, with one accord,
 The white men on them sped,
 Six more redskins by them were slain,
 The others quickly fled.

Then how that fond father embraced
 His darling girl and boy,
 While down his manly cheeks their rolled
 Great tears of grief and joy ;
 They were conducted safely home,
 Their mother's form was dressed
 And by kind friends was born away
 And gently laid to rest.

Yes, that took place where we today,
 Without fear or alarm,
 So freely go about our work
 In shops or on the farm ;
 Thank God for those brave men who came
 And faced the foe that we,
 Their children, now might thus enjoy
 This blessed liberty.

THE MOON.

Bright is the moon that shines at night,
Shedding its rays of cheerful light
On the high hills and valleys below,
On the high mountains all covered with snow,
On the green grass and tall pine trees,
Over the ocean and lakes and seas,
Into the rooms where the children sleep,
His radiant face will quietly peep.

Tired in body, distressed in mind,
Scarcely able his way to find;
A trav'ler by night plods on his way,
Weary and worn he longs for the day;
He dare not halt for his wife is sick,
He hastens to bring a physician quick,
Thus the poor man robbed of needed rest,
Plods wearily on with spirits depressed.

Soon a bright ray above the hill top appears,
It brightens his path and his faint heart cheers;
The moon from his hiding place has come out
And spreads his bright golden rays all about,
God made the moon which shines out so bright,
Which brings sweet cheer to trav'lers at night;
We should ev'ry day thank him for his care
In making the moon so lovely and fair.

TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Whene'er I gaze upon the lines
 Which thy inspired pen hath wrought,
 I from my heart can truly say,
 Like a brave soldier thou hast fought
 Not with the sword but with the pen,
 In many a battle fierce and long,
 And through the din of battle came
 Triumphant with melodious song.

Though now thou liest in the tomb
 And we no more thy face behold,
 Thou art not hid, we see thee still
 Within thy stanzas of pure gold;
 Though years and ages pass away
 And generations come and go,
 Until time ends will live the name
 Of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AFTER THE NORTH WIND GOES.

The winter's wind so fierce and strong,
 Which blew his blast so loud and long,
 At last has by the sun's bright heat
 Been forced back north to his retreat,
 Where he will stay until the cold
 November frosts, then he, quite bold,
 Again will from his hold come out
 And put the mild south wind to rout.

Meanwhile the grass so green will come
And clothe the terrace round our home ;
The corn and beans again will sprout,
The golden wheat heads will peep out,
And apple blossoms grace the trees,
And onions, lettuce, sugar peas,
Will each again in turn appear
And yield their fruits our hearts to cheer.

The gladsome harvest time will come,
When in the fields the reaper's hum
We'll hear, and see men gather in
The golden grain into the bin
And golden harvest apples fall
To cheer the hearts of one and all,
And barefoot boys with rod and hook,
Will fish for minnow in the brook.

Then autumn days, so calm and bright,
Will usher in the brilliant sight,
Beneath the trees, upon the ground,
Where colored leaves lie all around ;
Then blackbirds, gathered in a flock,
Will mount upon the looming shock
Of Indian corn upon the hills
And golden ears peck with their bills.

Then little boys, with joy and glee,
Will hasten to the chestnut tree
And all day gather, with a will,
Sweet chestnuts and their baskets fill
And then triumphant homeward bear
That which they gathered with great care
And lay them carefully away
To eat upon some wintry day.

And by the time all this is done,
 We'll find that winter has begun
 And hoary frosts again will come
 And we again will hear the hum
 Of that old north wind, fierce and strong,
 But there'll be music in his song
 Which to our hearts will bring good cheer,
 Glad Christmas day will then appear.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER.

Like as the sun, on summer days,
 Sheds on the world its golden rays,
 Calls up the vegetation green
 And makes the whole earth one grand scene
 Of beauty and brings comfort to
 The many human beings who,
 Without its friendly heat and ray,
 Would soon grow faint and fade away,
 So shines the spotless character
 Of men and women who prefer
 To be a blessing to mankind,
 Who ever seek each day to find
 Some way their fellowmen to serve,
 Who never for a moment swerve
 From duty but shine forth each day,
 A light to lighten the pathway
 Of some sad one and bring relief
 To some poor mortal plunged in grief;
 Jesus hath said, 'All such are mine,
 And they shall in my kingdom shine
 When I to earth again shall come
 To bring my ransomed people home.'

*THE GLOOMY RAVEN AND THE CHEERFUL
BLUEBIRD.*

A gloomy raven sat on a tree
As gloomy as any bird could be.

Nor did he cheerful grow that day,
But sat and frowned and croaked away.

A bluebird flew up on the tree,
Chatting away with joy and glee.

While he sat chatting in his sweet way,
I heard the gloomy raven say,

You seem quite happy, little thing,
I can't see why you choose to sing.

You can't see why? replied the bird,
'Tis strange indeed, if not absurd.

Why should I not be full of cheer,
Winter is past and Spring is here?

Bright Spring is here? the raven said,
Look at that cloud just overhead.

'Tis black as night and I just know
'Tis sure to bring a fall of snow.

If flowers only could be seen,
I would not feel so cross and mean.

But now the earth is bleak as stone,
And I am chilled through to the bone.

Come, said the bluebird, cheer up now,
Let us be cheerful anyhow.

I'd rather be the one who sings
And looks on the bright side of things,

Than one who sits day after day
And growls and scowls and croaks away.

E'en though the black cloud snow may bring,
We'll feel the happier if we sing.

Then struck with the shame, the raven said,
As he quite humbly bowed his head,

Dear friend, bluebird, you're right I see,
I'll croak no more but chat with glee.

Then as he chatted, strange to tell,
Instead of snow a shower fell.

And soon the bright sun's rays were seen,
Then soon the earth looked fresh and green.

Sweet violets bedecked the ground
And cheer and comfort reigned around.

I hope each child who reads each word
Of this small tale will, like the bird,

Choose to be one who works and sings
And looks on the bright side of things.

DO NOT NEGLECT THE LITTLE ONES.

Do not neglect the little ones,
 Dear fathers, though you be
 In business deep and pressed with work,
 And rushed continually.

If you leave home before they're up
 And cannot hear their cry,
 Good bye, papa! go to their beds
 And kiss them where they lie.

And when the clock strikes out the hour
 Of noon, do not rush home
 And eat a bite and then rush off
 Before they know you've come.

Take time to eat your meal at noon,
 Take time to play awhile
 With your dear lambs and when you go,
 Give each a kiss and smile.

Ne'er in a sulky mood depart
 From them or with a frown
 Upon your face as though the clouds
 Had from the sky come down.

When ev'ning comes, before you send
 Your little ones upstairs,
 Take time to romp awhile with them,
 Then hear them say their prayers.

For they will not be little long;
 Quite soon they will advance
 To manhood and to womanhood,
 So do not miss your chance.



Good bye, papa!

Besides, you'll find that it will pay,
 When you shall have passed through
 Your working days, when old and gray,
 They'll be attached to you.

THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1907.

This is an April day,
 Twelve days have passed and gone,
 And now the thirteenth has arrived,
 But winter lingers on.

The ground is white with snow
 And more keeps falling down;
 My lettuce and my radishes
 Are clothed with a white gown.

Dear snow, we like to see
 You come in winter time
 But you are out of season now,
 Please seek some other clime.

Come, cease to cast your flakes
 Upon the fresh green grass,
 Take up your coat so white and fair
 And from our presence pass.

'Tis time our seeds were in,
 'Tis high time that the frog's
 Sweet notes of music should be heard
 Along the marshy bogs.

The robin longs to build
 Upon some tree, her nest
 Where she may lay her eggs and let
 Her future nurslings rest.

So hasten to depart
 And let the green grass grow,
 When summer's past, and winter comes,
 We'll welcome you, dear snow.

THE REWARD OF LIBERAL GIVING.

Give bountifully of the store
 With which the Lord has blessed
 Your labors during years gone by,
 Give bountifully lest
 The demon of unrighteousness
 Some day comes creeping in
 Your heart and ere you are aware,
 Pollute your soul with sin.
 Remember that 'twill be no loss
 To you, but rather gain,
 The Holy Scriptures of our God,
 Rich promises contain,
 If you give freely to the Lord,
 To you much shall be given,
 While here on earth and after death,
 Eternal rest in heaven.

NEARER TO THEE, O GOD.

Nearer to thee, O God,
 I'm coming day by day;
 Before thy bright and glorious throne,
 I wait and watch and pray.

I know not, Lord, how long
 'Twill be till thou wilt come
 And take me from this world of woe
 To my eternal home.

At morn when I awake,
 I pause awhile and think,
 Perhaps I'm very near my grave,
 Perhaps upon the brink.

Lord keep me in the way
 Of truth and righteousness,
 Then take me to my home to dwell
 In peace and happiness.

I AM UNWORTHY TO SPEAK HIS NAME.

I am unworthy, Lord,
 Upon thy name to call;
 In deep humility I come
 And at thy feet I fall.

Unworthy, yet, O Lord,
 I know thou wilt receive
 Poor sinners who return to thee
 And on thy name believe.

With confidence I come
 Into thy presence, Lord,
 With a firm faith and trusting in
 The promise in thy Word.

Lord, may my faith remain
 Steadfast unto the end
 And then on joyful wing go forth
 To meet my Savior Friend.

SAVIOR VISIT OUR HOME CIRCLE.

Savior visit our home circle,
 Be our guest throughout the day;
 Ev'ry hour dwell thou among us
 Hear us, Jesus, when we pray.

Make us feel that thou art near us
 And our actions all doth see,
 That we may endeavor daily,
 From our hearts to worship thee.

Never leave us nor forsake us
 Even though we go astray,
 Give us strength to keep us faithful
 In thy service day by day.

And when we our course have finished
 Here on earth may we all be
 Worthy to ascend to glory,
 And forever dwell with thee.

JESUS, MY ONLY STRENGTH.

Jesus, my only strength,
 Pass me not by;
 I'm never safe except
 When thou art nigh;
 My soul is sorely tried,
 Stay ever by my side,
 Be thou my constant guide,
 Hear thou my cry.

Fierce are the waves of sin,
 How high they roll
 Around me cruelly,
 Tossing my soul
 Upon the stormy sea,
 I cry, O Lord, to thee,
 Come now and rescue me
 From their control.

THIS WORLD A BATTLE FIELD.

This world is one huge battle field,
 In which I constantly engage
 In war with sin, my sword and shield,
 The prince of darkness doth enrage ;
 From morn till eve, day after day,
 He follows and seeks to devour
 My soul, nor will he ever stay
 His cruel pursuit for an hour.

He follows me upon the way,
 For opportunities he waits,
 When I from truth the least bit stray,
 He throws out his alluring baits ;
 Says he, come with me, I will show
 The kingdoms of this world to thee,
 And on thee I will all bestow
 If thou wilt only worship me.

I know I could not long withstand
 Him if I trod this world alone ;
 In faith I grasp my Savior's hand,
 Who did for all my sins atone ;
 He is my strength, on him I lean ,
 And journey safely day by day,
 Protected thus, calm and serene,
 I tread the straight and narrow way.

WIN THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Be thou faithful unto death
And a crown of life I'll give
To thee, and in joy and bliss,
Thou shalt with me ever live.

When thou art in sore distress,
And great trials weigh thee down,
Think of him who bore the cross
And who wore the thorny crown.

And his precious promises
Keep before thee day by day,
They are precious jewels, all,
Hear his words, what he doth say,

Be thou faithful unto death
And a crown of life to thee
I will give, which thou shalt wear
Through all eternity.

Though temptations oft may meet
Thee, and Satan stir up strife,
Be thou faithful and I'll give
Unto thee a crown of life.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

At midnight there was heard a cry,
Behold the Bridegroom draweth nigh;
Arise and go ye out to meet
Thy Lord and worship at his feet.

Alas! the lamps of those who spurn
The Bridegroom's word will now not burn;
They in his vineyard would not toil
And now their lamps are without oil.

And when 'tis said, He draweth nigh,
And when they hear his servants cry,
They to his faithful servants shout,
Lend oil, our lamps are going out!

To late, to late, He's shut the door
And 'twill not open any more;
Thou art shut out, O sad thy fate,
Forevermore, to late, to late!

I LIVE TO CHRIST MY SAVIOR.

I live to Christ my Savior,
Who hath redeemed my soul
From sin and condemnation
And made my spirit whole.

I live to him who suffered
Upon the cross and died,
Who for poor fallen sinners,
Was mocked and crucified.

I live to him now seated
 Upon his throne on high,
 At God's right hand exalted,
 He hears the sinner's cry.

I live to him and ever
 Will praise his precious name,
 And to benighted people,
 His wondrous love proclaim.

UNCLE SAM MUST PAY THE COST.

When our forefathers fought and bled
 And freedom bought with a great sum,
 They did not dream that later on,
 Vast hordes of immigrants would come
 And stain our land with crime and vice;
 Alas, they've come! a lawless host,
 And endless trouble they have made
 And Uncle Sam must pay the cost.

And still they come year after year,
 From Italy and other lands,
 Among them many criminals
 Who formerly had stained their hands
 With human blood, they are let loose
 Upon our shores and, like the frost,
 Devour our substance and we mourn
 That Uncle Sam must pay the cost.

The meanest men are anarchists
 And should be banished from our sight,
 And next, the so-called socialists,
 Whose principles are far from right;
 They stir up strife and riots cause
 And often many lives are lost,
 And we must order out our troops
 And Uncle Sam must pay the cost.

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To rest neath that old oak brings to me great joy.

'Tis very wrong, and should not be
 Permitted to go on an hour ; ;
 If Uncle Sam does not take care,
 He'll lose his influence and power ;
 If he permits such work, I fear
 Our great name some day will be lost,
 Then we will weep and mourn and say,
 Ah, Uncle Sam now pays the cost!

Shall we, the sons of those brave men
 Who fought and died to make us free,
 Shall we, henceforth, who are free born,
 Endure such vice and tyranny?
 No! we the sons of Washington,
 Will rise and smite the injurious host,
 And Uncle Sam, to have it done,
 Will very gladly pay the cost.

THE OLD OAK IN THE MEADOW.

Tune, "Sweet Home."

Down in the green meadow stands an old oak tree,
 Which during my youthful days oft sheltered me ;
 Out on its huge branches each bird built her nest,
 In which her young nestlings in comfort did rest.

(Chorus)

Joy, joy ; blessed joy ;
 To rest neath that old oak brings to me great joy.

In Springtime when plowing, when soft April showers
 Began to descend, neath its sheltering bowers
 I've stood many times during a single day,
 And waited for the showers to pass away.

(Chorus)

That was long ago but still that same old tree
 Stands firm in its place and again welcomes me
 To a seat at its roots on the pleasant green grass,
 And again, as of yore, a pleasant hour I pass.

(Chorus)

HOW THEY CHEER.

A lonely flower, at my feet,
 Beneath the rays of scorching heat,
 Was withered and now well nigh dead
 And sadly drooped its fading head;
 For it none seemed to have a care,
 'Twas on the verge of deep despair;
 There came a clap of thunder loud,
 A few rain drops fell from a cloud
 Upon the poor weak flower, then
 It raised its head and smiled again.

A lonely child, who bore a load,
 With bruised feet passed along the road;
 His head was bare, his clothes were torn,
 He seemed forsaken and forlorn,
 A few kind words fell on his ear,
 They gave him comfort, hope and cheer,
 And when again he raised his head,
 The cloud upon his face had fled;
 He then sped quickly on his way,
 No longer sad but bright and gay,
 While in the book of life above,
 Was written one more deed of love.

TO GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, the Patriot,
 The Father of our country, who,
 Mid battle's din, so bravely fought
 And brought Old Glory safely through
 That awful seven year's campaign
 Of strife and intense suffering,
 That peace and happiness might reign
 Instead of England's cruel king.

Brave, noble Father of our land,
 We speak the name with reverence,
 Who years ago didst for us stand,
 A noble and a sure defence.
 Before thy tomb we humbly bow,
 'Tis not to worship thee, but to
 Invoke our God to help us now,
 That we, like thee, prove brave and true.

*JESUS AT THE HOME OF SIMON, THE
 PHARISEE.*

While he in Simon's house reclined
 With other guests at meat,
 A fallen soul, distressed in mind,
 Stood weeping at his feet;
 While in her hand she held a cruse
 Of ointment, standing there,
 She bathed his feet with tears profuse
 And wiped them with her hair.

Then kissed his feet and with ointment,
Also anointed them,
In Simon's heart arose dissent
And spirit to condemn
The fallen one, he looked with scorn
At the poor wretch, but he,
The Master, looked at the forlorn
With pity and mercy.

Then spake the Master, Simon, I
Would say somewhat to thee ;
Master, said Simon, in reply,
Say what thou wouldst to me.
A lender once two debtors had,
Five hundred pence owed one,
The other fifty, both were sad,
For money they had none.

But when he saw they did not have
Wherewith their debts to pay,
He frankly both their debts forgave
And sent them on their way ;
Now Simon, tell me which of those
For him will love most have ?
Said Simon, He, I would suppose,
To whom he most forgave.

Then said he unto him, Thou hast
Judged rightly, then he turned
Unto the woman, poor outcast,
Whom Simon had just spurned ;
Behold this woman then said he,
Thou didst not take the care
To wash my feet at all, but she
Hath wiped them with her hair.

Neither didst thou anoint my head
 Even with oil, but she,
 Since I came in, her tears hath shed
 Upon my feet freely ;
 When I to thy house entered in,
 Thou didst not deign to greet
 Me with a kiss but she, since then,
 Ceased not to kiss my feet.

AUNT FANNY ALBRIGHT.

I've reached the age allotted to mankind and now I'm near
 My journey's end and cannot hope to stay much longer here ;
 My strength is gone and both my hands now tremble with
 old age,
 I'm helpless and will ne'er again in active work engage ;
 My days of usefulness are o'er, I wait my Lord's command
 To lay life's weary burden down and fly to Canaan's land ;
 He has been very kind indeed, I bow to his decree,
 And patiently await the day when he shall set me free.

I'm living here in this small house alone day after day,
 My many friends from time to time me pleasant visits pay ;
 My many years have all been spent here in this neighbor-
 hood,
 When I was but a girl these fields were covered with dense
 wood ;
 Just one mile out from Madison, beyond that field of corn,
 Was my old home and there still stands the house where I
 was born ;
 I have not seen the place for years, how much I wish that I
 Could go out and once more behold the place before I die.

A bushy tree stood on the place, 'twas a large sycamore,
 And many times beneath its shade, I played in days of yore ;
 Upon one huge limb of that tree a large rope swing then
 hung,

Ah, well do I remember how day after day we swung !
 They say that tree is standing yet, O that I could once more
 Sit down beneath its gentle shade as in those days of yore !
 Down in the hollow a cool spring sent out a little rill,
 I have no doubt one could today behold it flowing still.

In that hill field beyond the creek, upon a bright Spring
 morn,

I, when a girl, would drop the grain of yellow indian corn ;
 Those happy days have long gone by, I'm old and feeble
 now,

With wrinkles in my forehead deep and snow upon my
 brow ;

But I will not be feeble long, I soon will take my flight
 To that bright home where all is day, where lives the Prince
 of light ;

With him I shall forever dwell in mansions of pure gold,
 No hands will ever tremble there, no one will e'er grow old.

*TO THE CLASS OF 1907, UNDERWOOD HIGH
 SCHOOL.*

Come gather round me, dear young friends,
 Come, place yourselves in line ;
 O, what a company ! let's see,
 You number twenty-nine ;
 To gaze upon so large a band
 Of brilliant youths must bring
 A thrill of joy to any bard,
 Give heed now while I sing

This simple little student's tale,
 'Tis simple, but 'tis true,
 And much I hope that it may be
 Of benefit to you.

Some years ago, two bright young men
 Forth from a high school went
 With their diplomas in their hands,
 Both their young minds were bent
 On en'tring college the next fall,
 One pondered seriously,
 The other recklessly declared
 He'd pass through easily.

When Autumn came they both began
 Their college course, the one
 Bent o'er his books, nor ceased until
 His lessons all were done;
 The other said he came to have
 A good time and he went
 To theatres and little time
 He at his books e'er spent.

Before one year had passed his seat
 Was vacant, yes, and why?
 He'd failed because he to his books
 Would not himself apply;
 He from that institution was
 Suspended in disgrace;
 Out from its halls he went and ne'er
 Again regained his place.

But his companion labored on
 With zeal and energy,
 Examinations, one and all,
 He passed successfully;

He never wavered in his work,
 He heeded good advice;
 All through his course his motto was,
 "Success means sacrifice."

Thus for four years he labored on,
 There came a day at last,
 Commencement, he triumphantly
 Through his long course had passed;
 In his profession, he, today,
 Stands out conspicuously,
 Among his class today there's none
 More to the front than he.

Now, dear young friends, no doubt you too
 Are thinking seriously,
 As you go out from your high school,
 What you intend to be
 In this wide world which now confronts
 You, and is offering
 Advantages which, if you grasp,
 Will fortunes to you bring.

I do not mean to say they'll bring
 Fortunes of glittering gold,
 One may not have a dollar, yet
 Have fortunes manifold;
 The young man or young lady who
 Becomes a blessing to
 The world is richest of them all,
 Believe me friends, 'tis true.

So dear young friends, I give to you
 This one word of advice,
 Adopt for your motto the words,
 "Success means sacrifice,"

And may God's blessing rest upon
 You each and ev'ry one,
 And when you close your work on earth,
 Hear Jesus say, "Well done."

I LOVE THY PRECIOUS NAME, O LORD.

I love thy precious name, O Lord,
 Thou dost assure us in thy Word
 That thou didst suffer on the tree
 Because of thy great love to me.

O my dear Savior, can it be
 That thou didst suffer thus for me?
 O wondrous love, 'tis true I know,
 The precious Bible tells me so.

What shall I render unto thee
 For thy great love bestowed on me,
 What off'ring shall I to thee bring,
 My precious Savior, Lord and King?

Before thy throne, on bended knee,
 I give myself, my all to thee,
 And throughout all my earthly days,
 Thy precious name I'll laud and praise.

THERE IS A HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE.

There is a home beyond the grave,
 Where sorrows are unknown,
 In which the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Is dwelling with his own.

In that bright land the day ne'er fades
 And darkness never falls;
 There Jesus sits upon his throne
 And to poor sinners calls,

Come unto me, ye weary ones,
 And be forever blest,
 Ye heavy laden come to me
 And I will give thee rest.

Dear Jesus, I am coming forth,
 Be thou my constant guide;
 Redeem me by thy blood which flowed
 Forth from thy wounded side.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FROM WHICH BLOOD.

There is a fountain from which blood
 And water flowed one day;
 'Tis flowing still, its crimson flood
 Can wash all sins away.

From Jesus' wounded side it flowed,
 As he hung on the tree,
 Where he his gracious love bestowed
 On all mankind so free.

Dear Jesus, we thy name adore,
 Because thou wast so kind
 To us, O may we more and more,
 Love thee with heart and mind.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH ME.

Thy love, O Christ, constraineth me,
 I cast myself wholly on thee ;
 On thee from morn till eve I lean,
 Thy blood alone can make me clean.

Without thee, Lord, I could not live,
 For thou eternal life canst give ;
 Salvation comes from thee alone,
 Who didst for all my sins atone.

Help me, O Lord, to faithful prove,
 May I abide in thy blest love
 Until I reach that golden shore
 Where sin can never taunt me more.

Then Lord, my weary soul shall rest
 Within the mansions of the blest,
 There on bright Canaan's golden shore,
 I'll sing thy praise forevermore.

LORD, GIVE ME GRACE.

Give me abundant grace, O Lord,
 That I may nevermore
 Fall into sins which vexed my soul
 Oftimes in days of yore.

Enable me to firmly stand
 For truth and righteousness ;
 Before thee Lord I humbly bow
 And all my sins confess.

O Jesus, with thy blood blot out
 My sins though great they be,
 And may I throughout my whole life
 Remain at peace with thee.

TO AN APPLE BLOSSOM.

Fragrant apple blossom,
 With your smiling face,
 Looking down upon us
 From your shady place ;
 Casting forth your sweetest
 Scent before each nose,
 Making one feel cheerful
 Ev'rywhere he goes.

You've a thousand brothers
 Round you ev'ry day,
 Just as sweet as you are,
 Looking just as gay ;
 No doubt you are thinking
 Of the hearts you'll cheer
 When in summer season,
 Apples you'll appear.

Honey bees are hummnig
 Round about your face,
 Hundreds of them coming
 Quickly to your place ;
 They will stop to kiss your
 Face so bright and neat,
 For they know your kisses
 Are extremely sweet.

Truly, apple blossom,
 We are glad to see
 Your bright face, so lovely,
 Ornament the tree;
 Though we know you'll not be
 With us very long,
 While you are you'll fill our
 Hearts with merry song.

Though you soon will leave us,
 You will leave behind
 Rich fruits of your visit,
 Cheering heart and mind;
 And we'll ever cherish
 Fondest memories
 Of the days you smiled on
 Us beneath the trees.

SHOO!

There was a lot, there was a hen,
 There was a garden, shoo!
 The man into his garden went,
 Then hen she went in too.

Down he stooped and seized a stone,
 The hen cried, Gookle goo!
 The stone descended from his hand,
 The hen descended too.

CHARLIE'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

I am a small boy and they say I am slow,
 Maybe that I am, but there's one thing I know,
 If I were not handy to go on a run,
 There's many a chore that would never get done.

'Tis Charlie come bring me a bucket of coal,
 Then Charlie go tend to the pitcher and bowl,
 Then run to the store and bring me some tea,
 Thus I'm kept just as busy as busy can be.

There are stones in the lot, 'Tis Charlie go pick
 Ev'ry one on a pile, go do it right quick ;
 Thus from morning till ev'ning I'm kept on the go
 And after all ev'ry one says I am slow.

If I am but slow after doing such chores,
 Inside of the house and then out of doors,
 There's just one question that I'd like to ast,
 Where is the boy that they would call fast?

WIDOW'S ROW.

Out in West End, as many know,
 There is a place called Widow's Row.

Six houses stand there side by side,
 There widows, eight in all abide.

Should you, at any time of day,
 Chance to be passing by that way,

You'd hear the tongues of six or eight
All going at a rapid rate.

Some thus the whole day long will spend,
Of gossiping there seems no end.

What do they talk about, you ask?
To tell would be an endless task.

If Mary Brown has found a beau,
'Tis talked about in "Widow's Row."

Then those eight gossips all will watch
And wonder if 'twill be a match.

If there's a scandal small or large,
They'll advertise it free of charge.

We'd all be glad indeed, I know,
If they'd all pack their goods and go.

THE FROG AND THE TOM CAT.

A monstrous bullfrog sat on a huge rock,
One beautiful bright summer day,
On the edge of a pond near a large farm house,
Enjoying the sun's brightest ray.

An old tom cat came near him and gazed
For a moment upon the scene
With utter disdain, then cried with contempt,
O dear, old bullfrog, but you're green!

But the frog did not even lift up his head,
Nor any account did he keep
Of the gross insult, and the old tom cat
Trotted off feeling very cheap.

Take warning, young chaps, don't try to act smart
 By calling your fellowmen green,
 Or you, like the silly 'old tom cat, may soon
 Have occasion to feel very mean.

A SEASON OF JOY.

The Spring a crown of verdure weaves
 Throughout the fields and o'er the hills,
 When trees send forth their verdant leaves,
 By rivers great and little rills.

The fishes in the streams are glad,
 So glad that they oftimes will leap
 Above the water, while the snakes
 Lie sunning on the banks so steep.

The little boys, with line and hook,
 And joyful hearts speed on their way
 To fish for minnows in the brook,
 What boy does not enjoy such play?

These many pleasures, great and small,
 Great blessings to us daily bring;
 'Tis God our Father gives them all,
 Thank him for sending us the Spring.

*THE WISE RAT AND THE CONCEITED
 MOUSE.*

The rat and the mouse,
 Both got in one house,
 And the mouse thought he had first right;
 The bread on the shelf,
 I will eat all myself,
 Said he, and I'll not leave a mite.

Said the rat to the mouse,
 I've a share in this house,
 I've just as much right here as you ;
 Of the bread, I declare,
 I will have my full share,
 There is plenty, I know, there for two.

Said the mouse to the rat.
 We will see about that,
 I'll eat all that bread or this night
 Between you and me,
 Before morn you'll see
 There'll be a tremendous big fight.

Said the rat, 'tis not right
 That companions should fight,
 Come, reason the case now with me ;
 Just give me a share
 That is honest and fair,
 And both much more happy will be.

Said the mouse, not a bit
 Will I give you of it,
 I'll eat all that bread, so be still,
 I'll eat ev'ry bite
 On this very night,
 I said that I would and I will.

Since you'll not agree
 To share it with me,
 Said the rat, then I'll take some by force,
 And if you interfere,
 I will tell you right here,
 Of the two, you will fare much the worse.

And thus having spoke,
 The rat went and broke
 A piece from a large slice of bread;
 Then the mouse made a dash
 And with a loud crash,
 Dealt the rat a hard blow on his head.

Quick as flash the old rat
 Knocked the little mouse flat,
 Then leaped on him with all four feet,
 And thumped till the mouse
 Cried, this is our house,
 And acknowledged that he had been beat.

Little folks now take care,
 Of boasting beware
 Lest some one much wiser than you
 Get you under his feet
 And knock your conceit
 And vanity clean out of you.

THERE FREE FROM HARM AM I.

When clouds about me hover,
 When blows sins cruel blast,
 When gloom my heart doth cover,
 When my soul is downcast,
 When earthly friends forsake me,
 I to my Savior fly,
 And in his arms hide safely,
 There free from harm am I.

THE BOY AT THE WOOD PILE.

A boy in tattered garments stood
 In a large forest, chopping wood ;
 His shirt sleeves both were very short,
 No doubt companions oft made sport
 Of his plain clothes, for boys, I trow,
 Of those days did like some boys now,
 Took pleasure in tormenting those
 Who could not wear the best of clothes.

But little did they dream that he,
 Was destined a great man to be,
 That he, who o'er the wood pile bent,
 Would be our nation's president ;
 Not one e'er dreamed that that poor boy
 Would some day bring relief and joy
 To multitudes of colored men,
 By one stroke of his mighty pen.

But we, who are alive today,
 Great honor to that same boy pay,
 And as the ages come and go,
 Each boy and girl will learn to know
 That by his earnestness and tact,
 The great emancipation act
 Was made, which set the negro free
 From that foul curse of slavery.

If you, my boy, are poor, do not
 Waste time in mourning o'er your lot,
 But work with earnestness and say,
 "Where there's a will, there is a way,"

What boys have done, boys still can do,
And working thus, you some day too
Will reach the goal and shine before
The world like men in days of yore.

THE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

I hear the children romp along,
I hear the merry ring
Of their sweet laughter and the song
Which they so sweetly sing.

To me, a rich, delightful treat,
The little children bring,
No other songs are half so sweet
As those they sweetly sing.

At times I hear some crabbed cranks
Of fathers fuss and growl
At little children's harmless pranks
While mothers sit and scowl.

Shame on you, cranky parents, come,
Brace up, look glad and smile
Upon your darlings in your home,
You'll find it worth your while!

Remember soon, to soon, you'll find
They'll grow up large and tall,
Then how you'll wish you'd been more kind
To them when they were small.

Then treat them kindly while you may,
 Give to them their just due,
 And when you're feeble, old and gray,
 They'll treat you kindly too.

I'D LIKE TO BE A GENTLEMAN.

I'd like to be a gentleman,
 Said little Tommy Row;
 I scarcely know just how I can,
 Will some one tell me how?

There's Mr. Brown and Mr. Gray,
 I meet them now and then,
 And I have heard my mother say,
 They both are gentlemen.

Well, they are nice as they can be,
 When I am on the street,
 They both will smile and speak to me
 Where'er we chance to meet.

I'd like to be as nice as they,
 A perfect gentleman,
 I'd like to be one any day,
 Who'll tell me how I can?

Dear child, I'll tell you how you can,
 To do so gives me joy,
 If you would be a gentleman,
 First be a gentle boy.

I WISH I WERE A LADY.

O dear, I wish that I were rich,
Said little Mary Gray :
I'd like to be a lady so,
And dress so neat and gay.

I'd like to live in a large house,
The finest in the land,
With dining room and sitting room
And parlor furnished grand.

Just over there lives Lady B.,
And down there Lady M.,
O how I wish that I some day
Might be like one of them.

Just then a wild, shrill scream was heard
And sound of horses feet,
And Mary saw a frightened team
Dash madly down the street.

And in the middle of the street,
The child of Lady M.,
Was playing with his little cart,
Right in the path of them.

Out in the street then Mary sped
And bore the little child
From off the street just as the team
Dashed by in terror wild.

Scarce had she reached the sidewalk ere
 The mother of the boy
 Appeared and clasped her in her arms,
 Then wept aloud for joy.

Then drawing Mary and her child
 Both fondly to her breast,
 She wept again and lovingly
 The little girl addressed.

You are a perfect lady, dear,
 Had it not been for you
 My boy would surely have been killed,
 You are a lady, true.

So Mary learned from that day forth,
 That it meant more to be
 A lady, than to live in style
 And dress with finery.

YOU'D BE ONE TOO.

If you had seen what I have seen,
 If you had from youth known
 Nothing but kicks and cuffs and heard
 Your mother shriek and groan
 When beaten by a drunken man,
 Her husband, base and mean,
 Would you call me a crank if you
 Had seen what I have seen.

If you had known what I have known,
 If you had lost your sleep
 Night after night and often heard
 Your mother sob and weep

Because her husband was a sot,
 If you had heard her moan,
 You'd be a temp'rance man if you
 Had known what I have known.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

When George the Third, the tyrant, sent
 Men to the western continent,
 To force the colonies to pay
 The heavy taxes which he lay
 Upon them, they desired peace,
 But when the king would not release
 Them from the heavy bondage, they
 Declared to him they would not pay
 The taxes, still he said, You must!
 They answered, No, for 'tis unjust!
 They tried to reason with the king,
 He would not hear to such a thing.
 The people then in anger rose,
 Declared themselves the tyrant's foes,
 They said, From hencefore we'll be free,
 "This is the land of liberty,"
 And on the Fourth day of July,
 Throughout the land went forth the cry,
 No more shall George, the Third, e'er reign
 Over America's domain,
 This glorious day proclaims us free
 From England's crown and e'er shall be.
 Brave men a document prepared
 In Philadelphia which declared
 That all the colonies should be
 From henceforth independent, free;
 This declaration brought on war
 Which spread destruction near and far;

Cornwallis, with his well trained band
 Of soldiers swept across our land;
 At last his cruel race was run,
 When he clashed with George Washington
 In the great battle of York Town,
 Surrendered and his arms laid down.
 Since then our country has been free,
 God grant that it may ever be.

July 4, 1907.

AN EVENING OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Hipperty clip, crack, crack, crack!
 This is the Fourth of July,
 Sky rockets bursting, whack, whack, whack!
 See them fly up to the sky!
 Boom, boom, boom, whi-i-iz-z,
 See the big star mines wend,
 Now see them bursting, bi-i-iz,
 See the bright stars descend!
 Wha-a-a-a-a-ack!
 Say, what great noise is that?
 Torpedoes on the street car track,
 What next will they get at?

July 4, 1907.

THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

God bless the day when that old bell
 Told forth the joyful news to tell,
 Of independence just declared,
 Told how our brave forefathers dared
 To say to George, the Third, that they
 Would not his unjust laws obey,
 How it announced that day the birth
 Of this great nation of the earth.

From that day forth has been the cry,
 God bless the Fourth day of July,
 And bless the memory of those
 Brave fathers who defied the foes
 Of justice, law and liberty
 Who fought the foe on land and sea,
 And ceased not till the tyrant's band
 Was driven from our native land.

We are a nation, here to stay,
 And as that great eventful day
 Comes round, we, with united voice,
 Sing anthems and our hearts rejoice
 That we enjoy sweet liberty
 In this land of the brave and free;
 God bless the day when that old bell
 Told forth the joyful news to tell.

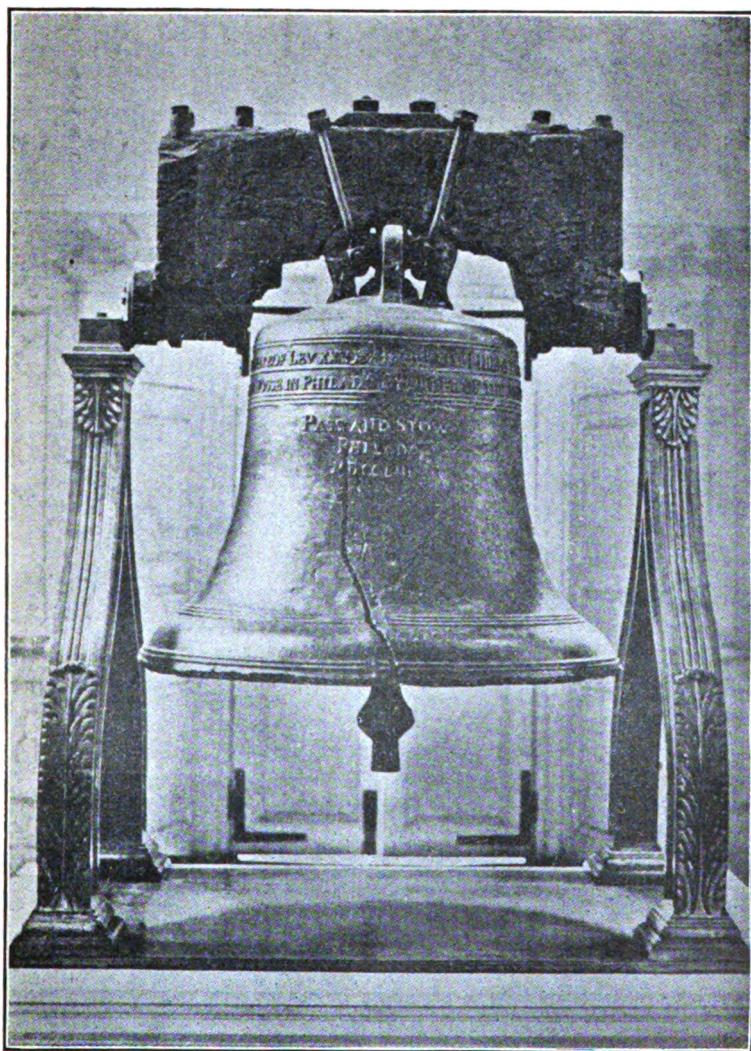
July 4, 1907.

THAT NAUGHTY LITTLE HONEY BEE.

I lay down neath a hick'ry tree
 For a few moments sweet repose,
 A little buzzing honey bee
 Gently alighted on my nose.

This little tenant of the hive
 Tickled my nose so very much,
 I raised my hand and thought I'd drive
 Him from me with a gentle touch.

I must have touched him much to hard,
 For he let drive with his small sting,
 My nerves throughout were badly jarred,
 It seemed to make my whole head ring.



God bless the day when that old bell
Tolled forth, the joyful news to tell.

THE LIBRARY
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I did not work that afternoon,
 I had sharp pains in both my eyes,
 My nose was sore and very soon
 Seemed to be twice it's normal size.

But that bee ne'er will sting again,
 He killed himself by injuring me;
 He's but a bee, I know some men
 Who sometimes do the same as he.

GO TO THE ANT.

If you feel discouraged, young man,
 When you think you are doing the best that you can,
 When your work does not come just up to your plan,
 Don't say, I can't!
 Misfortunes will follow you all your life through,
 So whenever you're feeling unhappy and blue,
 And feel that you know not what next to do,
 Go to the ant.

Go out in the fields and find the ant's hill,
 And watch those insects working there with a will,
 They doubtless will your ambitious heart fill
 With renewed zeal;
 Then go back again and your hard task renew,
 Keep in mind all the time what the little ants do,
 And before you're aware, your task you'll be through,
 And happy you'll feel.

LITTLE STARS.

Papa, see the bright stars shining,
 Way up there, so very high;
 O, so many, I can't count them,
 See them in the clear blue sky!
 They are pretty, how they twinkle,
 See them scattered all about,
 Tell me, papa, all about them,
 Why do they each night come out?

Little stars shine in the heavens,
 Countless numbers, ev'ry night,
 Though but little, when united,
 They produce a radiant light;
 O'er the blue sky they are dotted,
 Beautiful indeed they are,
 Would you not, my little darling,
 Like to be a brilliant star?

God has placed the little children
 In this world below that they,
 Like the bright stars in the heavens,
 May shine brightly ev'ry day;
 Little deeds of love and kindness,
 Done by little children are,
 Like the rays sent down from heaven
 By each little shining star.

LITTLE DEW DROPS.

Tiny dew drops glist'ning
 In the morning light,
 Like a thousand diamonds,
 Glowing forth so bright;
 Glad to see you smiling
 On a morning clear,
 For you always bring me
 Comfort, hope and cheer.

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE CAT.

A blackbird on a clothes-line sat,
 Wobble wobble, wobble wobble;
 Beneath him was a lame old cat,
 Hobble hobble, hobble hobble;
 The blackbird tossed back his proud head,
 Chatter chatter, chatter chatter!
 The old lame cat thought that he said,
 What's the matter, what's the matter?

The old cat then began to mew,
 And within her, and within her,
 She thought, blackbird how you would do
 For my dinner, for my dinner.
 Then she addressed him, Dear blackbird,
 You are dearer, you are dearer
 Than all the birds I've seen or heard,
 Pray, come nearer, pray, come nearer.

But the blackbird said, No! to me
 You're suspicious, you're suspicious,
 To your taste no doubt I would be
 Most delicious, most delicious;
 Though I'm now on this line sitting,
 High above you, high above you,
 From your presence I'll be flitting,
 I don't love you, I don't love you.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

Once more I stand upon this hill,
 Where I stood years ago,
 And silently now gaze upon
 The city down below.

I stood here many years ago,
 A boy, just in my teens,
 The vale below presented then
 Vastly different scenes.

The South West railroad branch, 'tis true,
 Was there the same as now,
 But where South Greensburg town now stands
 The farmers then did plough.

Alas, how vastly scenes have changed!
 It fills one's soul with grief,
 O boyhood days, return once more
 And bring my soul relief!

The white farm-house upon the hill
 Remains the same today;
 A little girl one time lived there,
 With whom I used to play.

Ah, I remember Cora well!
 A pleasant girl was she,
 How I remember that sweet smile
 With which she greeted me.

She was not destined long to live,
 She died some years ago,
 She now lives where scenes never change,
 Where comes no grief nor woe.

Though friends have gone and scenes have changed,
 Sweet memories I still
 Can cherish of those happy days
 I spent upon this hill.

TO A GROUND SQUIRREL.

Merry little ground squirrel,
 With your striped back,
 How you frisk and whirl
 Right across my track;
 Now along the roadside,
 Leaping on the fence,
 Stay a moment, frisky,
 Why depart thee hence?

Little squirrel be careful
 As you go your way,
 Naughty boys are watching
 For you ev'ry day;
 Yes, I well remember
 How I did the same,
 If I met a ground squirrel,
 He would be my game.

But I now am older
 And have learned to know
 That 'tis very naughty
 For small boys to throw
 Stones at little creatures,
 Innocent like you,
 May no harm come to you,
 Little squirrel, adieu!

LITTLE CHILDREN SPEAK KINDLY.

Kind words softly spoken
 In a winsome way,
 Make a world of sunshine
 Bright as the noonday.

If they chance to fall in
 Some discouraged heart,
 Looks forlorn and weary,
 Very soon depart.

Strive then, little children,
 Ev'ry day to speak
 Words both kind and tender
 To the poor and weak.

Jesus, up in heaven,
 Hears each little voice,
 And if you speak kindly,
 Angels will rejoice.

Heaven's richest blessings
 Will on you descend,
 Jesus will be with you
 Until your life's end.

When you die, bright angels
 Will to earth come down
 And take you to Jesus,
 Where you'll wear a crown.

WHO MOVES IN GOOD SOCIETY?

Not the man who spends his cash,
 Not the dude who cuts a dash,
 Not the mighty oil magnate,
 Not the man whose name is great,
 Not such men;
 Not the man who rides afar
 In his fancy auto car,
 Nor he who belongs to clubs
 And the poorer classes snubs,
 Well, who then?

Not the woman, proud and vain,
 Dressed in silk, with a long train
 Fastened to her costly dress,
 No, not such, I rather guess,
 Well, tell me?
 Not the maid who dislikes work,
 Who will many duties shirk;
 Such types of young womanhood,
 Are not such as make the good
 Society.

'Tis the young ambitious man,
 Who will do the best he can
 Ev'ry day of his manhood,
 To accomplish something good;
 It is he,

And the young devoted maid
Whom one never finds afraid
To work for her daily food,
Such a class I would call good
Society.

I WANT TO BE RICH.

I want to be rich, said a little boy,
I want to have millions so I can enjoy
Myself ev'ry day;
I want a fine house and a fancy auto,
So that ev'ry day I can rapidly go
Along Broadway.

I have not a dollar in this wide world,
My father is poor and aside I am hurled
Into the ditch;
'Tis hard to be jostled about this way,
I wonder if ever there will come a day
When I'll be rich?

Dear child, if you would be rich, then go
To Him who sends all things to mankind below,
Your God above;
You can, if you will, ev'ry day richly live,
He three precious jewels will you freely give,
Faith, hope and love.

THE BOY AND THE TURTLE.

Why do you sit there, old fellow,
 On the bank, so cross and snappy
 Looking down into the water,
 You must be feeling unhappy?
 Do you find fault with the weather,
 Or is the water too muddy,
 Tell me, what makes you so surly,
 That you snap at ev'rybody?

No, my young friend, said the turtle,
 I'm not the least irritated,
 Why, you ask, am I so snappy?
 'Tis the way I was created;
 I find no fault with the weather,
 Nor, in fact with any creature,
 I'll admit I'm very snappy,
 I'm not to blame, 'tis my nature.

I know a few men and women,
 Who, often like that small creature,
 Will, when they get cross and snapy,
 Put the whole blame upon nature.

THE DOG DID THE TASTING.

Once there was a melon patch
 Upon a steep hillside,
 O'er which a fierce bull-dog kept watch
 With both eyes open wide.

Day after day the melons there
 Were by a small boy eyed;
 One afternoon that boy resolved
 That he would go inside.

So, stealthily he crept along,
 Then o'er the fence he sprang
 And then, bow wow! a growl, and then
 The air with his shrieks rang.

He ate no melons in that patch,
 He did not take a taste,
 He suddenly turned square around
 And for the fence made haste.

He ran quite fast indeed, for both
 His legs were long and slim,
 But ere he reached the nearest fence,
 That dog had tasted him.

THE WRECK OF THE COLUMBIA.

'Twas in the warm month of July,
 Upon the twentieth day,
 That the large ship, Columbia, sailed
 From Sanfrancisco Bay;
 For Portland bound, she had on board
 One hundred, eighty nine
 Gay passengers, ah, precious freight!
 The weather calm and fine.

The proud Columbia, through the sea,
 Proceeded on her way,
 The sun went down, twilight came on
 Which marked the close of day;

The passengers retired to
Their berths to rest, no one
Dreamed that he ne'er again would see
The rising of the sun.

'Tis midnight, a dense fog enshrouds
The monstrous ship in gloom,
None realize, on board, that she
Is rushing on to doom;
The watchman sees no danger near,
He can not penetrate
The dense fog with his gaze, alas,
The ship now meets her fate!

Out of the fog there looms a hulk
Of a large lumber boat,
Throughout the ship rings the alarm,
The whistle's hideous note
Fell on the ears of those asleep,
Forth from their berths they rushed,
Just as the lumber boat into
The huge Columbia crushed.

The water in the ship now poured
Both rapidly and free,
And that huge ship, with many souls,
Soon sank beneath the sea:
Some few clung to the lumber boat
And thus their lives did save,
But many others with the ship
Sank to a watery grave.

Farewell, farewell, for thee we mourn!
Thy sad fate we bewail,
Ah, who knows what's in store for us
As o'er life's sea we sail?

Departed souls, rest now in peace,
 'Tis all that we can say,
 Until the sea gives up her dead
 On Resurrection Day.

July 24, 1907.

JESSIE'S CHOICE.

Jessie was a city girl,
 As sweet as any seen,
 Her father possessed wealth enough
 To dress her like a queen,
 He owned
 Fine farms of richest coal lands,
 Much railroad stock he bought,
 He owned one of the largest banks,
 Yet was considered not
 High toned.

And Jessie was just like him,
 Although she dressed quite well,
 She never put on airs or tried
 To be what you'd call swell,
 She tried
 Each day to do the right thing
 Alike to rich and poor,
 She always had a pleasant smile
 For all who passed her door
 Not pride.

Joseph Gray, a banker's son,
 Called on her ev'ry day,
 James Johnson, a young carpenter,
 Sometimes would call to pay
 To her

His best respects, he did not
 Have clothes as fine as Gray's ;
 Gray made all sorts of fun about
 His many awkward ways,
 After.

Jessie, said he, that fellow
 Cannot himself express,
 Whene'er he's asked about a thing,
 He always says, I guess!
 How queer!

But now, to change the subject,
 Jessie, will you be mine?
 I've got a mansion, furnished well,
 And I will dress you fine,
 Come, dear?

The smile, which he expected
 Would steal o'er Jessie's face,
 Did not appear, but dignity
 Was plainly there in place ;
 Said she,
 Joseph, you are unmanly,
 And knowing this, how can
 I bind myself to you for life?
 No, you are not the man
 For me!

You have offended me, Joe,
 By making fun of Jim ;
 While he may have some awkward ways,
 I've great respect for him,
 'Tis so ;

Cigarettes you never see
 Him smoke, nor does he chew,
 Then shall I cast an honest man
 Like him aside for you?
 O, no!

James Johnson sat beside her
 Next ev'ning, deep in thought;
 He longed to pop the question,
 But for awhile could not
 Express
 Himself, at last he managed
 To say, Be mine, Jessie?
 She smiled on him and then answered,
 As sweetly as could be,
 I guess!

UNCLE JEFF'S FIRST TRIP TO OAKFORD.

I chanced to go to Oakford Park,
 I saw many amusements,
 I had two girls along with me
 And spent many a five cents;
 O yes, I am a married man,
 One girl was my own daughter,
 The other was a chum of hers,
 I wish she hadn't brought her.

I didn't care for the cash part,
 You know I've lots of money,
 The girls were after ev'rything
 That was the least bit funny;
 And I well nigh got scared to death,
 I'll tell you all about it,
 And after you have heard it all,
 I know you will not doubt it.

That chum of Mary's, what's her name?
 Is something of a boaster,
 And she persuaded me to ride
 Upon the roller coaster;

I ne'er before had seen the thing,
 Although I'd heard about it,
 She told me it was splendid sport,
 Of course I didn't doubt it.

Well then, we three chartered a car,
 And soon were seated in it,
 I thought my head was a huge top
 And some one tried to spin it ;
 I gave a yell and would have jumped
 If Mary hadn't caught me,
 I felt quite sure that crazy thing
 A dozen times upsot me.

I was so well nigh scared to death,
 I lay down for an hour,
 And then I wouldn't have got up
 If there hadn't come a shower ;
 I liked the park at Oakford,
 But count me a big boaster
 If e'er again you see me ride
 Upon that roller coaster.

ECONOMY.

A boy picked up a ripe apple
 And ate it to the core,
 And then he ate the core also,
 And then there was no more.

I realized that it was true
 What I had heard before,
 That when a boy an apple ate,
 It never had a core.

But I saw an important truth
 There set before by eyes,
 I saw at least that that boy knew
 How to economize.

TOO TIRED TO WRITE.

I'm tired and I'm sleepy,
 My mind will not work right,
 So I've about concluded
 I'll write no more tonight.

THE LOVELY ROBIN.

Many nice things by poets have
 Been said about the bird
 Called, "Robin red breast," who has not
 His sweet notes often heard?
 And who does not that dear bird love,
 Who comes in early Spring
 And sits upon our apple trees,
 Where he will chirp and sing?

That he's a beauty, none will doubt,
 His breast is lovely red,
 Just see his slender wings and tail,
 And graceful feet and head;
 How children watch when Spring draws near,
 How eagerly they long
 For "Robin red breast" to arrive,
 That they may hear his song.

'Tis right that we should love him so,
 For he does no one harm,
 But through the summer long protects
 Our fruit upon the farm ;
 Therefore, we never should harm him,
 But a warm welcome give
 Him when he comes, and while he stays,
 Let him in safety live.

TO A LAZY TRAMP.

No food will I give you,
 You are a stout man,
 If work you are hunting,
 You easily can
 Find plenty quite near you,
 They want men today
 Down there on the state-road,
 So, go on your way.

MONEY DID NOT GROW ON TREES.

A young man, brought up in the city,
 One day when the weather was warm,
 Took a drive out into the country,
 Past many a beautiful farm.

He gazed on the bright golden wheat-fields,
 Upon the cornfields, the rich land,
 And then on the barley and oatsfields,
 Said he, Such a life must be grand!

And when he got back to the city,
To where he had left his young wife,
He said, My dear, we will no longer
Continue to lead such a life.

Here I am a real estate agent,
And sorely perplexed ev'ry day;
We'll move out into the country
Where we will live happy and gay.

There we will have cows and milk plenty,
We can sit and watch the things grow,
And money will roll in by handfuls,
We soon will be quite rich I know.

So they moved out into the country
Quite early the very next Spring,
But when they began work, they neither
Of farming knew even a thing.

He could not handle a planter,
Could neither harrow nor plow,
His wife soon found that she also
Knew nothing 'bout milking a cow.

Kind neighbors then came in to help them,
You must make good use of your hoe,
Said they, and keep weeds out, or nothing
Of anything you plant will grow.

This caused him to become disheartened,
He had not expected that he
Would have to work hard, that the fruits of
His labors he might later see.

In a very short time he decided
 That he would not farm any more,
 He went to the city much wiser,
 Though poorer, than ever before.

THE OLD HARVEST APPLE TREE.

There stands the harvest apple tree,
 But ah, how changed! when I
 Was but a little boy of six,
 It loomed so broad and high.

Now nothing but the trunk remains,
 Not one apple appears
 Like those bright mellow golden ones
 It bore in former years.

A few green sprouts, I see, appear,
 Perhaps it may again
 Renew its youth and bear rich fruit
 To cheer the hearts of men.

'Twould be a pleasure, rare indeed,
 If once again I could
 Come back and see, and pluck and taste
 Its apples rich and good.

THE BURNING OF HANNASTOWN.

One bright and cheerful morning,
 Just as the sun's bright ray
 Rose grandly o'er the hilltops,
 I started on my way
 On foot across the country,
 Now up a hill, then down,
 Until at last I gazed upon
 The sight of Hannastown.

And there I paused to meditate,
 I stood and gazed around
 And saw the farmers peacefully
 Tilling their fertile ground;
 Thought I, how differently it was
 One hundred years ago,
 When our forefathers, on this spot,
 Combated with their foe.

Of those dark days each schoolboy knows,
 Of tales of woe and blood,
 How Pontiac, that crafty chief,
 Made flow the crimson flood,
 And how upon this very soil,
 Which we in peace now tread,
 The whooping savage Indian bands,
 Strewed mutilated dead.

At Bushy-Run, in sixty-three,
 That brave soldier Bouquet,
 Completely routed Pontiac's band
 And drove them all away,
 And peace and quietness had reigned
 And people settled down
 And built Westmoreland County's seat,
 Which they named Hannastown.

One summer morn in Eighty-two,
 Two of the settlers met
 Upon their way to view their traps
 Which they for game had set;
 Said Jake to Bob, There's something up,
 Pontiac's moves are queer,
 I'll venture that before tonight,
 There'll be some trouble here.

I fear the same, said Jake, and we
 Had better notify
 The soldiers at the fort at once,
 Will you go, or shall I?
 I'll go, said Bob, while you go down
 And notify Jim Hay,
 The teacher of the village school,
 To have no school today.

So Bob sped quickly on his way
 Through forest and o'er hill,
 While passing through a deep ravine,
 There rang out loud and shrill,
 Whoo-ooop, whoo-ooop! and suddenly
 Upon him quickly rushed
 The red demons with tomahawks,
 And soon his skull they crushed.

While Jake was hast'ning on his way,
 He glanced toward Crabtree,
 The creek, which we see flowing near,
 And what did that man see?
 A sight that made his blood run cold,
 A monstrous savage band
 Rushing on to Hannastown,
 And no help was at hand.

On, on he sped, like a swift wind,
 The Indians saw him fly
 And guessing what was his design,
 With a tremendous cry,
 Whoop-ooop, whoo-ooop! they after him,
 Swiftly with leap and bound,
 Hoping to capture him before
 He the alarm could sound.

But Jake outstripped them all and rushed
 Rapidly on his way,
 While shouting to the village folk,
 They're coming, flee away!
 Some of the people did escape,
 But warning came so late,
 Some of the aged and infirm met
 A sad and bitter fate.

The settlers being thus alarmed,
 All from the village fled
 And as they ran they soon beheld
 A cloud of smoke o'erhead,
 And looking back they saw huge flames
 Shoot upwards towards the sky,
 They saw their homes by fire consumed
 And wept in agony.

Thus was Westmoreland's county seat
 Swept suddenly away,
 More than a century ago,
 We find no trace today
 Of any of the dwellings which
 Stood on this famous hill,
 On that day when the air was rent
 With war whoops loud and shrill.

But we are gazing on the place,
 Are standing on the spot
 Where flowed the streams of human blood,
 Where our forefathers fought;
 To give to us these peaceful homes,
 They laid their brave lives down,
 And we their sons should e'er revere
 The name of Hannastown.

HOW FOOLISH.

Some people go about their work
 And never, all the while,
 Will they be heard to laugh or sing,
 Or seen to crack a smile.

They look as sober as a judge
 Who sits a case to try,
 They seem to find no pleasure in
 This world at all, and why?

They blame the world for it, of course,
 They always think they're grieved,
 If they'd just notice their own faults,
 They soon would be relieved.

BENEDICTION.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,
 The love of God and the
 Communion of the Holy Ghost,
 Forever with you be.

OUR LITTLE RAYMOND.

On the third day of September, while the sky was clouded
 o'er
 And the rain for hours descended, there was joy inside our
 door;
 For a precious little baby, a bright bouncing little boy,
 Had just come to join our circle and had filled our souls
 with joy.

Both the father and the mother fondled him most tenderly
 As he looked into their faces just as sweet as he could be,
 And our children's, Mildred's, Russell's little hearts were
 filled with joy
 When they came into the bedroom and beheld the darling
 boy.

He was beautiful and lovely and at once was firmly bound
 To our hearts by strong affections, yes, the cords had twined
 around
 Ev'ry heart, no earthly power could have severed them,
 alas,
 Little did we dream how quickly from our presence he
 would pass!
 Five days later, Sunday morning, our sweet darling boy
 grew ill,
 And alarm and consternation all our hearts began to fill;
 Our kind doctor soon was summoned and did all that she
 could do
 To relieve our precious darling, hoping that he'd struggle
 through.

Ev'ning came and still our darling grew no better and
 great fear
 Filled our hearts and we were fearful that the end was
 drawing near
 And we parents both concluded to baptize him that same
 day,
 Ere the hand of the grim reaper come and carry him away.
 In his arms the father took him, and upon his little head,
 Sprinkled thrice baptismal waters, while he reverently said,
 As he trembled with emotion, while his tears were falling
 free,
 While the mother lay there weeping, John Raymond I bap-
 tize thee.

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To his grave again we hasten, oh, how dear to us that spot.

In the name of God the Father, and of His beloved Son,
 Also of the Holy Spirit, thus the sacred rite was done,
 And although our hearts were breaking, we could say
 amid our grief,
 He in Jesus was ingrafted, and it brought us sweet relief.
 As the days passed by we watched him, now and then he
 would revive,
 And again within our bosoms hope would rise that he
 might live;
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday came and went
 and still he lay
 Pale and calm and faintly moaning as each hour passed
 away.

Friday came, he seemed some better, how our hopes again
 did rise,
 But alas, they soon were blasted, bitter tears streamed
 from our eyes.
 As the shades of twilight deepened, darling Raymond fell
 asleep
 And went home to be with Jesus, nevermore to moan nor
 weep.
 With hearts bowed in grief and sadness and our eyes by
 tears made dim,
 After ministers had spoken, in the grave we lowered him;
 There we left his little body to await the trumpet's sound,
 When the Savior will call to him all who sleep beneath the
 ground.

Ah, how dreary is our household! one dear lamb has taken
 flight,
 And has left us sad and lonely, O how silent is the night!
 To his grave again we hasten, oh, how dear to us that
 spot,
 Though years pass away, our darling shall by us ne'er be
 forgot!

Rest in peace, dear little Raymond, we will some day
 follow thee,
 And within the heavenly mansions thy dear face again
 we'll see;
 There again we'll be united and forevermore will dwell
 In bright mansions with our Savior, Raymond, dear, fare-
 well, farewell!

September 20, 1907.

Note.—In my preface I speak of this volume contain-
 ing 501 poems. The above poem was added after the
 printers had set up nearly 200 pages of the book, which
 makes the number 502. The poem was written in memory
 of our son, John Raymond Bair, who was born September
 3d and died September 13th. J. F. B.

DRUCILLA.

I.

These are the Laurel Hill mountains where once stood
 dense hemlock forests,
 Which have all well nigh been vanished by the sharp ax of
 the woodman;
 Here the swift deer and the panther, bear and wild cat once
 were plenty,
 So were wild turkey and pheasant, but the white man's ball
 and powder
 Have brought the bear and the panther well nigh to utter
 extinction,
 And the wild turkey and pheasant are seldom seen on the
 mountains.

Down the steep slopes of these mountains rushed the soft
 murmuring brooklet,
 Tumbling o'er rocks as it hurried on its course toward the
 river ;
 Fearlessly over these mountains once roamed the fierce sav-
 age Indians,
 Shooting the deer with their arrows, catching the fish in
 the brooklet,
 Bearing them home to their wigwams where dwelt their
 sqaws and papooses.

II.

To the west slope of these mountains white men kept stead-
 ily coming,
 Buying up land from the Indians, paying them only a trifle,
 Small cabins soon were erected in the heart of the dense
 forest,
 Soon there sprang up where we're standing a little village
 of cabins,
 By and by Indians grew hostile, settlers for years had great
 trouble,
 But the red men were soon driven far from the homes of
 the settlers.
 White men then cleared off the timber and set to farming
 in earnest.
 'Twas in the year eighteen hundred that a man named
 Thomas Osburn
 Purchased a whole thousand acres on the west slope of
 these mountains ;
 It was all covered with hemlock, giant trees stood close
 together ;
 Though he owned all this vast forest, he had to scratch for
 a living
 For in his day hemlock timber was of small value consid-
 ered ;

But he worked on firm and bravely with his good wife and
 five children
 And when he died his son Joseph bought all the land for
 a trifle.

III

Softly the zephyrs were falling on a warm ev'ning in April,
 Down from the sky rays of moonlight shone brightly on a
 young couple
 Seated beneath a tall hemlock, on a huge log by a cabin,
 Joe Osburn sat there a wooing Ruth Brown a handsome
 young maiden.
 Long time they sat there a musing but at last Joe broke
 the silence,
 Only three days more dear Ruthie till you will be mine
 forever,
 Then we'll inhabit my cabin, I'll own it is not inviting,
 But I have strong hopes that some day I shall give you
 something better.
 Three days later the parson joined them together in wed-
 lock;
 They went at once to housekeeping in Joe's small humble
 log cabin;
 Joe set to work cleaning patches, picking stones and grub-
 bing briars.
 One year passed by then a baby boy came to brighten their
 cabin,
 After two years came another, this time a bright blue eyed
 daughter;
 Truly, said Joe, God has blessed us, what care I for earthly
 riches?
 No palace could be more cheerful than this rude humble
 log cabin.
 Years quickly sped, the two children, Ralph and Drucilla
 grew larger,

Both went to school in the winter, both worked hard during
the summer.
James Long, the son of a neighbor, 'bout the same age as
Drucilla,
Went to the same school each winter, he was a bright, able
scholar.
As the years sped quickly onward and our sweet maiden
Drucilla
Grew up to be a young lady, James to her paid strict atten-
tion,
He loved her dearly, Drucilla's love for him never was
wanting;

IV

It was now in mid October, softly the bright leaves were
falling,
The gray frost had bursted open burrs and exposed the
brown chestnuts.
Now, behold climbing the mountain, James Long and
charming Drucilla,
All day they spend in the forest, filling their baskets with
chestnuts
Which can be found in abundance neath the huge trees of
the forest.
By and by, tired of roaming, searching and scratching for
chestnuts,
James said, I'm going to rest on this rock by the clear little
brooklet,
Sitting down he said, Drucilla, will you not come and sit
by me?
She was not long in complying with the request of her
lover.
Side by side on the rock seated, both for some moments
were silent,
While the small brooklet kept singing as it dashed hur-
riedly by them.

By and by James said, Drucilla, list to the song of the
 brooklet,
 List, do you not understand it? nothing to me could be
 plainer.
 James, said Drucilla, what is it that the small brooklet is
 saying?
 Tell me, James, what is it saying? truly, I can't understand
 it.
 Close to his bosom he drew her, darling, said he, I will
 tell you
 Just what the brooklet is saying, 'tis a love song it is
 singing
 For two young lovers close by it, listen, now softly it mur-
 murs,
 Do you love me dear Drucilla? that is not all dear, now
 listen,
 Hear it again softly singing, this is what it is now saying,
 Will you be mine dear Drucilla, will you be mine dear,
 forever?
 On the fair face of Drucilla, blushes and smiles inter-
 mingled,
 Then in his face gazing upward, in a voice sweet as the
 brooklet's,
 She to the question made answer, yes, my dear James, I
 do love you
 More than the whole world beside you and I will be
 your's forever.
 Bending, a sweet kiss he planted on the sweet lips of Dru-
 cilla,
 That is the seal dear, he whispered, and it will bind us
 forever.

V

Softly the snowflakes were falling early one November
 morning,
 Ruthie Osburn was preparing cakes for their Thanksgiv-
 ing dinner

Which would take place on the morrow, Ralph had gone
out to shoot turkey;

Soon he returned from his hunting, laden with two mon-
strous turkeys;

My, Ralph, but you have been lucky! where did you find
them? said Ruthie.

Oh! he replied, over yonder in that dense thicket of bushes,
I beheld these two large turkeys neath a large tree close
together;

I raised my rifle and fired and killed them both with one
bullet.

How large they are, said Drucilla, how will we manage
to eat them?

How I wish that we'd have comp'ny to help us eat up our
turkeys.

Some one is coming tomorrow to dine with us dear Dru-
cilla,

Smilingly answered her father while she gazed at him in
wonder;

Oh tell me who? said Drucilla, is it some one from a dis-
tance?

Yes, said her father, your uncle is coming down from New
York City,

I had a letter this morning, saying he'd be here for dinner;
Oh what good news, said Drucilla, how glad I'll be to see
uncle!

VI

Thanksgiving morning dawned brightly, sunlight gleamed
on the tall hemlocks

Covered with snow, all the mountains glistened like mil-
lions of diamonds;

On the hearthstone in the cabin, light from the log fire
glistened;

Faces were seen at the window, scanning the hill in the
distance;

Soon the fair face of Drucilla brightens, she cries, He is coming,
See, he is crossing the meadows, yes, it is Uncle Uriah.
Like a swift deer, out she rushes through the rude cabin's
low doorway,
Down the steep hill, through the snow drifts, disheveled
hair flying wildly,
Nought for her looks is she caring, thinks but of meeting
her uncle;
Now in his arms he has caught her, can this indeed be
Drucilla
Grown to a handsome young lady? 'tis many years since I
saw you.
Up to the house then together, uncle and niece plod
through snowdrifts,
Soon they both enter the cabin, then there's another glad
meeting.
Soon at the table all seated, bowing their heads while God's
blessing.
Is being asked by the father on the food spread out before
them.
On a large plate in the center of the plain table the turkeys,
Brown as two chestnuts, lie steaming, uncle is called on to
carve them
And he responds without coaxing, soon each is served to
his liking.
Ah! said Uriah, how pleasant to be here in the old home-
stead,
Never did I, in the city, reap this amount of enjoyment.
Dinner is over, the brothers chat in one end of the cabin
While in the kitchen Drucilla sings as she washes the
dishes.
Joe, said Uriah, I notice you still own large tracts of
timber,
I can't see why you don't sell it, it would now bring you
large money.

Yes, said Joe, I have been offered large sums for that
 thousand acres,
 But I still think it will bring me more than I yet have been
 offered.
 Yes, said Uriah, quite likely you will get more for your
 timber,
 Now I will make you an offer, backed by a firm in the
 city;
 Five hundred dollars an acre, what do you say, will you
 take it?
 Joe sat there pond'ring a moment, that was more than he
 expected,
 Then with a smile he made answer, 'Tis a fair price, so
 I'll take it.

VII

Two weeks had passed since Thanksgiving, Joe had made
 out all the papers,
 Transferred his large tract of timber to the large firm in
 the city;
 By this transaction Joe Osburn suddenly found himself
 wealthy,
 He and his wife now decided to move up to New York
 City,
 'Twas now the tenth of December, they would not move
 before April;
 Joe Osburn spent the whole winter planning what business
 he'd enter;
 Oil fields in western Ohio, large returns seemed to be
 bringing,
 So he took stock in a comp'ny and had no cause to regret
 it,
 They struck crude oil in abundance and wealth rolled into
 their pockets.

VIII

Winter passed off and mild April came with her sweet
 welcome showers,
 But there came at the same season war between us and the
 Spanish.
 Uncle Sam had sent a vessel to guard our int'rests in Cuba,
 'Twas the great ironclad vessel known as the Maine, of our
 navy.
 As she patrolled near Havana, steaming by old Moro Castle,
 None of her brave crew e'er dreamed that danger was
 lurking about them;
 Suddenly a fierce explosion, louder than thunder resounded
 Throughout the harbor, that vessel was blown to atoms,
 while saliors,
 More than two hundred, lay helpless and the commission
 decided
 That the Spaniards had through malice the great disaster
 occasioned.
 Afterwards Uncle Sam issued an ultimatum, demanding
 That Spain her hold should relinquish on Cuba, and her
 refusal
 Brought on the war which that April had been declared
 by our Congress.
 Young men from valley and mountains came in large num-
 bers to offer
 Themselves to Uncle Sam's service, willing to die for
 Old Glory.
 James Long, Drucilla's young lover, was by the others
 made captain,
 Soon his brave comp'ny was ordered off to the Philippine
 Islands,
 Only three days were they given to bid farewell to their
 loved ones,
 Captain Long spent the time mostly with his affianced,
 Drucilla,

Late did they sit up that ev'ning for the next day he must
 leave her
 Who was his joy and his comfort and would some day be
 his help meet.
 Sad was that night for Drucilla, tears from her eyes
 flowed quite freely,
 Hiding her face in his bosom to him she clung, softly
 weeping,
 Oh, my dear James, how I'll miss you! yet I am proud
 you are going,
 For 'tis a cause just and righteous and you will come out
 victorious.
 Close to his bosom he drew her, softly whispered, Dru-
 cilla,
 For your sake I will fight bravely, die if I must for my
 country;
 What am I, darling, that you should treasure my friend-
 ship so highly?
 You are now wealthy while I am but a poor student still
 struggling
 On borrowed money for knowledge, strange you esteem me
 so highly;
 After I'm gone you'll forget me, you will meet in New
 York City,
 Young fellows immensely wealthy, then I will be a back
 number.
 James, said Drucilla, you must not talk to me after that
 manner,
 What do I care for their riches, true love is greater than
 millions;
 All the wealth of this great nation and all beyond the
 broad ocean,
 Would not be able to turn me from the one who loves me
 truly,
 Can you not trust your Drucilla, do you think I would
 deceive you?

No, precious darling, he answered, I was but jesting, I
 never
 Doubted your word for a moment, no sweetheart ever was
 truer ;
 Though the broad ocean, Pacific, may roll its huge waves
 between us,
 Thoughts of my darling Drucilla shall o'er its billows come
 to me ;
 When I am lying in trenches, while the fierce battles are
 raging,
 Roaring of guns and shells bursting will seem to me to be
 saying,
 Be of good cheer, your Drucilla thinks more of you than
 all others ;
 Thoughts of you darling will strengthen me to resist all
 temptations
 And when I come home triumphant you will be glad I
 enlisted.

IX

Early next morning Drucilla started to town with her
 father,
 Crowds at the station assembled, wives of the soldiers and
 mothers,
 Brothers and sisters and sweethearts, there to bid farewell
 to loved ones.
 Up to the station comes marching Captain Long with his
 brave soldiers,
 Loud cheers arose from the people, several bands rendered
 music.
 Now a shrill sound of a whistle warns them the train is
 approaching,
 Sad is the sight to behold now, relatives bitterly weeping.
 All aboard ! shouts the conductor, Captain Long cries out,
 Attention !

Forward march, soldiers, on board now, quickly the brave
 boys obey him ;
 Captain Long carries a moment, close by his side is Dru-
 cilla,
 Drawing her close to his bosom, several kisses he planted
 On her sweet lips and he cares not how many people be-
 hold it,
 And the sweet maiden Drucilla bravely receives his ca-
 resses ;
 But he must linger no longer for the bell's tolling the
 signal,
 Farewell, my darling Drucilla! what I have told you re-
 member,
 Farewell, James, heaven protect you! I will remember my
 promise ;
 Puff, puff! snorts the huge engine, onward the train now
 is moving ;
 Hundreds of kerchiefs are waving to the brave boys now
 departing,
 Soon they are lost in the distance, sad are the hearts left
 behind them ;
 Some of those brave boys will doubtless never return to
 their loved ones,
 Some will be pierced through with bullets, others will die
 of diseases,
 Such is the fortune of warfare, men like beasts freely are
 slaughtered.

X

Softly the breezes are blowing from the broad ocean,
 Pacific,
 Into the Golden Gate Harbor rides a United States trans-
 port,
 Soldiers in blue stand in waiting for the command to move
 forward ;

Not the least of all, the forces is the brave Tenth, Penn-
sylvania,

Ready to go forth to battle, willing to die for their country ;
Captain Long's boys are among them, longing to shoot a
few Spaniards.

Soon the command comes to enter and the blue columns of
soldiers

March up the gangway in order to the United States
transport.

Soon the huge steamer moves forward out of the Golden
Gate harbor,

Now they begin their long journey over the ocean, Pacific ;
See on the deck of the transport soldier boys standing and
watching

The beautiful city of Frisco now many miles in the dis-
tance,

Now it has faded completely, nought can they see now
but water,

Tears very freely are flowing as the boys think of their
loved ones ;

Many are seized with sea sickness, see them lean over the
railing,

Pouring libations to Neptune time after time from their
stomachs.

Weary, they lie down and slumber, morning dawns, they
are no better,

Nothing will stay in their stomachs, never saw anything
like it.

Day after day thus they suffer as they glide over the ocean,
Several die on the voyage and find a grave neath the
waters.

Weary and worn by their journey, they at last enter a
harbor

Near the stronghold of Manilla where the Dons hold Moro
Castle,

Here they behold the remains of the Spanish fleet Admiral
Dewey

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Now in a fine mansion dwelling.

Had with his guns smashed to pieces, not even one had
 escaped him.
 Rain came pouring in torrents, wetting the boys as they
 landed,
 That's what it means to be soldiers, cheer up brave boys,
 said the Colonel;
 There was at that time no shelter; they were exposed to
 the rainstorm,
 Who will say that those brave soldiers did not endure many
 hardships?

XI

'Tis a sweet, calm summer ev'ning, up a street in New
 York City
 Goes a postman with his letters, parcels and other mail
 matter;
 Now he draws near to a mansion where a young lady is
 waiting;
 With a, good ev'ning, he greets her, saying, I have here a
 letter
 Come from the Philippine Islands, and it is marked,
 Soldier's letter,
 Two cents postage is wanting, but I know you'll gladly pay
 it,
 Yes indeed, answered Drucilla, for it was she who received
 it,
 She, the same handsome Drucilla who had once dwelt in a
 cabin,
 Now in a fine mansion dwelling, father worth nearly a
 million.
 Quickly she opened the letter, eagerly scanning its con-
 tents,
 Captain Long and his brave soldiers had arrived safe in
 Manilla,
 They had been in one small battle, one of their number
 had fallen;

In a few days they expected to make a dash on Manilla,
 It was a very long letter which the young Captain had
 written,
 But not too long for Drucilla, she read it over and over.
 In her bed-room that same ev'ning, by her bedside, ere
 retiring,
 On her knees, with her hands folded, she thanked her heav-
 enly Father
 For having spared her young lover when the fierce battle
 was raging,
 And praying God still to spare him through any succeeding
 battles
 And bring him back safely to her after the war should be
 over,
 And the kind Father who watches over his children who
 trust him,
 Looked down in mercy upon her and in her soul breathed
 sweet comfort.

XII

We have told how that Joe Osburn suddenly came to be
 wealthy,
 From a log cabin he moved to a large and beautiful man-
 sion
 In 'bout as beautiful section as any in New York City.
 Wealth made no change in Joe Osbourn, nor his son Ralph,
 nor Drucilla,
 They were as common as when they lived in the little log
 cabin;
 But with Joe's wife it was diff'rent, she became proud, vain
 and foolish,
 Striving ever to ape after other rich people and trying
 Ever to induce Drucilla to imitate the proud women;
 But she could never persuade her, then she tried scolding
 and threat'ning,

But through it all brave Drucilla never gave way for a moment.

As young Ralph Osburn sat reading war news, he suddenly started,
 Turned to his sister exclaiming, here is some war news,
 Drucilla,
 The Tenth has had a fierce battle, has taken the city,
 Manilla,
 Quickly, beside him, Drucilla glanced at the list of disasters,
 Then read the startling announcement, "Captain Long fatally wounded;"
 One scream she gave then fell fainting into the arms of her brother.
 In a short time she recovered, Ralph and her father stood by her.
 Cheer up, my dear! said her father, James is brave and will live through it;
 You are right, father, she answered, I will wait patiently for it;
 Wish I too were in Manilla, 'twould be a pleasure to nurse him.

Ralph again took his newspaper and with his reading continued;
 Ho! he exclaimed, Count Von Rensburg is now here in New York City!
 What? said his mother, you're joking, that would be quite a high honor
 For the folks of New York City, all ought to turn out to meet him.
 Humph! said Joe, he is no better than any common man living,
 For my part I would not bother to walk ten yards to behold him,

I would a hundred times rather see Captain Long with his
soldiers

Marching up through New York City than all the counts
in creation.

To this reply Ralph responded, so would I, father, much
rather,

So would I, answered Drucilla, what do these old Counts
amount to?

I have no doubt he's a gambler like many others with titles ;
No doubt he owes many thousands and has come over the
ocean

To marry some wealthy lady and pay his debts with her
money.

Very well spoken, my sister, smilingly answered her
brother,

I have no doubt you've conjectured about the full truth of
the matter.

Yes, said their father, I pity any young woman who'd
venture

Any such person to marry for she would certainly rue it.
Many have married for titles, only to find they were empty
And in a short time we found them eagerly seeking di-
vorses.

These words of Joe, so sarcastic, set his wife's glib tongue
a going,

Hotter and hotter her temper waxed, she replied in her
fury,

Shame on your talk, Joseph Osburn, you ought to feel
highly honored

If a chance you should be given to interview Count Von
Remsburg.

Phew! said Joe, feel highly honored to have the priv'lege
accorded

Me to shake hands with Count Remsburg? ha, ha, if you
don't amuse me!

Maybe you think I had better take our best rug out and
spread it

In his path for him to walk on lest a plain path might
 defile him?
 How many servants, I wonder, has he brought over from
 Europe?
 Like as not he has 'bout fifty, don't you think so now,
 dear Ruthie?
 O, you old fashioned back-woodser, answered his wife,
 you're no better
 Than when we lived in the mountains, wish you would
 get some refinement.
 Joseph leaned back and with laughter answered, the truth
 you have spoken,
 I agree that I'm no better than when we lived in a cabin,
 What would have made me I'd like to know if you're able
 to tell me,
 Better than when I a farmer scratched o'er the fields on
 the mountains?
 While they thus argued Drucilla stood gazing out of the
 window ;
 Little she heeded their quar'ling for her thoughts far away
 wandered,
 Far away over the ocean to the place where her brave
 lover,
 Pierced by the enemy's bullets, no doubt severe pains was
 suff'ring.

XIII

Four days had passed since Drucilla heard of her lover's
 misfortune,
 Ev'ry day she was expecting to hear that he was recov-
 ring ;
 Greatly was she disappointed as each day came and de-
 parted,
 Bringing no tidings whatever of the brave captain's con-
 dition ;

How she scanned ev'ry newspaper, hoping to get information,
 Only one very small item had she observed yet about him,
 He was still living but seemed to have little chance for
 recov'ry;
 Agony, bitter, she suffered, nothing could bring to her
 comfort;
 Constantly Ralph had been with her ,trying to comfort his
 sister,
 Always at mealtimes her father did all he could to arouse
 her;
 Cheer up, said he, dear Drucilla, we will yet see the brave
 captain
 Come home and able to clasp you in his strong loving
 embraces.
 With a sad smile she made answer, wish I could have your
 faith father,
 Firmly I b'lieve he'll recover, yet I can't help but feel
 anxious.
 Then spoke her mother, I've something this afternoon
 which will cause you
 To become lively and cheerful, you will not think of your
 sorrow;
 I have invited some women, ladies of very high standing,
 To take tea with us this ev'ning, you must look cheerful
 and happy
 While in their presence, they must not know that you're
 morning or fretting
 Day after day for a common young man who came from
 the country.
 Quickly the face of Drucilla flushed red with just indig-
 nation,
 And with contempt she made answer to the remark of her
 mother,
 Common young man from the country, and you don't
 want them to know it;

Where did I come from and you too? out of a little log
cabin.

Yes, said her mother, I know it, but we now live in a city,
We should seek after refinement and our friends never
should know that

We were once common back-woodsters, scratching around
o'er the mountains;

Here you are mourning, Drucilla, over that plain common
fellow,

Take my advice now and drop him, let some young man
of high standing

Here in the heart of this city with you from henceforth
keep comp'ny.

Mother, the very idea! you seem each day to be making
Yourself more foolish, I wonder why it is you can not
see it.

I drop my best friend, no never, I will cling to him for-
ever,

E'en though he should not recover, I will my love with
him bury,

No other man shall e'er win it, he alone is my true lover.

Ev'ning came and the swell comp'ny turned out arrayed
in their jewels,

You should have seen Mrs. Osburn trying to show off
before them,

Trying to induce Drucilla to imitate them and also

Talk like one whose tongue is crippled, words like to-
mowah and butta,

New Yok and Pittsbug and so forth, actions intensely dis-
gusting,

Or which at any rate should be to any sensible person.

On all such actions Drucilla looked with contempt and
displeasure,

Little cared she for the comp'ny of such vain ignorant
people.

While the guests sat at the table eating the sumptuous
 supper
 Which had been spread by the hostess, there came a sound
 of loud voices,
 Each one stopped eating and listened, there was heard
 sounds of loud tramping
 Out in the street many people seemed to come running to-
 gether.
 To the front door the guests hastened, there in the street,
 right before them,
 Large crowds of people had gathered while other men
 still came running.
 Out in the street rushed Drucilla, crying out, men, what's
 the matter?
 Some one is hurt, Miss Drucilla, and it appears very badly,
 Answered Sam Morrow, their neighbor, who was well
 known to the Osburns.
 Some one, no one seems to know him, came down the
 street lively coasting
 On his wheel and had a breakdown, fell on his head on
 the curbstone;
 They say that he is unconscious, some one should go for
 a doctor.
 Into the throng then Drucilla elbowed her way 'till she
 reached him;
 There he lay wounded and bleeding, she at once thought
 of another
 Far away, wounded, with strangers, and she said to the
 bystanders,
 Carry him into the house men, who he is, I'm sure I
 know not,
 But we'll see that he is cared for till he is able to tell us.
 Four men then lifted him gently, carried him into the
 mansion,
 Then on a bed gently placed him, there he lay moaning
 and groaning,

All the guests of Mrs. Osbourn curiously gathered around him;

Who can he be? they all wondered, he must be rich said one woman,

See the fine clothes he is wearing, looks very much like a german.

While he lay moaning he murmured, O, O, mine mutter, I'm kilt me!

Hear! said Drucilla, he's german, well, in this place they are plenty.

Poor man, no doubt he's hurt badly, better send for a physician,

One of the ladies suggested as she addressed Mrs. Osburn; I have done so, said Drucilla and I think he is now coming. Dr. Van Waters soon entered, looked at the man very gravely,

Bad case, I fear that concussion of the brain may result from it.

It is not safe to remove him to the hospital this ev'ning, He must be kept very quiet for his condition is serious;;

He is a stranger but doubtless may have friends here in this city,

You must watch by him, Drucilla, I will come back in the morning.

That I will do, said Drucilla, he shall be well taken care of, 'Tis the command of the Scriptures that we care for needy strangers.

So he was left at the mansion and they cared tenderly for him;

After days of intense suff'ring, suddenly he became conscious,

On the same day the physician said that they might now with safety

Take him away in a carriage to the hospital for treatment. He was accordingly taken, 'twas a relief to Drucilla

Who had so faithfully nursed him and was now worn out and weary.

Who he was, he had not told them, for he could speak
 little english,
 What he did speak was so broken, none of them could
 understand it.

Early next morning Ralph Osburn glanced o'er the news-
 paper colmuns,
 Soon his eyes fell on a heading and he exclaimed, O just
 listen!
 Here is some news for you mother which will surprise
 you immensely.
 What is the news, said his mother, which will so greatly
 surprise me,
 Some one I know getting married? no matter what, let
 us hear it.
 Well, answered Ralph, I will read it, but you had better
 be ready
 For a surprise which I reckon will surpass any you've
 ever
 During your lifetime encountered, really, I fear it will
 shock you;
 Maybe I'd better not read it, said he, and tried to look
 sober,
 But a sly mischievous twinkle in his bright eyes was
 apparent.
 O you young rogue, said his mother, stop now your tire-
 some teasing,
 Read us the news for I'm very anxious indeed for to hear
 it.
 All right, said Ralph, you shall hear it, here it is listen
 Drucilla,
 It has today just developed that the man injured last
 Friday
 On the street near Joseph Osburn's, thrown from his wheel
 on the curb-stone,
 Was the distinguished young german, better known as
 Count Von Remsburg.

As the name of Count, Von Remsburg fell on the ears of
 his mother,
 You should have seen how she started, threw up her hands
 in amazement;
 Could it be true, was she dreaming, had they unconsciously
 rendered
 Services to Count Von Remsburg? how proud she felt of
 the honor;
 How I wish that we had known it, we would have been
 more devoted
 In our administ'ring to him, wouldn't you have been,
 Drucilla?
 No, said she, not one iota more time would I have de-
 voted
 To any person blue blooded than to his most humble sub-
 ject;
 I get completely disgusted with those who nearly go crazy
 Over a man with a title, little faith have I in any.
 How much good do they accomplish? princes get hun-
 dreds of thousands
 For sitting idle, while workmen get for hard work a few
 dollars;
 Had he been nought but a workman, I would have given
 him treatment
 Same as if he were the highest monarch in all the old
 country.
 Ralph clapped his hands and then shouted, Brave sister,
 you're patriotic!
 You have expressed my convictions, I can endorse all
 you've spoken.
 This was more than their vain mother could undergo, so
 she answered,
 O you provoking young striplings, you are both just like
 your father,
 Always admiring the common and making fun of the
 stylish;

Think for a moment, Drucilla, how other girls would have
prized it,
If they had had the rare privilege of waiting on Count
Von Remsburg,
They'd have kept talking about it till they were old and
gray headed.
How I wish both of you children had the least bit of re-
finement.
What would we do with it mother? answered Ralph, while
slyly winking,
We could not eat it nor drink it, nor make of it any
clothing;
Now, I am not a believer in anything that is useless,
And that which you call refinement is what I call vain and
foolish;
Take all mankind, take the richest, are they, because they
have money,
Fine clothes and mansions and so forth, more refined than
any others?
Not to my mind, I feel certain that the most humble and
lowly
Possess as much true refinement as the stiff aristocratic;
We have here in this large city, I can vouch for what I'm
saying,
Women who boast of refinement, who daily go to wine
dinners,
When they go home from those parties, you find them in
what condition?
In their closed cabs, beastly drunken, do not look wild, I
can prove it;
Women who act thus, I care not though their clothes
sparkle with jewels,
Have not a spark of refinement, don't deserve to be called
ladies;
Tell me now, honestly, mother, what do you know of this
german

Whom people call Count Von Remsburg, why don't you
 answer my question?
 Well, I can tell, you know nothing and for ought you know
 he may be
 A low mean gambler and scoundrel like many others with
 titles,
 For my part, I wouldn't bother my head the least bit about
 him,
 You did your duty toward him while he lay here in bed
 suff'ring.
 Not a word of contradiction did the vain mother once
 offer
 Gainst the sound argument Ralph had so very ably pre-
 sented ;
 With her lip turned up in scorn she out of the room quickly
 sauntered.

XIV

Four weeks had passed since Drucilla had heard of James
 being wounded ;
 For two weeks she had heard nothing of his condition, no
 letter
 From him had ever come to her, of course she could not
 expect one ;
 He lying wounded and helpless, perhaps completely un-
 conscious,
 To think of him writing letters, that would be out of the
 question.
 As the days passed by Drucilla grew very anxious and
 worried,
 Little cared she for the comp'ny which they had now
 almost daily,
 Wives of rich men of the city, flashly dressed, painted and
 powdered,
 Called on their friend, Mrs. Osburn who with great pride
 entertained them ;

But very often Drucilla would not come into the parlor,
 But in her room remained pond'ring over the fate of her
 lover.

Oft she sat quietly weeping, praying that he might recover ;
 Deep was the pain which she suffered, crushed was her
 poor soul with anguish ;

O, she would sigh, if I only knew he were living, I'd gladly
 Wait with the greatest of patience till he'd completely re-
 cover ;

But here I sit and no message comes to me of his condi-
 tion ;

Maybe he's dead and now lying buried beyond the broad
 ocean ;

The very thought made her shudder and she burst forth
 into weeping,

O, she cried, Father in heaven have mercy on me and spare
 him !

By and by she became calmer and o'er the matter sat
 pond'ring ;

Softly the winds seemed to whisper, Weep not, your lover
 is living.

Ah, she said softly, if only I could know how he is faring !
 But I feel sure he is living and that I some day shall see
 him

Well and as hearty as ever, he is not dead but still living,
 Seems to me that I now see him in the field hospital lying
 Under the knife of the surgeon, intense pain he is enduring,
 But he bears ev'rything bravely though his wounds pain
 him intensely ;

Day after day seems I see him battling with death ev'ry
 moment,

Slowly the ground he is gaining, see his wounds are nicely
 healing ;

Ah ! but again now I see him pale and still and scarcely
 breathing,

Father have mercy, he's dying, spare him, my only true
 lover.

O, he's not dead! see him moving, now his eyes open, he's
 smiling,
 Hark! the kind doctor is saying, Danger is past, he'll re-
 cover ;
 See, he grows gradually better, now from his bed he arises ;
 He's speaking, 'tis true, I can hear him, O, 'tis to me he
 is speaking,
 Truly I hear him, he's saying, fear not, I'm coming, Dru-
 cilla.
 She leaps from her chair, she is startled, she cries aloud;
 See, he's coming,
 She gazes around bewildered, the scene she beholds no
 longer.
 Smiling, before her, her brother stands gazing at her in
 wonder,
 Placing his arms gently round her, close to his bosom he
 drew her ;
 Then in her ear gently whispered, What is the matter,
 dear sister?
 O Ralph, she said, I've been dreaming! but I can scarcely
 believe it,
 Ev'rything seemed just so real, then her whole dream she
 related
 To Ralph who listened with int'rest and when she had
 finished he answered,
 Heaven grant that your dream, sister, may all prove true
 to a letter,
 But I came upstairs to tell you that Cousin Ruth and Aunt
 Liza
 Have come to pay us a visit and are both anxious to see
 you,
 Hasten and make up your toilet and come down into the
 parlor.
 What! Cousin Ruth and Aunt Liza? quickly inquired Dru-
 cilla,
 Come all the way from Chicago? well, I will come down
 directly ;

'Tis a long time since I've seen them, six years have passed,
yes, 'tis seven,

I was just thirteen years old then, Ruthie was just three
years younger;

It will delight me to see her, I am sure that she is pretty;
Yes, answered Ralph, she is handsome and also very good
natured,

Were it not that she's my cousin, I would make her my
wife surely.

Would you indeed? laughed Drucilla, maybe you'd not
have the making

All to do, it takes two persons as you know to make a
bargain.

O, said Ralph, laughing, I'd manage to win my suit in
some manner;

Don't you know that most young ladies are just like bad
colds, Drucilla?

Most of them easy to capture but very hard to get rid of.
As he stood laughing, Drucilla picked up a cushion and
threw it

At him while he ran off dodging just as the missile passed
by him.

My, he bawled out from the stairway, but you're a fine
shot Drucilla,

You should have gone with the captain off to the Philip-
pine Islands,

You'd have shot down all the Spaniards, ending the war in
short order.

Come, I'll behave now, dear sister, let us go down to the
parlor

Or I'm afraid they'll be thinking that you're not anxious
to see them.

So they both went down the stairway and in a moment
Drucilla

Found herself in the embraces of Cousin Ruth and Aunt
Liza,

Found herself also half smothered neath a large shower
of kisses.

Dear Cousin Ruth, said Drucilla, can it be you're a young
lady?

Seems but a short time since we were little girls playing
together;

But ne'ertheless I am happy once again to have the pleasure
Of having you pay us a visit, hope you will greatly enjoy
it.

Surely we shall, answered Ruthie, you can't imagine, Dru-
cilla,

How much real genuine pleasure it now affords me to see
you;

I have been planning this visit for the last three years but
mother

Never, it seems, could get ready but I at last got her
started.

Glad that at last you succeeded and we much hope that
your visit

Will not be short but quite lengthy, that you will spend
the whole summer

With us here in New York City, laughinly answered Dru-
cilla.

Not quite that long, said Aunt Liza, if we should stay here
all summer,

Father would think he was surely by us completely for-
saken;

And besides you and Aunt Ruthie, Cousin Ralph and
Uncle Joseph,

Soon would get tired and wish that we would both take
our departure;

But since we've come, we will manage to remain with you
a fortnight,

And I presume you will then be willing we take our de-
parture;

But, what's the matter, Drucilla? seems to me that you
look sickly,

Have you been ill very lately, you look pale and you seem nervous?

O no, she answered, while blushing, I've not been sick once this summer.

When she had finished, her mother turned to Aunt Liza and answered,

I can inform you, Aunt Liza, just what is ailing Drucilla; Love sickness is her affliction and she is badly affected.

What? said Aunt Liza, O tell me where does he live, in this city?

Is he some man of high standing, banker, or some high official?

I should think one of her standing, wealth and influence could capture

Some gentleman who stands very high in society circles.

No! said her mother, 'tis neither banker or some high official,

Though I much wish it might be so, if I had my way it would be;

There are young men in this city whom I know would be quite willing

To win her favor and many of them have fathers quite wealthy;

She will not listen to any of my entreaties a moment, All her thoughts center on Captain Long in the Philippine Islands;

He was a son of our neighbor when we still lived in the country,

He went to school with Drucilla and she thinks there is none like him;

When our troops captured Manilla Captain Long was badly wounded,

Newspapers said there was little hope that he'd ever recover.

For three weeks she has heard nothing of his condition or whether

He has died or is still living, that's why she's looking so
sickly;
I have tried hard to persuade her to give him up and en-
deavor
To win some one who is wealthy, some young man in New
York City;
Captain Long's not worth a dollar, only a son of a farmer
Who owns a few stony acres up on the Laurel Hill moun-
tains.

Listen to me now a moment, hear me with patience, dear
reader

While I thus briefly acquaint you with our new friend,
Aunt Eliza.

She had once lived on the mountains and her folks were
plain and common,

They were so poor that Eliza had to work out as a servant;
When she was twenty she married Joe Osburn's brother,
Ulyses.

After three years he concluded to go out west and there
enter

Into farm implement business, so they moved into Chicago,
Times were then good and he prospered, rapidly grew to
be wealthy,

And at the same time Eliza grew very vain and bought
dresses

Costing a straight thousand dollars and all poor people
she hated.

When Mrs. Osburn had finished telling her story, Aunt
Liza

Tore her eyes open, astonished, then her glib tongue
quickly loosened

And with disdain she proceeded to give Drucilla a cen-
sure.

Shame on you, Cousin Drucilla, you should respect your
relations;

Think of a girl of your standing snubbing the sons of rich
 merchants,
 Bankers or railroad officials, choosing instead a poor
 captain,
 Son of a poor backwoods farmer, really, I scarce can be-
 lieve it.

To this outburst of rude censure answer was made very
 quickly
 By the quick witted Drucilla, thus she replied to her Aunt
 Liza,
 Really, I must say, Aunt Liza, that I am greatly aston-
 ished
 At the rude, unkind abuses you have just now heaped upon
 me ;
 You think I should have respect for, as you say, my own
 relations,
 I can assure you I do have for ev'ry one who is honest ;
 Not for those only who live in New York or other
 large cities,
 I have respect for those even who are but poor backwoods
 farmers,
 But it appears that you, Auntie, have respect only for rich
 ones.
 Son of a poor backwoods farmer, what were you one day,
 Aunt Liza ?
 Tell me now, what was your father, tell me, Aunt Liza,
 why don't you ?
 Well, if you don't, I will tell you, he was a poor back-
 woods farmer,
 He was so poor when you married, he could not give you
 a dollar,
 And when you went to Chicago, your husband hadn't two
 dollars
 That he could call his own money, all he possessed he had
 borrowed.

Should have respect for relations? surely you should have,
 Aunt Liza,
 Surely Aunt, you still remember when you worked out as
 a servant,
 How you scrubbed floors and washed dishes and dared not
 eat with your mistress?
 What, you have no recollections? well, you are very for-
 getful,
 Well, never mind, there are others who well remember
 about it;
 People who were at your wedding know what your wed-
 ding dress cost you,
 If you don't know just ask father, he will be able to tell
 you.
 Just at that moment her father stood in the doorway be-
 fore them,
 He had been out in the hallway and heard the whole con-
 versation,
 Now he advanced to Drucilla, saying, my dear, you have
 spoken
 Words that are true as the Gospel, I was a guest at the
 wedding
 When your Aunt Liza was married and I remember she
 told me
 That her dress cost but three dollars, I suppose if she had
 known that
 She would some day be quite wealthy, she would not likely
 have told me.
 All is true that you have spoken, Aunt Liza need not deny
 it.
 Turning, he said to Aunt Liza, You have said, shame, to
 my daughter
 All because she like a noble woman is true to her lover;
 Shame on your conduct, Aunt Liza, you must have lost
 all your manners,
 I would not give my Drucilla for all your kind in creation,

Nor would I give the brave captain, who at this moment
 lies wounded,
 For all the sons of rich bankers you can find in all Chicago,
 For I revere a brave soldier more than a man with ten
 millions.

Burning with rage, Aunt Eliza hastily fled from the parlor,
 Then Mrs. Osburn proceeded to soundly lecture her hus-
 band,
 But he just sat and laughed at her till she could stand it
 no longer
 And went to seek consolation from the vain hearted Aunt
 Liza.
 During this time Cousin Ruthie sat by the side of Dru-
 cilla,
 Now that her mother and aunt had gone from the room,
 she embraced her
 And in her ear softly whispered, You're in the right, dear
 Drucilla,
 Stick to your lover, the captain, keep no account of my
 mother,
 All she can think of is money, of the rich folks and high
 standing;
 I like, myself, to dress neatly, 'tis right when one can af-
 ford it,
 But I respect all poor people who are upright, good and
 honest,
 And I despise any person, though he be worth many mil-
 lions,
 If he be mean and dishonest, I have no use for such
 people;
 And when it comes down to choosing one for a lifelong
 companion,
 I will have no interference from gadabouts or match-
 makers;
 You acted bravely, Drucilla, nobly indeed you defended

Him who so richly deserves it, glad am I that you have
 done so,
 Hope you will always continue thus at all times to defend
 him;
 If my Aunt Ruthie and mother choose to be so vain and
 foolish,
 I will assure you, Drucilla, that I will ever stand by you.
 Turning, Drucilla then answered, Thank you, dear cousin,
 I'm happy
 To have you for a companion, you have brought to me
 great comfort;
 Say what they will, I'm determined I will myself choose
 my comp'ny,
 Mother can storm all she pleases, say what she likes 'bout
 the captain,
 All her ado will not serve to turn me the least bit against
 him;
 She can talk sons of rich bankers till she is tired, I'll
 never
 Take the least notice of any of her vain, foolish sugges-
 tions;
 I will be true to my promise no matter what it may cost
 me.

Brave girl, dear cousin, said Ruthie, your fortitude I ad-
 mire,
 Stick to your promise and never let anything ever cause
 you
 To go back on it, I really think there is no one more
 wicked
 Than she who makes an engagement with a young man
 and then breaks it.
 Turning her eyes to the window, Ruthie exclaimed, Look
 Drucilla,
 Some one is coming to see you, see, a fine carriage is
 stopping,

There are two gentlemen getting out of the carriage, who are they?

Up to the front door they're coming, do you not know them, Drucilla?

No, said Drucilla, I do not, but at that I do not wonder, It is a thing very common for men to come who are strangers,

Many have business with father, no doubt these men want to see him;

I will inform him they're coming, then he can go out to meet them.

Into the hallway she hastened, calling, come father, where are you?

Here! said a voice from the stairway, what can I do for my daughter?

Two men are coming to see you, go to the door and invite them

Into the parlor and seat them, no doubt they've come here on business.

To the front door Mr. Osburn hastened and there in the doorway

Stood the two men, when they saw him both bowed their heads quite politely,

Then one spoke in broken english, Goot morning friend, be you Meester

Osburn, I plieve dot's de name sir, deese vas de blase vot dey told me?

Yes, sir, my friend, you are right sir, I'm the man whom they call Osburn,

But I don't think that I know you, tell me, I pray, what's your name sir?

My name it vas, vell, I tells you, in german, Hans Von Schwartzburger,

Und deese here man vot vas mit me is vot vas hurt by your twelling,

Deese man is de Count Von Remsburg, he's comed to say tanks mit you sir;

He can speak leetle mit english, to speak in his blace he brings me.

Ho, ho! is this Count Von Remsburg? cooly exclaimed Joseph Osburn,

Ruthie, Drucilla, where are you? but the girls both had departed.

Up to her room fled Drucilla, Ruthie ran out to her mother, O! she exclaimed, quite excited, mother, Aunt Ruthie, come quickly

Into the parlor, two persons have come to pay you a visit; They are two prominent germans, one of them is Count Von Remsburg.

As she spoke thus her Aunt Ruthie stared at her in silent wonder;

Shocked by surprise, for some moments she could not utter a sentence.

After regaining composure she and Aunt Liza both ventured

Into the parlor, Joe Osburn to the two men introduced them.

As the Count could not speak english, he, through the other young german,

Spoke to the ladies and mentioned how for long weeks he had suffered

From the results of his coasting, wondered how he could e'er thank them

For the great care and attention which they so kindly had given

To him while he badly wounded, on their bed helpless was lying,

Wished he might see the young lady who had so faithfully served him.

Well, said her mother, I'll call her, Come down, Drucilla, you're wanted.

I will not come, said Drucilla, I am now writing a letter Which I desire to finish, ask them, I pray, to excuse me.

Shame on your actions, Drucilla, how can you thus treat
 your comp'ny?
 Come down, I tell you, this minute, or you will some day
 be sorry.
 Some day be sorry? I wonder what 'twould be for? said
 Drucilla;
 Maybe I shall but I'm willing on that score to take my
 chances.
 Seeing that threat'ning prevailed not on her to come, Mrs.
 Osburn
 Changed her tactics and tried coaxing, saying, do come
 now, Drucilla.
 After some moments Drucilla with great reluctance con-
 sented,
 Went as a matter of duty more than a matter of pleasure;
 Once in the parlor her mother strained ev'ry effort to
 have her
 Pay to the Count strict attention though she could not
 understand him.
 Scarce had she entered the parlor ere the Count spoke
 through his mouthpiece
 And quickly made known the object of his trip, it was as
 follows,
 He had crossed over the ocean to our land and his one
 purpose
 In coming to Uncle Sam's borders was to find some fair
 young lady
 Who would be willing to have him and he had fallen
 completely
 In love with their charming daughter who had so faith-
 fully nursed him
 During the days he lay wounded in their house and he
 now asked that

Their daughter might now be given him for a life long companion.

As the interpreter quoted the words Count Rensburg had uttered,

Joe Osburn smiled and then answered, You're too late, for she is promised;

Scarce could he restrain his laughter for he well knew how his daughter

Would treat Count Rensburg's proposal, but Mrs. Osburn at once said,

Yes! she will certainly do it, think of the honor 'twill bring us!

Give him your answer, Drucilla, give it at once, I implore you.

Quick as a flash came the answer from the undaunted Drucilla,

And she replied, Yes, I'll freely answer at once, I am ready,

Here it is, No, I will never go back on my solemn promise Which I have made, it is binding and will be binding forever;

No! you may tell Mr. Rensburg, or your grand Count, as you call him,

That I don't want him, 'tis useless for him to press his suit further.

Red as the flames of the fire flushed both the cheeks of her mother

And she became very angry, then she burst forth in her fury,

Ungrateful daughter, you foolish, selfish and no account strumpet,

Think of the chance you are missing, think how we all will be humbled;

Epithets like these she showered cruelly on poor Drucilla

Till the poor girl fell to weeping, but Mrs. Osburn continued,
 Weep, you young wretch! you had better, you will have
 more cause to later,
 Either you marry Count Remsburg or you leave my house
 forever!
 At this point, up rose her husband and very calmly rebuked her,
 Not quite so fast, my dear Ruthie, I'll have the say in that
 matter,
 You are not yet quite head master of this shebang I can
 tell you,
 And as for choosing a husband, that shall be left to Drucilla;
 She will, I know use much better judgment than I did
 when choosing
 One for a lifelong companion, I made a bad stagger at it,
 She has just given her answer, now then torment her no
 further,
 I am not seeking a rumpus, but I'll see that she gets justice.
 Turning, he said very gently, Go to your room now, Drucilla,
 You are not strong and excitement will not help you to
 get better.
 Thank you, dear father, she answered, I will do as you
 suggested;
 Quickly she rose and departed, glad to be rid of the
 presence
 Of the distinguished young german, nothing cared she
 for his title.
 Then said her mother, Aunt Liza, what do you think of
 this matter,
 Isn't it perfectly foolish to reject such a grand offer?
 Yes, said Aunt Liza, 'tis awful, really, I scarce can believe it,

I am sure that if my daughter had such a chance she
 would take it ;
 But some girls are so contrary, never will heed admonition,
 Think they know better than others who have had broader
 experience ; ;
 But I think we can induce her yet to accept Count Von
 Remsburg.
 Yes, said her mother, I think so, and I think that I shall
 tell him
 To call again, in the meantime we will try hard to per-
 saude her.
 So Count Von Remsburg departed after he had been en-
 couraged
 By Mrs. Osburn to hope for better success in the future.
 He should return two days later when he could press his
 suit farther.

Now! said her mother, Aunt Liza, I shall expect you and
 Ruthie
 To use your utmost endeavors to turn the mind of Dru-
 cilla.
 During that ev'ning Aunt Liza coaxed and entreated
 Drucilla
 To give heed to the grand offer made to her by Count
 Von Remsburg,
 But to her pleadings Drucilla firmly replied, No, I'll never!
 Leaving her neice, she sought Ruthie, saying, I can not,
 my daughter,
 Do anything with your cousin, will you not go and en-
 treat her?
 Go to her room and remind her of the great chance she'll
 be missing,
 Doubtless she will be more ready to give heed to your en-
 treaties,
 For you seem to be her fav'rite of her whole crowd of
 relations.

Mother, said Ruthie, I love her, nothing would please me
 as much as
 To see her marry Count Remsburg, for then she would
 meet the Kaizer ;
 At the court she'd be presented and have the title of
 countess ;
 I will go up and entreat her, do what I can to induce her
 To give heed to the proposal made to her by Count Von
 Remsburg,
 But I will not hurt her feelings, but will respect her con-
 victions ;
 While I myself very quickly would accept such a proposal,
 'Tis not the least of my business what she may choose in
 such matters.
 Leaving her mother she hastened off again to find Drucilla,
 Soon the two cousins were seated side by side chatting to-
 gether.
 Ruthie exclaimed, Dear Drucilla, do you not think you are
 foolish
 To let a chance pass unheeded such as to you has been
 offered?
 Think of the fame it would give you all of the leading
 newspapers
 Throughout the land would announce it and we would
 soon see your picture
 In magazines and the people throughout the land would
 all wonder,
 Ev'rywhere they would be asking, Who is this Drucilla
 Osburn,
 Who the newspapers have stated is engaged to Count Von
 Remsburg?
 You would cross over the ocean, people their eyes would
 be straining
 To catch first sight of the vessel on which the Count was
 returning ;
 Eagerly they would be watching to catch a glimpse of the
 countess ;

Think how you would be presented at the court of that
great empire,
Germany, and meet the Kaizer, think of the honor, Drucilla?

Surely, if you now reject it, you before long will be sorry.

Like the bright sun just emerging from the black cloud
after thunder,

Lightning and terrible earthquake had consternation created,

Drucilla's face beamed with beauty and in sweet accents she answered,

You have been speaking, dear Ruthie, much of the very
great honor

Which I would soon be receiving if I'd accept Count Von
Remsburg.

Let me, dear, ask you a question and let your answer be
honest,

If before God you had promised ever to be true and faithful
To a dear friend who reposes greatest of confidence in you,

And should you, without good reason, ever go back on
your promise,

Do you suppose for a moment you would deserve the least
honor?

I must confess, answered Ruthie, that I believe such a
person

Would be dishonest and should be ostracized by all good
people,

Then, said Drucilla, why will you argue this question still
further?

For I have long ago given myself to one whom I honor
More than all emperors, princes, counts and all others
blue blooded;

What do I know of Count Remsburg? many of his kind
are gamblers,

Most of american ladies who married counts, dukes or
 others,
 Soon had great cause to regret it and were soon seeking
 divorces ;
 I know him to whom I've promised, who for his country
 lies wounded
 Far away over the ocean, willing to die if must needs be ;
 I, indeed, feel highly honored that of all girls he has
 chosen
 Me, a plain, common young maiden, for his helpmeet and
 companion.
 Before he crossed o'er the ocean, solemnly I made the
 promise
 That I would ever prove faithful to him and in me he
 trusted.
 Knowing this, could you now ask me to break so solemn
 a promise?
 I know that you Cousin Ruthie, are very proud and ambi-
 tious
 To move among the swell classes, still I believe you are
 honest
 And that you now will confess that what I am doing is
 proper?

Like the proud, unjust accuser who has exhausted all
 efforts
 To convict innocent victims, who at each turn has been
 answered,
 Like Job's three haughty accusers, who having failed to
 convict him,
 Finding no words any longer with which they could give
 expression,
 Ceased to contend any further with righteous Job in the
 matter,
 So Cousin Ruthie no longer could further argument utter.
 Thoroughly humbled she answered You are quite right,
 dear Drucilla,

Never go back on your promise, after all nothing is greater
 Than a clear conscience which millions never can purchase,
 I'd rather
 Live in one room and be honest than be a thief in a palace.

Two days passed by, in the meantime Mrs. Osburn and
 Aunt Liza
 Put forth the greatest of efforts to change the mind of
 Drucilla;
 But the brave girl still undaunted, to all entreaties said,
 never!
 When the two days had expired and the Count called at
 the mansion
 To get his answer, Drucilla would not allow him to see
 her.
 Angry and almost hysteric, Mrs. Osburn told Count Rems-
 burg
 Not to give up that she'd manage yet to persuade her to
 have him,
 He should return the next summer and she would humbly
 assure him,
 She would have made all arrangements by that time for a
 grand wedding.
 With this assurance Count Remsburg from New York
 took his departure,
 Set sail for home that same ev'ning, thinking he'd captured
 an heiress.
 As the ship ploughed through the ocean, proudly did young
 Count Von Remsburg
 Strut about o'er the deck daily, thinking how rich he had
 struck it;
 He had heard that Mr. Osburn was at least worth 'bout
 two millions,
 Only two children to get it, he would be sure of one mil-
 lion.
 That he might still be rejected, was a thing he had not
 dreamed of,

For in his country the parents chose for their daughter a
 husband.
 Alas! for the foolish count, little knowledge he gained of
 the customs
 Concerning marriage engagements in the free land of
 Columbia.
 He had not learned how the daughters, in Uncle Sam's
 vast dominions,
 Had their own way in the choosing for themselves hus-
 bands, though mothers
 Often have tried hard to boss them and in some instances
 force them
 To marry men who were worthless, miserable and low
 lived scoundrels;
 Little knew he that Drucilla had a will stronger than iron
 Which all the glib tongued matchmakers could not divert
 from her purpose.
 Had the Count more fully known her he would not have
 been so sanguine.

Two weeks had passed since Count Remsburg had for his
 homeland departed
 Ev'ry day during that period Mrs. Osburn and Aunt Liza
 Coaxed and tormented Drucilla till she was well nigh
 heart broken.
 Tired and forlorn one ev'ning, she very early retired;
 When she awoke the next morning she felt quite ill and
 when Ruthie
 Called her to come down to breakfast, she replied she was
 not able.
 When Ruthie made the announcement to the folks, Ralph
 said, No wonder,
 'Tis no more than I expected from the way she has been
 worried
 By two old women whose notions would indicate both were
 crazy;

Then before either Aunt Liza or his own mother could
 chide him,
 Up the stairway he had hastened, into the room of his
 sister.
 Suddenly he became startled and his whole frame shook
 with horror,
 For on the bed lay Drucilla pale as a corpse, she had
 fainted.
 Out he sped into the hallway, crying, O father, send
 quickly
 For a physician, Drucilla, my darling sister is dying!
 At this most startling announcement, Mrs. Osburn and
 Aunt Liza
 Both gave loud shrieks and stood wringing their hands
 and bitterly weeping.
 In a short time the physician made his appearance and
 gazed on
 The pale face of poor Drucilla, gave a few simple direc-
 tions,
 What they should do to revive her, while he stood by over-
 seeing.
 Soon she showed signs of reviving and her blue eyes
 slowly opened,
 Wildly she stared all about her, bending down, Ralph
 softly whispered,
 Do you feel better, dear sister? at which she smiled very
 faintly.
 Seeing her smile Mr. Osburn gently bent o'er her and
 kissed her;
 But when her aunt and her mother came to her bedside
 she uttered
 One long, loud scream of great terror and turned her face
 away from them.
 Very strange, said the physician, she should get scared at
 her mother.
 Not very strange, said her brother, then before either his
 mother

Or his Aunt Liza could answer, Ralph to the doctor re-
 lated
 All that had recently happened and capped his story by
 saying,
 They have that poor girl tormented until she has been
 prostrated.
 When Ralph had finished his story, for a few moments
 the doctor
 Stood there in silence, still gazing on the pale face of
 Drucilla,
 Said he, at last, I'm disgusted, just like some silly old
 women,
 Rattle-brained and narrow-minded, gadabouts, foolish
 matchmakers,
 Whimsical, proud and insisting ever upon their young
 daughters
 To do something that will make them famous and never
 consider
 Whether the person sought by them is even honest or
 whether
 He is a thief or a gambler, nothing could be more dis-
 gusting.
 Turning then to Mrs. Osburn he addressed her, very
 sternly,
 Well, I must say you two women have made a sorrowful
 blunder,
 You will have cause to regret it, doubtful if she will re-
 cover.
 At this grave, startling announcement, both of the women
 grew frantic,
 O, oh, oh! cried Mrs. Osburn, save my poor darling Dru-
 cilla!
 Stop your boo hooing and yelling, sternly demanded the
 doctor,
 Do not excite her still further, you have done damage
 sufficient;

Go to work and give attention to her and do not neglect
 her,
 She must be kept very quiet, see that no person disturbs
 her,
 I will return in the morning, give her the best of atten-
 tion.
 As he departed Ralph followed and when he was out of
 hearing,
 Said to the doctor, now tell me, do you think her case is
 serious?
 No, said the doctor, I only wanted to scare those old
 women,
 She is quite ill but I think that in a few days she'll be
 better ;
 But when you told me your story, I thought 'twould only
 be serving
 Them about right if I'd frighten both half to death, don't
 you think so?
 Yes, said Ralph, laughing, you truly served them both
 right, they deserved it.

XV

Softly the ocean's calm breezes on a bright morning were
 blowing
 As the ship bearing Count Remsburg proudly rode into
 the harbor ;
 Soon on the shore he was walking proudly along, he scarce
 noticed
 Anything for he was thinking of his prospective good
 fortune.
 Suddenly some one addressed him, Hey there, old fellow,
 how are you?
 Then his gay face quickly clouded and his heart grew sick
 within him,
 For he beheld Carl Von Schweitzer, an old professional
 gambler,

To whom he owed twenty thousand marks and had nothing
to pay with.

For a few moments he stood there like one completely
bewildered,

Finally, he slowly stammered, Well, Carl Von Schweitzer,
how are you?

Very well sir, he responded, glad indeed am I to see you,
But I dare say you are sorry that you have met me, now
aint you?

Well, I see you will not answer, but there's no use of
your trying

To play your game any longer, you can no longer evade
me;

For ten months I have been waiting for you to pay me
that money

Now, I will give you till morning to pay it all, yes, I
mean it,

If you again fail to do it, I will expose the whole matter.
As he spoke, Count Remsburg trembled and said, Now
hear me Herr Schweitzer,

Truly I'm bankrupt and can not pay you that bill in the
morning;

I am not lying, now listen and I will make you a promise,
And if you wish it I'm willing to put the contract in
writing;

Next summer I'm going to marry a young american
woman

Who will inherit a million dollars of Uncle Sam's money ;
Now if you're willing to wait me till I come back from
my wedding,

I will pay you thirty thousand marks on the day of my
landing.

What? said Carl Schweitzer, you're joking, going to
marry a lady

Worth a whole million of dollars? well, you have been
very lucky.

If that's the case, I will wait you, for if I don't I will
 never
 Get e'en a part for I'm certain that the fine clothes you
 are wearing
 Are not your own for I'll warrant none of them ever were
 paid for;
 Make out your papers at once then, I will accept your
 proposal,
 Meet me at seven this ev'ning and we will both sign the
 contract.
 So the two gamblers departed, each very highly elated,
 One o'er the prospects of gaining ten thousand marks in
 excess of
 What the Count owed him, the other over the prospect of
 keeping
 His shocking deeds from the public, which, if made known
 would disgrace him.

Three months had passed since Drucilla had been pro-
 trated, her illness
 Several months had confined her to her bed room and the
 doctor
 Said 'twas exceedingly doubtful whether indeed she'd be
 able
 Out of the house e'en to venture during the cold wintry
 weather.
 Patiently she had endured it, saying her sickness was noth-
 ing
 When compared with the great worry she had each day
 to contend with.
 Four months had passed since her lover had his misfor-
 tune, no letter
 Had she received from him since then, though she had
 heard through the papers,
 He was still living, but whether he was improving she
 knew not.

O, if he were only able to write one line, how she'd prize
 it!
 It would, she knew, make her better just as soon as she
 would read it.
 With her heart thus filled with anguish, drearily she passed
 the winter,
 Those were dark days for Drucilla, no one e'er knew what
 she suffered.
 When April made its appearance she scarcely seemed any
 better,
 She was still weak and quite nervous, so her kind father
 determined
 To send her off to another climate where she would get
 stronger.
 When he made known his intentions to her, Drucilla con-
 sented.
 You are quite weak, dear Drucilla, said he to her, as he
 kissed her,
 I shall indeed sadly miss you, but for your sake I will
 bear it,
 Where do you think you would like to go for the summer,
 Drucilla?
 Father, said she, rather faintly, I believe that I would
 rather
 Go out into Colorado, to the great city of Denver,
 But I could not make the journey all alone, who would
 go with me?
 Said he, I'd thought of that matter and I have fully de-
 cided
 That Ralph shall go along with you, how do you think
 that would suit you?
 There was no need of an answer for the sweet face of
 Drucilla
 Fairly glowed with the great pleasure his words had to
 her occasioned.
 Soon all the plans were completed for the long, wearis-
 some journey,

'Twas in the middle of April when they began their trip
westward.

Though Mrs. Osburn was worried very much over the
illness

Which had prostrated Drucilla, yet she still clung to her
purpose

To make her marry Count Remsburg when he returned
the next summer.

Just as Drucilla was starting with Ralph upon their long
journey,

Her mother said, Now remember and come back by next
September,

For you know that Count Von Remsburg will be here
then to receive you,

I will have all your clothes ready and other things for
your wedding.

To these words Drucilla answered, laughing at her in de-
cision,

I will be back by September if all goes well, I assure you ;
But to her father she whispered, But I will also assure her
That she will send Count Von Remsburg back to his
country without me.

With a grim smile of approval, her father answered,
Brave daughter,

Stand your ground firmly, you'll conquer for you are right
in this matter.

After farewells had been spoken, they started on their
long journey

Over the hills and through valleys, over the vast western
prairies,

Crossing the broad Mississippi, thundering through the
dark tunnels.

As the gray streaks of the sunlight shown o'er the tops
of the mountains,

Down on the city of Denver, to the great city proclaiming

That a new day was approaching, soon were seen vast
throongs of people
Here and there throughout the city, all was great tumult
and bustle
Round the large depot where trav'lers always were coming
and going ;
Soon an express train came rushing into the large union
station,
Out from its many long coaches poured forth a huge
stream of trav'lers,
Draymen and cabmen were yelling, porters too, lifted
their voices,
Each one proclaiming his hotel was the best in the whole
city.
In the midst of the vast comp'ny, two young folks were
seen emerging,
They were our Ralph and Drucilla, now at the end of
their journey.
Wearied with trav'ling, Drucilla was faint and nearly ex-
hausted ;
Quickly Ralph had her conducted to a hotel and then sum-
moned
Forth a physician who gave her all the attention she
needed.
For a whole week she scarce ventured out of her room
but at last she
Seemed to be growing some stronger and began walking
a little
During each day and her doctor said she was daily im-
proving.
Though she was now a long distance from her home in
New York City,
And she no longer was taunted by her own mother con-
cerning
Count Von Remsburg, the blue blooded, whom she in-
sisted Drucilla

Should bind herself to forever and be home by next September,

For the one purpose of joining herself to that foolish German;

Though free, I say, from their taunting, yet she continually worried

O'er Captain Long's great misfortune, in being wounded so badly.

Daily she worried and wondered whether again she'd e'er see him.

In Ralph alone she confided, told him what was her chief trouble,

He then became very anxious for the welfare of his sister. Daily he watched the newspapers, hoping for some information

Which would bring some consolation to poor down-hearted Drucilla.

As he sat glancing, once ev'ning, hurriedly over his paper, Suddenly he was confronted by some news from Sanfrancisco,

Saying that several soldiers of the Tenth Regiment started On their home journey and hoped to reach home some time in mid August.

Ralph, said Drucilla if only we could be in Sanfrancisco When they arrive they could doubtless give to us some information

As to the Captain's condition, how glad I'd be to receive it,

I would begin to get better that very day I feel certain.

Sister, said Ralph, there is nothing in the whole world that can hinder

Us from at once starting westward, let us decide that we'll do it,

For I feel certain, dear sister, unless you get information Very soon, you will be broken down in your health and completely

You will colapse and 'tis doubtful whether you'll ever re-
cover,

Let us be ready for starting by ten o'clock in the morning,
'Tis for your welfare, I'm willing to spend my very last
dollar

Rather than lose my dear sister, what do you say, dear
Drucilla

Over the face of Drucilla spread a broad smile of true
pleasure

Which told her answer as plainly as any words could
express it;

In sweetest accents she answered, truly, you're thought-
ful, dear brother,

I am sure that I'll enjoy it, let us be ready till morning
To go on to California for I will never get better
Till I receive information of him of whom I am thinking
Ev'ry day, yes, ev'ry minute, when I awake in the morning,
He is the first that I think of and when my eyes close in
slumber

He is the last in my mem'ry, if I once get information
That he is sure to recover, I will get well in short order.
Ha, ha! said Ralph, ev'ry moment did you say that you
were thinking

Of Captain Long? well, I'd like to know when you do any
thinking

Of that blue blooded Count Remsburg whom mother says
you're to marry

When you come home next September, think it is time
you're beginning?

Soon the great Count will be coming over in great pomp
to claim you,

Better make ready, Drucilla, think of the very great honor.
Thus did Ralph teasingly taunt her, trying to look very
sober

But in spite of his great efforts, Drucilla observed a twink-
ling



For your health sister, I'm willing to spend my very last dollar.

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In his gray eyes which amused her and she mischievously
 answered,
 That is right, Ralph, I had better be giving him some at-
 tention
 For I'm concerned just as much as you are about that
 great matter.
 This was too much for her brother, his merriment could
 no longer
 Be restrained by him, and he burst forth with a loud vol-
 ume of laughter.
 No use to argue, he answered, I will surrender, Drucilla,
 You would, I believe, make a horse laugh with your dry
 humorous answers.

Morning dawned and the bright sunbeams shone o'er the
 city of Denver,
 Softly the breezes were blowing, waving the trees on the
 mountains,
 Huge branches laden with verdure shook like the ocean's
 great billows,
 Such were the scenes which Drucilla and Ralph bade fare-
 well that morning,
 As they began their trip westward, bound for the Golden
 Gate Harbor;
 Mile after mile over mountains and through some pic-
 turesque gorges,
 Through some deep canons and over beautiful rivers and
 brooklets;
 Thus they two days kept traversing many miles of west-
 ern country,
 Over the Sierra Nevadas, through some dense evergreen
 forests,
 Wearily onward they journeyed, beautiful scenery some-
 times
 Absorbed Drucilla's attention so that at times her great
 anguish

For Captain Long was forgotten and her pale cheeks
glowed with pleasure.

After long hours of trav'ling they reached a beautiful
river;

Oh! said Drucilla, I wonder what the name is of this
river?

I am not certain, Ralph answered, but I think 'tis Sacra-
mento.

Hearing them speaking, a lady, seated in front of them
answered,

You are right, 'tis Sacramento and we are near to the city
Bearing the same name, this country is where gold was
first discovered.

Good, said Drucilla, we'll soon be at the end of our long
journey

For I know that Sacramento is not far from Sanfrancisco.

Just as the bright sun was setting and the soft twilight
was stealing

Over the Golden Gate harbor, into the city came thunder-
ing,

With hissing steam and bell ringing, whistling of air
brakes and grating

Of her brake bars, the express train bringing our weary
worn trav'lers,

Ralph and Drucilla into the great city of Sanfrancisco.

Soon from the coaches emerging were seen large numbers
of people,

Then from the crowd round the station rose a great tu-
mult of voices,

Have a cab, sir, I will take you to any part of the city?

Baggage transferred, where's your check sir? here's where
you get hot coffee,

Golden Gate house, here's your porter, carry your satchel
and coat sir?

Ralph and Drucilla were jostled here and there as they
attempted

To make their way through the monstrous crowd that
 around them was standing ;
 In a short time they were seated in a sleek cab and were
 driven
 To a hotel where they shortly afterwards sat down to
 supper.
 Weary with trav'ling, they early sought out their rooms
 and retired.
 When Ralph arose the next morning he felt refreshed
 but Drucilla
 Did not feel able to leave her room nor to come down to
 breakfast ;
 Ralph quickly summoned a doctor, for he became very
 anxious
 Lest the long journey had proven detrimental to Drucilla,
 But the physician assured him he had no reason whatever
 To be alarmed that she only had been fatigued by the
 journey,
 She has no need of the service of a physician whatever,
 Let her take rest and I'll warrant in a few days she'll be
 stronger,
 When she feels strong enough take her out for a ride in a
 carriage ;
 Then with a hearty, good morning, the doctor took his
 departure.
 After a few days Drucilla said she was feeling much
 better,
 So Ralph engaged a cab driver to take them out to the
 harbor.
 As they turned round a street corner suddenly they were
 confronted
 With the Pacific's great waters, stretching far off in the
 distance,
 Here and there steamers were ploughing through the vast
 volume of water,
 Some were just ent'ring the harbor, home from a weary,
 long journey,

Passengers were seen embarking on a huge steam ocean
liner,
Now the huge whistle has sounded, now the gang plank
has been lifted,
Hear the huge engines now groaning as the huge vessel
moves forward,
See her huge paddle wheels turning, hear the sea's waters
loud splashing
As she moves out of the harbor into the ocean's vast
waters.
Hundreds of kerchiefs are waving from those on deck, to
their loved ones
Whom they are leaving behind them, and those on shore
wave an answer
To their dear friends now departing on their long perilous
journey.
Ralph and Drucilla stood watching as the huge vessel pro-
ceeded
Out o'er the ocean's vast waters, watched her grow dim-
mer and dimmer.
Now they behold in the distance a dim speck on the horizon,
Now it draws nearer and nearer, 'tis a huge vessel ap-
proaching.
Look, said Drucilla, 'tis coming straight for the Golden
Gate harbor,
'Tis an exceedingly large one, wonder with what it is laden?
'Tis a United States transport, said the cab driver, 'tis
bringing
Some of the Philippine soldiers whom we have long been
expecting.
See, said Ralph, see the name Hancock, that is the name
of the transport
On which the Tenth, Pennsylvania soldiers set sail, O
Drucilla,
Now we shall meet them and likely we will receive in short
order

News of the Captain's condition, how I wish he were
 among them.
 Nearer and nearer the transport drew to the Golden Gate
 harbor,
 On her top mast high above them floated Old Glory
 triumphant;
 Into the harbor she enters, hark, hear the cheering on
 board her!
 See the young blue coated soldiers bending out over the
 railing,
 Yelling much like men distracted, people on shore get
 excited,
 Gray headed old men and women mingle with those who
 are younger,
 Ev'ry one eager to welcome those heroes back to the home-
 land,
 Now the band peals forth the music, hear them play Star
 Spangled Banner,
 My Country 'tis of thee, Marching through Georgia and
 Yankee Doodle;;
 Now the huge steamer has anchored and all on board are
 preparing
 To disembark, see the soldiers marching out from the huge
 transport,
 See, four are bearing a stretcher on which is lying a com-
 rade,
 They give to him strict attention, carefully onward they
 bear him;
 Ralph and Drucilla have left their cab and are now stand-
 ing closely
 By the gang plank where the soldiers are marching out
 from the vessel.
 O, cried Drucilla, see yonder! what are those four soldiers
 bearing?
 Some wounded comrade, come nearer for I am anxious to
 see him.

Nearer the soldiers came, bearing tenderly their wounded comrade,

Now they come to where Drucilla stands with Ralph eagerly waiting,

Now she can gaze on the face of him whom they bear on the stretcher;

Only one glance does she give him, with a loud scream she darts forward

Into the midst of the soldiers bearing their comrade, she utters,

James, O dear James! then fell fainting on to her young lover's bosom.

At the first scream of Drucilla the wounded soldier glanced upward,

Uttered but one word, Drucilla, and as she fell he embraced her,

Then he too fainted, the soldiers all stood gazing with wonder.

Ralph made a brief explanation to them and several soldiers tenderly lifted Drucilla and to a cot safely bore her

And then the regiment doctor gave his entire attention

To both the patients and soon he to consciousness had restored them.

After Drucilla recovered she at once went to the Captain, O what a greeting took place then, no words of mine can describe it.

Soldiers stood gazing in silence for they all loved their brave Captain;

Finally one of them ventured, it was the army physician,

To say the Captain no doubt would right away be getting better,

And the brave Captain responded, I do not guess for I'm certain.

But, said the doctor, you'll never fully recover while lying

Here on a stretcher, come comrades, bear him up to the hospital.

One week had passed since the transport entered the Golden Gate harbor,
 During that one week Drucilla had become very much stronger;
 She would not stay at the hotel, all her friends could not persuade her,
 Day after day she spent nursing Captain Long at the hospital
 And he had so far recovered that his physician assured him
 He could in two weeks time venture to make the trip o'er the country
 And could return at that season to his home in Pennsylvania.
 With this assurance the lovers with longing hearts now looked forward
 To the time in the near future when they'd be living together
 In their own home, O how happy both of them felt as they pondered
 Over their future intentions as they each day now discussed them.
 After a week more had passed by Drucilla felt that the Captain
 Was in a proper condition now to hear of her sore trials,
 So upon that very ev'ning as they sat on the porch talking,
 She the whole story related of the blue blooded Count Rensburg,
 How her own mother had urged her to reject him, her true lover,
 And be joined to Count Von Rensburg just because he had a title,
 Told him of all the arrangements her mother now would be making

For her to marry Count Remsburg when he'd return in
September.

As she related the story, James very eagerly listened,
When she had finished he clasped her in both his arms and
then fondly

Drew her close to him and planted on her sweet lips sev'ral
kisses ;

Said he, Drucilla my darling, you too have fought a fierce
battle,

But you have held the fort bravely, held it until the arrival
Of reinforcements and now we both will keep fighting
together

Till ev'ry foe shall be routed and will no longer molest us.
Yes, said Drucilla, we'll conquer for we'll fight with the
true weapons

Which to the faithful are given by our dear Father in
heaven ;

Look, here's a letter from mother, she seems to be very
anxious

That I return home at once for Count Von Remsburg is
expected

By the fourteenth of September, only two weeks yet, re-
member

I have the day set, the twentieth, I will have ev'rything
ready.

James and Drucilla laughed loudly o'er the contents of
that letter,

O, the poor Count! said James, really, are you not sorry,
Drucilla,

For the poor fellow, how gloomy will his trip be o'er the
ocean

As he returns broken hearted and bereft of a whole million
Dollars which he had expected to carry back along with
him

Yes, said Drucilla, I'm really sorry that he's been so foolish,
But he will learn a sad lesson before another month passes,
That some american ladies have yet enough independence

Left them to guide them in choosing persons to be their
 companions;
 He will return to his homeland wiser than ever I'll warrant.

It was the tenth of September when Ralph and James and
 Drucilla
 Bade farewell to Sanfrancisco and turned their faces back
 eastward.
 We will not follow them closely o'er their long wearisome
 journey,
 Five days it took them to make it and on the fifteenth they
 entered
 Into New York and their journey of many miles was now
 ended;
 None of their friends came to meet them for they had not
 even told them
 That they had left Sanfrancisco but had come home unex-
 pected;
 Captain Long went to a hotel for the young folks had been
 planning
 One of the greatest surprises for the folks who had in-
 tended
 To force Drucilla to marry Count Von Remsburg, the blue
 blooded.
 After the Captain departed, Ralph and Drucilla were driven
 To their home in a neat surrey which Ralph engaged at
 the depot.

It was a bright pleasant morning, gently the breezes were
 swaying
 Back and forth boughs of the maples in front of Joe Os-
 burn's mansion,
 On the front porch Joe sat reading while his wife hustled
 and bustled,
 Giving instructions to servants, setting the rooms in neat
 order,

For she expected Count Remsburg probably that very ev'-
 ning.
 As Joe sat reading his paper, up the street came a neat
 surrey,
 He gave it little attention, such a sight was very common,
 But when it stopped at his curbstone he laid aside his
 newspaper,
 But before he could inquire what the cab driver had come
 for,
 Out sprang a young man and lady and hastened forward
 to meet him
 And the next moment Drucilla was in the arms of her
 father.
 Loud exclamations of pleasure fell from the lips of Joe.
 Osburn
 As he stood fondly embracing both his son Ralph and his
 daughter.
 Hearing the sound of their voices, out the front door came
 their mother,
 Shouting, O Ralph and Drucilla! as she rushed forward
 to meet them.
 After her followed Aunt Liza and Cousin Ruthie, Drucilla
 Gazed at them both in great wonder for she had never ex-
 pected
 To find them there on a visit, they indeed greatly surprised
 her.
 Scarce had the children been seated comfortably ere their
 proud mother
 Said, Now get rested, Drucilla, for we expect Count Von
 Remsburg
 To be here with us this ev'ning, you should have come
 home much sooner
 For there's but five days remaining till the date set for
 your wedding,
 It will keep all of us busy to in that short time get ready.
 Smiling, Drucilla then answered, Do not be worried, dear
 mother,

For I think I shall be able to prepare for my own wedding.
Having spoken thus she departed to the library and scribbled

A few lines on some note paper, then quickly sought out
her brother;

Quick, Ralph, said she, send this message to the hotel,
you remember?

Taking the paper, Ralph hastened out to the place the cab
driver

Still remained holding his horses, in his hand Ralph placed
the message,

Shoving a tip at the same time, then gave his orders, the
cab man

Started down street while Drucilla clapped both her hands
much delighted.

Winking at Ralph who came forward to where she stood
on the terrace,

Seizing his hand they both scampered down to the swing
on the campus,

Seating themselves they both bursted forth in uproarious
laughter.

That was quick work, said Drucilla, won't we have fun
here this ev'ning

When the man bearing a title comes in great pomp to re-
ceive me?

They said no more, at that moment they observed their
Cousin Ruthie

Coming down over the campus, no doubt intending to join
them;;

Soon she was seated beside them and they began chatting
lively.

You and Aunt greatly surprised us, when did you come?
said Drucilla.

Only last night, answered Ruthie, we thought that we
would come early

To be in time for your wedding, I am to be the best lady.

To be in time for my wedding, what do you mean, Cousin
 Ruthie?
 Let me assure you, you'll never have a chance to be best
 lady
 At my wedding for you'll never witness my marriage, I've
 said it.
 What, you don't mean it, Drucilla? are you going back
 on Count Rensburg?
 Really, 'twill kill your poor mother for she has set her
 heart on it.
 Have I gone back on him, Ruthie? no, I assure you, I
 have not;
 How could I when I have never in my life made him a
 promise?
 I have had nothing to do with him nor I never expect to,
 You can expect a sensation if the Count comes here this
 ev'ning;
 But you need not run and tell it to my Aunt Liza and
 mother,
 If they have both lost their senses over this matter then
 let them
 Patch up affairs with Count Rensburg any way they may
 best like to.

'Twas six o'clock and Drucilla sat in her room by the
 window
 Glancing up street ev'ry moment as if expecting some
 person;
 Soon she beheld a fine carriage drive up and stop at their
 curbstone,
 Then she beheld two men getting out of the carriage and
 coming
 Up the stone walk to their door step and she at once recog-
 nized them,
 One as Count Rensburg, the other he whom he brought
 as his spokesman.

At the same moment Ralph entered into her room, softly
 saying,
 All is well, sister, he's coming, now look out for a sensation.
 Just at that moment Aunt Liza's voice was heard calling,
 Drucilla,
 Please come down into the parlor, some one there wishes
 to see you.
 Very well, answered Drucilla, I will come down in a moment.
 Having spoke thus, she descended into the hallway beneath her.
 Just at that moment the door bell gave a loud ring and
 Drucilla
 Whispered to Ralph, Go and answer, bring him right here
 to the hall door.
 As she stepped into the parlor where the two Germans
 were seated,
 Her mother rose and said, Darling, come now and meet
 your intended
 Husband, Count Remsburg, come darling, do not be bashful,
 come meet him.
 Just at that moment, unbidden, a young man clad in blue
 clothing,
 With golden straps on his shoulders and a sword by his
 side dangling,
 Entered the parlor and boldly stood by the side of Drucilla.
 Fairly astounded her mother gazed at the object in wonder,
 But the undaunted Drucilla now played her part very
 bravely;
 Mother, said she, I take pleasure in introducing my
 husband,
 Captain Long, a brave young soldier whom you no doubt
 well remember;
 Two weeks ago we were married while we were at Sanfrancisco.

Up went the hands of her mother as she went into hysterics,
 Drucilla, Drucilla, you've killed me! and she stood weeping and wailing.
 At the same time Aunt Eliza threw up her hands and then acted
 In the same manner, then broke forth in a rude storm of abuses
 Against her neice and the Captain, saying, You wretched young villains,
 Worthless young scamps, I could kill you, and in her rage she attempted
 To slap Drucilla but as she made a dash forward, her father
 Stepped between her and Drucilla, shoved her away very roughly;
 Not quite so fast, Sister Liza, said Mr. Osburn quite coolly,
 'Tis well for you to remember that you are not yet head master
 Of this homestead and my daughter, so you had better be careful.
 Then turning round to Drucilla, in his strong arms he embraced her,
 My own brave daughter, I glory in your true grit, you deserve to
 Have a captain for a husband, seizing the hand of the Captain
 Very tightly, he addressed him, Welcome, my son, ever welcome
 Into this home, how I glory that you are living, God bless you!
 During the hubub the germans both sat staring in wonder,
 Then the Count turned to his spokesman, asking him to explain matters.
 When his interpreter told him that the young soldier before them

Had two weeks previous been married to the young
 maiden Drucilla
 And that he now was deprived of this young american
 heiress,
 Then the Count, greatly excited, sprang to his feet and
 proceeded
 In broken english to censure Captain Long very severely,
 Saying, You rascal, you robs me, now I vill fight you ein
 tuel.
 Captain Long stood by in silence while the fierce Count
 his wrath vented,
 Not a word by him was spoken till the Count ceased his
 vile language.
 Then, very calmly he answered, No, Mr. German, we're
 farther
 Advanced in civilization here in the land of Columbia,
 Better be saving your metal, you will no doubt greatly
 need it
 When you get back to your homeland very much poorer
 but wiser.
 Yes, said Joe Osburn, you germans better make haste to
 return to
 Germany for you already have enough trouble occasioned;
 Leave my house now, I command you, you will get none
 of my money.
 Sullenly, both of the germans took their departure, both
 grumbling.
 As the Count passed through the gateway, trembling with
 rage he looked backward,
 Shook his fist at the young Captain, vowing that he would
 get even.
 All this time Drucilla's mother and her Aunt Liza kept
 wailing
 In the library and neither noticed the germans departing;
 None of the family saw them any time during that ev'ning,
 Both of them early retired wornout and thoroughly
 wretched.

When morning dawned the newspapers told of the sudden
departure
Of Count Rensburg and his spokesman, but they did not
tell the reason.

Two weeks had passed since the germans had from the
city departed,
Mrs. Osburn and Aunt Liza both were still moody and
silent,
Neither would speak to Drucilla nor to her husband, the
Captain ;
Vainly Joe Osburn had striven to bring about peace be-
tween them.
As he sat reading his paper on that same morning he no-
ticed
In the news column marked foreign, this little item and
read it
To his wife and Aunt Eliza, these were the words con-
tained in it,
Count Von Rensburg on last evening returned home from
New York City,
Was met at the quay by Carl Schweitzer who at once of
him demanded
That he pay him thirty thousand marks which he said that
he owed him ;
At which the Count became angry and began hurling
abuses,
At which Carl Schweitzer attacked him and they engaged
in a combat.
It has developed that both men for many years have been
gambling,
Count Von Rensburg had been losing and at last became
insolvent,
He had expected to marry a rich american heiress
And it appears he had promised to pay his debts with her
money,

But it appears the young heiress scorned his proposal of marriage

And he was forced to return home in a bankrupted condition.

There, said Joe Osburn, in triumph, so your fine Count is a gambler!

See what you might have done, mother, you should thank God that your daughter

Had better judgement than either you or Aunt Liza, I tremble

When I think how my Drucilla might have been wed to a gambler.

Now, since your eyes have been opened, both of you go at once to her

And confess to her your folly and humbly ask her forgiveness.

Now again both of the women wept but no longer in anger,

Tears of regret they now shed and both of them sought out Drucilla;

Having found her they quite humbly asked her to pardon their rudeness

And the kind hearted Drucilla from her heart freely forgave them,

And the brave Captain joined with her and freely offered his pardon

For the wrong which they had done him, thus again were they victorious.

For many months the fierce northwinds night after night had kept howling

Round about dwellings and breathing forth his fierce blasts in defiance;

But the mild south wind had driven him to the cold Artic regions,

Red breasted robins were chirping, from the south had come the bluebirds;

Beautiful flowers were springing out of the ground and
bedecking

Lawns with green grass coated over, bring joy to all crea-
tion.

In a small suburb of Pittsburg, in a neat beautiful cottage,
Round a neat table are gathered friends who have come
forth to join with

Two young folks in celebrating their fifth anniversary of
marriage;

'Tis the home of our brave Captain James Long and his
wife Drucilla,

There for five years they've been living and their home
has been made brighter

By the advent of two children who bout the house are
seen playing;

James, now a banker in Pittsburg, has met with success
and prospered.

Now, my dear reader, since I have followed them through
their deep trials

And for your sake have kept writing items of int'rest about
them;

Now, I'll say farewell and lay down my faithful pen and
say, parting,

If you would know more about them you must call some
day and see them.

Part Second

DEAR OLD PITTSBURG.

Sweet center of business, and scenes of delight,
Where noise never ceases from morning till night,
Of the banks of thy rivers, those beautiful streams,
In moments of leisure my soul often dreams.

Far down in the East, in the Keystone State,
In a very slow city I patiently wait
For the dawn of vacation when I shall be free
To leave this slow city and come back to thee.

I fancy I see Mount Washington's height,
From which I behold such a marvelous sight,
In glory below thy spires doth rise
In beauty toward heaven and God the All-wise.

Down Liberty Street, mid bustle and din,
I watch the good merchants go out and come in,
They're always so busy but one thing I find,
To trav'lers and strangers they're always so kind.

Down by the Ohio, which two rivers form,
Where old Fort Duquesne has weathered the storm,
'Tis pleasure to think of Colonel Bouquet
Who routed the Indians and drove them away.

On Fifth Avenue, with high buildings blest,
Carnegie's is seen above all the rest,
And in it employed, large numbers of men
Are busy with pencil, typewriter and pen.

The sweet Schenley Park, the pride of East End,
Doth oe'r many hills and valleys extend,
There's no other city could possibly be
So dear and delightful as Pittsburg to me.

High upon a hill, the court-house, so grand,
The pride of the city, in glory doth stand,
Where eloquent lawyers their talents display
And breakers of law the penalty pay.

Thou surely art rich in schools of all kinds,
Where thousands of children enlighten their minds,
The best of instructors thou dost always employ
And sweetest of comforts the scholars enjoy.

No city on earth gives as much to the poor
As thou dost each year from thy bountiful store,
For the sick and the lame thou hast always a care,
Thy tender physicians are honest and fair.

Thy faithful policemen, patrolling each beat,
Allow no disturbance in the midst of the street,
The Sabbath's observed, thy order and law
The love and respect of the people doth draw.

I love to be in thee, O city so dear,
For once in thy limits there's nothing to fear,
May heaven's rich blessings upon thee descend,
And guard thee and keep thee till all time shall end.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

The morning dawned upon Johnstown,
 The woodmen from the hills looked down
 Upon the city fair, serene.
 Located in a deep ravine ;
 The breezes softly murmured, "Woe
 To thee fair city down below,
 Before the sun shall set to-day
 Thy beauty shall be swept away!"

All day the trains went rattling by,
 Great clouds of smoke ascended high
 Above the highest mountain tops
 From iron works and foundry shops ;
 The dray-men's carts pass to and fro,
 The passengers both come and go
 While breezes sadly murmur, "Woe
 To thee fair city down below!"

Some miles above the city lies
 A reservoir of monstrous size,
 The dam which holds the flood is weak
 And if it e'er should spring a leak,
 'Twould burst and with great fury flow
 Upon the city down below,
 The people oft were heard to say,
 "That dam will surely burst some day."

'Tis four o'clock, a man rides by,
 He cries, O neighbors, fly O fly
 Up to the highest mountain peak,
 The reservoir has sprung a leak,

It soon will burst and rushing down
 Will flood the city of Johnstown,
 Heed then my warning, fly O fly
 Up quickly to the mountains high!

Ere he had uttered his last word,
 A mighty deafening roar was heard,
 Then instantly the flood rushed down
 Upon the city of Johnstown;
 Soon houses were seen floating by
 And from the roofs there rose a cry
 To heaven above, "O Father save
 Thy children from a watery grave!"

The flood rushed through the Conemaugh,
 The people gazed on it with awe,
 Huge trees which stood along the way
 All like small straws were swept away;
 On all sides rose fierce cries and groans,
 Heartrending were the sighs and moans,
 Kind friends on shore did what they could
 To rescue victims from the flood.

Just down below the town there stands
 A monstrous bridge of stone which spans
 The river and its walls withstood
 The pressure of the monstrous flood;
 Hundreds of houses, floating by,
 Upon this bridge were piled so high,
 There many, who escaped the flood,
 Lay helpless on that pile of wood.

One woe is past, 'tis gone, but O
 Quickly there comes another woe,
 Forth from the houses, piled so high,
 Fierce flames arose toward the sky;

Loud cries of pain and dire despair
 Ascend from those imprisoned there,
 Those who escaped the floods swift tide,
 Mid angry flames suffered and died.

O woe Johnstown, thou fair city!
 With pity we now gaze on thee!
 Thy beauty, seen but yesterday,
 In one short hour is swept away!
 The dead and wounded lie around
 Uncared for on the cold, damp ground,
 While mountain breezes murmur, "Woe
 To thee fair city down below!"

MAY MAXWELL.

Parody on Maud Muller.

May Maxwell, on an autumn morn,
 Mended an apron badly torn.

Scant was the wealth which she had known,
 Or time that could be called her own.

Smiling she strove to do her work,
 Never once tempted her task to shirk.

But when of a sudden she gazed around
 And saw the College and base-ball ground,

Her smiling ceased and her lovely face
 Lost its glow of beauty and grace.

A thought that she hardly dared to raise,
 That she might soon see better days.

By chance a college boy, that day
Out on his bicycle, rode that way.

Before the door, the neighbors say,
He stopped his wheel and greeted May.

And asked her if she thought 'twould harm
To take some rest, he was so warm.

She turned and looked him in the eyes
And said, some rest she would advise.

And smiled as she said it, blushing too
As she gazed at her foot and wornout shoe.

Thanks, said the boy, such good advice
From a handsome maid will me suffice!

He said her home with white-washed walls
Was sweeter far than college halls.

Then talked of Hist'ry, Latin and Greek,
Of reciting eighteen hours a week.

May soon forgot her wornout shoe
And brighter shone her eyes of blue.

And every time his glance was cast
Upon her face her heart beat fast.

At last he climbed upon his wheel
And slowly back to school did steal.

May looked and said, as he rode away,
Ah, that he would forever stay!

He would take me to that college hall
And on rich friends I'd often call.

My father should have a grocery store,
My brother should work in the mines no more.

I'd buy my mother an easy chair
And the baby should breathe the sweet, fresh air.

To the poor and sick I'd be so kind,
That me they'd always keep in mind.

The boy looked back when on the hill
And saw May mending her apron still.

A girl more sweet, with mind more sound,
I have not seen on all my round.

And the way she keeps her house so neat
Proves she is tidy as well as sweet.

Would that my college days were done
And we now two were joined in one.

No angry Profs. or blame for cheating,
Or summons to a faculty meeting.

But settled down in a quiet life,
Loved and caressed by a sweet young wife.

But he thought of his uncle, harsh and gruff,
And his aunt who always seemed so rough.

So guiding his wheel he rode away
And soon was lost from view of May.

But the students smiled the following day,
When he hummed the tune, "In the month of May."

But May kept watching and when the sun
Had set, her work had not been done.

He married a wife of that variety
Who care for nothing but swell society.

But oft as he sat by his warm fireside
And wished that he in his youth had died,

He saw again dear May's sweet face
Amidst the flames in the fire-place.

Oft when he sat in his chair to dine,
He longed to drown himself in wine.

And closed his eyes on his stylish wife
And longed again for college life.

And groaned aloud while feeling sore,
Ah, could I ride that wheel once more!

Ride it as when I rode that day
When first I met that sweet girl May.

She wedded a man with a hardened heart,
Who pretended to do some work in art.

But children's cries caused her such pain,
She never was known to smile again.

And when she gazed on her bare walls
And thought once more of college halls,

She heard again a gladsome peal
Of silver bell and sound of wheel.

And there before that same front door,
She saw a college boy once more,—

And greeting him with joy and grace,
She saw the same sweet, smiling face.

At times her neatly white-washed walls
Seemed like large, neatly frescoed halls,

Until at last her needle turned
The coals which in a mansion burned.

And for him who sat wrapped in his cloak,
Filling the room with tobacco smoke,

She thought she saw a student there
And she felt free from ev'ry care.

At last disgusted with his art,
She suddenly died of a broken heart.

Alas for student, alas for May,
For the artist's work that did not pay.

Ah, pity the man who wishes in vain
To have his school days back again.

For of all hard jeers of a college class,
The hardest is this, "You did not pass."

Ah, there's a truth we all should learn,
The time that's lost will ne'er return.

And may the future students wait
And learn like men to meet their fate.

“*SPRING CANNOT BE FAR AWAY.*”

When the month of March approaches and the winds begin to blow,
 Bending trees within the forest, tossing branches to and fro,
 Making fly the rotten shingles, blowing barn doors open wide,
 Blowing down the old board fences which for years have stood the tide;
 When you go to bed at even' how the fierce March blasts do moan,
 When you go to feed your horses how it chills you to the bone;
 But there's one great consolation, Spring is close at hand,
 I know,
 When the month of March approaches and the winds begin to blow.

What if the wind be ugly and the mud so very deep,
 Should a fellow fret and whimper till his wife and children weep?
 What if the pump be frozen in the cistern and the well,
 Should a fellow sass his mistress or take a pouting spell?
 Should he go into a corner and be stubborn like a mule,
 Or scold his darling children when they all come home from school?
 No, do not scold your darlings, Spring is coming, don't you know,
 When the month of March approaches and the winds begin to blow?

Though the pump may now be frozen in the water in the
 well,
 It will work as well as ever when there comes a thawing
 spell;
 Though the mud may now be sticky, it will soon begin to
 dry,
 When old April comes to see us and old Sol ascends the
 sky;
 So stop your nasty scolding you old crabbed, chronic cranks
 And strive to please your children, help them in their child-
 ish pranks,
 Tell them that bright Spring is coming and you'll see their
 faces glow
 When the month of March approaches and the winds begin
 to blow.

SUMMER.

When the blossoms, which have faded, from the branches all
 have flown,
 When the wheat is turning yellow and the cornstalks tall
 have grown,
 When we hear the reaper singing and the harvest-hands
 are seen,
 When the farmer with his mower mows the grass so tall
 and green,
 When the harvest-hands are resting neath the large elm-
 tree's sweet shade,
 While they drink the pure fresh water and sometimes sweet
 lemonade,
 When the shocks within the wheat-field here and there are
 seen to stand,
 'Tis a sign that Spring has left us and bright Summer is at
 hand.

'Tis a season when the people seem to move at rapid pace,
 When the drops of perspiration trickle down the honest face
 Of the man who daily labors with his hands and with his
 head
 To provide his wife and children with their clothes and
 daily bread ;
 Sometimes the weather's sultry and sometimes it's very dry
 And for days and weeks you never see a rain-cloud in the
 sky ;
 It is during such a season that we have what's called a
 drought,
 When the corn crop and potatoes do not very well turn out.

There is one day in this season, 'tis the Fourth day of July,
 When Americans are happy, when the air is rent on high
 With the sound of many voices which are raised from sea
 to sea,
 Patriotic men and women sing, "My Country 'tis of thee,"
 While they thank the Blessed Father for the liberty he gave
 And the home which he established for the free and for the
 brave ;
 Blessed be the great Jehovah, God of peace and God of
 light,
 May our liberty ne'er leave us, may our land be ever bright.

AUTUMN.

When the leaves are bright and golden and lay scattered
 all about,
 When the chestnut-burrs burst open and the chestnuts all
 drop out,
 When the farmer picks his apples and cuts off his standing
 corn,
 When he hugs the fire closely on a cool September morn,

When the boys who run bare-footed once begin to warm
 their feet
 In their mother's cosy kitchen by the cooking-stove's bright
 heat,
 When the robins and the black-birds from our forests dis-
 appear,
 Then bright summer days have left us and bright autumn
 days are here.

O 'tis perfectly delightful when the autumn days come
 round,
 When we see the dear school children romp upon the old
 play-ground,
 And there comes fond recollections of the trials and the joys
 Which we met upon that play-ground when we too were
 girls and boys ;
 Where the children now are playing we too once our games
 did play,
 Then we too were gay and happy ev'ry hour of the day ;
 Do you wonder that we shouted when the summer days
 were o'er,
 And the lovely autumn season had come back to us once
 more ?

There is one day in this season which brings comfort, peace
 and joy
 To the hearts of many sad ones, to the orphan girl and boy ;
 'Tis the National Thanksgiving, that good day which often
 brings
 Roasted turkey and cranberries and abundance of good
 things,
 When the children are made happy, when they romp and
 race and play,
 They indeed have real enjoyment on that blessed holiday ;
 Thank the good Lord then for Autumn which to us each
 season brings
 The glad National Thanksgiving and abundance of good
 things.

WINTER.

When the golden leaves have fallen and the boughs are
bleak and bare,
When the horses and the cattle ev'ry night are housed with
care,
When the mother places blankets on the children's trundle-
bed,
When the handsome little snow-birds come around for
crumbs of bread,
When the dark clouds hang above us and the snow comes
softly down,
Giving to the fields and forests a handsome, new white
gown,
When the farmers go out hunting, when the rabbits jump
and run,
We can have the full assurance that the winter has begun.

'Tis indeed a pleasant season, 'tis the pleasantest of all,
More pleasant than the springtime, than the summer or the
fall,
While o'er fields and through the forests rages fiercely the
snow-storm,
Within many college buildings students their best work per-
form,
While at country schools at noontide, scholars are seen on
the ice,
Or perhaps engaged in building a huge snow-man sleek and
nice,
When the master, in the doorway, rings his bell they quickly
turn
From the play-ground to the class-room and again their
lessons learn.

There is one day of this season which of all days is most
 sweet,
 'Tis that glad day known as Christmas when we have good
 things to eat,
 When we often see a turkey on a plate, without a head,
 When in orphans' homes the children on rich dainties oft
 are fed
 And within our handsome churches Christmas-trees of ever-
 green,
 Very nicely decorated, very often can be seen,
 While the choir sings sweet anthems, telling of Him who
 was born
 In an humble, lowly manger on that first bright Christmas
 morn.

A SONG OF F. AND M. FRESHMEN.

Parody on "A Psalm of Life."

Tell me not, ye elder student,
 F. and M. is not the place
 Where the brave, the wise and prudent,
 Are not subject to disgrace.

Livy's tough and Horace tougher
 And with one book does not end,
 In the class-room, I'm no bluffer,
 Five whole hours some days you spend.

Some own ponies, others borrow,
 And they use them freely too;
 And they sigh that on the morrow
 Their contingent fee is due.

Boys are faking, Profs. are scolding
 Ev'ry hour the livelong day,
 Some so tight their books are holding
 Just as if they'd run away.

In the hall both long and dingy,
 When you see no prof. in sight,
 Be not with your pranks too stingy,
 Have a rough and tumble fight!

Trust no fakir, he will cheat you,
 Let the coward go on his way,
 Pretend,—pretend as if you knew,
 Profs. don't mark just as they say!

Compliments of Profs. remind us,
 Better be at home with ma,
 Than departing carry with us
 Sheep-skins with our B. A. ba-a-a!

Sheep-skins that perhaps a mother,
 Coming to meet you at the train,
 With your darling little brother,
 Seeing shall become insane.

Then old student, let's be going
 To Conestoga for a skate,—
 And we'll all, upon returning,
 Learn like men to meet our fate.

THE INDISCREET OLD FARMER.

Old Henry was a stout old man,
 He owned a farm in Chestnut-Glen,
 He had a patient, gentle wife
 And three bright boys, Jim, John and Ben ;
 Whene'er he sent his boys to work,
 These words he uttered first of all,
 If you don't do that work just right,
 I'll thrash you 'till you cannot crawl.

He never took the pains to teach
 His boys just how to do work right,
 He always seemed to think 'twas best
 To keep them in a constant fright ;
 One day he sent John out to plow,
 But John had never plowed at all,
 But Henry said, If you don't plow
 I'll thrash you till you cannot crawl.

So poor John had to go and try,
 Although he was but twelve years old,
 It was just in the month of March,
 The weather was extremely cold ;
 He tried his best to keep the plow
 Deep in the ground, but had not strength,
 He struggled on an hour or more
 But had to give it up at length ;
 But Henry cried, You lazy chap,
 You've really done no work at all,
 I'll teach you how to do your work,
 I'll thrash you till you cannot crawl!

And as he spoke he seized a whip
And beat poor John, O shamefully!
The poor boy shrieked and roared with pain,
But the old brute showed no pity;
At last poor John, exhausted, fell
And seemed to have no strength at all,
Old Henry had fulfilled his threat
And thrashed him till he could not crawl.

They carried John into the house
And for four weeks he writhed in pain,
The doctor then to Henry said,
"John never will get well again."
Henry turned pale and looked at John
Who gently asked him to come near,
"Father," said he, "I've dreamed a dream,
Which I desire that you might hear;
I dreamed last night that you had died
And we were puzzled what to do,
For all the neighbors ev'ry one,
Refused to help us bury you;
At last a plan occurred to me,
Which I made known to Ben and Jim;
Come on, said I, we'll dig a grave
And plant our father neatly in!
So Jim and Ben procured the tools
And soon the grave was neatly made
And in it then we placed your corpse
After we each in turn had prayed;
But scarcely had we thrown in earth
Until we heard a gruff voice call,
Now do that right or I'll rise up
And thrash you till you cannot crawl!"

John lingered on until mid-night,
His breathing ceased, he passed away,
His father caught his dying words,

"Dear father do not cease to pray."
 Old Henry bowed his head and wept
 And groaned aloud with grief and pain,—
 "Forgive, O God, my heinous crime,
 Would that I had him back again!"

In the quiet grave-yard on the hill,
 The following day they buried John,
 The neighbors said the brightest light
 From out their neighborhood had gone,—
 And ev'ry time old Henry stands
 Beside that grave, while fresh tears fall,
 These cruel words ring in his ears,
 "I'll thrash you till you cannot crawl."

Five years have passed, and in that time
 Old Henry's hairs have all turned gray;
 Since John has died he scolds no more
 And no one ever hears him say
 Those cruel words of former days,
 Which from his lips so oft would fall,
 Before John's sad and early death,
 "I'll thrash you till you cannot crawl."

You fathers who provoke your sons
 To wrath and scorn, O have a care
 Lest they too when in death's strong grasp,
 Bid you ne'er cease to offer prayer;
 For once they take their homeward flight,
 Although you tears in torrents fall,
 You will be haunted by those words,
 "I'll thrash you till you cannot crawl."

*THE LEGEND OF THE OLD MANSION IN THE
ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.*

Near the Adirondack Mountains,
In an humble, low log cabin,
Dwelt a young and pious parson
With his wife and two small children;
From the window of his study,
Fully twenty miles beyond it,
Could be seen a lofty mountain
Towering high above all others.
By that window, one bright evening,
He stood musing for an hour,
Suddenly he heard a whisper
From his wife who stood beside him,
Charles dear, are you unhappy,
That you stand so long in silence?
If indeed you are in trouble
Do not keep it from me Charles.
With a smile as bright as sunshine,
Charles pressed her hand and answered,
No dear Ella, I could never
Be unhappy while you're near me!
I was thinking of a legend
Which I often heard at College,
Told about a lofty mountain
Found among the Adirondacks,
On which stands a ruined mansion
Which was long ago abandoned
By a rich old stingy merchant,
All because his only daughter
Whom he snatched from her young husband,
Took her life near by the mansion;

How I would delight to find it
And learn more about the legend ;
If I knew that mountain yonder
Were the one I'd journey to it ;
But I must not stand here musing,
For my sermon for tomorrow
Needs a little more attention,
Please excuse me then, dear Ella ?
And it's almost time for supper,
So I'll go into the kitchen,
Said his wife and smiling sweetly,
Left her husband in his study.
Charles tried in vain to study
And complete his next day's sermon,
He could not forget the legend
And the mountain in the distance ;
Suddenly the door is opened
And a man clad in coarse garments
Enters in and softly whispers,
Follow me and I will guide you
To the mountain in the distance,
Where one will relate the story
Why the mansion in the mountain
Was abandoned by the merchant.
So they started on the journey
And in less than thirty minutes
Charles stood beneath the mountain
And was filled with great amazement,
For within a dark, dense forest,
He beheld the ruined mansion.
Then the guide who journeyed with him
Said to him, I'll go no farther,
See that cave just over yonder,
In it dwells an aged hermit,
At the door you'll find a cymbal,
Go and strike six blows upon it,
Forth to you will come the hermit,

Staff in hand and clad in goat-skin,
He will say, You're welcome stranger,
Tell me, pray, what brought you hither?
You will answer, Noble Hermit,
I beheld from yonder mountain,
An abandoned, ruined mansion
And am told that you can tell me
Why its walls are left to crumble
Here upon this lonely mountain.
Charles went and found the cymbal
And with all his might he smote it,
Then he felt the mountain tremble
And he trembled as he waited.
Slowly from the cave before him,
Came the hermit clad in goat-skin,
With long hair which touched his shoulders
And a beard as white as winter ;
In soft tones both slow and feeble ,
Came the greeting, Welcome stranger !
But pray tell me now why came you
Hither to this lonely mountain ?
Charles answered, Noble Hermit,
I beheld from yonder mountain,
An abandoned, ruined mansion
And am told that you can tell me
Why its walls are left to crumble
Here upon this lonely mountain ?
As he spoke there poured in torrents,
From the eyes of the old hermit,
Tears which wet his goat-skin garments
As he solemnly made answer,
Do not wonder, honest stranger,
At my weeping so this moment,
I will now relate the story,
Why the mansion is forsaken.
Years ago there dwelt a merchant
Far away in New York City,

Who was rich but very greedy,
 It was he who owned this mansion ;
 That rich merchant had a daughter
 Who was kind and meek and gentle ;
 We attended school together
 And in all the time I knew her,
 She was never known to quarrel
 But was always sweet and pleasant.
 When at last our school days ended
 And I entered my profession,
 I still paid attentions to her
 For we loved each other dearly ;
 By and By I put the question
 And she readily consented.
 When I asked the rich old merchant
 For her hand he too consented,
 For my father too was wealthy
 And did business in the city.
 But alas ; through some misfortune,
 Father lost all his possessions ;
 On the day set for our wedding,
 (We had gone to meet the parson,)

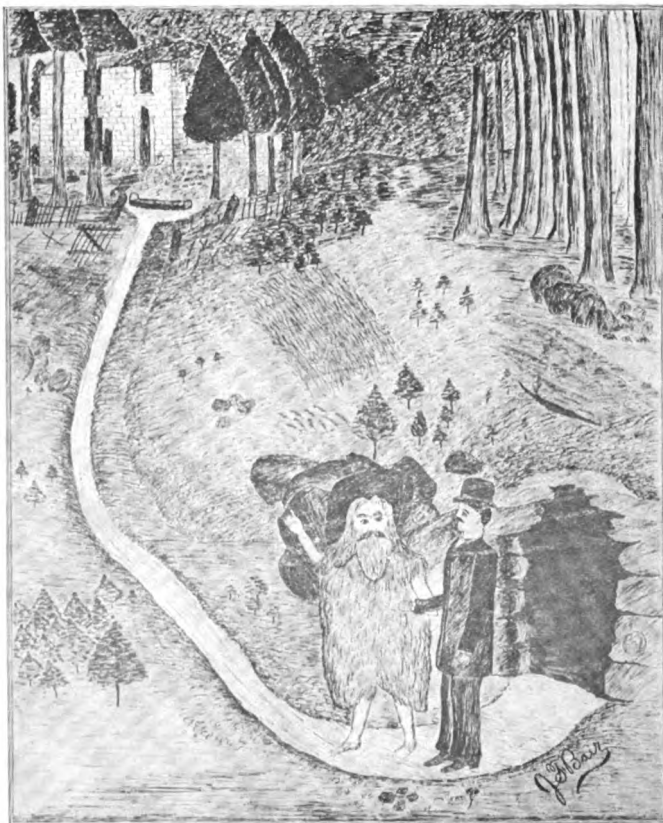
Word was brought to her rich father
 Of my fathers great misfortune ;
 Quickly he procured a carriage
 And made haste to overtake us,
 Hoping to persuade his daughter
 To reject me for another ;
 But he came just as the parson
 Finished the last ceremony,
 "Those whom God hath joined together
 Let no man e'er put asunder,"
 Filled with rage and disappointment,
 He determined that his daughter
 Never should live with a lawyer
 Who could not inherit fortune ;
 But my wife declared she'd never,

No, not for her father's money,
 Break her promise, that she'd rather
 Have pure happiness than fortune.
 By main force her father seized her,
 Quickly thrust her in the carriage,
 Then gave orders to the driver
 To drive quickly to the station ;
 As the horses bounded forward,
 I stood there like one bewildered.
 But I hurried to the 'squire,
 Quickly told him what had happened,
 Then procured a warrant quickly,
 Hastened quickly to the station,
 But alas! before I reached it,
 He had left the city with her.
 Then in agony I waited,
 Hoping that something would happen
 Whereby I might gain some knowledge
 Of the whereabouts of my loved one.
 On the fourth day some one told me
 That her mother was preparing
 To depart from New York City,
 Probably that very ev'ning.
 So I loitered round the station,
 And when evening came her mother
 Went on board the train, I followed
 Unobserved and still determined
 That if she went forth to meet her
 Daughter I would surely find her.
 Thus for many miles we traveled,
 Till at last we reached a station
 Where I saw her husband waiting
 With a carriage to receive her.
 She soon joined him and I heard him
 Say to her, I have our daughter
 In the mansion on the mountain
 And I'll force her there to promise

That she'll never live with Walter,
Or I'll starve her in that mansion.
Still in disguise I followed after
Till at last they reached this mountain ;
There I saw upon the porch-roof,
That dear one whom I had wedded,
Standing just behind the railing,
Dressed in her white wedding garments,
With her fair hands clasped together.
When she saw the carriage coming,
With a cry which made me shudder,
She, poor girl, leaped from the porch-roof
To the solid ground beneath her,
There she lay all bruised and bleeding
When her parents came and found her.
As her tyrant of a father
Bent o'er his now dying daughter,
I in anger darted forward,
Smote him roughly on his forehead
With my fist and sent him reeling,
And he fell down close beside her.
Then I drew my jack-knife quickly
And exclaimed, Blood thirsty tyrant,
You have murdered my own loved one,
"You shall die this very moment!"
And I would no doubt have slain him,
For my heart then yearned for vengeance.
But my words were scarcely uttered
Ere I heard a voice familiar
Saying, Do not my dear husband,
Though a tyrant he's my father.
Turning I beheld my loved one
With her face all bruised and bleeding,
But there was a smile upon it
As she earnestly besought me,
In the soft and sweetest accents,
Not to slay her cruel father.

Turning quickly from her father,
 I sat down and wept beside her,
 My whole frame shook with emotion
 As I spoke to her still weeping,
 Lucy dear, you must recover,
 For I cannot live without you.
 No! she answered, Walter dearest,
 I must leave this world of sorrow,
 I am going to that Father
 Who is not a cruel tyrant,
 Where I always shall be happy
 And you by and by will meet me.
 Then her father, who had risen,
 With a groan sank down beside her
 And in agony he muttered,
 It is true, I've been a tyrant,
 I have murdered my own daughter,
 O forgive me Lucy darling?
 In a calm, sweet voice she answered,
 Freely I forgive you father,
 I am going home to heaven,
 There to dwell in bliss forever,
 Let your life be pure from henceforth,
 So that you may come and meet me;
 When my soul has left this body,
 Do not take me to the city,
 Bury me upon this mountain,
 On this spot where I am lying;
 Those were the last words she uttered;
 Soon her spirit journeyed upward
 To Jerusalem in heaven,
 There to dwell in bliss forever.
 See, below the mansion stranger,
 A green mound bedecked with flowers,
 There my loved one now lies sleeping,
 Thirty years have I watched by her,
 And each day during the summer,

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And the mansion's walls have crumbled,
And men never will rebuild them.

On her grave I place fresh flowers.
Both her father and her mother
Died within six months thereafter,
In their home in New York City,
Where they both returned in sorrow ;
But e'er since, upon this mountain,
In this cave I've lived a hermit
And the mansion's walls have crumbled,
And men never will rebuild them ;
Once a few men did attempt it,
But the work was soon abandoned,
For they say they saw the spirit
Of my wife near by the mansion
With her fate all bruised and bleeding,
Walking on the path below it,
Singing, Walter you are lonely
In this solitary mountain,
But I now am living happy
In that land so bright and golden,
You will soon come forth to meet me
And we'll dwell in bliss forever ;
I am going to her stranger,
I'll not live another hour,
Will you bury me beside her ?
Yes you will, I know you're willing !
Then good bye, I'm going to heaven,
There to meet my own, my loved one
And we'll dwell in bliss forever
In that land where there's no parting.
Thus the hermit spoke to Charles
And his soul in peace departed.
Tears of sorrow poured in torrents
From the bright blue eyes of Charles
As he viewed the aged hermit
Lying still in death beside him ;
Suddenly he started forward,
As he heard a sweet voice calling,

Wake up Charles, supper's ready!
 And his wife stood there beside him,
 But not in the lonely mountain,
 He was home in his own study.
 While they sat at supper later,
 The whole dream he there related
 To his wife who smiled so sweetly
 And thanked God that they were happy,
 Free from sorrow and misfortune
 And the tyranny of parents.

ONLY A BOARDER.

He's coming tomorrow, said John to his wife,
 I never saw such a young man in my life!
 He's very good natured, I know he will pay
 The highest cash price for his board ev'ry day!
 You can place in his room that old broken chair
 And that broken bed in the attic up there,
 For it won't do to use our good furniture so,
 For he's but a common young boarder you know!

But John, said his wife, there's one thing I dread,
 'Twill crowd us for room, we'll have no spare bed,
 When visitors come to remain over night
 It will place me I fear in a sorrowful plight?
 Our boarder, said John, will then have to share!
 But John do you think 'twould be treating him fair?
 I'll manage that part, don't you bother me so,
 For he's but a common young boarder you know!

But John there's no wardrobe in this house you know
 Except in that room, where else shall we stow
 Away our old clothes, he will want ev'ry shelf
 In that one little wardrobe I'm sure for himself?

O that will be easy we'll play a sly game,
 We'll place our old clothes in that wardrobe the same,
 While on the old chair all his clothes he can throw,
 For he's but a common young boarder you know!

The young man had been there a night and a day
 When cousin Jake came a short visit to pay,
 Said John to his boarder, He'll sleep in with you,
 Your bed's wide enough I reckon for two?
 Not much said the boarder, this room now is mine
 And to share part of it I most firmly decline!
 Said John, you speak boldly, you'd better go slow,
 For you're but a common young boarder you know!

You're right there old man, but I care not for that,
 I'll not share this room with your cousin, that's flat,
 And if you cause trouble I'll quickly teach you
 What a common young boarder with such men can do;
 My room is my castle, get out then I say,
 And if you don't like it my board bill I'll pay
 And I'll pack up my trunk and away I will go,
 For I'm but a common young boarder you know!

ONLY A STUDENT.

Delivered at a banquet given in honor of the Alumni
 of the different colleges and theological seminaries of the
 Reformed Church in the United States, represented in the
 Synod of the Interior, at Lone Tree, Iowa, Oct. 20, 1899.

A poet sang long years ago
 About a man tossed to and fro
 Upon the broad and stormy sea,
 An outcast and a refugee,
 Who sought to find his gods a home,

Who many miles abroad did roam ;
 That poet cried, "O muse relate
 Why man must suffer such a fate!"
 I have no muse to whom I sing,
 I laugh and scorn at such a thing,
 I sing the song of College boys,
 Of the misfortunes and the joys
 Met in their Alma Mater hall
 Where they responded to roll-call ;
 If you kind friends assembled here
 Will to an humble bard give ear,
 I'll sing the sorrow and the joy
 Met by the average College boy.

'Twas on the thirteenth day of September,
 That dreadful day he will always remember,
 The sun shone bright on all creation,
 The train pulled into the city station ;
 A handsome youth stepped down from a car
 Very much fatigued for he came from afar,
 A brilliant youth in quest of knowledge,
 He came to town to enter college,
 Only a student.

A gruff old man, in a suit of drab,
 Said to the youth, "Will you have a cab?"
 "Don't care if I do," the youth replied,
 "I'm sure that I'll not object to a ride!"
 You can, I suppose, find Rumbaugh Hall,
 Or perhaps you too like others may call
 It the prison-house, where I must remain
 At least for one year for I am, 'tis plain,
 Only a student.

He entered his room at Rumbaugh Hall,
 A dingy old room, scarcely furnished at all,
 No pitcher, no wash-bowl at all could he see,
 He wondered indeed what the matter could be,
 For the catalogue said, "A neat furnished room,"
 The sight of that place filled his young heart with gloom,
 But what did the Faculty care for all that?
 They compelled him to stay and in dirt he sat,
 Only a student.

The next year he went down to West Chestnut Street
 And rented a room which looked very neat,
 His land-lady promised to keep it quite clean,
 He trusted that she would do nothing mean;
 Only once in two weeks did she sweep that same room,
 Perhaps she desired to save her new broom,
 The dust on his looking glass so thick became
 That on it he wrote with his finger his name,
 Only a student.

When he rented the room there were springs in the bed
 Which soon disappeared and old boards instead
 Where under his mattress so carelessly placed
 That he felt he had been completely disgraced;
 The cover was thin and on a cold night
 He trembled and shivered and longed for day-light,
 But that lady ne'er once more cover supplied
 And night after night he shivered and cried,
 Only a student.

One day, while reciting, some one in the crowd
 Began to whistle a tune very loud,
 The professor accused him of being the man
 Who whistled the tune, but the brave youth began

His defence, said he, "Indeed 'twas not I!
 Believe me Professor, I tell you no lie,
 You by your remarks very greatly wrong me,
 My word is of value, therefore, if I be
 Only a student.

The angry professor in great rage replied,
 I know that 'twas you, I feel satisfied!
 You come to the Faculty meeting tonight
 Where we will teach you that you have no right
 To doubt anything a professor may say,
 I'm surprised that you've doubted my word here today,
 A professor ne'er says a word that's not true,
 I'm chief of the Faculty but what sir are you?
 Only a student.

I entered a church five years after that,
 An entire stranger and therefore I sat
 In the rearmost pew but I plainly could see
 The preacher whose face seemed familiar to me;
 When he finished his sermon which I thought was grand,
 He came back to me and grasped my right hand,
 And then for the first time his name I recalled,
 Yes, he was the man whom the Faculty called,
 Only a student.

He's preaching still out in Iowa,
 His church is filled ev'ry Sabbath Day
 With people who come many miles to hear
 The earnest young man whose name they revere;
 Not one of them would ever come half so far
 Ev'ry Sunday to hear that stern professor
 Who wronged that brave youth so faithful and true,
 Who contemptuously said, "What indeed sir are you?
 Only a student."

That college still stands upon the same hill,
 That stern old professor is teaching there still,
 But the lady who promised to keep the room neat,
 Has since moved away from West Chestnut Street;
 Now if that professor and lady e'er stand
 Before the Just Judge, upon his right hand,
 With a crown of pure gold, from trouble set free,
 With bright angel hosts, I believe they will see
 Only a student.

*WILL NOT BUY A PUMP FOR HIS CISTERN OR
 WELL.*

(Parody on "Old Oaken Bucket.")

How dear to his heart is the farm of the landlord
 Which he has been watching for twenty long years,
 At least twice a week does he pay it a visit,
 For e'en the most trustworthy farmer he fears;
 Two spirited horses hitched up in a surrey
 Soon bring the old gentleman out to his farm,
 He spies the young farmer at work in the cornfield,
 With sweat on his brow for the weather is warm;
 That stingy old landlord who drives that fine surrey,
 Will not buy his farmer a good dinner bell,
 But what is more wonderful he is too stingy
 To place a good pump in his cistern or well;
 That greedy old landlord, that gold-loving landlord,
 Will not buy a pump for his cistern or well.

The palings which once formed a fence round the garden
 Are scattered about o'er the yard ev'rywhere,
 The chickens and pigs can be kept out no longer
 And still he refuses to put a fence there;
 The pig-pen is shabby, the hen-house has fallen,

The rooster crows sadly, "O what shall we do?"
 While the cows who must pass ev'ry night without cover,
 All mournfully answer the rooster, "Boo-oo!"
 While the farmer's young wife, with her back almost break-
 ing,
 Toils with the well-rope, singing, "When, can you tell?
 Will our greedy old landlord once come to his senses
 And place a good pump in this troublesome well?
 That greedy old landlord, that gold-loving landlord,
 Will not buy a pump for his cistern or well.

O stingy old landlord, still striving for wealth,
 Have mercy upon your young farmer I pray!
 For how do you know but that this very night
 You by death's strong hand will be carried away?
 And do you expect to be carried to heaven
 And wear a bright crown of the faithful and true?
 Not likely you'll wear the bright crown but more likely
 You'll hear a voice say, "I have never known you!"
 Then you will depart on the road which goes downward,
 Which terminates at the dark region called hell,
 For there is no room for the man, up in heaven,
 Who never would purchase a pump for his well,
 For that greedy landlord, that gold-loving landlord,
 Who never would purchase a pump for his well.

*THE ASSASSINATION OF POSTMASTER FRAZER
 B. BAKER AT LAKE CITY, S. C., FEB. 22, 1898.*

When heathenism reigned supreme
 And despots sat on thrones,
 Outrages were a common thing,
 And sighs and tears and moans;
 To despots then it gave delight
 To see blood flow in streams,
 It seems that they could not be moved
 By pain or children's screams.

But tyrants are not all dead yet,
 Nor men with hearts of stone,
 As the outrage in Lake City
 Has very clearly shown;
 Where it is said a hundred men,
 At one o'clock at night,
 Attacked a man and his small child
 And murdered them outright.

A hundred men, did I say that?
 Not men but fiends were they;
 No, men do not commit such crimes
 In this enlightened day!
 A crime committed on that day
 Which we all celebrate
 In honor of that one who saved
 Our country from sad fate.

O my dear country! can it be
 That such disgraceful crimes
 Shall be permitted year by year
 In these enlightened times?
 You say, O no! let justice then
 Be meted to each one,
 Let men appointed for the work
 See that it's quickly done.

*TO THE MEMORY OF HUGH MC'ALLISTER
 BEAVER.*

When Jesus Journeyed in Peraea,
 While fleeing from the Jews,
 From Bethany came messengers
 With sad and mournful news.

"Lord, he whom thou dost love is sick ;"
 These were the words they said,
 When he arrived at Bethany,
 He whom he loved was dead.

From Bellefonte comes to us sad news,
 So sad our hearts seem crushed,
 That Hugh, whom we all loved, is dead,
 Whose voice oft heard is hushed.

That voice we loved to listen to
 In the Y. M. C. A.,
 That voice which filled my soul with joy
 One joyful Sabbath day.

'Tis hushed, he's dead, but still he lives,
 He lives within our hearts,
 The Christian leaves his fruits behind
 Whene'er his soul departs.

We mourn, our loss is great, but we
 Can sing with one accord,
 Those words which can great comfort give,
 "Forever with the Lord."

SIMON OF CYRENE.

After the sentence is pronounced,
 For which the multitude had cried,
 The Son of God is led away
 To be taunted, mocked and crucified.

Before they lead our Lord away
 To the place of skull, or Calvary,
 They lay on him the cruel cross
 Which Christians call the accursed tree.

But bitter grief and agony
 And loss of sleep and want of food,
 Have made the Son of God so weak,
 He scarce can lift the cross of wood.

But just outside the city gate,
 A man appears upon the scene—
 A stranger, trav'ling on his way,
 They call him Simon of Cyrene.

The Savior can no longer bear
 The heavy cross which on him lies,
 He faints, he falls beneath the load—
 While foes still taunt him with their cries.

The furious crowd, enraged because
 These circumstances cause delay,
 Seize Simon, whom they now compel
 To bear the cross upon the way.

Then Simon, with the heavy cross,
 Walks up to Calv'ry's mountain side,
 Where Jesus, who was led before,—
 Is cruelly mocked and crucified.

Does that man Simon truly know
 That the noble act which he has done,
 Will be repeated every day
 As long as Christian ages run.

Oft when the evil one insists
 That we of evil must partake,
 We'll imitate that noble man
 And bear the cross for Jesus' sake.

A MEYERSDALE ROMANCE.

Old Darby's wife died yesterday,
 He took it hard indeed,
 Declaring that 'twas harvest time
 When man had greatest need
 Of woman's help out in the fields
 And in the house as well,
 Said he, "Who is to help me now,
 I'm sure I cannot tell?"

Last night a dozen neighbors came
 And held a lively wake,
 They had no sympathy for him,
 But came for fashion's sake;
 Old Darby stood beside the corpse
 And gazed upon the face,
 Said he, "Indeed I'd rather lost
 The best cow on the place!"

He had a handsome servant girl
 Whose name was Patience Steele,
 She was one of those servants who
 Could cook a splendid meal;
 She was but seventeen years old,
 Darby was sixty-three,
 And he was soft enough to think
 That she his wife might be.

To-day they buried his dead wife,
 And while they tolled the bell,
 He carried on most dreadfully,
 Set up a hideous yell;

The parson tried to comfort him,
 Have patience now, said he,
 That's who I want, old Darby said,
 But she does not want me.

THE OLD FORSAKEN SAW-MILL.

I've traveled o'er the country John,
 O'er river, hill and plain,
 Most scenes have filled my heart with joy,
 But one fills me with pain;
 As I sat down to view the scenes
 From this familiar hill,
 My vision chanced to light upon
 That old decayed saw-mill.

Both you and I remember well,
 How, down from this green hill,
 Some thirty years ago we dragged
 Huge logs to that saw-mill;
 And how Ed Brinker and Jim Brown
 Would saw them into boards,
 And how they oftimes would dispute
 And use such nasty words.

And you remember well, dear John,
 How Ed and big Jim Brown
 Quarreled one day and then they fought
 And Ed knocked big Jim down;
 They both have long since gone to rest,
 They sleep in yonder plain,
 The saw-mill is forsaken now,
 But you and I remain.

The roof, I see, has fallen in,
 The saw stands upright still,
 The little brook flows just the same,
 Which turned the old saw-mill;
 But it will never hum again,
 I heard the owner say
 That he on Monday morn would tear
 The old saw-mill away.

I've been a hardened lad, dear John,
 I've wandered from my God,
 For many years I've been profane,
 The downward path I've trod;
 But tears came in my eyes to-day,
 As from this bright green hill,
 I viewed the scenes of boyhood days
 Around that old saw-mill.

I thought of my dear, happy home,
 Of mother, long since dead,
 How at her knee I said my prayers
 Before I went to bed;
 I have not said them once since then,
 In all these thirty years,
 And that is why that old saw-mill
 Brings to my eyes fresh tears.

But I've resolved this day, dear John,
 That I will roam no more,
 But will henceforth prepare to meet
 My mother at heaven's' door;
 And when I'm called, dear John, I hope
 They'll lay me near this hill,
 Near by the scenes of boyhood days,
 Near by that old saw-mill.

THE COAL MINER'S BOY.

Long before the morning's light
Comes or ere the shades of night
Disappear and the sun's' ray
Brings to life another day,
Routed from his cosy bed,
With a pit-lamp on his head,
Goes the poor young lad of twelve
To the dark mines, there to delve
With his pick into the coal,
While he hears the rumbling roll
Of the wagons all the day
Hauling the loose coal away.

While that poor lad labors there
He meets men who curse and swear
At the mules who balk and back,
Shoving wagons off the track ;
Do you wonder that that lad
In a short-time too grows bad,
And will freely curse and swear
In the pit or anywhere ?

I have worked in a coal-mine,
Oft I've sat alone to dine
On the contents of my pail,
While I sat upon a rail
On the narrow wagon track,
With my face and hands all black ;

While I sat and ate my meal
 Mice would often near me steal,
 Winter's snow and chilling cold
 Forced them there and made them bold;
 I would feed them when they came,
 And they soon grew very tame.

While I worked day after day
 In the same old slavish way
 With the miner's pointed tool,
 Oft I longed to be in school;
 In disgust one April day,
 I flung all my tools away
 And I said, I now decline
 To work longer in this mine!
 Said my boss, Now is that true,
 What do you intend to do?

I replied, I'll go to school!
 He replied, You are a fool!
 How to you expect to pay
 Your expenses all the way?
 I replied, I do not know,
 But I do intend to go,
 Many great men once were poor,
 Poor as I am, I am sure,
 What man has done man can do,
 I feel sure that I'll get through!
 He replied, Have your own way!
 You'll be coming back some day
 And will not feel half so big,
 But will gladly go and dig
 In this same old mining hole
 Where you've many years dug coal,

You will never teach a school,
 If you do, count me a fool,
 That is all, here is your pay,
 You can come back any day!

Oft I've passed that mine since then
 With my books, time and again
 While I taught the district school,
 No one called me then a fool;
 That same foreman said, well done!
 I'm indeed the foolish one,
 I shall ne'er forget that day
 When you threw your tools away
 And declared you'd go to school,
 How I laughed and said, you fool!
 How do you expect to pay
 Your expenses all the way?
 Now since you have braved it through,
 My best wishes go with you.

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

Said she, George it has been two years
 Since you began to go with me,
 You've gone through college, now I'd like
 To know what you intend to be?
 Said he, I'll be a preacher, Maud,
 And teach men how to do what's right,
 The Church has need of true young men,
 Young men of learning, pure and bright.
 Said she, you do not mean that George?
 Indeed, said he, it is the truth,
 The thought came to me long ago,
 When I was but an humble youth;

Said she, I want a man of wealth,
So George I cannot marry you,
Said he, Miss Maud I'm satisfied,
I did not mean to ask you to.



Children's Corner

THE THREE PRECIOUS JEWELS.

Three children played upon a lawn,
 Two sisters and a brother,
 The three were never known to quarrel,
 They dearly loved each other.

A very pleasant time they had,
 It was a holiday,
 But now they'd stopped to meditate
 What game they next would play.

At last, with joy, young George cried out,
 I have a splendid one;
 We'll play that we are poets, say!
 O won't that be fine fun?

O yes we will! said little Grace,
 What will you write about?
 I'll write a rhyme on Mother Goose,
 How she and Jack fell out.

And I, said Pet, will write about
 A little girl named Shock
 Who dreamed that she sat by a stream
 Upon a treacherous rock.

And I, said George, will tell about
 Where all good children go,
 And also how the wicked ones
 Shall suffer down below.

So now, dear Grace, you must write first,
 Ah, you are ready! read
 About your friend, old Mother Goose,
 While Pet and I give heed.

(Grace reads.)

Old Mother Goose
 One day let loose
 Some rude abuse
 On her son Jack;
 Then up Jack jumped,
 Her head he bumped
 And then he thumped
 Her on her back.

Ha, ha, laughed George and Pet at once,
 That truly was well done!
 It served her right I think, said George,
 We're having loads of fun.

Now Pet let's hear you read your rhyme
 About your little maid,
 What is her name? O yes 'tis Shock,
 You'll beat me I'm afraid!

(Pet reads.)

Miss Mary Shock
 In a white frock
 Sat on a rock
 Beside a stream;
 She felt a stroke,
 The rock it broke,
 Then she awoke,
 It was a dream.

Hurrah for Pet, said George, that's good!
 I say so too, said Grace;
 'Tis better far than mine I'm sure,
 We'll give to her first place!

Now George, we've waited long enough,
 'Tis time that we hear you!
 All right, said George, so then here goes
 The best that I can do!

(George reads.)

The good fly high
 Above the sky
 And then draw nigh
 To heaven's gate;
 The wicked go
 Far down below
 And suffer so
 An awful fate.

The best by far I say, said Pet,
 Most excellent, said Grace;
 I hope that we may all fly high
 And find a resting place!

God bless these happy children three,
 And bless the lines they read,
 And may they all through life partake
 Of Christ the Living Bread.

Increase their talents Savior dear,
 And may their light so shine
 That others may their good deeds see
 And also may be thine.

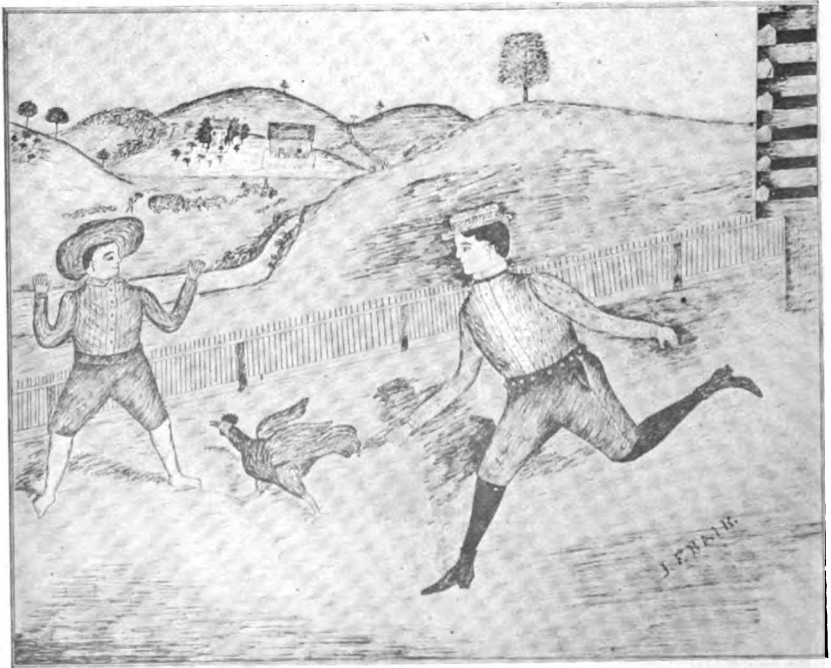
CHARLIE AT THE FARM.

Charlie lived in Pittsburg,
On Fifth Avenue,
In a costly mansion,
All around which grew
Bright and lovely flowers.
On rich, costly beds,
Over which the maples
Bent their graceful heads;
 Bump, bump!
Go the street cars with a boom,
 Jump, jump!
Everybody give them room.

Charlie had a cousin,
Little Jimmy Brown,
Who lived in the country,
Twenty miles from town;
Charlie paid a visit
To his uncle's farm
In the month of August
When the days were warm;
 Run, run!
What a happy pair,
 Fun, fun!
They had everywhere.

Jimmy! called his mother,
Come here quick! she said,
Go and catch that rooster
And chop off his head;
You and cousin Charlie
Both shall have a stew;

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So they caught the rooster
After a long chase.

He is fat and tender,
 Just the thing for you ;
 Rap, rap!
 Off sped the two,
 Flap, flap!
 Gookle, gookle, goo-koo!

So they caught the rooster
 After a long chase,
 But the huge old fellow
 Flapped them in the face ;
 But they held on bravely,
 Both as best they could,
 Soon they stretched him over
 A huge block of wood ;
 Chop, chop!
 Off goes his head,
 Flop, flop!
 Now the rooster's dead.

What a dainty dinner
 Those two boys did eat,
 That old rooster roasted
 Surely was a treat ;
 Four more days did Charlie
 Spend upon the farm,
 Chasing pigs and chickens,
 Doing them no harm ;
 Squeak, squeak!
 The pigs ran to their pen,
 Sneak, sneak!
 Don't you come again.

When the days were over,
 Charlie on his bike,
 Started back to Pittsburg
 O'er the old clay-pike ;

Though the roads were dusty
 And the sun's rays warm,
 He enjoyed his visit
 To his uncle's farm;
 Fly, fly!
 Said the shanghai hen,
 Bye, bye!
 Charlie come again.

YOU MAY GO THERE TOO.

Once there was an atheist
 Who said there was no God,
 And when he died they buried him
 Away beneath the sod;
 The preacher shook his head and said,
 Now boys and girls beware,
 Be not like this bad man, for he
 Has gone away down there
 Where they have got a great big fire
 Which burns the whole day through,
 And if you don't be good always,
 You will go down there too!

Once there was a naughty boy
 Who would not mind his ma,
 And when she told him to be good,
 He answered her, Baa-a-a!
 And one day he fell down the stairs
 And broke his naughty head
 And now he never says baa-a-a!

Because the bad boy's dead ;
 So little boys mind what I say
 And to your ma be true
 Or some day you may break your head
 By falling down stairs too.

Once there was a naughty girl
 Who used to stamp her foot
 And turn her lip up just like that,
 And say, No I won't do it!
 One day she fell into a well
 And no one heard her cry,
 And no one came to help her out
 But left her there to die ;
 So little girls whene'er your ma
 Tells you what you must do,
 Don't say you won't do it, or you
 Will fall in a well too.

LONG AGO.

A little boy played in the sand
 Beneath the chestnut's shade,
 There he sat on summer days
 And dug with his small spade ;
 His sister Lucy played with him,
 She had a china mug
 Which she kept filling with the sand
 Which little Harry dug ;
 While Bob, the rooster on the fence,
 Would stretch his neck and crow ;
 Thus days were passed at Brown's old farm,
 But it was long ago.

Beyond the brook Dick plowed the corn
 Which now had grown quite tall,
 He drove two glossy old black mares
 Whose names were Bird and Doll;
 From morn till eve the voice of Dick
 All o'er the farm was heard,
 Get up, you lazy critter, Doll,
 Get up there now, ge Bird!
 While Jake and George were building fence
 Around the field below,
 Day after day they labored there,
 But that was long ago.

In a few days the men went forth
 To cut the golden wheat,
 Dick drove the reaper round the field
 Beneath the scorching heat;
 Five other men kept following him
 And bound the yellow grain,
 While two more placed the sheaves in shocks,
 Protecting it from rain;
 While Harry carried water from
 The cool spring down below,
 And thus the harvesting went on,
 But that was long ago.

One morning when young Harry woke
 He heard a rumbling sound,
 The sound protruded from the barn
 And seemed to shake the ground:
 He hurried out and there beheld
 Eight horses walking round,
 They turned the monstrous wheel which made
 A clattering, buzzing sound

While from the mow men threw the sheaves
 Down to the floor below,
 It was the farmers threshing day,
 But that was long ago.

One day young Harry climbed upon
 A slender chestnut tree,
 He climbed until full forty feet
 Above the ground was he ;
 He shook the chestnuts from the boughs
 While Lucy gathered them,
 She laughed with glee when once she found
 Five burrs upon one stem ;
 Whack! went the bough and Harry fell
 Down to the ground below,
 There stunned and motionless he lay,
 But it was long ago.

Poor Lucy ran down to the house,
 Her face was deathly pale,
 She met her mother but could not
 Relate the awful tale ;
 But mother guessed the truth at once
 And filled with agony,
 Ran to the spot where Harry lay
 Beneath the chestnut tree ;
 She carried him down to the house,
 And though he suffered so,
 He soon recovered from his fall,
 But that was long ago.

One day, in the old district school,
 Young Harry, on the sly,
 With a long pin stuck Johnnie Young,
 Which made the poor boy cry ;
 Alas for Harry, dearly he
 Paid for his naughty trick ;

The teacher saw him and quickly
 Picked up a hickory stick,
 Then jerking Harry from his seat,
 He rained blow after blow
 Upon his back while Harry roared,
 But that was long ago.

'Twas long ago, that Harry now
 Is thirty-three years old,
 He's been to college and is now
 A shepherd of a fold ;
 He preaches in a country church
 The sacred Gospel truth,
 But still delights oft to recall
 Those pleasant days of youth ;
 His one object is to teach men
 All to prepare to go
 Up to that home to which our Lord
 Ascended long ago.

RAIN AND SUNSHINE.

Little Lucy had been naughty
 Just because it rained that day,
 And the roads were made so muddy
 She could not go out and play.

Bright and early she had risen,
 But the rain was pouring down,
 On her face there beamed no sunshine,
 It was clouded with a frown.

All day long poor little Lucy
 Was so wretched and unhappy,
 And e'en to her patient mother,
 Was so very cross and snappy.

But when night came she was sorry
 And with sad heart went up stairs
 To her quiet little bed-room
 And repentant said her prayers.

Dear Lord Jesus I've been naughty
 Every hour throughout this day,
 I am that poor lamb which wandered
 From thy fold so far away.

But dear Lord truly I'm sorry
 That I've caused Thee grief to-day,
 By Thy precious blood, dear Savior,
 Wash my many sins away.

And throughout my life from henceforth
 Make me feel that Thou art near,
 May my life be always sunshine,
 Though the days be dark and drear.

Jesus Christ, who ever watches
 O'er his lambs with tender care,
 Even though they wander from Him,
 Heard her simple, earnest prayer.

For from that day forth young Lucy
 Was a bright and shining light,
 When the days were dark and dreary
 She was sunshine fair and bright.

NOTHING IN IT.

I wrapped up an empty box so neat
 And dropped it carelessly on the street,
 Soon a stylish lady espied the thing
 And picked it up and untied the string;
 She looked up street then down again,
 She opened the box, looked in, and then
 She suddenly threw it against the wall,
 Then sauntered off and that was all.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

When wagons go a rattling past
 And clouds of dust fly thick and fast,
 Which float in through your open door
 And settle on your polished floor,
 Upon your stand and rocking chair
 And rugs and books and everywhere,
 When one can never keep things clean,
 It makes a fellow feel quite mean?

I SHOULD THINK SO.

I saw a wonderful thing, said Ray,
 At Conemaugh station the other day;
 A train struck a man before my eyes
 And severed both legs right at the thighs,
 And severed one of his arms also,
 I never thought a man crushed so
 Could live more than a little spell,
 But he's still living and will get well.

O that is nothing, said Albert Shaw,
 Compared to a man whom I once saw
 When I railroaded away out west,
 He was cut in two right across his breast,
 And do you mean, Albert, to say
 That man still lived? inquired Ray,
 O no, indeed! Albert replied,
 O no indeed, that fellow died!

HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT.

One day young Jeremiah Chew,
 Who lived in the little town of Bellevue,
 Got drunk and before anybody knew,
 He went and on the railroad threw
 Himself when the swift express was due,
 Very soon it came thundering through
 And cut the poor fellow right in two,
 What would you expect a train to do?

THE LITTLE BOY AND GIRL OF BARLOW.

There was a little boy,
 Whose name was Edgar Roy,
 Who lived in the village of Barlow;
 He was gentle and kind,
 I'm sure I could not find
 One better among all the boys that I know. .

There was a little girl,
 Whose name was Laura Pearl,
 Lived in the village of Barlow also;
 She was tender and sweet
 As any you could meet,
 With smiles all day her face was aglow.

This gentle little boy,
 Whose name was Edgar Roy,
 Played daily with the sweet little maiden,
 The tender little girl,
 Whose name was Laura Pearl,
 Neath the apple tree with blossoms late.

I wish that every boy
 Were like my Edgar Roy,
 And would never get angry or snappy;
 And every little girl
 Were like my Laura Pearl,
 Would not the world be cheerful and happy?

ADVENTURES OF THE HOG AND GOBBLER.

(Hog.)

Good morning Mr. Gobbler! How do you do to-day?
 Why, what can be the matter, are you going far away,
 That you've got your umbrella and your heavy carpet-sack,
 Where might you now be going, and will you soon be back?

(Gobbler.)

Why Mr. Hog I'll tell you, you may think that it is queer,
 But I'm threatened with throat trouble at this season of the
 year,
 And the season of great danger is now very close at hand
 And for fear that I might catch it I will seek some other
 land.

(Hog.)

I have heard that many flukeys at the Christmas season
 catch it,
 The germs which mostly bring it are the wooden block and
 hatchet,

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They entered a large forest and soon were out of sight
Of fields and barns and houses, and halted for the night.

And they say there's little danger of it getting hold of you
If you manage to avoid it till the Christmas season's through.

(Gobbler.)

You have got the right idea and that's the reason I
Have come to the conclusion to spread my wings and fly,
And that you may have warning, I now will say to you,
That hogs about your standing will likely catch it too.

(Hog.)

Ah! do you really think so? Well then if that be true,
I'll leave this sickly country, and go along with you
And when we reach that country where hogs and turks ne'er
die,
We'll build ourselves a mansion and live on pumpkin-pie.

They started on their journey and traveled all that day
And when night overtook them they were many miles away;
They entered a large forest and soon were out of sight
Of fields and barns and houses and, halted for the night;
They sat down by a brooklet and like the maid Bopeep,
Before they really knew it both had fallen fast asleep.
Not far from where they slumbered there lived a huge black
bear,

The breezes gently murmured, Beware, my friends, beware!
Alas for hog and gobbler, the wicked, hungry sinner
Just happened to be searching for a luscious Christmas
dinner;

When he beheld the trav'lers he could scarce believe his eyes,
He smacked his lips in triumph and quickly seized the prize;
The gobbler flopped and struggled and cried out, quit-quit-
quit!

The hoggie squealed and grunted but nothing gained by it;
Off to his cave he sauntered and to his housewife said,
Behold our Christmas dinner, wring off this gobbler's head

The first thing in the morning, and now we'll go to bed,
 For I am feeling tired, I've been trav'ling all the day,
 Now close the door securely lest these creatures get away.
 Soon both the bears were sleeping, when both began to snore,
 The hog with his proboscis soon opened up the door;
 Come now my old friend turkey, in triumph whispered he,
 I've forced the cave-door open and we again are free.
 A bright thought struck the hoggie, he thought of a good
 plan

To be revenged on Bruin and very soon began
 To root up ground around him and pile it in the door
 And very soon the entrance to the cave was covered o'er;
 Both of the bears were smothered while lying on their bed
 And when the cave was opened the hog found both were
 dead.

So the hoggie and the gobbler took up their quarters there
 And many days thereafter they ate meat from the bear,
 And in that cave of Bruin's, beneath a large green hill,
 For aught I know, the gobbler and the hog are dwelling still.

THE MONSTROUS FAMILY.

Tomcat, guinea-pig, shepherd-dog,
 Peacock, turkey, Berkshire hog,
 Pug-dog, poodle-dog and raccoon,
 White duck, black duck, penguin, loon,
 Reindeer, big-horn, tall giraffe,
 Herford, holstein, durham calf,
 Lion, tiger, grizzly bear,
 'Possum, rabbit, beaver, hare,
 Leopard, puma and cougar,
 Tapir, chamois, jaguar,
 Elephant, camel and ground-hog,
 White rat, gray rat, fierce bull-dog,
 Nanny goat, billy-goat and donkey,
 Make a monstrous family.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

Kindness, tenderness, longsuffering,
 Temperance, goodness, meekness, love,
 Peace and happiness to us bring
 And prepare us for above,
 For the mansions bright as gold,
 Which our Savior doth prepare
 For the sheep of his bright fold
 Who will reign forever there.

DOT GOBBLER.

Dot gobbler he vas of dot kind
 Dot veighs boud tirty bounds,
 Und like dot queen dressed oop so vine,
 He struts himself arounds.

Und ven he struts, town vrom his nose,
 Dere hangs a pig red snovel,
 De shildrens are avraid of him,
 Dey tinks he's somedings ovvel.

I feeds him more as seven months
 Den comed Tanksgiving tay,
 I tinks dot I vill cotch him den
 Und take his het away.

So on dot night before dot tay,
 Mit lantern I vent oud
 To cotch him but, now vot you tink?
 He vas no blace about.

I tells you I vas offul mat,
 I almost tooked von fit
 Because I could not find dot turk,
 It did not help von bit.

I could not find him anyvere,
 I hunted high und low,
 I vent back growling to myself,
 Vere did dot turkey go?

Next morning I vent out again,
 No gobbler could I see,
 I hunted und I grumbled oud,
 Vere can dot gobbler be?

At last I just made oop my mind
 Dot he had gonod to stay,
 Dere vas no gobbler et by us
 On dot Tanksgiving-day.

But vot you tink? ven I vent oud
 Next tay, dere by de toor
 Vas dot old gobbler, pig and broud,
 A strutting as pefore.

Dot galendar vich hung upon
 De vall I tooked away
 Because I plieve dot gobbler read
 Ven comed Tanksgiving-tay.

Temperance Poems

HOW LUCY'S HUSBAND CAME HOME.

'Twas past the midnight hour,
 Three children lay around
 Upon the floor asleep, but she
 Trembles at every sound ;
 That mother's face is pale,
 She dare not think of sleep,
 Weary, she sits upon her chair
 And bows her head to weep.

O where is he to-night
 Who but six years ago,
 Vowed that he'd give his life for me,
 Because he loved me so?
 Alas, how oft since then
 Has he most brutally
 Abused me day and night and oft
 Inflicted blows on me.

Alas, too well I know
 That I to-night could find
 Him in the club-room, that vile hell,
 With others of his kind !
 I dare not close my eyes,
 I sit in misery,
 Lest he come home and murder both
 Myself and children three.

Hark, hear that sound, 'tis he!
 O mercy on us then!
 O who will come to rescue us?
 Hark, there it is again!
 What voice is that I hear?
 I've heard that voice before,
 It is my brother George, who calls,
 Lucy open the door.

With joy she turns the key,
 Without the least alarm,
 One cry of joy she gave and then
 Fell fainting on his arm;
 Quickly he raised her up
 And bore her to her chair,
 Around which lay her children three,
 And placed her gently there.

She soon again revived,
 O brother George, said she,
 'Tis three years since you sailed away
 Across the stormy sea!
 Alas, how times have changed,
 My husband then did well
 But now he will not work but loaf
 About the club-room hell!

There's where he is to-night
 Drunken with wine and beer,
 While I with these dear children three,
 Must sit thus sleepless here,
 Lest he come home in rage
 And kill us all outright
 And that is why I'm still awake
 At this late hour of night.

The drunken sot, said George,
 Lucy now go to bed,
 I'll guard you and if he comes near
 I'll break his drunken head!
 O no dear George, do not,
 Though bad, he has a soul,
 Perhaps he later may reform
 And shun the drunkard's bowl!

Down street a man came running, he paused before the door,
 Four men followed him slowly, who on a stretcher bore
 A body which was lifeless, from which still rose the fume
 Of rotten beer and whisky drank at Broad Street club-room.

Into the house they bore him, his face now cold and pale,
 A gaping wound upon him told plainly the sad tale,
 The drunkard had been murdered while in a gambling hole,
 His voice is hushed forever, but O where is his soul?

The mother's face is pale,
 She stands alone beside
 The form of him who years before
 Took her to be his bride;
 No hope at all has she,
 O sad indeed his fate,
 The Bible says, "No drunkard e'er
 Shall enter heaven's gate!"

Young man, old man, do you
 Frequent the vile club-room?
 O shun it for it is the road
 Which leads you on to doom!
 Heed those stern words of Paul
 Before it is too late,
 Those awful words, "No drunkard e'er
 Shall enter heaven's gate."

THE RUM-SELLER'S DREAM.

On his rich bed of down a rum-seller lay,—
The clock on the shelf had already struck two;
As he thought of the rum he had sold that day,—
The form of the drunkard arose to his view.

He dreamed of the judgment which he had been told
Would be meted to all at the end of the world,
When Jesus would gather his own to his fold,
But the wicked to doom would quickly be hurled.

An angel bends o'er him with countenance sad,
But in a stern voice commands him to rise
And hear the Judge tell of his actions so bad,
Of the drnkards he made and the redness of eyes.

With trembling and fear he approaches the stand
And hears the stern voice of the Judge of all men
Proclaim from the book which he held in his hand,
His actions on earth to him over again.

Hark! Who is that man who before him has come,
Who pleads with the Judge in mercy to save?
Ah, 'tis one to whom he had often sold rum,
And caused him to fill a wretched drunkard's grave!

Then the Judge speaks to him in a voice loud and plain,
While he points to the drunkard still standing in view;
Behold one of many your traffic has slain,
His presence condemns you and hell is your due!

And when he had spoken a dragon drew near
 And with a loud roar like that of a lion
 He coiled around the wretch who trembled with fear,
 And bound him with fetters like strongest of iron.

Then downward and downward through darkness he bore
 him,
 In vain the lost pleads that his bonds he would sever,
 In the Bottomless-Pit he shut the wretch in
 And there he'll torment him forever and ever.

O rum-seller, rum-seller, never again
 Will you rest on your soft downy bed,—
 No more will your rum cause the drunkards wife pain,
 For you are now numbered along with the dead.

Ages shall pass and even time shall end,
 And Satan still mock thee with fiery bowl,
 Misery and woe in eternity you'll spend,
 For hell is your portion and lost is your soul.

*WHERE I HAVE BEEN, WHAT I HAVE DONE AND
 WHO I AM.*

I have been with Noah, the Patriarch,
 I tempted him when Ham was nigh,
 After he came forth from the Ark,
 I threw him down and left him lie.

I followed Lot to a mountain cave,
 To a lonely, wild, secluded place,—
 I caused his daughters to deprave
 And plunged him deep into disgrace.

When Belshazer his banquet held
Within his grand and royal hall,
I saw his face when he beheld
The hand that wrote upon the wall.

When Daniel was in Babylon,
I tried to cause him grief and woe,
But Daniel said to me, "Be gone,"
And hence I was compelled to go.

There was a man who, many say,
Subdued the world but could not save
Himself from woe, for I one day
Hurled him into a drunkard's grave.

I thought one day I'd make an end
Of all the converts made by Paul,
But he cried out, "If 'twill offend,
You'd better drink no wine at all."

I'm never idle for an hour,
'Tis my delight to ruin men,—
And when I get them in my power
I send them down to Satan's den.

He says to men, "You need not fear,
The drunkard none will dare condemn,
I send him thousands ev'ry year
And he delights to torture them.

Who is it then, you ask at length,
Who caused so many men to fall?
Well I'm a king of mighty strength,
My name is old king Alcohol.

LEAVE THAT CREPE UPON THAT DOOR.

While seated at the dinner table, Aug. 9, 1898, at my boarding house in Shelbyville, Ill., a young lady remarked, "I saw crepe upon a barroom door down street today, I wonder who is dead?" I replied, "Crepe is a good thing for on a barroom door; it is a sign of death, and the barroom brings death to many thousands every year!" Returning to my study shortly afterwards I sat down and wrote the following lines:

I walked down street this afternoon,
I passed by Jim McCoy's saloon,
A place I oft had passed before,
I saw black crepe upon the door.

A dozen toppers raised a shout
And tried to call the landlord out,
He answered from the second floor,
Can't you see what's on that door?

One of the toppers, old and bent,
Then asked me what that black cloth meant,
That is a sign of death, I said,
Someone within that house is dead!

A sign of death, said he, well then
It's just the thing for that foul den,
For rest assured where they sell rum
Eternal death is sure to come.

I am a drunkard, old and gray,
I know there's truth in what I say,
For I have been e'er since a boy,
A customer of Jim McCoy.

O if that crepe had there been placed
Before my name had been disgraced!
And had that door always been closed
And I not to strong drink exposed,

My wife would not today lie still
In that grave-yard upon that hill,
For I, when drunk, dealt her that blow
Which caused her death, as many know.

My daughter would not be insane,
Nor I be filled with grief and pain
If crepe had always there been hung
To warn all men both old and young.

O Jim McCoy, O Jim McCoy,
I know I'm lost, but see that boy!
I once was bright and pure as he,
Before your door opened to me.

O Jim, let me make one request
Before they lay my form to rest!
Open that vile saloon no more,
But leave that crepe upon that door.

*ONCE THE DEVIL GOT ON TOP BUT AT LAST
I GOT HIM DOWN.*

It was in a wicked city,
In the state of Illinois,
Where I wrestled with the Devil,
Tried to rescue girls and boys ;
I will tell you all about it,
How we wrestled in that town,
Once the Devil got on top me
And a long time held me down.

When two men attempt to wrestle,
You perhaps already know,
He who has a crowd to cheer him
Always stands the better show ;
When we wrestled, many thousands
Cheered the Devil in that town,
Hence the Devil got on top me
And a long time held me down.

In that city the rum traffic
Held for years the upper hand,
There the Devil gave directions
To his large, obedient band
Who stood behind the counters,
Quaffed the contents of the bowl,
Dealt it out to wretched toppers,
Bringing ruin to the soul.

By and by my crowd grew larger
And they cheered with all their might
And the next time the old Devil
Came around to have a fight,

I could say, when we had finished,
To the people of that town,
Once the Devil got on top me
But tonight I threw him down.

Then the Devil's crowd grew furious
And soon set another day,
Saying that we'd have it over,
Crying, Give our side fair play!
So upon a certain Monday,
Came the people of that town
Forth to see me taunt the Devil
Whom I lately had thrown down.

But it happened that the women
Came to cheer me on that day,
When the Devil's crowd beheld them
Many turned and ran away;
Mr. Devil grew disheartened,
For I saw him scowl and frown,
And again I got on top him
And securely held him down.

Then those women raised their voices,
Sending forth cheer after cheer,
Saying, You have downed the Devil,
Keep him down at least a year!
Now I stand o'er him triumphant
And proclaim to that small town,
Once the Devil got on top me,
But at last I got him down.

HER LAST TRIP WITH THE JUG.

I saw a maiden sweet
Pass along a narrow street,
 All alone ;
In one hand I saw a mug,
In the other a large jug
 Made of stone.

I followed her and soon
Saw her enter a saloon
 Which was near,
The landlord took the mug
And filled her large stone jug
 Full of beer.

Then he placed it on her head
And to the poor maid said,
 Hurry home ;
For your daddy I should think
Will be thirsty for a drink
 Ere you come !

Then with a sigh of pain
She started home again
 With her beer ;
That her father was a sot
And sad had been her lot,
 It was clear.

I noticed she was weak
 And concluded I would speak
 To the maid;
 For if she would tell to me
 All her troubles, possibly
 I might aid.

Just then she tripped and fell
 And I scarcely need to tell
 What took place;
 The fall had crushed the jug
 And some pieces of the mug
 Cut her face.

I helped the maid to rise,
 Who looked up in surprise,
 While she said,
 My father sent me here
 For this jug of lager beer,—
 Mother's dead!

O how I wish he'd cease
 His drunkenness, 'twould please
 Me so well,—
 I hate the wicked bowl
 Which casts the ruined soul
 Down to hell!

Then she wept most bitterly
 While she sadly said to me,
 I implore
 That you come along with me,
 Speak to father, beg that he
 Drink no more?

I promised her I would
 Strive to do whate'er I could
 To relieve;
 I bade her cast her cares
 On him who heareth prayers,
 And believe.

Then the maiden led the way
 To where her father lay
 On a bed;
 Not a single sound was heard,
 He neither spoke nor stirred,
 He was dead.

THE MODERN PAUL AND ELYMAS.

Thou child of the devil and full of all guile,
 Thou base reviler of God's holy word,
 Thou robber of God, wilt thou never cease
 To withstand and pervert the ways of the Lord?

As Elymas withstood John and Paul at Paphos,
 So thou dost withstand the Church of today,
 Wherever it makes an attempt to progress,
 You, with your cursed rum, are debarring the way.

There was once in our North American lands,
 A race of Red-men, who were mighty and brave,
 But only a few feeble tribes now remain,
 For thousands have filled the poor drunkard's grave.

Across the Atlantic, to the Dark Continent,
 You've carried your traffic, while striving for gain,
 On Africa's shores you've dumped your vile drug
 To weaken and madden the poor heathen's brain.

But Paul by the Spirit struck Elymas stone blind,
 And he found to his sorrow his project had failed,
 Then he wandered about in dire distress,
 But the Church of our Lord in triumph prevailed.

O man of this world, let me tell you a truth,
 And pray that you keep it forever in mind!
 The spirit of God is able today
 To quell your design and strike you stone blind.

Beware then I say, thou slayer of men—
 For you are not able to battle with God,
 You'll sell your vile drug at your counter today,
 Tomorrow you'll lie beneath the loose sod.

And that is not all, think of Judgment Day,
 When the God of all nations his trumpet shall sound,
 When the souls of your victims shall stand before Him
 And the voice of their blood cries up from the ground!

Then cease your vile business of ruining men—
 And call upon Christ to cleanse your vile stain,
 Endeavor no more his cause to withstand
 But enter his fold and ever remain.

WHAT THE TWO WORDS MEAN.

Into the bar-room the drunken man goes,
 No friends has he but abundance of foes,
 Topers surround him and ask him to treat,
 Each takes a drink, then some pretzels to eat;
 Men of that sort, who pretend to be friends,
 Praise him until all his money he spends.

Enter his home and you'll find his poor wife
 Ragged and pale and tired of life,
 And his children you'll find all hungry and sad,
 Never half fed and all poorly clad ;
 Can men who behold such a pitiful sight,
 Ever say that to drink the vile drug is all right?

Turn the door-knob and enter that place,
 Everything cheerful, no signs of disgrace,
 Mamma is happy each day of her life,
 Papa is pleasant, there's no sign of strife,
 Every young child at the close of each day
 Reads from the Bible and then they all pray,
 And murmuring never in that house is heard,
 Nor is there uttered an unpleasant word ;
 Can any man who has good common sense,
 Ever say that we could not with liquor dispense?

THE DEVIL'S DAY.

Woe for the earth and for the sea ; because the devil is
 gone down unto you ,having great wrath, knowing that he
 hath but a short time. Rev. 12:12.

'Twas on last Tuesday morning, just about the break of
 day,
 When the friends and foes of whiskey both were hastening
 on their way
 To the polls in our fair city where they cast their sacred
 votes

Some to save their boys from ruin, some to make them
 whiskey bloats;
 Like two mighty armies marching they proceeded on their
 way,
 Both determined to fight fiercely for the victory that day;
 One side looked up to heaven and went to God in prayer,
 The other never ventured to seek for guidance there.

Many soldiers had enlisted under old King Alcohol,
 That old demon whose main business is to ruin one and all,
 Said he to them, Now serve me and tonight you'll get your
 pay,
 But he chuckled to himself, Ha, but I'll burn you all some
 day!
 But alas! the foolish fellows served their bitterest enemy,
 They could not see it so, they said, but later they will see,
 When their boy rolls in the gutter and becomes a drunken
 sot,
 They will eat the bitter fruits then of the cause for which
 they fought.

Other soldiers who enlisted were arrayed against that
 king,
 Old Alcohol, that demon, whose main business is to bring
 Unhappiness to millions, also victims for the jail
 And break the hearts of mothers and cause them to bewail
 The downfall of a husband or a daughter who has wed
 A man who lies that moment dead drunk upon his bed;
 Those soldiers like brave heroes with determination fought,
 Vowing that the demon's traffic must soon be brought to
 naught.

Thus from morning until evening the battle fiercely raged,
 The soldiers of the demon and those of the Cross engaged;
 But alas! many deserted and then joined the enemy

And Alcohol, the demon fiend, thus gained the victory;
 The bright sun in the heavens when he saw the deep dis-
 grace,
 Behind the clouds withdrew himself and hid his smiling
 face,
 The heavens dressed in mourning then and shed tears
 thick and fast
 And over Shelbyville so fair a deep dark gloom is cast.

The thunders too, above our heads, loudly pealed forth
 their wrath
 Against the church-members who turned and walked in
 Satan's path,
 Far in the eastern sky above the lightning's fierce red glare
 Flashed forth as if it wished to say, Of whiskey, men be-
 ware!
 But Satan down in hell is pleased so well he laughs out-
 right,
 Says he, O what a victory for me is gained tonight!
 Ha, ha! ha, ha! he laughs again, my furnace I'll soon fill
 With souls sent down by alcohol drank up in Shelbyville!

The Devil is among us but his time will soon be past,
 Fight on ye Christian soldiers, the right must win at last;
 The Revelation tells us, the devil filled with wrath,
 Has come to us for well he knows but a short time he hath
 Whene'er, with mighty chain in hand, God's angel once
 appears,
 He'll seize old Satan and will bind him for a thousand years,
 Then soldiers of the cross look up, for very well we know
 The devil will be bound and then the dram-shops all must
 go.

Spanish-American War Poems

DEWEY'S VICTORY.

While Dewey's fleet lay at Hongkong
 War was declared with Spain,
 When neutral laws would not permit
 Him longer to remain,
 He weighed his anchors and set sail,
 Bound for Maniala Bay,
 The stronghold of the Philippines,
 Four hundred miles away.

How little did the Spaniards dream
 That on the first of May,
 They'd hear the boom of Dewey's guns
 Inside Manilla's bay;
 They did not hear that voice which said,
 "Remember, boys, the Maine,"
 Nor those sad words born on the breeze,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain!

'Tis morning, and George Dewey's fleet,
 Still sailing on the sea,
 Proceeds through fog, the band now plays,
 "My country 'tis of thee,"
 'Tis music sweet, from o'er the waves
 Comes back the sweet refrain,
 'Tis music sweet, but seems to say,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

The Spaniards in their strongholds lie,
 They see no foe to fear,
 The fog is thick, they see him not
 But he will soon appear :
 O wretched Dons, before sunset
 Your blood your decks will stain
 And mournfully the waves will sing,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

Hark, says the Spaniard, hear that splash,
 Hear that peculiar hum,
 Behold a fleet within the bay,
 See there the Yankees come!
 Yes Dewey's fleet, into the bay,
 Had entered, it was plain,
 The puffs of steam all seemed to say,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

The mines have failed to sink a ship,
 The Yankees were to sly,
 For ev'ry ship in Dewey's fleet
 Has safely passed them by ;
 Now cruel Dons prepare to shed
 Your blood and suffer pain,
 Your fate is sealed, your ships are doomed,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

The fight is on, the Olympia leads,
 Hear it's huge cannon roar,
 And see a Spanish ship goes down,
 Another runs ashore ;
 Still Dewey's guns pour shot and shell
 Just like a shower of rain
 And all the while they seem to say,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

The fight is o'er, the monstrous guns
 Have ceased their deafening roar,
 The fight is o'er, the Spanish fleet
 Will plow the waves no more ;
 But Dewey's ships still proudly ride
 The waves and staunch remain,
 While ev'rywhere the wail is heard,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

Days will pass by, men will be heard
 In after years to say,
 This is the place where Dewey fought
 Upon the first of May,
 Without a loss of man or ship,
 Without a wail of pain,
 But mournfully the waves will sing,
 Woe to that fleet of Spain.

THE BATTLE CRY, FREEDOM FOR CUBA.

Now we'll step on board the train boys and hurry to the
 shore,
 We'll fight for the freedom of Cuba ;
 Of Spanish fiends and tyrants we soon shall see no more,
 For soon they'll be driven from Cuba.

(Chorus.)

Freedom for Cuba, starving must cease,
 Out with the Spanish, then we'll have peace ;
 Then we'll plant the Stars and Stripes where the Spanish
 once did rule,
 And Cuba shall then have her freedom.

We've seen enough starvation on Cuba's sunny shore,
 We'll fight for the freedom of Cuba;
 The Spanish must step out now or welter in their gore,
 For Cuba must now have her freedom.

Yes, we'll answer to the call boys, that came from Wash-
 ington,
 We'll fight for the freedom of Cuba;
 We'll land on Cuba's shore soon and make the Spaniards
 run,
 And Cuba shall then have her freedom.

The cause is just and right boys, so let us join the band,
 We'll fight for the freedom of Cuba;
 And God who sanctions justice will guide us by His hand,
 And Cuba shall then have her freedom.

A SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

Kiss me tenderly dear mother,
 As you did when I was small,
 Ere I sail forth for Manilla,
 Answering my country's call;
 For the news just came this morning,
 That the Tenth must cross the sea
 To drive out the Spanish tyrants
 And establish liberty.

(Chorus.)

Do not weep for me dear mother,
 I will prove a soldier true,
 "When this cruel war is over,"
 I'll come back again to you.

Do not fear that I, dear mother,
 Ever will forget to pray,
 I'll remember what you've taught me,
 Though temptations by the thousands,
 May surround me ev'ry day,
 I am sure that I'll resist them,
 For I'll daily watch and pray.

I will promise you, dear mother,
 Not touch the deadly bowl,
 I will shun its deadly contents
 Which bring ruin to the soul;
 I will do my duty ever,
 At my post I'll never sleep,
 I will not forget your counsel,
 Then dear mother do not weep.

Let your blessing then, dear mother,
 Rest upon your boy in blue,
 And when lying in the trenches
 He will often dream of you;
 And when we come home triumphant,
 You will then be glad to know,
 That your boy bravely responded
 To his country's call to go.

A DISTINGUISHED REGIMENT.

There's a regiment distinguished,
 It's the Tenth;
 It is known across the waters,
 It's the Tenth;
 In Manila far away,
 On that great eventful day,
 None were braver, all men say,
 Than the Tenth.

In the battle of Malate,
 Fought the Tenth;
 And there fell our brave John Brady
 Of the Tenth;
 Willing was he there to die,
 In a foreign grave to lie,
 Comrade of our Company I,
 Of the Tenth.

Near the outskirts of Manila,
 Lay the Tenth,
 Waiting patiently for orders,
 Were the Tenth;
 When they heard the Colonel's call,
 Forth they bounded one and all,
 Soon before Manila's wall,
 Stood the Tenth.

Soon the Spaniards fled in terror
 From the Tenth,
 And the boys from other quarters,
 Cheered the Tenth;
 When at last the fight was ended,
 General Greene the Tenth commended,
 Saying that the boys did splendid
 In the Tenth.

Now again old friends and comrades
 Greet the Tenth;
 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Cheer the Tenth;
 For United States and Spain
 Are at peace now once again,
 Then let peace and rest remain
 With the Tenth.

When the roll is called in heaven,
 Will the Tenth
 All be found among the faithful,
 Will the Tenth?
 Will you then unsheath your sword
 And all fight with one accord
 In the army of the Lord,
 Will the Tenth?

WHEN THE TENTH COMES MARCHING HOME.

The war with Spain is over and again we are at peace,
 And Uncle Sam has promised that our brave boys he'll
 release,
 We're filled with joy at present but there'll be a vast in-
 crease
 When the Tenth comes marching home.

(Chorus.)

There will be a grand reunion,
 There will be a grand reunion,
 There will be a grand reunion,
 When the Tenth comes marching home.

Our boys have done their duty and have done it nobly too,
 As brave and loyal soldiers ought in ev'ry instance do,
 And we their friends will show that we appreciate it too,
 When the Tenth comes marching home.

Greensburg ladies will all take a holiday,
 For all will want to see the boys who come from far away,
 And sweet will be the music that our many bands will play
 When the Tenth comes marching home.

We'll greet the boys in blue who bravely faced the shell
 and shot
 And honor we'll bestow upon those heroes who have fought,
 Our preachers too, will soon be called upon to tie the knot
 When the Tenth comes marching home.

COMPANY I FROM START TO FINISH.

The Civil War had closed,
 The soldiers had returned
 To home and friends, there to receive
 The honors nobly earned.

The men, who years before,
 Had rent our states in twain,
 Laid down their arms and coming forth,
 Said, "We'll unite again."

About that time a child,
 In old Penn's woods was born,
 The people said it would not live,
 'Twas sickly and forlorn.

It was a sickly child,
 And was without a home,
 How can it live, the people said,
 If left alone to roam?

By chance there came a man
 With heart tender and free
 Said he, The child shall have a home,
 I'll take it home with me!

For I believe the child
Has talents stowed away,
And if a chance be given him,
He'll make his mark some day.

The child must have a name,
To find one I will try,
He mused awhile, then said, 'twill do,
I'll call it Company I.

He then adopted it
And it became his son,
He built for it a handsome home,
His neighbors said, "Well done!"

And steadily it grew,
Became both large and strong
And citizens looked on with pride
Whene'er he marched along.

One day his father said,
There's going to be a fight
Beyond the ocean, you must go,
The brave boy said, "All right!"

With seven cousins he
Entered a monstrous ship
And sailed to islands far away,
They had a pleasant trip.

They landed fresh and strong,
And soon began to fight,
And every foe they terrified
And put to rapid flight.

During that bloody fight,
Some precious blood was spilled,
And while engaged our brave young boy
Was wounded but not killed.

Our boy is home again,
His cousins are home too,
Now friends from all parts of Penn's Woods,
Give honor where 'tis due.

Before us stands today,
Our brave boy Company I,
He who was once a sickly child,
Whom many thought would die.

Who is that noble man,
Who to our boy first gave
A home and cared for him for years,
No doubt his life did save?

I'll tell you friends his name,
He's living yet today,
He's Captain of a Christian band,
J. H. Pershing, Hurra!

*A TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF THE SPANISH
AMERICAN WAR.*

Conclusion of a sermon delivered Nov. 27, 1898.
John 15:13.

How wondrous was that love for man,
How wondrous was that love for God,
That could induce those men to die
And sleep beneath a foreign sod.

Brave heroes of sad fated Maine,
Victims of proud and treacherous Spain,
Sleep thou brave boys beneath the sea,
Eternal rest and bliss to thee.

Sleep till the trump of God shall sound,
When all beneath the waves and ground
Shall rise and meet Christ in the air,
Who shall their deeds on earth declare.

And may it be thy lot to stand
In joy and bliss at His right hand,
Where wars ne'er come and tumults cease,
Where nations dwell in joy and peace.

*THE RISE AND FALL OF SPAIN'S POWER IN
AMERICA.*

Four hundred years ago and more,
When men were eager to explore,
Spain sent a small courageous band
Who first discovered western land ;
Then over mountains, hills and plains,
She soon extended her domains.
Sansalvador, so rich and green,
Upon October twelfth was seen
By Christopher Columbus who
Sailed westward with his chosen crew,
And word soon reached Spain's sunny land,
That gold was plenty as the sand
In that new land which had been seen,
Sansalvador, so rich and green ;
Soon crowds of Spaniards, young and old,
All eager to secure the gold,
A greedy and a lawless band,
Sailed westward to that new found land.
But few among them could be found
Who came to dig and til the ground,
Ah, no! not men who came to toil,
To plant the corn and til the soil ;
One aim had they in coming west,
'Twas gold for which they went in quest,
And many streams of blood were shed,
And many poor red-men fell dead
Beneath the cruel, heartless blows
Dealt by those cruel Spanish foes.
In fifteen hundred and nineteen
A man appears upon the scene,

I shudder as I read the facts
Which tell of his dark, cruel acts;
The man who conquered Mexico,
Brought to the natives grief and woe,
A sacrilegious man was he,
Pretending a great god to be,
'Twas by such fraud he caused the fall
Of Montezuma's throne and all,
And Mexico, that rich domain,
Was added to the wealth of Spain.
Another band, in search of gold,
Pressed northward, suffering from cold,
Led by a man with heart like stone,
Desota, whose dark crimes are known;
'Twas he who slaughtered Indian bands,
Captured a chief, cut off his hands;
But soon cold death, man's greatest foe,
Laid that bloodthirsty tyrant low,
His followers cast him when dead
O'erboard into the river bed,
There let him lie beneath the wave,
Unhonored in an unmarked grave.
To that rich country of Peru,
Spain sent her cruel tyrants too,
There, to the Incas, Pizarro
Brought suffering and grief and woe,
And thus it came to pass that Spain
Possessed her large and rich domain;
There was a time when she could boast
Of western lands she owned the most.
But as the centuries rolled by,
From her subjects there rose a cry
That they were being much oppressed
And longed for liberty and rest,
And soon the first brave colony
Fought bravely and gained liberty;
Soon others fought and freedom gained

Until but two with Spain remained ;
 At last, disgusted, Uncle Sam
 Brought forth his mighty battering-ram
 And knocked Spain from the western shore
 And made her vow she'd come no more.
 And now these colonies all live
 In rest and peace and praises give
 To Uncle Sam whose mighty blow
 Brought liberty and drove their foe
 Beyond the sea, far far away,
 And made her promise that she'd stay.

MY VISIT TO LUXURY LAND.

I sat in my study wornout and weary,
 I felt very blue, down-hearted and dreary,
 I thought of young parsons living in cities,
 Boarding at hotels and eating luxuries,
 Who dressed in broadcloth and wore hats of silk,
 Who lived, as it were, on honey and milk,
 I cried in distress, O muse carry me
 Away to the land of sweet luxury !

Still musing I sat for a few moments more,
 Then I heard a loud rap upon my front door,
 I opened the door and there entered the hall
 A handsome young man fully eight feet tall,
 Upon his shoulders were two monstrous wings,
 In his hand was a harp of a thousand strings,
 I stood as if rooted there fast to the place
 And continued to gaze on his bright handsome face.

Hail thou distressed parson, at length muttered he,
 I have heard thy petition and am come now for thee!
 Mount now on my shoulder and I'll carry thee to
 A planet where preachers have nothing to do
 But dress up in broadcloth and wear hats of silk,
 Eat cake and ice cream and drink the rich milk,
 And escort young ladies to banquets each night,
 Young ladies arrayed in garments of white.

I mounted upon his shoulders so fair,
 He bore me up high through the pure fresh air,
 Mile after mile still upward we flew,
 My heart with emotion was thrilled through and through;
 At last a bright star's rays shone upon me,
 Said he, "That's the planet we call Luxury,"
 Our journey, said he, will now soon be o'er,
 It will take us just about five minutes more.

To Luxury's planet we now drew near,
 And sweet strains of music I plainly could hear,
 We soon set our feet on Luxury's land,
 Where I beheld a monstrous brass band
 Composed of young ladies in garments of white,
 My heart beat for joy, I was filled with delight,
 For they all ceased playing and smiled upon me,
 And I felt just as happy as I could be.

The handsome young man who had carried me
 Up to that bright land of rich Luxury,
 Introduced me to those young ladies so neat,
 And the way they all bowed it was perfectly sweet,
 And I cried, Bless the day when that youth came for me
 And carried me forth to this sweet luxury,
 My sorrows and trials are now surely o'er,
 My joy is now full, I ask for no more!

They took me around the city to see,
 The city was called Aristocracy,
 Everybody in broad-cloth and silk was dressed,
 Nobody seemed to be poor or distressed,
 They took me into a large tailor shop
 And dressed me in broad-cloth, I looked tiptop;
 Thus dressed up so fancy and filled with delight,
 I attended a monstrous banquet that night.

Throughout my life I never did care
 To see a young lady with her shoulders bare,
 And it always did fill my soul with distress
 To see one without any sleeves in her dress;
 But the ladies that night to the very last one,
 Came there with their low-necked dresses on,
 From hand to shoulder their arms were bare,
 Their faces showed plenty of powder there.

I must confess that I began to feel
 A sort of loneliness over me steal,
 Thought I after all Aristocracy
 Is a city that never was built for me;
 It seems after all 'tis nothing but waste
 And things don't exactly just suit my taste;
 Just then a young lady came and said to me,
 I've the honor to escort you out to tea!

So arm in arm I marched out there,
 With a lady whose arms and shoulders were bare,
 A sight which I vowed oft before none would see,
 Alas, I was helpless in aristocracy!
 The table was covered with delicious food,
 I ate very heartily for it was good,
 Ice cream and fruit cake, and very rich milk,
 And I heard everywhere the rustle of silk.

I spent a week thus every day much the same,
 Every night that same lady with bare shoulders came
 And said, as she bowed very becomingly,
 I've the honor to escort you out to tea :
 You cannot believe how tired I grew
 There day after day with nothing to do,
 And the every day sight of those shoulders so bare
 Soon began to fill my soul with despair.

When she came the next evening and said to me,
 I've the honor to escort you out to tea,
 Completely o'ercome I broke down and wept,
 And then I awoke, I had only slept ;
 I was still in my study, still in my chair,
 Then I murmured aloud, I now will declare
 My sorrows and trials are all surely o'er,
 My joy is now full, I ask for no more !

(Moral)

Young parsons take warning when to banquets you go,
 When eating ice cream be sure to go slow,
 For be well assured to much rich ice cream
 Will every time bring such a dreadful dream.

OHIO'S PRESIDENTS.

Dedicated to Hon. William McKinley November, 1896.

Blest state of the Union, thrice honored before,
 By November's election thou art honored once more,
 For our great nation has again raised its voice
 And from thy vast throng has again made a choice.

Soon after the late war was over there came
 From among thy brave sons a man of great fame,
 Whose brave name will ever continue to live
 And men to him ever their praises will give.

It was General Grant, the Warrior so bold,
 Who for many years, through the heat and the cold,
 Led forth his brave men to a grand victory,
 Who conquered old General Robert E. Lee.

Twice was he chosen and in March was sent
 To Washington City where eight years he spent
 His remains are now lying at rest in the tomb,
 His soul has departed to its final home.

After his eight years of work had been spent,
 Another of thy noble sons was then sent,
 Who filled the same office for four years more,
 'Twas Rutherford Hayes whose name I adore.

I adore him because, like a Christian so true,
 One brave, noble act he determined to do,
 'Twas to always discard the use of the wine
 Whenever with guests he would sit down to dine.

I praise that good man for being so brave,
 His voice is now hushed, he lies in his grave,
 His spirit we hope lives in heaven with God,
 Because while on earth the right path he trod.

Then after four years another brave son
 Of thine was sent forth, a true, noble one,
 A kind-hearted man, 'twas James A. Garfield,
 Who for his own land his brave life did yield.

James Garfield, like Hayes, discarded the wine
 Whenever, with guests, he sat down to dine,
 He went to his work and with all his might
 He firmly stood up for that which was right.

But that cruel act of Charles Guiteau
 Brought to our whole nation great sorrow and woe,
 And caused Mr. Garfield to suffer much pain,
 Who bore it with patience and did not complain.

But with all the attention the doctors could give,
They soon were aware that he could not live,
In the month of September, on the nineteenth day,
His spirit went forth from his mortal clay.

And now fifteen years have passed by since then
And we can rejoice and be thankful again,
Because our great nation has lifted its voice
And one of thy sons is again made its choice.

'Tis William McKinley a man of great fame,
Both the men and women are shouting his name,
Because, as they say, we will not want for bread
As long as our government has such a head.

Like other brave men he joined the large band
Who went forth to rescue their own native land,
Although but a youth he put on the blue,
For he was a soldier who always proved true.

The election is over and soon he will go
As the fourth President in Ohio's long row;
We feel confident he'll make a brave fight
To put down the wrong and uphold the right.

But we hope that he too like James A. Garfield,
To wine and dishonesty never will yield,
But that every time he sits down to dine
He too will discourage the use of the wine.

We hope that McKinley successful will be,
And that from distress we will ever be free,
May the blessings of heaven upon him descend
And guide and direct him till his term shall end.

GENERAL RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

The Psalmist, in God's holy Word,
Said, "What is man that thou should'st take
Account of him or of his works,
Or supplications he might make?"
Although inferior far to God,
We know man is his image still
And that he takes account of all
Who strive to do his holy will.

The best example I can cite
Of public men in modern days,
Who truly strove to do God's will,
Was noble Rutherford B. Hayes;
In private or in public life,
No matter in which path he trod,
He strove not to please wicked men
But bravely strove to please his God.

Trained by a pious mother, he
Became a man, God-fearing, mild,
Like Timothy, it could be said,
He knew the Scriptures from a child;
In him was proven that proverb
Whose words, at least in substance say,
Train up a child in the right path
And he will never go astray.

A quiet man, ne'er seeking fame,
Yet he among the first went forth
To battle for the Union when
The South seceded from the North;

And never did he sheath his sword
 Until the Rebel leader, Lee,
 Gave up his sword to General Grant
 And we once more from war were free.

In public office he was firm,
 While President at Washington,
 Without regard to precedent,
 The noblest of his acts were done;
 There, with the help of his good wife,
 The wine-cup was at once removed
 From the White House, that noble act
 Was by all honest men approved.

As a good shepherd tends his flock,
 He daily watched with tender care
 The duties which devolved on him
 That our nation well might fare
 He bravely stood amidst all trials,
 He feared no threats of senators,
 But officers who were corrupt
 Were soon by him turned out of doors.

His manly face no more is seen
 Among our nation's busy throng,
 He now is free from public cares
 In that bright home of bliss and song,
 Where all the servants of the Lamb,
 Who faithfully their race have run,
 Shall hear the blessed words of Christ,
 "Well done thou good and faithful one."

To you, young men, who read these lines
 Of admiration, love and praise,
 I say, go forth and imitate
 The noble Rutherford B. Hayes;

By doing so you will receive
 The blessings of your land and God,
 And with our land full of such men,
 We'll have no fear of vice or fraud.

THE YOUTH OF GADARA.

Here lies the Lake of Tiberias close by the steep rugged
 mountains,
 Now it is peaceful and silent, now its waves rise in their
 fury;
 Into the north end the Jordan flows and is lost in its vol-
 ume,
 But from the south end emerging again from the lake forth
 it gushes,
 Onward for miles then it courses till it is lost in the Dead
 Sea
 Lying so misty and solemn in the blest land of Judea.

Here lies the Lake of Tiberias, also called Lake of Gen-
 nesaret,
 Other names also are given which are all equally sacred ;
 What's in a name I would like to know if there's one who
 can tell me?
 'Tis not the name that enchants me as I row over its waters,
 But 'tis the voice which I fancy comes down from Galilee's
 mountains,
 Saying, List thou to my story which I desire to tell thee,
 Thou wilt, I know, not reject it, list to my tale I entreat
 thee.

I.

Years ago down from the mountains came a whole legion
 of demons,
 Shrieking, blaspheming and cursing, saying "Where shall
 we find lodgement

Where we will never be hampered and none can ever expel us?"

Hearing their voices I trembled for a youth who was accustomed

Morning and evening to journey over the hills to Gadara ;
Woe to that youth if unhappily he should be met on his journey

By that bad legion of demons roaming about o'er the mountains,

Into him they would soon enter and 'twould delight them to taunt him.

II.

Just as the bright sun was setting, silently down from the mountains

Came the youth utterly ignorant of the great danger before him,

Soon the bad demons beheld him and with a shout rushed upon him,

Instantly entered into him and took entire possession

Of the youths reason and judgment, saying, "He'll serve us forever;"

O what a change then came o'er him! Stars above shone down with pity.

III.

Moved by the legion of demons who now completely controlled him,

Over the mountains he started, shrieking and dismally howling,

Tearing his clothes from his body, cutting himself on sharp edges,

Utterly now in control of that wicked legion of demons;

Into the mountains they drove him, crying from morning till evening :

Then into tombs he ran crying, growing so fierce none could tame him,

Friends and relations beheld him, heard him cry morning
and evening,
Bound him with chains and strong fetters but he soon broke
them asunder.

IV.

Now, there were there on the mountains thousands of swine
which were feeding
And those who kept them behind him now in control of the
demons,
Crying and cutting his body on the sharp stones in the
mountains,
They were not moved with compassion for they looked on
with indifference;
Day after day he grew fiercer, soon no one dared to come
near him
And his friends patiently waited, hoping that death would
soon claim him.

V.

Down on the Lake of Tiberias, suddenly and unexpected,
Sweeps a fierce storm in its fury, rolling the waves like
huge mountains;
Woe to the fisherman's vessel sailing on Galilee's waters!
Who shall be able to rescue them from the waves which
dash o'er them?
Hark! There comes over the waters, born on the winds of
the evening,
Voices all filled with emotion, saying, "Lord save us, we
perish,"
Who can they be who are speaking, somebody praying for
mercy?
Hark! 'tis a calm voice now saying, "Why are ye fearful O
faithless?"
See now the storm has ceased raging and a small boat is
approaching,

In it are men who are Hebrews, now they all land near
 Gadara,
 There is one to whom the others bow with the greatest of
 reverence,
 Who can he be, we all wonder, for no one here seems to
 know him?

VI.

Hark, hear that cry from the mountains! "I know thee
 Jesus of Nazareth,"
 "Thou art the son of Jehovah, art thou come forth to de-
 stroy us?"
 Quickly the multitude scattered, for 'twas the youth of
 Gadara,
 Under control of the demons, who thus addressed the young
 stranger.
 While they stood gazing with horror, suddenly all were as-
 tonished,
 For the youth did not attack him but straightway fell down
 and worshipped;
 "What is thy name?" asked the stranger, then 'twas the
 demons who answered,
 "Legion it is, we beseech thee send us not out of the coun-
 try;"
 Then spake the stranger with firmness, "Come out of him
 thou foul spirit;"
 They did not dare disobey him but in these words they be-
 sought him,
 "Give us permission to enter into the swine on the moun-
 tains,"
 And the young Master made answer, "Enter, you have my
 permission."
 Forth from the youth of Gadara went the whole legion of
 demons,
 Into the swine they all entered and the herd ran down the
 mountains

Into the Lake of Tiberias and were all choked in its waters.
 Then fled the herders in terror into the town of Gadara,
 Told the whole city the story how a young man in the mountains
 Drove the whole legion of demons from the fierce youth of
 Gadara,
 Told how the demons had entered into the swine in the
 mountains,
 How the swine ran down the mountains and in the waters
 had perished.
 Hearing the story, the city eagerly rushed forth to meet
 him;
 When they saw sitting beside him, in his right mind, clothed
 and quiet,
 Him whom the legion had tortured they were all filled with
 amazement;
 But they had no words of welcome for the young Master
 who saved him,
 They cared more for the two thousand swine that were
 choked in the waters
 Than the poor mortal delivered from the influence of demons,
 For they besought the young Master to depart out of their
 borders.

VII.

Jesus from that place departed for none there cared to receive him,
 His divine love they rejected choosing instead earthly riches.
 Many hearts, just like Gadara, striving for earth's richest
 treasures,
 Will never open for Jesus, nor care for man's deep afflictions.

VIII.

Children, who read this sad story, be not like foolish Gadara,
 Open your hearts to the Savior, let him come in and find
 lodgement,
 Bid him cast out all that's evil, bid him abide there forever,
 Pure happiness he will give you and a bright mansion in
 heaven.

JERRY McCALL AND HIS PERPETUAL MOTION.

In a small mining village lived Jerry McCall,
 He was gentle and kind and a favorite of all,
 He could run a whole mile at a rapid rate
 And would always lead off when the boys went to skate.
 One day he was reading of young Darius Green
 Who tried to invent a huge flying machine;
 Ha-ha; laughed young Jerry, I see what was wrong,
 Young Darius just made them a little too long!
 But of course it could not be expected that he
 Would get them just right he was green as could be;
 If I would invent a machine it would work
 And I would surprise young Reuben and Burke!
 Then Jerry sat down and seemed lost in thought,
 When suddenly he jumped as if he'd been shot,
 Said he, "I'll invent the perpetual motion
 And I'll become famous beyond the broad ocean,
 I'll be introduced to England's great queen
 Who with great admiration will praise my machine,
 I'll take one to Holland, far over the way
 And meet the fair queen, little Wilhelmina,
 And Emperor William of old Germany
 Will take off his hat and reverence me:
 I'll make glad the whole republic of France
 And their handsomest girls will after me prance,

I'll cross o'er the Alps and visit the Swiss,
 Where I'll greet the young girls with a sweet Hobson kiss,
 For I'm sure by that time Hobson's fame will decline,
 At least 'twill be nothing compared then with mine;
 All the young girls in Europe will want me I know,
 But it's little affection on them I'll bestow,
 I'll not give my hand to such flirts as they
 For the girls are much better in America.
 So Jerry set out for old Brown's lumber yard
 And purchased a plank very dry, tough and hard,
 I'll need this, said he, in the very first place,
 A plank's just the thing for a good solid base;
 Now I need some sheet-iron to make me two troughs,
 They have just the right kind down at old Luther Groff's.
 By noon our young Jerry had everything bought
 To make it complete, at least so he thought;
 So that afternoon our industrious young man
 Very much now in earnest his great work began;
 He allowed that 'twould take him a month to complete
 The machine all throughout as he wanted it neat;
 Out in the wood-shed he hammered away
 Both early and late for many a day;
 His two elder sisters one morning came out,
 Saying one to the other, "What is Jerry about?"
 Coming up to the wood-shed they saw a machine,
 Of which they declared the like never was seen;
 Two cute little troughs, neatly fashioned with care,
 Were securely attached to a beam which stood there,
 A neat little pendulum hung alongside,
 The base was a plank about a foot wide.
 Why Jerry, said Annic, what can this thing be,
 I'm sure that no one the like ever did see?
 O lately, said Jerry, I've taken a notion
 That I can invent the perpetual motion;
 I've labored in earnest but soon I'll be through,
 I expect to complete in a day now or two,
 Then you, my dear sisters, must come when it's done

And see the thing start, O won't it be fun?
 I must make yet two lead balls so smooth and so round,
 And they must each weigh just exactly a pound.
 But Jerry, said Flora, do you think it will run,
 O if it should not, won't the people make fun?
 Don't worry, dear sister, but patiently wait
 And you'll soon see it start at a wonderful rate;
 When I drop the last ball in that neat little trough
 You'll first see her quiver and then she'll start off,
 By next Friday ev-ning the people will know
 That Jerry McCall's new machine is a go.
 So Jerry worked on and late Thursday night
 His machine all complete stood neat and upright
 Hurrah! said young Jerry, O don't she look grand?
 But I'll not start it now, I'll leave the thing stand
 Till morning and then I'll bring Annie and Flo,
 Then I'll drop in the balls and see the thing go;
 So locking it up in the old fashioned shed
 He went to the house and was soon snug in bed;
 About four o'clock he heard his good sire
 Shout, Jerry, come quick, the wood-shed's on fire!
 Young Jerry ran out, but O what a shame!
 The wood-shed was all one huge sheet of flame;
 Through the window he saw his machine down below,
 Which he vowed that the world on that day would see go,
 He saw that 'twas going, but O what a joke,
 It was all going up in a huge cloud of smoke!
 And that was the last of young Jerry's machine,
 His fate was as hard as that of young Green;
 But one thing, said Jerry, I'd have the world know,
 'Tis true that that Friday did see the thing go;
 And his sisters said, yes, but 'twas a grand joke,
 It all went up to the clouds in smoke!

THE LITTLE DUSKY DIAMOND HERO.

Bards have sung of self-made heroes
Who were born in rude built houses
And at early age left orphans,
Of their trials and misfortunes,
How they labored late and early
To support their widowed mothers
And sometimes some younger children,
How they yearned for education
And by laboring hard obtained it ;
Many who attained to honor
And by all were much respected,
Some who filled the highest office
In our grand and good republic,
Others who led troops to battle
And for bravery were distinguished ;
Listen now and I will tell you
Of one whom I call a hero,
Though he never led an army
Armed with guns and glistening sabres,
But who was indeed a soldier
In an army of great numbers,
Who did not, with guns and sabres,
Undertake to fight their battles.
In the village of Rocksborough
Lived an honest, poor coal-miner,
With a wife and five small children,
Times were hard and work not plenty,
That man's name was John McClelland ;
He was always just and honest
And was loved by all his neighbors ;
He was laboring hard to keep his

Oldest son, whose name was Rudolph,
In the public school at Brookfield,
'Twas the year of eighteen, sixty,
Just before the great Rebellion,
Rudolph then was just eleven
And stood head in all his classes.
When he came from school one evening,
'Twas the thirteenth day of April,
All the village was excitement,
For the startling news had reached them
That the day before, the Rebels
Had attacked and captured Sumter.
Soon there came a call from Lincoln,
"Wanted, men, three hundred thousand,
To put down the great rebellion
And preserve the states in union."
When the call reached John McClelland
Who was brave and patriotic,
He exclaimed, I'll go to battle
To preserve the sacred Union,
Fight for home and God and country,
So John left his home and fam'ly,
Praying God to safely keep them
Free from grief and pangs of hunger,
Till he should return to meet them,
Or if he should fall in battle
God should be a father to them.
It was thought at first the trouble
Would in a short time be ended,
Such ideas had John McClelland
When he left his wife and children.
But the people found out quickly
That the states which had seceded
Were determined to remain so,
And to force them to surrender
Would require time and labor.
After John had joined the army

And had been in several battles
And had faced the rebel cannon
And escaped their deadly bullets,
Word was brought unto his fam'ly
That he had been taken pris'ner
And was being rudely dealt with
In the dreary Libby Prison.
Patiently for months they waited,
But the message came one morning,
"He had died in Libby Prison."
Then the village of Rocksborough
Was for many days in mourning,
Stores were closed and bells were tolling
For the noble John McClelland
Who had died to save the Union.
With her head bowed down in sadness,
John McClelland's wife sat musing,
Father's dead and I've no money,
Who'll provide for these poor children
Rudolph said, I'll tell you mother,
I will leave my school tomorrow
And will go and work at mining,
I can earn enough to keep you
And the children from starvation.
So he went to work at mining
And for two years earned the money
Which provided food and clothing
For the children and his mother ;
By that time the War was over
And the times were getting better ;
Rudolph too had grown much stronger
And still yearned for education.
As he sat beside the fire,
On a cold December ev'ning,
Glancing over a newspaper,
Suddenly his face grew brighter
As he read this advertisement,

"Doctor Jones will start a night-school
 On the fifteenth of December,
 To prepare young men for college,
 Let the young men take advantage."
 Rudolph clapped his hands and shouted,
 Went at once to make arrangements
 To attend the course of study
 And prepare himself for college.
 Soon arrangements were completed
 And he set to work in earnest,
 Digging coal during the day-time,
 Studying hard during the evening,
 Wrestling with his Greek and Latin,
 Algebra and Ancient Hist'ry
 And all other branches needed
 To prepare himself for college.
 Thus he worked for three years longer
 And to college was admitted.
 But another difficulty
 Now arose to bar his progress.
 While he'd be away to college,
 Who'd supply the money needed
 To provide the food and clothing
 For his mother and the children?
 He had just about concluded
 To give up his course in college,
 When his brave and noble mother
 Came at once unto his rescue.
 Rudolph dear, she gently whispered,
 You have labored hard and kept me
 From much sorrow and starvation,
 I will pay your way through college,
 I will go to yonder farmer
 And will labor during harvest,
 Binding sheaves from morn till ev'ning
 And thereby will earn the money
 Which will pay your way through college

And will buy the food and clothing
For myself and all the children,
I am sure that I'll be able
To provide whate'er is needed
While you are away at college.
So he came to the conclusion
He'd accept her proposition,
Though it grieved him much to see her
Doing so much heavy labor ;
But he vowed that in the future,
After having passed through college,
He'd repay her act of kindness
By bestowing gifts upon her,
By providing a home for her
Where she could repose in comfort.
So he went away to college
And began his work in earnest,
Very faithfully he labored
And when the first year had ended
He stood foremost in his classes.
Working hard during vacation,
Thus he strove to earn the money
For to pay his way through college.
When at last he had completed
His entire course in college,
He concluded to go further,
In theology he ventured
And for three years struggled onward
Till at last he graduated,
Having mastered all the branches ;
He soon afterwards was licensed
And ordained to preach the gospel.
Shortly after ordination,
From the trustees of the college,
He received a letter saying
They had chosen him Professor
For the chair of Greek and Latin

And they urged him to accept it.
But he wrote to them a letter,
Stating his appreciation
Of their acts of kindness toward him,
But declined their generous offer,
Saying, I must preach the gospel,
For I feel it is my calling.
Next there came from a large city,
From a stylish congregation,
A request to him one morning,
Saying, Come and be our pastor,
We will pay three thousand dollars
And we have a handsome parsonage
Which is furnished and is waiting,
Come and occupy it for us,
For we need an able pastor.
He also declined their offer,
Saying, No, from Colorado,
From a silver mining district,
Comes a call which is much louder,
Come and preach to us the gospel!
All my class-mates are unwilling
To go out to those poor miners,
To those men in Colorado,
All because they can't afford to
Pay more than five hundred dollars
To their minister for salary.
So leaving all he started westward
Trav'ling over plains and mountains,
Till he came to Colorado,
To that silver mining district,
Where he set to work in earnest,
Strove to serve a congregation
Numbering only fifty members.
But they were God-loving people
And all labored with their pastor
To extend the Master's kingdom,

And the Master blessed their efforts
 And with success crowned their labors ;
 For we found him five years later
 In a large and handsome building
 And instead of fifty members
 He was preaching to three hundred.
 We have followed him through trials,
 Through discouragement and troubles,
 Now we find that he has triumphed
 And oer all has been victorious,
 Let us then congratulate him
 In the success of his mission
 And in all his future labors
 Let our earnest prayers go with him ;
 Now I ask you friends this question,
 Was he not indeed a hero ?

THE GOOD OLD CATECHETICAL METHOD.

That old catechism I've studied for years,
 Every question therein is dear to my heart,
 And shall I because other ministers do,
 From the old Catechetical method depart ?
 A thousand times no, I'll never give way,
 But until the day I breathe my last breath,
 I'll teach the young children that answer which tells
 Them their one only comfort in life and in death.

If you take the loud-voiced evangelist's plan,
 It will bring the church quickly numerical gain,
 It will bring in from thirty to forty each night
 Who after six months must be brought in again ;
 But though the good old Catechetical plan
 Does not so quickly bring numerical gain,
 The lambs which it usually brings to the fold
 You need not, in six months, go after again.

A MERCERSBURG ROMANCE.

In the thrifty town of Mercersburg,
 One pleasant night in June,
 A scene took place which will not be
 Forgotten very soon.

The college boys upon that night—
 A glorious banquet held,
 All other banquets held before,
 This one by far excelled.

Now when a banquet of this kind
 Is held by any school,
 Each boy must bring his lady friend
 Or violate the rule.

It happened that Professor Beam,
 Upon that glorious night,
 Brought with him his accomplished friend,
 Miss Anna Mary White.

The hall was decorated grand,
 The girls were dressed quite gay,
 At eight o'clock the march began
 Along the large hall-way.

They marched into the dining hall,
 Then seated at the table,
 The boys and girls ate of the food
 As much as they were able.

After the crowd had satisfied
 Themselves with cake and cream,
 They cried aloud, "Give us a toast!"
 "Professor Beam, Professor Beam!"

Then Mr. Beam rose from his seat
 And bowed before the crowd,
 He gave a toast which pleased them all,
 For their applause was loud.

But when the time at last arrived
 When all must say good night,
 Professor Beam forgot about
 His friend, Miss Anna White.

Forgot he'd brought her to the feast
 And right within her sight,
 He started home with Carrie Black
 And left poor Anna White.

And it did not occur to him,
 Until he reached his room,
 That he had brought Miss Anna there
 And taken Carrie home.

He tried to sleep but 'twas no use,
 He felt the deep disgrace,—
 So rising up he packed his trunk
 And quickly left the place.

'Tis strange indeed he should forget
 His duty on that night;
 It seems to me he could have seen
 'Twas there in Black and White.

GOLDEN MOMENTS.

Given to all alike each day,
 One by one they hasten away,
 Lost ones never again are found,
 Dashed hopelessly down to the ground;
 Ev'ry one is for you to use,
 Never O never e'en one abuse.

Morning's dawn sees them passing by,
 O how quickly they seem to fly!
 Many pass by on time's swift wing
 Evil to some they often bring;
 Now then my child treat well each one
 'Till your task in this world is done.

BEYOND THE GRAVE I SEE A LIGHT.

The shades of eve are falling,
 The sun is setting now,
 The zephyrs sway most gently
 The silver maple's bough;
 The crickets now are chirping,
 The cows now softly low
 While by the church-yard yonder,
 I see the clear brook flow.

The shades of eve are falling,
 But still I plainly see
 A mound in yonder grave-yard
 And think it cannot be
 That in that quiet grave-yard,
 Where forms are laid away,
 Kind hands of friends have buried
 My dear mamma today.

The shades of eve are falling,
 My tears are falling too,
 My mamma's taken from me,
 What am I now to do?
 Her easy chair is vacant,
 I miss her good-night-kiss,
 Sorrow and grief are reigning
 Where once reigned joy and bliss.

The shades of eve are falling,
 But now there falls on me
 A ray of light from heaven,
 From grief it sets me free,
 I see the dark veil lifted
 And there in peace and rest,
 Dear mamma dwells with Jesus
 In mansions of the blest.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLONEL A. L. HAWKINS.

The boys have sailed, so came the word
 Across the great broad sea,
 Upon the good ship Senator,
 The news brought joy and glee;
 Within a month, God willing, they
 Will reach the Golden Gate
 And soon thereafter meet their friends
 In the old Keystone State.

'Tis August first, a ship appears,
 The boys have come at last,
 It is the good ship Senator,
 Her flags are at half-mast;
 Our cheers are hushed, the people wait,
 All filled with fear and dread,
 The flags at half-mast tell the tale,
 Some one on board is dead.

The boys all land, weary and sad,
 One face does not appear,
 The face of him who led them oft,
 Who to their hearts was dear;
 A casket born from off the ship,
 His mortal clay contains,
 His soul has flown to other realms,
 Nought but his dust remains.

"Brave soldier rest, thy work is o'er,"
 Rest in thy native land,
 Thy sword is sheathed, thy voice no more
 Will our brave boys command;
 With sad hearts we here tenderly,
 Now lay thee in the tomb,
 From pain and sorrow thou art free,
 O'er us is cast a gloom.

Rest thou beneath the sun's bright rays,
 Rest thou beneath the stars,
 A soldier thou, for many days
 In two important wars;
 For thy great service we to day
 Here rightly honor thee,
 Sleep thou till Resurrection Day,
 Brave soldier thou art free.

Thou art now dead, yet still alive
 Within each soldier's heart,
 Who with thee on the battle-field,
 In fighting took a part;
 Years shall roll by, still men shall say,
 Here lies a man of fame
 And soldier boys still e'er revere
 Brave Colonel Hawkin's name.

Aug. 8, 1899.

*THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM
M'KINLEY.*

The morning dawned on Buffalo,
 The bright sun from the sky looked down
 Upon crowds passing to and fro
 In that fair city of renown;
 Upon large crowds in bright array,

Like fruit trees when in fullest bloom,
 None dreamed that ere the close of day,
 The nation would be wrapped in gloom.

The forenoon passed, and noon also,
 The multitude its course now bent
 Towards the spot, with hearts aglow,
 Where stood our nation's president;
 With a sweet smile upon his face,
 The president stretched forth his hand
 And with unfeigned, pure Christian grace,
 Greeted each one of that huge band.

A man came forth from that huge throng,
 A man was it? Ah no, 'twas not!
 It was a fiend who passed along
 And in cold blood fired a shot
 Into McKinley's manly frame,
 E'en while he grasped his friendly hand,
 A blacker crime or deeper shame
 Ne'er left its trace on our fair land.

The merriment was suddenly
 Turned to mourning, each voice was hushed,
 Kind friends removed him tenderly,
 Each tender heart with grief was crushed;
 Physicians were called hastily
 Who handled him with tender care,
 While people prayed most earnestly
 To God in heaven his life to spare.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

'Twas past the midnight hour
 And the last ray
 Of hope had disappeared,
 Calmly he lay

Waiting the summons of
 The God of peace and love,
 To his blest home above,
 To endless day.

Meekly had he resigned
 To God's decree,
 Ne'er once did he complain,
 Ne'er murmured he;
 Content to die was he,
 Whispering rev'rently,
 "Nearer my God to thee,
 Nearer to thee."

"God's will be done," said he,
 "It is his way."
 Thus firm in Christian faith,
 He passed away;
 From pain and sorrow free,
 With angels now sings he,
 "Nearer my God to thee,
 Nearer to thee."

BURIAL OF PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

On that sad melancholy day,
 When Canton was o'erwhelmed with gloom,
 McKinley's form was borne away
 And laid to rest within the tomb.

Church-bells throughout Columbia's lands,
 From lake to gulf, from sea to sea,
 Told forth while many choral bands
 Chanted, "Nearer my God to thee."

With hearts bowed down in grief we laid
 Him in the tomb and left him there
 And with sad hearts we humbly prayed
 Before God's throne this humble prayer.

To heaven we lift our voice and cry,
 O God our Father speed the day
 When the last trace of anarchy
 Shall from our land be swept away.

MARGERY'S PERIL.

In the meadow by the road five little tots
 Romped about while gathering sweet forgetmenots,
 Close beside them on the fence, coiled around a stake,
 With his tongue protruding, hung a rattle-snake;
 Through the deep grass scampered each little tot,
 Margery, the youngest, wandered near the spot
 Where, with tongue protruding, hung the rattlesnake,
 Soon her bright eyes saw it coiled around the stake;
 Look, the sweet child shouted, see the pwitty fing!
 Let me do and touch it, O, it has a sting!
 Mercy, cried the others, Margery will die!
 O that some physician were now passing by!
 Then all cried together, Help for mercy sake,
 Margery is bitten by a rattle-snake!
 Happily a farmer who was passing by,
 Saw the monstrous rattler, heard the children cry,
 Leaped from off his wagon, joined the little crew,
 With his mouth the poison quickly he withdrew
 From the hand of Margery, then killed the snake
 Which, with tongue protruding, hung upon the stake;
 Then upon his wagon seat, very tenderly,
 Placed our little darling, sweet Margery,
 Took her home to mother, placed her on a bed,
 Now indeed unconscious, still she was not dead.
 Soon the doctor enters, all hold their breath,

Will our darling Margery soon be cold in death?
 See his face now brighten, he exclaims, "Alls well,
 She will soon recover, just a fainting spell!
 You can thank the farmer, for his act so brave,
 For 'twas that brave act which your child's life did save.

A REVIEW OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEM "THE KING."

I have read the poem of Rudyard Kipling,
 Recently published, which is styled "The King:"
 'Tis a fine production that poet has wrought,
 Full of inspiration and full of deep thought.

Papers were so anxious to secure it quickly,
 That 'twas sent by cable from beyond the sea;
 The people, of course, thought 'twas a grand thing,
 Just because 'twas written by Rudyard Kipling.

'Tis a fine production, still it seems to me
 Magazines have acted rather hastily,
 Spending much money to have it brought o'er
 By means of cable to Columbia's shore.

Why send for your poems to a foreign shore,
 Have we not among us poets by the score
 Whose poems are sweeter by far than anything
 Which has yet been written by Rudyard Kipling?

Take the latest poem of Will Carleton,
 "The leaves of the book," place it now upon
 Yonder critic's table, place also "The King,"
 Which was written lately by Rudyard Kipling.

Let the competent critic put them to test,
 Then inform the public which work is the best;
 I feel sure our country very soon would see
 That "The King" is indeed a minus quantity.

I'll name you another, James Whitcomb Riley,
 Whose lines surpass those cabled over the sea;
 Take Josiah G. Holland's great poem, "Bitter Sweet:"
 'Tis one which no foreign poet ever can beat.

Do not think that American poets all are dead,
 In rhyme and sweet metre we are still far ahead,
 And if our journals want good poetry,
 They need not, by cable, bring it over the sea.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

Beyond the Jordan in that land
 Near Bethany men saw him stand,
 Who thronged him when they heard the cry,
 "Repent ye for the time is nigh;
 When John stood there the following day
 And Jesus came men heard him say
 To his disciples, there were two,
 Ide ho amnos tou theou.

Like the glad tidings on that morn,
 Which angels sang when he was born,
 These words of John rung in their ears,
 Increased their joy, dispelled their fears,
 Their faith increased, all doubts disarmed
 A resolution there they formed;
 Believing that John's words were true,
 Ekolouthesan to Iesou.

Would that all men might heed the cry
 Uttered by John in Bethany,
 And that it might be said of all,
 When the last trump proclaims the call,

“Come forth and meet the Lamb on high,”
 That when on earth they heard the cry,
 Ide ho amnos tou theou,
 Ekolouthesan to Iesou.

A FAITHFUL CHILD OF GOD.

In Memory of Sarah I. Runkel.

A precious and beloved one,
 A faithful child of God
 Now calmly and serenely sleeps
 Beneath the hallowed sod.

A tender sister, good and true,
 In days gone by was she ;
 A noble Christian who by all
 Was loved most tenderly.

Now free from pain she sweetly sleeps,
 A ransomed child of God ;
 She sleeps the sleep of God's redeemed,
 Beneath a hallowed sod.

And when the trumpet call is heard,
 She from her grave will rise
 And with the ransomed meet her Lord
 In bright celestial skies.

THE GIRL I MET FIVE YEARS AGO.

I stepped on board the train one day
 When I was twenty-four,
 I heaved a sigh of deep regret,
 My college days were o'er

And I had been commissioned to
A little mountain charge,
Four congregations, far apart
And salary not large.

The train moved on at rapid rate,
I traveled all that day,
When ev'ning came I found myself
Three hundred miles away
From home and in the mountains wild,
A perfect wilderness,
At first I was almost o'ercome
With fear and loneliness.

An elder, Philip Westinghouse,
Had promised to meet me,
I looked around on all sides but
No person could I see ;
The ticket agent told me that
He lived two miles away,
But that he had not seen him there
At any time that day.

And so I started up the road
Along a deep ravine,
The pines presented on all sides
A rich delightful scene ;
A clear and sparkling mountain brook
Rushed down the mountain side,
And many gray spirrels on the trees
Popped in their holes to hide.

I walked along a mile or two
And then stoped suddenly,
For I beheld a fair young maid
Beside a large pine tree,

Plucking the flowers near its roots
 And singing all the while,
 Her neat form dressed in white, her face
 Beamed with a pleasant smile.

But her dark bright eyes soon espied
 Me coming towards her,
 Good ev'ning miss! said I, and she
 Replied, Good ev'ning sir!
 You live near here, said I no doubt
 You can inform me where
 Lives Mr. Philip Westinghouse,
 Can you direct me there?

Her bright dark eyes grew brighter still
 When I spoke thus to her,
 She sweetly smiled and then replied,
 I am his daughter, sir!
 She then extended her fair hand
 And said, you're welcome sir,
 I think I can guess who you are,
 You are our minister?

You certainly have guessed aright,
 Said I, for I am he,
 And if the one whom I've just met
 Shall a fair sample be
 Of the young people of the flock,
 Our church is bound I know
 To increase in its membership
 And rich in grace to grow.

She blushed again and sweetly smiled,
 Then said to me, Now come,
 Just follow me I'll lead the way
 And soon we'll be at home;



She sweetly smiled and then replied,
I am his daughter sir.

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'Tis only just a little way,
 That white house yonder, see,
 Which stands beneath the little hill
 Near by the tall pine tree.

She led the way and soon I found
 Myself most heartily
 Welcomed by Mr. Westinghouse,
 His wife and children three;
 That ev'ning I will ne'er forget,
 'Twas passed most pleasantly,
 The parents and the children too,
 Were pleasant as could be.

That happened just five years ago,
 And I am preaching still
 In that small mountain charge, I drive
 O'er many a stony hill;
 But that fair maid whom I first met
 When first I traveled o'er
 The mountain road near by her home,
 Now lives at home no more.

And is she still Miss Westinghouse?
 No, she has changed her name!
 Six months ago to day her name
 And mine became the same;
 And now in a neat parsonage,
 While moments come and go,
 My heart is cheered by that fair maid
 I met five years ago.

MY GOOD OLD PIPE OF CLAY.

There's a snug, quiet corner in my father's old farm-house
 Where I've spent many a happy winter day,
 Where I've sat for many an hour just as quiet as a mouse,
 Smoking my good old pipe of clay.

O my good old pipe of clay, they have hidden it away,
 And I never hope to find it any more!
 I shall buy myself another and I'll smoke throughout the
 day
 While I sit in that corner as before.

When the rays of morn were dawning and the sun shone
 forth its light
 Bringing to the world another day,
 I would fill my box with matches and prepare myself a light,
 Then I'd puff my good old pipe of clay.

One day I went as usual to the corner of that room,
 But alas my good old pipe was gone!
 I was almost broken hearted and I filled the house with
 gloom
 All night until the morning dawn.

I blamed my wife and daughter but they ev'ry one denied
 And I never have been able to this day
 To detect the one who had been mean enough to go and hide
 That good old friend my pipe of clay.

I have bought myself another for I never hope to find
 That pipe which some mischief hid away,
 But there'll be fond recollections of it coming to my mind,
 Farewell then my good old pipe of clay!

HOPE'S VISION.

I saw the Lord sitting upon
His glorious throne on high,
His everlasting glory filled
The earth and sea and sky.

Above his everlasting throne
Stood the bright seraphim,
With wings which covered face and feet
Who praised and worshipped him.

“And one cried unto another,
Holy, holy, holy,
Is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth
Is full of his glory.”

Then all the foundations were moved
At the voice of him who spoke,
Foundations of the thresholds and
The house was filled with smoke.

Woe is me, I then exclaimed
For I am now undone,
“I am a man of unclean lips,”
A vile and sinful one.

I dwell among a people whose
Lips are vile and unclean,
For the great King, the Lord of hosts,
Mine own eyes now have seen.

Then one of the bright seraphim,
Unto me quickly flew,
Having a coal, which he with tongs
From off the altar drew.

And then he touched my mouth with it
 And said unto me, "Lo,
 This coal hath touched thy lips and purged
 The sin which pained thee so."

Then suddenly I heard a voice,
 It was the Lord's own word,
 "Whom shall I send, and who will go?"
 Said I send me O Lord.

I heard his voice saying to me,
 Go forth and preach my word,
 I went forth and proclaimed the name
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, ACROSTIC.

Just and noble statesman he,
 At his post from morn till night,
 Man of honor, true, upright,
 Ever mindful of the right,
 Stood for land and liberty.

Able did he wield the rod
 Brought to him, the nation's choice,
 Ruled he well with heart and voice,
 All true men could but rejoice ;
 Martyr for his land and God.

Gone forth to eternal rest,
 At the throne of God now blest ;
 Rest brave soul forever there,
 Free from sorrow, pain and care ;

In that land of peace and rest,
 Evermore shalt thou be blest ;
 Live thou there and soon may we
 Dwell in that bright home with thee.

OLD UNCLE DAN.

There was a man who was old and bent,
 But every day to town he went,
 Be the weather foul or be it fair,
 This bent old man never seemed to care ;
 No matter how thick the snow came down,
 Just the same he made his trip to town ;
 The people called him a nice old man,
 We children called him, "Old Uncle Dan."

He lived with his daughter on a hill,
 Close by an old decayed grist mill,
 For many years it had ceased to grind,
 It was one of the old old-fashioned kind ;
 But oft I heard old Uncle Dan say,
 I run that mill for many a day,
 Many a sack of wheat I ground
 When that water wheel went round and round.

Yes I was straighter and suppler then,
 Your father and I were stout young men,
 In yonder fields we together made hay
 And rastleed each other many a day,
 I ducked him with water and he ducked me
 Till both were as wet as we could be
 And oft around the old barn we would run,
 I tell you my boys we had lots of fun.

Old Mike Porter taught the deestrick school,
 His hickory rod and his dunce's stool
 Were the chief instruments of larning he had,
 The boys, I must say, were all rather bad ;
 Yes your father and I were none of the best,
 We both were about as bad as the rest ;
 One day we both laughed out loud, "He, he !"
 And old Mike licked us tremeduously.

When Christmas came we barred out old Mike,
 But he broke in the door with a big hand-spike
 And at us he came and every young man,
 Now frightened jumped through the window and ran ;
 I happened to be a little too slow
 And old Mike struck me a fearful blow
 Upon my head and I fell to the floor
 Everything grew dark and I knew no more.

They said old Mike thought I really was dead,
 I lay motionless with a gash in my head ;
 Old Mike indeed was terribly scared
 For the biggest boys very stoutly declared
 That if I should die, on that very night
 The neighbors would hang old Mike on sight ;
 But Mike was not hung, but that very night
 The neighbors declared he'd served me just right.

Yes boys that was many long years ago,
 Your teachers now do not carry on so ;
 The people have grown much wiser you know,
 I thank the good Lord it has turned out so ;
 Old Mike did the best that he ever knew how,
 He's dead and I hope up in heaven now,
 And your uncle Dan too will very soon go,
 And he'll be better off in heaven I know.

THE PASSING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The town-clock now is striking six,
 Thou, Nineteenth Century,
 Hast only six more hours to live,
 Then we must part with thee ;
 The night approaches rapidly
 The golden moments fly,
 Thine eyes will soon forever close,
 At midnight thou must die.

Hark! the town-clock strikes seven,
 The hours are only five
 Till thou wilt pass away and then
 The New Year will arrive,
 The New Year which will usher in
 The Twentieth Century.
 The new born son of Father Time,
 Who comes to succeed thee.

The town-clock now is striking eight,
 Only four hours more
 Till thou wilt take thy hasty flight
 And wilt return no more ;
 The tears will come, 'tis sad I know
 To see thee flee away,
 I would that many years were yet
 For thee to with me stay.

O how times flies! the clock strikes nine,
 The hours are only three
 Till thou shalt vanish out of sight
 And ne'er return to me ;

O why did I not realize,
 Before thy end drew near,
 That thou O Nineteenth Century,
 Wert thus to me so dear!

And now the clock is striking ten,
 Thy race is almost run,
 Thy work on earth will soon be o'er,
 Thy work so nobly done;
 Two hours more then thou shalt die,
 No more thy face I'll see,
 But though thou diest thou shalt live
 Within my memory.

And if I shall see many days
 Of the next century,
 No matter, I shall ne'er forget
 That I was born in thee;
 No! not if I live till the snow
 Of age comes to my brow,
 O hark, I hear that clock again!
 It strikes eleven now.

Thy hours I can count no more,
 I count the moments now,
 Till thou shalt silently take flight
 And on thy journey go;
 Hark, the clock is tolling twelve!
 'Tis tolling thy death knell,
 O Nineteenth Century so dear,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell!

The above poem was written between the hours of six
 and twelve o'clock, Dec. 31, 1900.

MY MOTHER'S FAVORITE HYMN.

Arrayed in the blue, at the age of eighteen,
 I left my dear mother's side,
 I went on board of a transport and sailed
 O'er the ocean so deep and wide;
 When on my berth in the transport that night,
 Very sad and lonely I lay,
 I fancied I heard my mother's sweet voice,
 Softly singing so far away.

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.”

For thirty long days that transport sailed on
 And I very sea-sick became,
 Very restless, I groaned for many a night,
 And always was glad when day came;
 My comrades would say, “Now pard take a beer
 And you will be better I know,”
 I answered them, no! and thought that I heard
 My mother's voice singing so low,

“Here I'll sit forever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.”

At last after many a weary long day,
 Our transport entered the bay
 Where Dewey destroyed a whole Spanish fleet
 Upon the first day of May;

I realized that I was far from my home
 And I greatly trembled with fear,
 But e'en while I trembled my mother's sweet voice
 Seemed softly to ring in my ear,

"Love and grief my heart abiding,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death."

Our regiment went forth to battle and fought
 And many privations we bore,
 At last the news came that peace was declared
 And all our hardships were o'er;
 We entered a transport to sail for our homes
 And soon we again were at sea,
 As I stood upon deck my mother's sweet voice,
 Seemed gently to come back to me,

"Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before His cross I lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in His languid eye."

After sailing for many a weary long day,
 We met with our dear friends once more,
 But sorrow was mine for my mother was dead,
 Her trials and sorrows were o'er;
 While I stood by her grave the tears from my eyes,
 In great torrents freely did flow,
 But e'en while I wept I imagined I heard
 Her voice singing sweetly and low, .

"Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder love and praise."

1901

A MEYERSTOWN ELOPEMENT.

She was a handsome maiden,
 Her age was twenty-two,
 Her father was a merchant
 As rich as any Jew ;
 Her mother was not handsome
 But very proud and vain,
 Who wore a dress at banquets
 Which had a ten-foot train.

Her given name was Agnes,
 The name means chaste or pure,
 They surely named her rightly,
 For she was chaste I'm sure ;
 But of her cranky father,
 I could not say as much,
 Of chastity, her mother
 Had scarcely a small touch.

A young and pious parson,
 Whose name was Arthur Brown,
 By a small congregation,
 Was called to Myerstown ;
 He fell in love with Agnes,
 And ere her parents knew,
 They'd vowed that the next summer,
 They'd be no longer two.

But when she told her parents
 They stormed and scolded her
 And said, What! will you marry
 A poor young minister?

They tried their best to force her
 To break the promise made,
 But, of their threats, young Agnes
 Was not one whit afraid.

They locked her in her bed room
 And kept her there all day,
 Nor left her out at ev'ning,
 But vowed she'd have to stay
 Till she would break the promise
 Made to young Parson Brown,
 But like that strong Gibraltar,
 She could not be brought down.

'Twas shortly after midnight,
 Her parents both had gone
 To a huge ball and likely
 Would stay till morning's dawn;
 She stepped upon the porch roof,
 Below stood Arthur Brown
 Who with a rope and ladder,
 Soon brought her safely down.

Then with light hearts they hastened
 Quickly to Cumberland,
 Where they, six hours later,
 Were joined both heart and hand;
 Her parents danced till morning,
 Then started for their home,
 When they arrived a message
 From Cumberland had come.

The father quickly read it,
 What did the message say?
 Dear father, we were married
 Just at the break of day;

I do not ask forgiveness
 Because I did just right
 In quietly eloping
 With Arthur Brown last night.

The mother, like a baby,
 Loudly began to bawl,
 The father said quite calmly,
 I'm not surprised at all ;
 I knew she was determined
 And now since it is done,
 Let's treat the parson kindly
 And own him as our son.

So Agnes and her husband
 Came back and settled down
 And served the congregation
 In good old Myerstown ;
 Their parents, now contented,
 Both often on them call,
 And have confessed to Agnes,
 'Twas better after all.

The after years of Agnes,
 Content and happy proved,
 'Twas all because she married
 The young man whom she loved ;
 In preference to riches,
 She chose true, honest love
 And rich blessings descended
 Upon her from above.

You crankly, wealthy fathers
 And you vain mothers too,
 This little, simple story
 Has lessons meant for you ;

Don't try the game of choosing
 Your daughter a husband,
 Or she, with a young parson,
 May skip to Cumberland.

DISTRESS OF SOUL.

Poor and wretched man am I,
 Jesus, Lord, to Thee I cry,
 Save me ere I faint and die.

Jesus, Lord, I humbly pray,
 Take my evil thoughts away
 Ere they lead my soul astray.

O that I could, like a dove,
 Soar to unseen worlds above
 And abide in thy blest love!

By false Satan's craft beguiled,
 I, a disobedient child,
 Wandered in the mountains wild.

Tender shepherd, good and kind,
 Come into the wilds and find
 Thy poor child distressed in mind.

Lost in the dark mountain hold,
 I am hungry, faint and cold,
 Take me back into thy fold.

Come Lord Jesus, rescue me,
 For I long again to be
 Safe within thy fold with Thee.

Take me back dear Lord and then
 Let me never stray again,
 For thy dear name's sake. A-men.

THE JR. O. U. A. M.

(James.)

Say Bob, I'd like to see you join
 The grand Junior O. U. A. M.
 The boys I know would all be glad
 To see you come and join with them;
 You're just the kind of men we want,
 Your principles are sound and right,
 Come Bob, say that you'll join our lodge,
 And I'll propose your name tonight?

(Bob.)

What, join your lodge, you say! now James
 I must confess I cannot see
 What good the Junior Order does,
 Or e'er has done, can you show to me?
 Now if you can show one grand thing
 Your lodge has done, I'll promise you
 I'll join it right away and will
 To all its principles be true.

(James.)

Well Bob, 'twill be no task at all
 To tell you what our lodge has done
 Since eighteen fifty-three when it
 Its noble course began to run;
 I cannot tell you all it did,
 For it would take more days than one
 To tell you all the noble deeds
 Our patriotic lodge has done.

When the great Civil War broke out,
 When Lincoln called for gallant men,
 Who went forth and enlisted first,
 Who left their homes and loved ones then?
 Who was it, while the coward knaves
 Feigned sickness or ran off and hid,
 Who went forth bravely to the war?
 The Junior O. U. A. M. did.

And when the war with Spain broke out,
 Who rallied to McKinley's call,
 Who were the boys who first went forth,
 Who left their homes, their friends, their all?
 What order urged its sons to go
 And help the Cubans to get rid
 Of Spain, their old blood thirsty foe?
 The Junior O. U. A. M. did.

What order greatly influenced
 Pennsylvania's Legislature,
 By which a law was passed which would
 Free text-books for the schools procure?
 Who made the laws which sends to school
 Children from seven to sixteen?
 That blessing to our children was
 The Junior Orders' work I ween.

Now Bob, I could keep on all day
 Relating things which we have done
 During the forty-eight years since
 Our noble work was first begun;
 But will not what I've told suffice,
 And will you not now join our band
 And be a member of that lodge
 Which stands for God and native land?

(Bob.)

Ah James, my eyes which once were blind
 You've opened and I clearly see
 Now that the Junior Order stands
 For native land and liberty ;
 Your order has done noble work,
 Your principles are just and right,
 I have decided to join you,
 You may propose my name tonight.

THE BEES.

When the chilling storms are over and the sweet Spring
 flowers appear,
 There is music, sweet and pleasant, falls upon my list'ning
 ear,
 'Tis the humming of the busy little golden honey bees
 As they gather precious honey from the blossoms in the
 trees ;
 Oft I've sat and watched the workers by the hundreds go
 and come,
 Ever singing while they labored, making a delightful hum ;
 Never idle for a moment, rising early with the sun,
 Thus they daily gather honey till the honey season's done.

You may take your trips to Europe or to any foreign land,
 But I, during vacation, will have pleasure twice as grand
 In the back-yard of a farm-house 'neath a spreading apple-
 tree,
 Where is heard the sweetest music of the little honey-bee ;
 Sometimes 'tis true a naughty little bee will come along,
 Who around my head will circle and will quickly change
 his song,
 Just the other day you should have seen me make a hop and
 skip
 When a naughty little hummer stung me on the upper lip.

For about a half an hour I was feeling very sick
 And presented quite an aspect with my lip so red and thick,
 But it did not make me angry at the naughty little bee,
 For I soon again was seated 'neath the same old apple-tree,
 Thinking what a noble lesson we may all learn from the bee,
 Namely, guard our inward treasure and drive off the enemy ;
 Let us labor then while watching, so that we at last may fly
 On joyful wing, while singing, to bright mansions in the
 sky.

HARVEST TIME.

Seated under a large elm tree,
 I hear the binder ring,
 Within the golden wheat-field near,
 I see men harvesting ;
 Whene'er the binder makes a round,
 Behind it always leaves
 A pile of ripe and golden grain
 Neatly bound up in sheaves.

Charlie drives the binder around
 While Tom and Jacob walk
 Behind him and pick up the sheaves
 And build shock after shock,
 And little James from the old farm-house,
 Comes every now and then,
 Lugging a jug in which he brings
 Fresh water for the men.

It is these little golden grains
 Within the golden head
 That we depend upon each day
 To furnish us with bread ;

Then to our gracious Father we
 Should let our praises flow,
 For it is He alone who makes
 These little grains to grow.

THE HAPPY TWIN BROTHER AND SISTER.

In Pontz there lived two happy twins,
 A little girl and boy,
 Good natured and agreeable,
 Who were their parents' joy ;
 They were just ten years old the day
 Of which I wish to tell
 A little adventure of theirs,
 And mishap which befell
 The boy while on a visit to
 His grandma's farm which lay
 Beneath the Laurel Mountain range
 About five miles away.

Well, I almost forgot to tell
 These little children's names!
 The little girl's was Ella May,
 The little boy's was James ;
 It was their birth-day, I have said,
 The day was fair and bright,
 And mother had for Ella bought
 A neat new dress so white,
 And father had brought home for James,
 A handsome suit of blue,
 Black stockings and a pair of shoes
 And a new straw-hat too.

That morning, dressed in their new clothes,
 They started on the way
 With light hearts to dear grandma's farm,
 To spend a pleasant day;
 They saw grandma upon the porch,
 And soon she saw them too,
 Why bless your dear young hearts, said she,
 I'm so glad to see you!
 'Twas very kind in you to come
 Out here to spend the day,
 Just make yourselves at home my dears,
 Run out and romp and play.

The children were out gathering flowers
 From vines which grew nearby,
 When suddenly Ella espied
 A golden butterfly;
 O James, see that nice butterfly
 On yonder flower, see!
 O see how beautiful it is!
 Please catch it James for me.
 O! now it starts to fly away
 Down over that steep hill;
 James could you not run after it
 And catch it for me still?

Yes Ella, I am sure I can!
 Here, hold my coat for me,
 That I can catch a butterfly,
 You very soon will see,
 James quickly shed his coat and then
 Started upon a run
 After the golden butterfly,
 He thought it glorious fun.



The children were out gathering flowers
From vines which grew near by.

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Down, down the hill, across the field,
 O'er stones and sticks and logs,
 Passing by the marshy bog
 Where croaked the green bull-frogs;
 Still onward flew the butterfly,
 But James pursued it still,
 Six times it led him up and down
 That rough and stony hill.

At last it sat upon a plant,
 No doubt to rest a bit,
 Then James quickly brought down his hat
 And thus he captured it;
 Triumphant he bore it back
 To Ella, Here, said he,
 He gave me a hot chase but still
 Could not escape from me.

But Ella threw up both her hands
 In horror and surprise,
 Like one who suddenly takes fright,
 And opened wide her eyes;
 O James just look at your new clothes!
 And see in your great haste
 In capturing the butterfly,
 You've ruined your white waist!

O dear, there are three horrid rents
 In your new waist and you
 Besides those horrid rents have torn
 Two buttons off it too!
 And you made all this sacrifice
 To catch the butterfly
 For me, I am so sorry James,
 And she began to cry.

James took her by the hand and said,
 Don't cry dear sister, don't,
 Grandma will not find fault with us,
 I feel quite sure she won't
 And as for me I do not mind,
 My waist is torn 'tis true,
 But I feel paid because I caught
 The butterfly for you.

O James you are so good and kind,
 I am so very glad,
 A better brother than you are,
 No sister ever had ;
 Come now let's go into the house
 And see what can be done
 To mend the rents which you have made
 While on your rapid run.

Dear grandma could not help but smile
 When she beheld the plight
 In which Ella and James were plunged,
 James was a sorry sight ;
 Dear James, said she, you do indeed
 Remind me of your pap,
 When at your age he often had
 A similar mishap.

No doubt each boy and girl who reads
 This tale would like to know
 What happened James when he reached home,
 For tearing his waist so ;
 His mother did not wallop him,
 Nor did she scold him, no,
 A wise and discreet mother does
 Not treat a kind boy so !

She simply said, I'm sorry James,
 You did not take more care,
 But I am glad you were so kind
 To Ella while out there;
 And we think that his mother did
 What was exactly right,
 For to please Ella at all times,
 Was always James' delight.

*TO OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT, WILLIAM
 McKINLEY.*

Noble, good, respected Chief,
 Soldier, true and ever brave,
 With sad hearts we tenderly
 Lay thee in the silent grave;
 Thy kind voice upon this earth
 We will never hear again,
 But thy noble name will live
 In the hearts of all true men.

Life's fierce battle thou hast fought
 And the vict'ry nobly won;
 Gallant soldier, rest thou now,
 Thy great work on earth is done;
 Fiends may send their bullets forth
 Into such brave men as thee,
 But they never can erase
 Thy name from our memory.

I'M SHELVED BECAUSE I'M OLD.

I am three score and ten years old,
 But still my mind is clear,
 But it appears that Saint Paul's Church
 No longer wants me here ;
 For thirty long years I have served
 As shepherd of this fold,
 But it is clear that I must be
 Now shelved because I'm old.

When I first came to preach to them,
 They paid me the small sum,
 Three hundred dollars in one year,
 No other man would come ;
 I came because I pitied them,
 Not for silver nor gold,
 Now what do they when I am weak ?
 I'm shelved because I'm old.

I found just forty members here
 When I first came among
 This flock, but still I labored on
 For years with hand and tongue ;
 The number steadily increased,
 Nine hundred now enrolled,
 But in return for what I've done,
 I'm shelved because I'm old.

During the last two years my strength
 Has been on the decline,
 And yesterday they came to me
 And asked me to resign ;

They have resolved to turn me out
 Into the world so cold,
 For they have no use for me now,
 I'm shelved because I'm old.

I have resigned, my wife and I,
 To the Poor-house must go
 To spend the few remaining years
 Allotted us, O, oh!
 Who would have dreamed that hearts could be
 So cruel and so cold?
 Alas! 'tis true, they've turned me out,
 I'm shelved because I'm old.

To the Poor-house we both must go,
 Within its walls to die,
 And very soon our bodies too
 Will in unmarked graves lie;
 But thank the Lord we soon will reach
 That City of pure gold,
 Where neither preachers nor their wives
 Are shelved because they're old.

IF EVERY PREACHER'S WIFE WERE LIKE MINE.

If every Preacher had a wife
 As good as mine,
 They'd find great pleasure in this life,
 They ne'er would whine
 Because 'twould be impossible,
 They'd have no tales of woe to tell
 If all their wives behaved as well
 As that of mine.

If every Preacher's wife could fry
 Beefsteak as well
 As my wife fries my steak, then I
 Am here to tell
 That no Preacher would ever fret
 About the girl he didn't get,
 He'd have no cause e'er to regret
 Or woes to tell.

If every Preacher's wife could bake
 Biscuits as good
 As those my young wife can make,
 I'm sure there would
 Be no chance for a man to whine
 Whene'er the time comes for to dine,
 I tell you her biscuits are fine,
 Ah, they are good!

If every Preacher's wife could bake
 Fruit cake as good
 As the fruit cakes my wife can make,
 There'd be rich food
 On every Preacher's dinner table
 And they would every one be able
 To dine like kings in Aesops fable,
 Yes sir, they would!

If every Preacher's wife could mend
 And patch and sew
 Like my wife can, there'd be no end
 Of a bare elbow
 From the Preacher's shirt extending out,
 Making him frown and fret and pout,
 You'll find no such a thing about
 Our house, O no!

If every Preacher's wife could smile
 As sweet as mine,
 They'd be so happy all the while
 That they would shine
 Before the world as a bright light
 Each day from morning until night,
 And everything would go just right,
 Ah, 'twould be fine!

TWO PICTURES IN LIFE.

An humble cottage by the way,
 A lawn strewn with sweet scented hay,
 A handsome girl, with hazel eyes,
 From morn till noon sits heaving sighs
 And wishes that she some day too
 Might have things like the rich folks do,
 And that she might ne'er see again
 That low, mean cottage in the glen.

Within a city, large and fine,
 A rich man's wife sits down to dine
 With stylish folks, on cakes and pies,
 Who all day long is heaving sighs;
 Could I but roll once more upon
 The sweet new hay upon the lawn,
 And see the cottage in the glen,
 I could be happy once again.

THE OLD YEAR.

The clock strikes twelve, the old year's gone
 And it will ne'er again return,
 The town-clock tolls the mournful tale
 And we are filled with deep concern.

It matters not if it has gone
 We know it came with that intent,
 It is not that which brings concern,
 But, "How have we the old year spent?"

Not only has the old year gone,
 But many an opportunity
 Has passed and never been embraced,
 But has been lost to you and me.

The old year's gone, bright hopes have sped,
 But 'twill not do to sit and fret,
 Take courage and begin again
 And you will win the battle yet.

Stand in the strength of Him who died
 For just such poor weak men as we;
 Put on the armor of the Lord
 And fight and win the victory.

Jan. 1, 1902.

JAKE STOUFFER'S COURTSHIP AND PROPOSAL.

Jake Stouffer lived on Chestnut Ridge
 Where land is not just of the best,
 Where soil is never found as thick
 As on the farms away out west;
 About six months would count the time
 Which Jake had spent in school when young,
 So one could not expect that he
 Would be an expert with his tongue.

He was a very bashful boy
 And after he had grown to be
 A tall young man of twenty years,
 He still possessed timidity;

One often wonders how a man
 So timid could e'er win a wife,
 I now will tell how bashful Jake
 Took that important step in life.

About a mile from where Jake lived,
 Within a forest of pine wood,
 Beside a sparkling mountain stream,
 A little old log school house stood ;
 Professor Neff on Friday nights,
 In this small house for many a year,
 Held singing school and boys and girls
 Came Friday nights from far and near.

Jake Stouffer came, of course, although
 He was too timid to take part,
 But still he loved to hear the rest,
 It made him feel so light at heart ;
 Amanda Mench, a handsome girl
 Who lived about a half a mile
 From Jacob's home, attended too,
 Jake sat and watched her all the while.

Upon a certain Friday night
 When Jake as usual came and sat
 And watched Amanda while she sang,
 His heart within went, "Pit a pat!"
 Amanda caught his eye and smiled
 And Jake said to himself O, oh!
 How grand 'twould be to have it said,
 Jake Stouffer was Amanda's beau!

He sighed again, If only I
 Could muster up courage to night
 To ask to see her home, I b'lieve
 She'd lem me go along all right ;

Then with determination he
 Said to himself again, I will,
 And I'll surprise some of the boys
 Who live upon old Chestnut Hill.

As soon as the last piece was sung
 Jake quickly rose and seized his hat,
 His nerves all seemed to be unstrung,
 His heart kept saying, "Pit a pat!"
 He walked to where Amanda stood,
 He felt as if he'd surely drop,
 But managed to find words to say,
 Amanda, Manda, w-w-wait, say, stop!

Now the fact of the matter was
 Miss Amanda was smitten too
 And when she saw Jake hesitate,
 Determined that she'd help him through;
 So, smiling, she turned to Jake and said,
 Well Jake, what would you have me do?
 Why-why, Amanda, say, why-why
 May I go home tonight with you?

And when Amanda said, Why, yes,
 And seized his arm, the sudden thrill
 Of joy which ran through Jake's whole frame
 Seemed to shake up whole Chestnut Hill;
 During the whole walk home that night,
 Jake ne'er once spake a word, but she,
 Like the mocking-bird in early spring,
 The whole way home kept chatting quite free.

Next morning every gadabout
 Was out of bed before daylight
 And circulating the report,
 Jake took Amanda home last night!

Old Aunty Brown laughed heartily
 When told the news by Uncle Jim,
 Said she, I thought that Jake would faint
 If a girl would ever walk with him.

Jake Stouffer's courtship thus began,
 It was his first and only one,
 Three years passed by and then he thought
 'Twas time his wooing days were done ;
 Amanda thought so too and sighed,
 Poor bashful Jake, he comes and goes !
 'Tis three years now he's courted me,
 I wonder if he'll ne'er propose ?

'Twas now the third day of July,
 The Fourth would be a holiday,
 Jake and some neighbors were at work
 Down in the meadow making hay ;
 All day the men kept taunting him,
 Why don't you pop the question Jake ?
 Say Jake, can't I be groomsman, eh,
 And help to eat the wedding cake ?

But Jake with patience bore it all,
 Thought he, tomorrow she'll decide,
 I'll take her to the picnic and
 Will there ask her to be my bride ;
 I do not b'lieve she will refuse,
 O if she would, what would I do ?
 But I believe she'll answer, yes,
 For she's a lady good and true.

Next day, Jake with Amanda went
 To Pine Grove, seven miles away,
 The sun shone bright upon the crowd,
 It was indeed a pleasant day ;

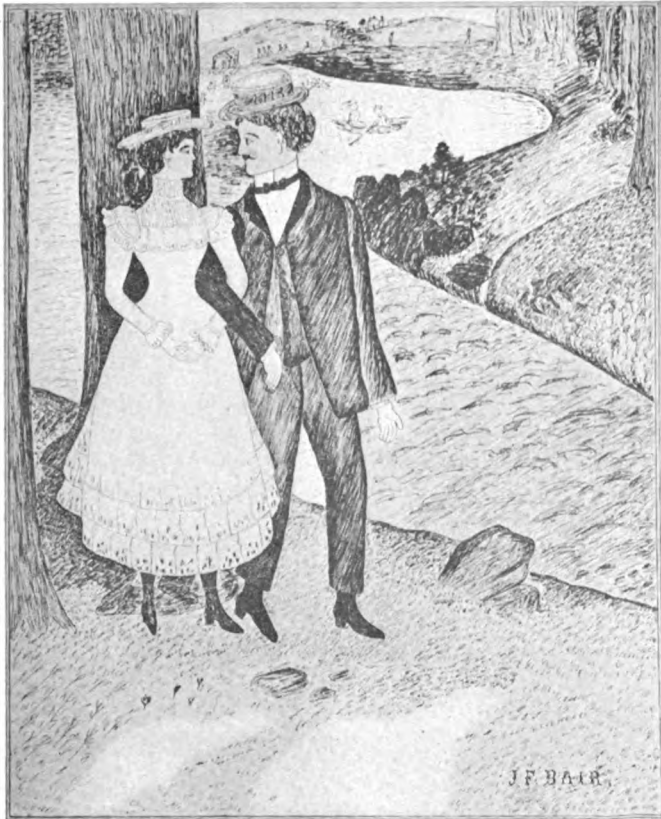
When noon arrived they sauntered off
 To find a quiet, safe retreat,
 They found one neath a large pine tree
 And there sat down, their lunch to eat.

While they were eating Jake began,
 Manda! then suddenly great fear
 Seized him, his heart thumps seemed so loud
 He thought she certainly must hear;
 Amanda smiled, and then replied,
 What is it Jake, why don't you speak?
 But Jake sat speechless, now quite pale,
 Like one from fever grown quite weak.

Amanda knew the truth quite well,
 But feigned surprised to be,
 Why Jake, said she, you must be ill!
 You're pale, why don't you speak to me?
 O Manda, Manda, I-I-I,
 You're sick, said she, what can I do?
 No, no not sick, said he, I-I
 Have got some chewing gun for you!

She looked chagrined, Now Jake, I b'lieve
 That you had something else to say,
 I do not b'lieve that chewing gum
 Would cause you turn pale that way;
 Y-yes, said Jake, 'tis true, I-I
 Had something else to say all right,
 I wanted to ask you to be
 My wi-wi-, I'll tell you what tonight.

That afternoon they strolled about
 Upon the shore of a small lake,
 Thus passed the fourth day of July,
 A memorable one for Jake;



That afternoon they strolled about
Upon the shore of a small lake.

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When ev-ning came it found them both
 Seated again inside the house
 Where Manda lived and for an hour
 Jake sat as quiet as a mouse.

At last he rose and seized his hat
 And said, I guess Manda I'll go,
 Amanda looked surprised and said,
 Why Jake, you promised me, you know,
 You'd tell me something else tonight,
 What is it? Jake sat down again,
 Yes Manda, I will tell you all,
 I wanted to ask you when-when-when?

When what, dear Jake? said she again,
 Speak Jake and and I will promise you,
 Upon my honor here tonight,
 Whate'er you ask me I will do;
 Yes Manda, I-I know you will,
 You'll do whate'er I ask, I know,
 Will you be my wi-wi-? 'tis late,
 I think that I had better go.

Not till you've told me all dear Jake,
 Come, tell me now, you need not fear,
 You should not be afraid to tell
 Me what you want when no one's near!
 O Manda, Manda, I want you,
 O Manda, I want you to be,
 O Manda, I would like if you!
 Would you, would, say, would you have me?

Why yes, said she, indeed I will,
 And gladly will I be your wife!
 'Twill be indeed a pleasant thing
 To be your help-meet all through life;

Then suddenly Jake felt something
 Around his neck, he cried O, oh!
 Then you'll be mine Amanda dear,
 Now then I'll take my hat and go!

And now my friends I'll say farewell,
 This little tale to you I've told
 And you no doubt have learned this fact,
 A man need not be very bold
 In winning a fair lady's love,
 If he just minds what he's about
 And does his best he'll always find
 His lady friend will help him out.

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

With five loaves and two small fishes,
 At the closing of the day,
 Jesus fed about five thousand
 And then sent them all away;
 Then went up into the mountain,
 For the twelve to sea had gone,
 While they rowed upon the waters
 Jesus prayed to God alone.

On the sea, the raging billows
 Tossed the little boat about
 For the fierce wind was contrary,
 For it drove it from its route;
 While the twelve disciples wrestled
 With the fierce, contrary wind,
 They beheld a form approaching
 And fear seized each troubled mind.

Being somewhat superstitious,
 They began to cry for fear
 For they thought it was a spirit
 On the waters drawing near ;
 But 'twas only for a moment,
 Their grave fears were soon allayed,
 For they heard their Master saying,
 "It is I; be not afraid."

When upon life's stormy ocean,
 We see waves of sin roll high
 And when filled with superstition,
 We behold an object nigh,
 We should not cry out in terror,
 Neither should we be dismayed
 For the Savior still is calling,
 "It is I; be not afraid."

A PREACHER HAS AN EASY TIME.

A preacher indeed has an easy time,
 Each hour to him is rest sublime.

He has no trouble to pay his debts
 With the monstrous pay he each month gets.

His salary is always paid first-rate,
 For it he is never obliged to wait.

He works one day in seven you see
 And during the other six he's free.

His sermons the people well receive,
 Not one e'er says, "I don't believe."

No rubs nor snubs at all gets he
Whenever he meets his consistory.

He never is by any members abused,
Of preaching false doctrine he's never accused.

His members the church laws all observe,
Not one of them from their precepts swerve.

See then how little he has to do,
Don't you wish that you were a Preacher too?

If you want to be certain of what you hear,
Just take my place for about one year.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, OLD TESTAMENT.

Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus
Are the first books the Bible gives us,
Numbers, then Deuteronomy,
Joshua and Judges are next you see,
The next the book of Ruth we quote
And Samuel One and Two we note ;
First and Second Kings we view,
Next comes Chronicles One and Two,
Ezra and Nehemiah, then
Esther, Job and Psalms we pen,
Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and
The Song of Songs in order stand ;
Isaiah and Jeremiah we spell,
Lamentations and Ezekiel,
Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos
And Obadiah we come across ;
To Jonah and Micah next we come
And next the short book called Nahum ;

Habakkuk and then Zephaniah,
 Then Haggai and Zechariah,
 And now the last of all we spy
 The book of the prophet Malachi.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
 Tell the story of God's own Son;
 Acts the deeds of brave men tell,
 How they labored long and well;
 Romans next comes to our view,
 Then Corinthians One and Two,
 Galatians, with whom Paul was vexed,
 Philippians and Colossians next;
 Thessalonians, One and Two,
 We in order name for you,
 First and Second Timothy,
 Titus, Philemon we see,
 Hebrews and James come to view,
 Then comes Peter, One and Two,
 Now in turn we gaze upon
 The First, the Second, and Third John,
 And next we see Jude fall in line,
 Then Revelation of John divine.

THINGS THAT I LOVE TO DO AND SEE.

I love to rise upon the morn
 Of a bright summer's day
 And gaze upon the standing corn
 And scent the new mown hay.

I love to watch the old grist mill
Grind flour day by day,
And just beyond upon the hill,
The lambs that frisk and play.

It is indeed great joy to me
To take my rod and hook
And fish beneath the willow tree
For suckers in the brook.

But that which I the most enjoy,
Is on the Sabbath-Day,
'To see each little girl and boy
In church to work and pray.

*THE TWO GIRLS WHOM JAMES CONNER
WHIPPED.*

The school-house was a small one,
'Twas built of white oak logs,
It stood close by a forest
And by some marshy bogs.

James Conner was the teacher,
A youth of just eighteen,
As proud and stiff a mortal
As anywhere was seen.

He was very short of stature
And very fair and free,
Some boys fifteen or younger
Were much taller than he.

He was a splendid teacher
But one great fault had he,
He whipped some almost daily
And others let go free.

In school there were twin sisters,
They were aged just fifteen,
Two sweeter girls than they were
Are very seldom seen.

Their father was a merchant
And both of them dressed well,
It is about these sisters,
I have a tale to tell.

Their riches did not make them
The least bit vain or proud,
They came to that old school-house
And mingled with the crowd.

Some of the girls were noisy
And often pushed each other
While classes were reciting,
And gave the teacher bother.

One day he said, Now ladies,
The next one that I see
Engaged in pushing, I'll bring out
And thrash tremendously.

In less than half an hour
He heard behind his back,
A hubbub and some laughing
And something go, Whack-whack!

He turned and saw those sisters
Doing the pushing act,
Now girls, said he, come forward,
I've caught you for a fact.

Both of the girls obeyed him
And came to where he stood,
While he from out his desk drew
A slender rod of wood.

He seized the hand of Mary,
 You've broken my last rule
 And I'm obliged to whip you,
 The oldest girls in school.

Thus spake he and proceeded
 To lay his strokes upon
 The tender back of Mary,
 I counted twenty-one.

She bore it very meekly,
 She did not scream nor cry
 And neither did I notice
 A tear drop in her eye.

But 'twas not so with Lily,
 She screamed most piteously,
 While tears from both her bright blue eyes,
 Flowed rapidly and free.

The whole school then was silent,
 Those girls were loved by all,
 Not one of us applauded
 Or jesting words let fall.

How did you like your whipping??
 I asked the twins that night;
 And they both smiled and answered,
 It served us both just right.

Said I, I s'pose your father
 Will, when he meets that man,
 Lay hold of him and shake him
 And give his hide some tan?

Not much! they answered quickly,
 If we to him complain,
 He'll go and cut a birch-rod
 And whip us both again.

Those twins are now both married
 And teachers do not bother,
 The one married James Conner
 And I married the other.

Whether Jims wife e'er gave him
 A whipping in return
 For whipping her, I've never
 Been able yet to learn.

THE WOULD BE BOYS.

Five little brothers
 Played on the lawn,
 Rudolph and Jacob,
 George, James and John;
 Seated beneath a
 Large chestnut tree,
 Each one in turn told
 What he would be.

Said little Rudolph,
 I'm going to be
 A great big sailor
 And cross the sea,
 And then whenever
 My voyage ends,
 I'll bring nice relics
 Home to my friends.

Said little Jacob,
 When I grow big
 I'll be a doctor,
 Own a fine rig,

Live in a mansion,
Have things just fine,
Oranges, bananas
Whene'er I dine.

Said little Georgie,
When I grow large,
I'll be a soldier
And make a charge
On all the traitors
And make them fall,
I'll rid the country
Soon of them all.

Said little Johnnie,
When I grow tall,
I'll be a preacher
And get a call
To go to China
Where I will teach
The helpless heathen
And to them preach.

And now, said Jamie,
Listen to me
While I now tell you
What I will be ;
'Tis right and proper
For teach to plan,
When I grow big sir,
I'll be a man.

WASH DAY.

Over the tub, the old wash-tub,
 My wife now bends and rub-rub-rub
 Her fingers over the wash-board go,
 She does not relish her work I know,
 For many a time do I hear her say
 With a sigh, "I must wash again today,"
 And when ev'ning comes I observe that she
 Is about as tired as she can be.

Some makers of soap will often say
 That women no longer dread wash-day
 Whenever they use the soap they make,
 Their advertisements are all a fake,
 For use whatever soap you will,
 You'll find that ev'ry wash-day still
 Will make a man's young wife feel blue,
 Not only her but her husband too.

For he must carry the water in
 To fill the boiler made of tin
 And empty the dirty water too
 Which often splashes in his shoe
 And on his socks so very thin
 And often wets him to the skin;
 Soap makers may strange things declare,
 But I don't like wash day, so there!

COLUMBIA (Acrostic.)

Columbia, land of liberty,
 Our voices sing the melody,
 Land of the free, home of the brave,
 Untarnished let thy banner wave ;
 May we to it be ever true,
 Bright emblem, the Red, White and Blue,
 In war, in peace, we'll sing of thee,
 America and liberty.

Columbia, where no tyrants rule,
 Our home, our church and public school
 Live and our children come and go
 Unmolested by any foe ;
 Men of prominence oft have been
 Boys whose mothers used to spin
 In humble, lowly cabins where
 All was poverty, work and care.

Columbia, we with gladness sing,
 O'er thy hills our voices ring ;
 Lo from the many glad hearts rise
 Up to our God above the skies,
 Music and sweetest minstrelsy,
 Bless O our God our land so free,
 Instill in ev'ry heart love for
 America forevermore.

THE MAN WITH THE DRAWN SWORD.

It came to pass when Joshua
 Was by the walls of Jericho,
 A city strong and fortified,
 He lifted up his eyes and lo
 With drawn sword in his hand there stood
 A mighty man in his pathway,
 And Joshua went unto him
 And thus he spoke, "Tell me, I pray,
 Art thou for us or for our foe?
 Tell me, wilt thou, with thy sword drawn,
 Withstand the chosen band of God,
 Or dost thou come to urge us on?"

The holy messenger replied
 To that demand of Joshua,
 "O chosen leader of God's band,
 To thy demand I answer nay,
 But as the captain of the host
 Of God, our Lord am I now come,
 To vanish ev'ry foe and give
 To Israel, God's son a home!"

Then Joshua fell on his face
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,
 And worshipped and in faith replied,
 "What saith my Lord to me today?"
 The Captain of God's host replied,
 "Put off thy shoe at once for lo
 Where thou standest is holy ground."
 And Joshua at once did so.

God's chosen band is marching still,
 Still marching to the Promised land,
 The Captain of the host of God
 Still stands with drawn sword in his hand;
 And if we bow and worship him
 And like his former servant say,
 With faith unfeigned and contrite heart,
 "What saith my Lord to me today?"
 The walls of sin which Satan builds,
 Though they be high and all around,
 Will, when we shout our Captain's name,
 All crumble and fall to the ground.

A COUNTRY BOY.

There was a boy upon a farm
 Who held the plow with mighty arm,
 Who shook the apples from the trees,
 Who wore large patches on his knees.

He chopped the wood and made saw-logs,
 He milked the cows and fed the hogs,
 And on a frosty autumn morn
 He husked the yellow Indian corn.

While working in the old barn-yard,
 That boy would also study hard;
 While he a scanty living earned,
 He also many lessons learned.

While at his work he oft would take
 His book and an oration make;
 The pigs, and chickens on the fence,
 Composed his only audience.

That same boy afterwards became
 A man of power and of fame,
 A mighty statesman too was he,
 Opposed to human slavery.

Who was that boy, you ask who came
 To be a man of mighty fame?
 The same as you see ev'ry day
 Beneath your feet, his name was Clay.
 (But not common mud.)

HOW SHE FELT.

She sat upon her rocking-chair
 And breathed the sweet, fresh summer air.

The sun was setting in the west,
 The cows were lying down to rest.

The full-moon rose and viewed the scene,
 'Twas calm and perfectly serene.

Her dark eyes flashed, her face looked blank,
 Said she, He's nothing but a crank!

I did not think that night when he
 Asked if he might go home with me,

That he would go next day and buy
 Me presents at a price so high!

I would not be surprised if he
 Would ask me next his wife to be!

But if he does, 'twill soon be seen
 That I'm not quite that soft and green!

That night he did propose that they
To Cumberland should steal away.

But she replied to his appeal,
Ah George, I feel, I feel, I feel!

You feel as if you loved me Ruth,
Come tell me, have I guessed the truth?

No George, 'tis like a vegetable,
To tell the name I am not able!

Potato, cabbage, onion, beet,
Is it something very good to eat?

Yes, 'tis one that grows very fast,
Ah, I have thought of it at last!

You will not take offence I hope,
I feel just like a cantelope.

FIRMLY STAND.

In whatever place you toil,
Firmly stand;
If you til the fertile soil,
Firmly stand;
If you work with all your might
From sunrise until sunset,
Every moment, for the right,
Let your heart be firmly set,
Firmly stand.

If our laws you help to make,
Firmly stand;
Tread with care, make no mistake,
Firmly stand;

On your honor ever stand,
 Ever to your land be true,
 With true heart and honest hand,
 In life's journey, through and through,
 Firmly stand.

For your God who gave you breath,
 Firmly stand ;
 Till you close your eyes in death,
 Firmly stand ;
 Ne'er before a tyrant quail,
 Ne'er to evil men give way,
 Stand by truth, you cannot fail,
 For the right, day after day,
 Firmly stand ;

THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON.

Hold fast to your own, be true,
 Fellow citizens will you
 Forsake the old Red, White and Blue,
 The flag of the free
 Which our forefathers of yore
 Bravely through each battle bore,
 Will you stand by it no more,
 Will you from it flee?

See the thousands coming o'er
 To our fair Columbia's shore,
 See them coming, more and more,
 Thousands ev'ry year ;
 See, there comes a lawless band
 From Italia's sunny land,
 Look, they all around you stand !
 See, have you no fear ?

Do you not remember who
 Of the patriots in blue,
 Though now dead, still speaks to you,
 Citizens beware
 Of the foreigners who come
 To your sacred blood-bought home,
 Of the lawless bands who roam
 Here and ev'rywhere?

Citizens have you forgot
 Brave George Washington who brought
 Through the fight, without a blot,
 That old glorious flag?
 Have you really all gone blind,
 Will your patriotic mind
 From it turn and you behind,
 Like a coward lag?

No, no, a thousand times no!
 Rouse yourselves and let us go
 Forth and pay the debt we owe
 To George Washington;
 Fight the fight, not with the sword,
 By our votes, with one accord,
 Never rest till our watchword
 Be, Vict'ry is won!

THE PLAGUE.

Dedicated to President Roosevelt, a True American.

The plague, the plague, halloo, hey, hey!
 Just see 'tis coming right this way
 Across the Atlantic Ocean route
 And we've no fence to keep it out!

That plague is foreign immigration
 From ev'ry European nation,

They're coming, thickly, more and more,
Each year to fair Columbia's shore.

Hey, brother citizens, arise
And open up your sleepy eyes;
Come on and let us build a fence
And let it be a sure defence!

Let the ballots of one and all
Be used to build a monstrous wall,
Let that wall be a stringent law
Without the least defect or flaw!

Let that wall be so high and strong
That it may turn that endless throng
Of lawless criminals away
From our fair shores now and always.

Then let our nation live in peace,
Then let our loyalty increase,
Then let Old Glory freely wave
Over a nation true and brave.

THEM DAYS HAVE LONG GONE BY.

There was a time, when I was young,
When boys dressed very plain;
The suits that most boys wore were made
Of old Kentucky jean;
We didn't wear short breeches then,
A boy's first pants were long,
Our mothers spun all their own thread
And sewed them good and strong;
Of course our pants sometimes would tear
But they would never rip;

They'd stand the test, no matter how
 The boys might run and skip ;
 Then men worked fourteen hours a day,
 Wages low and prices high,
 We had hard times to make ends meet,
 But that day has gone by.

Then young gals didn't dress in silk,
 Their dresses were home-spun,
 They didn't have a ward-robe full,
 Most of them had but one ;
 But we young fellers loved our gals
 And thought they looked more sweet
 In their coarse shoes than the young gals
 Now look with deformed feet ;
 Then boys and gals were often seen,
 Upon a bright May morn,
 Together with their pails and hoes,
 A plantin' beans and corn ;
 And then we'd go out harvestin',
 Some got drunk on old rye,
 And once or so I got drunk too,
 But them days have gone by.

When cider makin' time come round,
 Some jolly times we had
 At apple snitzins, every night,
 And one time Ma's old dad
 Got mad when I upshot the tub
 Of peelin's on the floor,
 He raised his foot and next I found
 Myself outside the door ;
 Take that, said he, young impudence,
 I'll show you what to do,
 Play any more tricks and I'll soon
 Larn you a trick or two.
 One night we had a snitzen at

Old Billy Simpson's farm;
 Two young school-masters happened there
 And one old maid school-marm;
 I am ashamed to tell it, but
 The crowd throw'd them all three
 On the floor and turned the tub of
 Peelin's on them, he, he-e-e-e!
 I never will forget that night
 Until the day I die,
 Full sixty years have passed since then,
 Them days have long gone by.

'Twas little schoolin' we got then,
 We larned to read and spell,
 Sometimes we'd find a boy or gal
 Who could cipher pretty well;
 The teacher on the first day read
 His rules to the whole school,
 Sometimes, before he'd finish them,
 Some boy would act a fool,
 Then down on him the teacher'd come
 And lay him o'er his knee
 And with his stout old hick'ry rod
 Would whale him awfully;
 Of course, the big boys, they'd show fight
 And many clever tricks
 They'd play and many times they took
 And whittled at his sticks
 So that they'd break at the first stroke
 And then they'd jeer and guy;
 That's how we spent our time in school,
 But them days have gone by.

I wish sometimes them good old times
 Would come back once again;
 Of course I know you folks have now
 More 'dvantages than then,

And often while I ponder much
 O'er days of yore, I sigh,
 Perhaps 'tis better after all
 That them days have gone by.

THE PARSON'S VISIT.

One cold day, 'twas in December,
 We went forth to make a call
 On our friend Tobias Wilson
 And arrived just at nightfall.

We received a hearty welcome,
 As our home was far away
 And the night was dark and stormy,
 We remained till the next day.

An event took place next morning
 Which I never will forget;
 I cannot refrain from laughing
 When I think of it e'en yet.

We were seated in the kitchen
 Just about the break of day,
 On the gridiron before us,
 Buckwheat cakes in order lay.

When the cakes had finished baking,
 Sally placed them on a plate,
 Then took up the crock of batter,
 Then, O then, O sad her fate!

How it happened I'll ne'er tell you,
 But about as quick as flash,
 To the floor the crock descended
 With an awful thump and splash.



To the floor the crock descended
With an awful thump and splash.

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Yes, of course the crock turned over
And I saw the batter flow
Over Sally's gingham apron,
While he poor girl cried O-oh!

Then her mother fussed and scolded
And her father helped along,
Saying that she was so careless,
That it was the same old song.

Why, said he, it is the third time
That she's let the batter fall,
Once it splashed clean to the ceiling,
See, there's some yet on the wall!

While the parents stood there grumbling
I sat there in agony,
Trying to suppress my laughter
At poor Sally's misery.

I could not be blamed for laughing,
You'd have done the same I know
If you'd seen that buckwheat batter
Over Sally's apron flow.

If you'd seen her standing holding
Up her apron which was filled
Full of slimy buckwheat batter,
Which she from the crock had spilled.

And besides her brother Albert,
Sitting by, whose age was eight,
When the accident first happened,
Was a victim too of fate.

His felt boots which he was proud of,
Both received a monstrous splatter
When the crock descended near him
With that awful buckwheat batter.

With a bound and yell he darted
 Quickly through the open door,
 While my wife, whose eyes were twinkling,
 Viewed the batter on the floor.

I at one time knew some people,
 When I lived near the Great Lakes,
 Who'd have gathered up the batter
 And still baked it into cakes.

But of course we did not use it,
 We had all been better bred;
 We just scooped it up and fed it
 To the dogs and cats instead.

After time had cooled the ire
 Of the parents, one and all
 Joined in laughter, loud and hearty
 O'er the buckwheat batter fall.

It was trifling, it was nothing
 When compared with Adam's fall;
 We were somewhat short of buckwheat
 Cakes for breakfast, that was all.

THE CALL FROM THE WEST.

In remembrance of Michael Schlatter, founder of the Reformed Church in the United States.

I know a man whose name I like,
 Some call him Schlatter but I call him Mike;
 Said Mike to himself, A preacher I'll be,
 I'll not stay at home but cross the broad sea;
 So true to his word he came to a ship
 And stepping on board began his long trip,
 A short time afterward in America,
 He founded a church in the state of P.-A.

Of all the churches many thought Mike's the best—
 And soon a cry came to him from the West,
 Come over and preach the Word to us too,
 For none can expound the Gospel like you.
 Said he, I can't go, but I'll do what I can,
 I'll send you an honest and earnest young man,
 And having found one he put him to test,
 Gave him instruction and sent him out west ;
 Many years have sped and Schlatter has gone
 To find his reward, but his work goes on,
 For many young men who love his church best,
 Go forth ev'ry year to preach in the west.

FLY AWAY, TROUBLE.

Fly away, fly away, trouble,
 Come to my house no more,
 Quickly depart from my presence,
 Ne'er again darken my door.

You have been bringing disorder,
 You have been causing me pain,
 Hasten and take your departure,
 Ne'er let me see you again.

WELCOME, O SUNSHINE.

Welcome, thrice welcome, O sunshine,
 Come in my house and abide,
 There is good cheer in my household
 When thy bright beams fall inside.

Haste and come in my house quickly,
 Do not a moment delay,
 Come in the morning quite early
 And abide with us always.

TO GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

When the rebels turned their guns
 On Sumpter and the Civil War
 Began in earnest there arose
 Out of the West a brilliant Star
 Who shed his beams from East to West,
 From North to South and forward moved,
 Nor did he stop until he had
 Rescued the nation which he loved.

Small asteroids stood in his way,
 Determined his progress to bar,
 He smote them furiously and thus
 For four years they with him did war ;
 It mattered not which way they turned,
 That mighty Star appeared so high,
 At last they fully realized
 Their cause was hopeless and must die.

Prostrate before him they all fell-
 And said, What terms, O mighty Star
 Will you grant us if we agree
 To close this cruel, Civil War?
 We realize our cause is lost
 And that our bitter race is run,
 So let our nation, rent in twain,
 Unite and be forever one.

The Stars and Bars we will pull down,
 The Stars and Stripes alone shall wave
 Over the Blue, over the Gray,
 Over one nation true and brave ;
 Receive thy brothers, who rebelled,
 Into thy favor once again,
 Into the Union let us come
 And we will faithfully remain.

Then and there was it revealed
 The noble nature of that Star,
 He had a true forgiving heart,
 Though merciless when waging war ;
 So, generously, he replied,
 Fear not, my brothers, you shall live,
 Depart in peace ,each to his home,
 Your brother will your sins forgive !

O noble heart, blest be thy name,
 Peace to thy ashes in the tomb !
 Ages shall pass, thy honored name
 In loyal hearts will e'er find room,
 And ever as the years roll by,
 The Stars and Stripes shall softly wave,
 Proud emblem of that nation which
 Thou didst from death and ruin save.

What! what is that I hear you ask,
 Who was the noble brilliant Star?
 What! art thou mad, have you not read
 The his'try of the Civil War?
 Then I will tell you who it was
 Who fought and nobly won the day ;
 The name of that bright Star is this,
 Ulysses Simpson Grant, hurra !

Hymns

Come thou Lord Jesus, bless
 Our meeting here,
 Thou searcher of all hearts,
 To us draw near,
 Guide us we humbly pray,
 Shield us throughout this day
 From dread and fear.

Lord we believe thy word,
 Thy word we love,
 To thee our prayers ascend,
 To thee above;
 O may we earnest be
 When we petition thee,
 The God of love.

May we forever sing
 Praises to thee,
 Help us to humbly bow
 At thy decree;
 When we thy will have done,
 When we the race have run,
 Take us to thee.

1896.

L. M.

Jesus my ever faithful guide,
 Who dost with all thy saints abide,
 With joy it fills this heart of mine
 To know that I'm forever thine.

Though Satan oft may vex my soul,
 He still can never gain control
 While thou my faithful guide art night
 To hear the sinner's mournful cry.

Though I be tempted day by day,
 I never shall be led astray
 While thou remainest by my side,
 My counsellor and faithful guide.

And when I stand upon the brink
 Of Jordan's stream I shall not shrink,
 For thou my ever faithful guide
 Wilt bear me safely o'er the tide.

1898.

C. M. D.

I heard a voice from heaven say,
 Fear not ye sons of men,
 For I am He who once was dead,
 But now I live again;
 I am alive forevermore
 And have the keys of death,
 I rose in triumph from the grave,
 I breathe the living breath.

I heard a voice from heaven say,
 Blessed are they who read
 The precious truths of Jesus Christ
 And to his words give heed,
 Who hear the words of prophecy,
 Who strive to keep his word,
 They shall inherit endless rest
 And dwell with Christ their Lord.

I heard a voice from heaven say,
 Write, blessed are the dead,
 The dead which die in Christ our Lord,
 In Christ the living Head;
 From henceforth doth the Spirit say
 From labor they do rest,
 For all their works do follow them
 And they in Christ are blest.

I heard a voice from heaven say,
 There shall be curse no more,
 The Lamb of God shall be therein,
 Whom all the saints adore,
 They shall his glorious face behold
 And hear him say again,
 The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ
 Be with the saints. Amen.

1896.

C. M. Rev. 7:9-10.

Before the throne of God,
 A multitude now stands,
 Their bodies are all clothed in white
 And palms are in their hands.

From ev'ry nation they are come
 To meet the Prince of light,
 Whose blood, once shed on Calvary,
 Has washed their garments white.

Washed from all sin, before his throne,
 Together they rejoice,
 They bow before the Lamb of God
 And cry with a loud voice,

Salvation to our God of love
 Who sits exalted high,
 And to the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Salvation be the cry.

1899.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Lord I bow in meek submission,
 Humbly at thy cross I kneel,
 Wretched is my heart's condition,
 Son of God my sorrows heal;
 O forgive me,
 Cleanse my heart from sin O Lord.

Though I worship thee in spirit,
 In the flesh I'm weak O Lord,
 O may I that peace inherit,
 Promised in thy precious word;
 O forgive me,
 Cleanse my heart from sin O Lord.

Through life's journey be thou near me,
 Guide me in the narrow way,
 Keep me ever true and faithful,
 Let me never go astray;
 O forgive me,
 Cleanse my heart from sin O Lord.

1899.

L. M. John 14 Chapter.

Let not your heart be troubled, ye
 Believe in God, believe in me,
 Thus spake the Lord, the Prince of light,
 To those he loved, on that sad night.

Within my Father's house to night
 Are many mansions rich and bright,
 I go away, from death set free,
 There to prepare a place for thee.

Give us dear Lord the faith to say,
 "Thou art the Truth, thou art the Way,"
 And in thy Father's house prepare
 For us a mansion bright and fair. 1898.

 L. M. John 17 chapter.

O Father glorify thou me
 With glory which I had with thee
 Before the world was formed or ere
 I came to earth man's sins to bear.

To men whom thou didst give to me,
 Out of the world, from sin set free,
 Did I make manifest thy name
 That they might know and love the same.

I leave the world and come to thee,
 O Holy Father keep them free
 From sin and may they all be one
 Until their work on earth is done. 1898.

7s.

"Blessed are the pure in heart,"
 Cleansed from every stain of sin,
 Who from grace do not depart,
 Crowns of glory they shall win;
 They shall see the Father's face
 They shall dwell with him above
 And receive the crown of life
 Through the Father's boundless love.

"Blessed are the merciful,"
 Mercy they shall all obtain,
 And in the glory with the Lord;
 Through eternity shall reign;
 In that great and awful day,
 Pure and undefiled they'll stand,
 Free from toil and earthly care,
 At the Son of man's right hand.

"Blessed are the peacemakers,"
 Who the Savior's path have trod,
 Blessings shall be theirs, "For they
 Shall be called the sons of God;"
 They shall dwell in joy and peace
 In the Father's house on high,
 They shall with the Angel hosts,
 Praise the blessed Trinity.

1899.

(Tune, Old Black Joe.) Matt. 11 :28-30.

Come unto me, ye who are faint and weak,
 Come unto me, ye who salvation seek,
 Come unto me, poor, wretched and distressed,
 Come unto me all ye that labor, I'll give you rest.

(Chorus.)

Come sinner ,come sinner, poor wretched and distressed,
 Come unto me all ye that labor, I'll give you rest.

Why will you wait, bound down with dread and fear,
 Why will you toil, when rest awaits you here?
 Come unto me, all ye by sin oppressed,
 Come unto me all ye that labor, I'll give you rest.
 (Chorus.)

Take thou my yoke, be free from toil and care,
 'Twill give you joy, 'tis one whom all can bear,
 Come unto me and be forever blest,
 Come unto me all ye that labor, I'll give you rest.
 (Chorus.)

Take up thy cross and tread the narrow way,
 'Twill guide thee on unto eternal day,
 Where thou shalt dwell in mansions of the blest,
 Come unto me all ye that labor, I'll give you rest.
 (Chorus.)

1899.

L. M.

O blessed Spirit, heavenly dove,
 Who didst descend from heaven above
 Upon those chosen by our Lord,
 Assembled then with one accord.

Descend to day into my heart,
 Bid ev'ry taint of sin depart,
 O guide me in that narrow way
 Which leads to God's eternal day.

Kindle a flame within my heart
 And may it ne'er through life depart,
 But may it each day brighter grow
 While I still journey here below.

Help me all trials to endure,
 May I through life be good and pure
 May I to men such comfort give,
 That though I die I still may live.

1899.

 C. P. M.

To thee, O God, my voice I'll raise
 And sing aloud thy sweetest praise
 And thy blest name adore;
 I'll sing of thy most humble birth,
 Of thy great love for man on earth,
 Now and forever more.

I'll sing how thou long years ago
 Didst come to dwell with man below,
 Upon a blessed morn;
 How in a manger far away,
 On that bright blessed Christmas day,
 Thou Christ our Lord wast born.

How, suddenly, to those who feared,
 A mighty heavenly host appeared
 Beneath the morning sky;
 With heavenly rapture they all sang,
 O'er hill and plain their music rang,
 "Glory to God most high."

1899.

C. M.

Lord I'm impure and vile within,
 A wretched one conceived in sin;
 Oft have I gone from thee astray
 And walked in Satan's broad pathway.

My heart's deceitful, proud and vain,
 There sin has left it's darkened stain,
 To thee I can no good work bring
 For in my flesh dwells no good thing.

Yet 'tis not I but 'tis the sin
 Which wars with me and dwells within
 My heart and daily torments me,
 Leads me into captivity.

But thanks I give to thee dear Lord,
 That by thy everlasting Word
 I am assured that I shall win,
 For thou hast washed away my sin.

Keep me, dear Lord, in that bright way
 And guide me to the perfect day,
 Until with joy I view thy face
 In Heaven's glorious resting place.

1899.

C. M.

The sweetest of all names to me,
Is Jesus, Savior, King,
For he has made salvation free,
His praises I will sing.

(Chorus.)

“O praise ye the Lord, O praise ye the Lord,”
Who made salvation free,
Who for our sins hung on the cross
And died on Calvary.

Far, far away, from Olive’s brow,
Beyond the great broad sea,
In faith I see my Savior bow
In dark Gethsemane. (Chorus.)

“Exalted high at God’s right hand,”
Where death no more can come,
The Savior intercedes for me
In his celestial home. (Chorus.)

I see him hanging on the cross,
In agony and pain,
I know that my dear Savior’s loss
Is my eternal gain. (Chorus.)

I would that all men might conceive
The Savior’s wondrous love,
And cast their sorrows and their cares
On him who dwells above. (Chorus.)

1899.

115. (Tune, Sweet Home.)

I'm nearing the place where the saints of God meet,
 Where clothed in white robes they triumphantly stand,
 Where they worship the Lamb, falling down at his feet,
 And join their glad songs in that heavenly land.

(Chorus.)

Peace! peace! blessed peace!
 Forever to dwell with my Savior in peace.

I'm nearing the place where my Savior now dwells,
 Exalted on high at the Father's right hand,
 Adored by the angels who constantly sing,
 With whom I shall sing in that heavenly land. (Chorus.)

I'm nearing the place where trials never come,
 Where washed in his blood, free from sin I shall stand,
 Forever with Him who has said there shall be
 No sorrow nor pain in that heavenly land. (Chorus.)
 (1898.)

S. M.

I am the bread of life
 Which bread I freely gave,
 If any man shall eat thereof,
 He shall forever live.

I am the living bread
 Which down from heaven came,
 No life have ye within yourselves,
 Except ye eat the same.

Lord now and evermore
 Give us that living bread,
 And may our hungry souls by thee
 Forevermore be fed.

1899.

L. M. D.

From heathen plunged in misery,
 Who dwell in lands beyond the sea,
 O'er valleys low, o'er mountains high,
 There comes that Macedonian cry,
 O Christians will you not come o'er
 And bring the Gospel to our door,
 O come and to us heathen give
 The bread of life that we may live.

Daily they die who never heard
 A line or precept from God's Word,
 Launched forth into eternity,
 Who can fortell their destiny?
 O Christians leave us not to die,
 O heed the heathen's mournful cry,
 Come o'er and tell us of that love
 Of Jesus who now reigns above.

O haste the Word, do not delay,
 O bring or send to us today,
 That we may soon, from sin set free,
 Enjoy that blessed liberty;
 O Christians bring to us the Light
 And teach us how to live aright,
 O rescue us from sin and shame,
 Teach us to know Messiah's name.

1899.

S. M.

I've wandered Lord from thee,
 I've trod the path of shame,
 Again I come, bowed down with grief,
 To call upon thy name.

Thou Lord art merciful,
 Thy promises I trust,
 Thou knowest Lord how weak I am
 And that I am but dust.

"Teach me thy way O Lord,"
 O stay thou by my side,
 That I may in thy precious fold
 Forevermore abide.

"Increase my faith O Lord,"
 And may my light so shine
 That others too may come to thee
 And be forever thine.

1899.

 L. M.

'Tis night and in Gethsemane,
 The Savior writhes in agony,
 Speaks softly to his chosen three,
 "Abide ye here and watch with me."

Weary, but finds no time for rest,
 Deep sorrow fills his sacred breast,
 Still speaks he to his chosen three,"
 "Abide ye here and watch with me."

Soon, on the ground not far away,
 The Son of God is heard to pray,
 Sorrow and anguish fills his soul,
 Down from his brow great sweat drops roll.

List to the prayer of God's own son,
 "Father thy will not mine be done,
 All things are possible with thee,
 O let this cup depart from me."

Still plunged in bitter agony,
 He prays again more earnestly,
 Down from the sky above so dim,
 An angel comes to strengthen him.

1899.

L. M.

My sins O Lord all weigh me down,
 I come to thee o'erwhelmed with grief,
 Weak and defiled by sin I come,
 "Help thou O Lord my unbelief."

Like the poor publican I come,
 Unworthy Lord to lift my eyes
 To heaven for continually
 My many sins before me rise.

Be merciful to me O Lord,
 Relieve me from this dire distress,
 By thy shed blood remove my sin,
 Save me from all unrighteousness.

Remember not my sins O Lord
 Nor cast me from thyself away,
 Lord teach me how to trust in thee,
 Lord teach thy servant how to pray.

1899.

H. M.

“My praise shall be to thee,”
 Jesus my Lord and King,
 Thou who didst die for me,
 Thy goodness I will sing;
 With heart and voice I'll praise thy name
 And thy great love abroad proclaim.

Thanks be to thee O Lord
 For thou hast set me free,
 I will proclaim thy word
 To nations o'er the sea;
 To the benighted tribes I'll preach,
 Salvation and redemption teach.

Thou didst deliver me
 From sin and death and hell,
 Didst bring me liberty,
 Thou doest all things well;
 My songs of praise to thee I bring,
 My Jesus, blessed Lord and King.

1899.

 6s & 4s.

I hear thee Jesus, say
 “Come unto me;”
 Lead thou me all the way
 To Calvary;
 Beneath a load of sin,
 Vile and impure within,
 I come to thee.

I hear thee Jesus, say,
 "Lovest thou me?"
 Thou knowest truly Lord
 That I love thee ;
 Once Lord I went astray,
 Now from my heart I say,
 Lord I love thee.

I hear thee Jesus, say,
 "Follow thou me;"
 Teach me O Lord thy way
 Give life to me ;
 Lord may the world not spurn
 Thy promises but turn
 And follow thee.

1899.

8s, 7s & 4s.

When the Son of man in glory,
 To the earth shall come again
 With the angel hosts of heaven,
 King of glory, Judge of men,
 In great glory,
 Shall the Son of man appear.

Then upon his throne, in glory,
 Shall he sit and judge all men,
 Ev'ry tribe and ev'ry nation
 Shall appear before him then,
 All shall see him,
 "Kings of kings and Lord of lords."

"Come ye blessed of my Father,"
 Ye the faithful, pure and true,
 Come, the kingdom now inherit
 Which hath been prepared for you,
 Thus shall Jesus,
 Speak to those on his right hand.

1899.

S. M.

Blessed are they who die
 In Jesus Christ their Head,
 Who gained the victory and rose
 In triumph from the dead.

They shall behold his face
 And worship him on high
 In that bright, new Jerusalem
 Beyond the earth and sky.

There, clothed in robes of white,
 They shall be free from care
 And live forevermore, for death
 Can never enter there.

In glory they shall meet
 The saints who went before,
 Together they shall praise the Lamb
 And his blest name adore.

Enable us O Lord,
 In faith to follow them,
 That we may meet with them again
 In new Jerusalem.

1899.

 P. M.

In the Dark Continent,
 Gropping in blindness,
Thousands of heathen are living today;
 Gropping in ignorance,
 Worshipping idols,
Neither the Church nor the Gospel have they.

(Chorus.)

Send them the joyful news,
Teach them salvation,
Tell them the power of Jesus to save.

Victims are sacrificed,
Often by thousands,
To the false gods whom the heathen adore,
Over the graves of chiefs,
Thousands are slaughtered.
Until the ground is dyed red with their gore.
(Chorus.)

Ye who profess to love
Jesus, how can you
Stand all day idle and view the sad sight?
Ye who abundantly,
Reap this world's riches,
Send now, O send to the heathen the Light.
(Chorus.)
1899.

C. M.

How sweet it is to be alone
With Jesus my true friend,
How blessed are the moments which
In private prayer I spend.

How sweet it is to go to Him
Alone in secret prayer,
Although I cannot see Him, yet
I know He's with me there.

Alone with Him I can confess
 The sins which burden me,
 And feel His sweet redeeming grace
 Whereby He sets me free.

Alone with Him I fear no foe,
 There safely I abide,
 The powers of hell cannot remove
 Me from my Savior's side. · 1899.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

(Tune, "Old Kentucky Home.")

Beyond the dark stream of death there is a home,
 'Tis heaven, God's children are there;
 No tears are shed and no trials ever come,
 There the saints are happy, free from care;
 There the Lamb of God is worshiped night and day,
 Who rescues poor sinners from hell,
 I am going home, from earthly care away,
 Then my dear, beloved friends, farewell!

(Chorus.)

Going home to heaven, to live forevermore;
 O my friends prepare to meet we when you die,
 On that rich celestial, bright golden shore.

My work is done, soon no more my face you'll see,
 'Tis finished, my journey is o'er,
 I go from earth to that home so pure and free,
 Where I'll dwell in bliss forevermore;

My Lord and Savior in glory I shall see,
 There happy, with Jesus, I shall dwell,
 Free from earthly pain and sorrow I shall be,
 Then my dear, beloved friends, farewell!

(Chorus.)

The Golden City, the New Jerusalem,
 That City, whose streets are all gold,
 The jasper walls and the Royal Diadem,
 Through eternity I shall behold;
 In that bright home where no night is turned to day,
 From sorrow, set free, I shall dwell,
 From saints' eyes, God shall wipe all tears away,
 Then my dear, beloved friends, farewell!

(Chorus.)

C. M.

When life's waves around me roll,
 I know thou Lord art near
 To still the storms which vex my soul,
 To banish every fear.

Though storms of sorrow oft may come
 Upon me while I tread
 The path which leads me to my home,
 To Christ my living Head.

Though all on earth should me forsake,
 And I should die alone,
 I shall of thy rich grace partake
 With angels round thy throne.

Then Lord deliver me from sin,
 Ne'er let me go astray
 From thy bright fold, guide thou me in
 The straight and narrow way.

1899.

7s&6s.

Upon the cross my Savior,
 Now hangs in agony,
 He, the great King of glory,
 Suffers on Calvary,
 Though crucified by sinners,
 He lifts to heaven his voice
 And prays for those who mock him,
Pater Aphen Autois.

For us poor sinful creatures,
 He hung upon the tree,
 To save us from perdition,
 He died on Calvary;
 O, praise him all ye nations,
 Praise him with heart and voice!
 For he still prays for sinners.
Pater Aphen Autois.

1899:

 S. M.

To this blest feast we come,
 The sacred bread to break,
 Around the table of the Lord,
 We gather and partake.

To this blest feast we come,
 With Christ our Lord to dine,
 Trusting in him we here receive
 The sacred bread and wine.

To this blest feast we come,
 Rich blessings to receive,
 Blessings which Christ bestows on all
 Who in his name believe.

To this blest feast we come
 And to our Lord draw near,
 Trusting in him we are assured
 That he is with us here.

1899.

C. M.

Lord, I've wandered far from thee!
 My heart is sore distressed,
 Alone I wander here below,
 For me there is no rest.

But I return to thee dear Lord,
 Be thou my strength and shield,
 Grant that I go no more astray
 Nor to temptation yield.

Lead thou me in the narrow path
 Of truth and righteousness,
 Then to thy throne my voice I'll raise
 And my Redeemer bless.

1899.

Jesus is waiting with arms open wide,
 Waiting for thee, waiting for thee;
 Flee to him sinner and with him abide,
 Jesus is waiting for thee.

(Chorus.)

Waiting for thee; waiting for thee;
 Jesus is waiting, is patiently waiting for thee.

See him stand knocking without at thy heart
 Waiting for thee, waiting for thee;
 Will you admit him or bid him repart,
 Jesus is waiting for thee? (Chorus.)

At the right hand of his Father on high,
 Waiting for thee, waiting for thee;
 In the rich mansions beyond the blue sky,
 Jesus is waiting for thee. (Chorus.)

1899.

C. M.

"Thou art the Christ," the Solid Rock,
 In faith we build on thee;
 Thou art the Shepherd of this flock,
 The Lamb of Calvary.

With songs of praises Lord we lay
 This sacred corner-stone;
 May our firm faith repose each day
 In thee our God alone.

Today, O Lord, with us be thou,
 Draw nigh and each soul bless;
 Help each to keep his sacred vow,
 Fill us with righteousness.

May we, O Lord, with joy accept
 Thy grace so richly given,
 And throughout life from sin be kept
 And land at last in heaven.

1899.

78.

In the straight and narrow way,
 Lead me Savior day by day,
 Ever guide my feet aright
 Through the darkness into light;
 Purge me thoroughly within,
 Cleanse my heart from ev'ry sin;
 From temptation set me free,
 Draw me closer Lord to thee.

Keep me faithful Lord alway;
 When I wake at break of day,
 When I close my eyes at night,
 Lord direct my thoughts aright;
 In the work thou givest me,
 Grant that I may faithful be,
 May my talents Lord increase,
 Guide me in the paths of peace.

And when thou shalt come again
 To the earth to judge all men,
 I in joy and bliss shall stand
 With the just at thy right hand;
 There dear Lord forever thine,
 With the righteous I shall shine
 Forth in glory as the sun,
 Hear thy blessed words, "Well done."

1899.

I love to tell of my Savior's love
 For suffering man below,
 How he left his heavenly home above
 To rescue from sin and woe.

(Chorus.)

O love (O love) wonderful love (blest love),
I joy thy blessing to share,
No sin (harmeth me) for all is love (is love),
And Christ dwelleth with me there.

I love to read how he journeyed o'er
His beautiful Galilee,
How he taught the multitudes on shore,
Which assembled beside the sea. (Chorus.)

I love to tell how he bled and died
On the cruel cross for me,
How he rose again from the dead and brought
Rich salvation pure and free. (Chorus.)

I love to think of the mansions bright,
Which he has gone to prepare,
And that I in joy and bliss shall dwell
With Jesus forever there. (Chorus.)

1899.

8s, 7s & 4s.

When the Lord shall come in glory,
All the dead in sea and land,
Shall arise and come to judgment
And before their Lord shall stand;
Ev'ry nation
Shall appear before him then.

First there shall come forth the righteous
 Who shall meet him in the air,
 They shall fly to heavenly mansions
 And shall dwell forever there;
 There to praise him
 Throughout all eternity.

Then shall come forth the unrighteous,
 They who walked in Satan's way,
 They shall stand in fear and trembling
 While the Judge to them shall say,
 Thou art cursed
 Into everlasting fire.

Help us then dear Lord and Master,
 Evermore to watch and pray,
 That when we come forth to judgment,
 To us we may hear thee say,
 Come ye blessed,
 Come and be forever blessed.

1899.

L. M.

Come thou O Lord with us abide
 From morning until eventide,
 Guard us throughout the silent night,
 Untill the dawn of morning light.

At morning, noon and close of day,
 Take all our evil thoughts away,
 May all our thoughts be good and pure,
 Help us temptations to endure.

We can on earth do all things well,
 If thou with us wilt ever dwell,
 No harm can come to us nor fear,
 While thou our faithful Lord art near.

Dwell thou with us while life shall last,
 And when our days on earth are past,
 Take us dear Lord to thee above,
 Where we shall share thy boundless love.

1899.

A SOLDIER'S HYMN.

7s.

Lord I put my trust in thee,
 Save me from my enemy,
 In the battle stand thou by,
 Help me to on thee rely ;
 As to Israel by the sea,
 Be thou now dear Lord to me,
 Fire by night and cloud by day,
 Lead me safely all the way.

When I stand on guard at night,
 When the gloom has veiled the light
 Of the sun, when stars appear,
 I shall have no dread nor fear,
 For I know thou Lord art nigh
 And that thy blest watchful eye
 Is upon me night and day
 While I never cease to pray.

Bless my comrades Lord also,
 As we into battle go,
 In the midst of battle's din,
 Keep them Lord all free from sin,
 Help us Lord to ever fight
 Wickedness and stand for right
 And may we triumphant be,
 Grant us Lord rich victory.

1899.

C. M.

“Have mercy upon me O Lord,”
 Though I unworthy be,
 Create in me, O God, a heart
 Free from iniquity.

Against thee, Father, have I sinned,
 I bow my head in shame,
 I feel that I unworthy am
 To call upon thy name.

But there is mercy Lord with thee,
 I know that thou wilt hear
 An humble sinner’s mournful cry
 When he in grief draws near.

Lord, with a broken, contrite heart,
 Before thy throne I bow,
 O save me Lord from sin and death,
 O save me, save me now

1899.

C. M.

Poor wretched sinner that I am,
 Who shall deliver me
 From sin and guilt and deep distress
 And set my conscience free?

My guilty conscience troubles me,
 My soul is sore distressed,
 Who shall my load of guilt remove
 And to my soul bring rest?

I thank my God that I can go
 To him when in distress,
 And there be cleansed by Jesus’ blood
 From all unrighteousness.

1899.

L. M.

Lord the remembrance of my sin
 Now fills my wretched soul within
 With sorrow, misery and shame,
 But still I call upon thy name.

I'm deeply plunged in grief and woe,
 To whom but thee shall I now go?
 Nought but the blood which flowed from thee,
 Can make me clean and set me free.

Cleanse thou my heart, O make it pure,
 All my diseases thou canst cure,
 May I of thy rich grace partake
 I ask it for thy great name's sake.

1899.

C. M.

O Lord, my God, turn not away
 From a poor sinful child
 Whom Satan oft has led astray
 And by his craft beguiled.

Against thee Lord alone have I
 Committed sins this day,
 With contrite heart to thee I cry,
 "Wash all my sins away."

O Lord hide not from me thy face,
 But hide it from my sin,
 O save me by thy pard'ning grace
 And make me pure within.

Renew a spirit Lord within
 My fainting, trembling heart,
 A spirit that will shun all sin
 And ne'er from grace depart.

Then with a joyful heart I'll raise
 My voice to thee on high,
 In songs of love thy name I'll praise
 Now and eternally. 1899.

7s.

Christ, my Lord, enthroned on high,
 Hear a sinner's mournful cry,
 Rescue me from sin and hell,
 In thy mansions let me dwell;
 Savior, Lord, thy will is mine,
 Take me, I'm forever thine.

Christ, thy precious name I'll praise,
 Heart and voice to thee I'll raise,
 Unto thee my songs I'll sing,
 Rich incense of love I'll bring;
 Come dear Lord, abide with me,
 Heal my heart and set it free. 1899.

C. M.

Lord at thy feet I humbly bow,
 Have mercy Lord on me,
 I've wandered far away but now
 I come again to thee.

O Lamb of God, turn not away!
 Come thou and dwell with me,
 Within my heart forever stay,
 Bring me sweet liberty.

Then with a heart from sin set free,
 Glad songs of praise I'll sing,
 With heart and voice I'll worship thee
 And glad thanksgiving bring. 1899.

C. M.

I saw upon the throne of God,
 A lamb which had been slain,
 For sinful men that they thereby
 Eternal life might gain.

Before that precious Lamb of God
 The living creatures bow,
 They sing to him a glad new song,
 "Worthy, O Lamb, art thou."

For thou wast slain and with thy blood
 Didst purchase unto God
 Of ev'ry tribe and nation, men
 Who in thy paths have trod.

Dear Lamb of God, we praise thy name,
 Thy precious name we love,
 With joy we'll hail the day when we
 Shall dwell with thee above. 1899.

8s & 7s.

To that Rock that Rock of ages,
 Israel's wandering children came,
 Freely drank of its pure waters,
 Calling on Jehovah's name.

From that Rock that stream of water
 Pure and good is flowing still,
 There the Savior says to sinners,
 Come and drink all ye who will.

Ye who thirst for living water,
 Burdened with a load of sin,
 Come and drink from that pure fountain,
 It will make you pure within.

Come and drink the living water
 Which is flowing still for you,
Kai to Pneuma Kai he Nymphe
Legousin Umin Erchou.

L. M.

Father, I journey here below,
 In this vast wilderness of woe,
 Weary and sad alone I roam,
 I long to be with thee at home.

Weary I roam, by sin distressed,
 In this dark vale I find no rest ;
 Temptations everywhere I see,
 I long to be at rest with thee.

Where'er thy precious seed is sown
 Satan's alluring baits are thrown,
 Thy precious lambs he seeks to claim
 And bring dishonor to thy name.

My path, O Lord, is dark and drear,
 But still with me there is no fear,
 For Satan's host can ne'er harm me
 If I through life but cling to thee.

Then keep me faithful, keep me pure,
 Help me temptations to endure,
 And after death, Lord let me stand
 With thy redeemed at thy right hand.

1899.

S. M.

Out of the depths of sin,
 To thee my God I cry,
 I'm filled with shame, I dare not lift
 My eyes to thee on high.

My sins, O Lord, lead me
 Into captivity,
 Like the poor publican I cry
 "Be merciful to me."

Before thy mercy seat,
 Dear Lord, I humbly kneel,
 Thou Lord alone canst comfort me
 And all my sorrows heal.

Open, O Lord, my eyes
 That I may clearly see
 The path of life, the narrow way
 That leads to heaven and thee.

O'erwhelmed with grief I come to thee,
 My Lord and King, O pity me;
 I am a slave to sin O Lord,
 O save me Jesus by thy Word.

Give me the power Lord to beat
 Vile Satan down beneath my feet,
 And may I conquer him through thee
 And o'er his hosts victorious be.

'Tis my desire thy ways to seek,
 Thou knowest Lord that I am weak,
 But I can do all things through thee
 If thou O Lord wilt strengthen me.

O may my prayers O Lord ne'er cease,
 And may my faith each day increase,
 And may I daily strengthened be,
 O draw me closer Lord to thee.

Then with thy dear redeemed I'll raise
 My voice to thee in songs of praise,
 I'll praise thee with my latest breath
 Ere earthly eyes shall close in death.

1899.

6s & 4s.

Praise ye the Lord most high,
 Praise ye the Lord;
 Praise Him ye sons of men,
 With sweet accord;
 Praise Him who died for thee
 On the accursed tree,
 Praise ye the Lord!

Praise Him for He is good
 Praise ye the Lord;
 Praise Him who formed the earth,
 E'en by His word;
 Let men and angels sing,
 Praise ye our Lord and King,
 Praise ye the Lord!

1899.

C. P. M.

No longer crowned with thorns but now
 Bright glory crowns the Savior's brow,
 He sits exalted high
 Upon the throne at God's right hand,
 Around which living creatures stand
 And with loud voices cry,

"Worthy the Lamb that hath been slain,"
 "Worthy the Lamb," the sweet refrain,
 None with it can compare ;
 Before the Lamb the elders fall,
 The Lamb exalted above all
 The living creatures there.

Lord Jesus from thy throne above
 Send down upon us thy blest love,
 And when we die may we
 Join in the angels sweet refrain,
 Worthy the Lamb that hath been slain,
 The Lamb of Calvary.

1899.

 L. M.

In deep despair I come to thee
 O Lamb of God my refuge be ;
 Abide thou with me ev'ry hour,
 And rescue me from Satan's power.

While in the flesh I journey here
 Day after day, year after year,
 O let me ne'er depart from thee,
 Be thou through life a guide to me.

When storms of sin around me rise,
 Help me to lift to heaven my eyes,
 That I may see thee on thy throne
 And know that I am not alone.

And when my eyes in death shall close,
 May it be but a sweet repose
 From which I shall in glory rise
 To meet my Savior in the skies. 1899.

L. M.

Help me O Lord from day to day
 To tread the straight and narrow way,
 Help me to close my heart to sin,
 That nought but good may dwell therein.

Help me O Lord from day to day
 To shun the broad and sinful way,
 Fill thou my heart with truth and love,
 All evil thoughts from it remove.

Help me O Lord from day to day
 To love thy name, to watch and pray,
 And when I bid this world farewell,
 Lord take me home with thee to dwell. 1899.

S. M.

Awake, thou sleeping one,
 And from the dead arise,
 And Christ the blessed Light shall shine
 Upon thee from the skies.

Awake, thou sleeping one,
 'Tis Christ who speaks to you,
 The harvest now is over ripe,
 There's work for each to do.

Awake, thou sleeping one,
 And hear the heathens' cry,
 Carry to them the bread of life,
 And leave them not to die.

Awake, thou sleeping one,
 Ere Christ our Lord again,
 Shall in great glory with his hosts,
 Come forth to judge all men.

1899.

C. M.

There is a happy home above,
 Where saints are free from care,
 Where nought prevails but peace and love,
 No strife can enter there.

To that bright home Jesus our Lord,
 Has gone forth to prepare,
 For those who love his precious name,
 Rich mansions bright and fair.

In that bright home, with angel hosts,
 The saints of God now stand
 And praise their dear Redeemer's name,
 In joy at his right hand.

Soon we shall take our homeward flight
 And join the ransomed throng,
 And throughout all eternity
 Join in the gladsome song.

C. M.

O blessed Jesus, Holy Light,
 Thou source of truth divine,
 Come and with us thy saints abide
 And in our hearts now shine.

O precious fountain, from which flowed
 Thy blood on Calvary,
 Thy blood which thou didst freely shed
 Upon the accursed tree.

O sacred Rock, on which is built
 Thy church which cannot fail,
 Nor shall the gates of hades e'er
 Against that church prevail.

O worthy Lamb, who once was slain,
 But now exalted high
 At God's right hand, upon thy throne,
 O hear our mournful cry.

We have transgressed thy holy will,
 Have mercy Lord, we pray;
 Sprinkle our hearts with thy shed blood
 And wash our sins away.

1899.

7s.

Jesus, Savior, loving friend,
 Of thy love there is no end,
 Thou didst come to sin cursed earth,
 Thou didst have an humble birth.

In a manger thou wast born
 On that glorious Christmas morn,
 Shepherds heard the angels cry,
 "Glory be to God most high."

From all sin and misery,
 Thou didst come to set us free,
 Thou didst by thy humble birth
 Bring great joy to all the earth.

Thou art now enthroned on high,
 Still thy saints repeat the cry,
 "Peace on earth good will to men,"
 Christ our Lord will come again.

1899.

 7s.

Jesus guide me by thy hand
 Safely through this desert land,
 Through all trials guide thou me,
 Teach me Lord to cling to thee.

Guide me, guide me, Jesus guide me day by day,
 Through life's journey guide thou me
 In the straight and narrow way.

From thy path I've gone astray,
 I have wandered far away
 From thy sacred fold and thee,
 Savior come and rescue me. (Chorus.)

I am weary Lord of sin,
 Purify me Lord within,
 Come Lord Jesus, set me free
 From the sin which burdens me. (Chorus.)

Then with my whole heart I'll sing
 Praises to my Lord and King,
 Thy blest name dear Lord I'll praise
 Throughout my remaining days. (Chorus.)
 1900.

C. M.

Lord, like the sheep which went astray,
 From the good shepherd's care,
 I've wandered from thy fold away,
 I'm plunged in deep despair.

Though from thy fold I'm far away,
 I still am not undone,
 For I can hear my Savior say,
 Return thou wand'ring one.

Now to thy cross dear Lord I flee
 And lay my burden there,
 From Satan's bonds I fly to thee
 And bow myself in prayer.

Lord Jesus all my sins forgive,
 Remember them no more ;
 Help me a righteous life to live
 Henceforth, forevermore. 1900.

C. M.

Lord the hosts of Satan seek
 To take my soul from thee,
 All the powers of darkness Lord
 Daily encompass me.

From morn till eve, day after day,
 They meet me ev'rywhere ;
 Where'er I go, where'er I stay,
 The Devil casts a snare.

The Devil knows full well, dear Lord,
 That I belong to thee,
 And that is why he daily sets
 A snare to capture me.

Teach me, O Lord, to consecrate
 Myself wholly to thee,
 That I may conquer Satan's host
 And gain the victory.

Lead he, dear Lord, through all rough paths
 And teach me how to pray,
 That Satan's host may come no more
 To tempt my soul away. 1900.

C. M.

O Lord have mercy now upon
 Thine own anointed one,
 I am a man of unclean lips,
 O Lord I am undone.

O Lord send forth the seraphim
 With that bright living coal,
 That he may touch my unclean lips
 And thereby cleanse my soul.

Lead me, dear Lord, through all rough paths
 And my iniquity
 Is blotted out and I am clean,
 Thanks be, O Lord, to thee.

Lord, many thousand souls unsaved,
 In this broad world I see,
 I hear thee say, "Whom shall I send?"
 I answer, Lord send me.

1900.

L. M.

On Pisgah's height I take my stand
 And view the blessed promised land,
 My blessed home where all is light,
 Where never fall the shades of night.

Where dwells my Savior, Lord and King,
 Where men and angels daily sing
 Praises to Jesus on the throne,
 Whose blood for sinners did atone.

In that bright home I long to be,
 From sin and sorrow to be free;
 I long to lean on Jesus' breast
 And by him be forever blest.

Jesus conduct me safely o'er
 Jordan's dark flood to yonder shore;
 All the way lead me by thy hand
 Safely into the promised land.

Then with the saints who've gone before,
 Thy precious name I will adore,
 And with the angels e'er proclaim
 Honor and glory to thy name.

1900.

S. M.

Lord I belong to thee,
 I ask for nought beside,
 Since I am thine and thou art mine,
 My soul is satisfied.

Lord thou hast chosen me
 Out of this world of care,
 Since thou are mine thy love divine
 Is with me everywhere.

Lord thou dost in me dwell,
 How blessed is my lot,
 To dwell in thee and thou in me,
 How sweet to me the thought!

How sweet in thee to live,
 How sweet in thee to die,
 What bliss 'twill be to dwell with thee,
 In thy blest home on high!

 L. M.

Would that I had a voice O God
 Like that which issued from thy throne,
 Like sound of thunder and earthquake,
 To make thy precious Gospel known.

I'd lift my voice in gratitude
 And praise my Savior's blessed name;
 To nations in remotest climes,
 Thy saving grace I would proclaim.

To cold Alaska's icy shores
 In regions of the frigid north,
 To poor, benighted Indian tribes,
 I'd shout thy glorious message forth.

Beyond the great Pacific's flood
 Where heathen grope on China's shore,
 Who bow before their gods of stone,
 I'd shout the heavenly message o'er.

Lord bless thy Church, the mighty voice,
 Cause it from slumber to awake
 And herald thy great glory forth
 Till the whole earth shall fear and quake.

Hasten that glorious day dear Lord
 When ev'ry eye on earth shall see
 Thee coming forth with glory crowned
 To call the nations forth to thee.

1900.

 8s & 7s.

Jesus reigns, he reigns in glory,
 Seated on his throne above;
 Angel hosts surround him singing
 Of his matchless, boundless love.

Saints on earth hold sweet communion
 With the saints who've gone before,
 Who now dwell in happy union
 On that bright celestial shore.

To that home we now are hast'ning,
 Soon we'll meet the ransomed band,
 And before our dear Redeemer,
 Pure and undefiled we'll stand.

There our souls, in blood of crimson,
 Will be cleansed of ev'ry stain,
 With the saints we'll sing sweet praises
 To the Lamb for sinners slain.

1900.

7s & 6s.

Stand firm for Christ your Savior,
 Defend his precious name,
 Before the world confess him,
 O put him not to shame!
 Though foes may oft revile him
 And his blest name deny,
 Stand firm, mid persecutions,
 For Christ enthroned on high.

Stand firm for him who bought you
 With his own precious blood
 Which from the healing fountain,
 For sinners freely flowed;
 Go forth and tell the story
 Of his great love to men,
 How he now reigns in glory
 And soon will come again.

Go tell his love to nations
 Who bow to wood and stone,
 Tell of the blood of Jesus
 Which did for sin atone;
 Ne'er stand a moment idle,
 Preach Jesus ev'ry day
 Till all the world shall walk in
 The straight and narrow way

1900.

108 Double.

With the fierce waves they toil upon the sea,
 The storm is fierce upon dark Galilee;
 Comes there no help, is there no one to save,
 Must those twelve men all sink beneath the wave?
 No hope, no hope, what power can save them now?
 Fiercely the waves like mountains near them roll,
 Utter despair has seized each trembling soul
 No hope, no hope, what power can save them now?

Behold a form comes walking on the sea,
 Treading upon the waves of Galilee;
 As they behold the form, in fear they cry,
 Hark, hear that voice, "Be not afraid, 'tis I!"
 "'Tis I, 'tis I, be not afraid 'tis I!"
 They fear not now, that loving voice suppressed.
 The fear instilled in each disciple's breast,
 "'Tis I, 'tis I, be not afraid 'tis I!"

If it be thou, O Lord, now suffer me
 To step upon the waves and come to thee?
 Thus Peter spake and Jesus answered, "Come;"
 He treads the waves while breezes round him hum,
 "'Tis I, 'tis I, be not afraid 'tis I!"
 Now filled with fear he sinks beneath the wave,
 But as he sinks he cries, O Master save
 Save Lord, save Lord, Lord Jesus save me now.

Lord as we sail upon life's stormy sea,
 Suffer us ne'er to turn our eyes from thee;
 When tossed about by furious waves of sin,
 May thy blest words strengthen our hearts within,
 "'Tis I, 'tis I, be not afraid 'tis I!"
 When we begin to sink beneath the sea,
 Lord give us faith to cry aloud to thee,
 Save Lord, save Lord, Lord Jesus save me now.
 1900.

C. M.

Beneath the load of sin I fall,
 Help me O Lord to rise;
 A broken and a contrite heart,
 Thou Lord wilt not despise.

Truly thou knowest that my heart
 Is broken and contrite,
 My many sins, O Lord, are e'er
 Before me day and night.

When I remember Lord how thou
 Didst shed thy blood for me,
 And how I Lord, in thought and deed,
 Have oft offended thee,

I hide my face, my soul is filled
 With anguish, grief and shame,
 I know that I unworthy am
 To call upon thy name.

O Jesus, dear Redeemer, come
 And wash my sins away,
 Come and within my contrite heart
 Abide dear Lord always.

Bid Satan and his hosts of sin
 From me fore'er depart
 And let sweet peace forever reign
 Within this contrite heart.

1900

C. M.

O Lord the hosts of Satan now
 Are pressing hard on me;
 They tempt me daily while they seek
 To take my soul from thee.

If I but for a moment turn
 My thoughts away from thee,
 A thousand demons, sent from hell,
 Surround and torment me.

Oft have these demons cast me down,
 My soul they have distressed,
 My soul is weary, worn and sad,
 I long for rest, sweet rest.

O come thou Jesus and cast out
 These demons from my heart,
 And may thy spirit Lord henceforth
 Ne'er from my soul depart.

1900.

'7s & 6s.

Let nations sing forever
 Of Jesus' dying love,
 Sing of the intercession
 He daily makes above
 For us poor sinful creatures
 Who grovel here below,
 Who by his grace are rescued
 From misery and woe.

Let nations sing forever
 Of Jesus' tender care,
 Sing of the many mansions
 In heaven bright and fair;
 For he has gone to heaven,
 There to prepare a place
 For all mankind who love him,
 Who share his pard'ning grace.

Let nations sing forever
 Of Jesus' majesty,
 Of Jesus, King of glory,
 Who reigns eternally,
 With whom we'll reign forever
 And share his blessed love
 In that bright golden city
 With all his saints above.

1900.

C. M.

Jesus my Refuge and my Rock,
 In deep distress I flee
 For shelter to thy peaceful fold,
 Hide not thy face from me.

My load of sin is heavy, Lord,
 Its weight I cannot bear ;
 Nought but distress now fills my soul,
 I sink in deep despair.

A sinful creature, Lord, I've been,
 Poor, wretched, foul and mean ;
 But by thy precious blood thou canst
 Make my impure heart clean.

Lord give me faith to ever cast
 My burdens all on thee ;
 Then only will my soul find rest
 And from all care be free.

1900.

C. M.

I've wandered far away but now
 Dear Lord to thee I come ;
 I'm weary of my load of sin,
 Lord Jesus take me home.

O'er mountains high, o'er valleys deep,
 I've wandered day by day ;
 From my kind Savior's blissful fold
 I've wandered far away.

Against thee only have I sinned
 And oft have caused thee grief ;
 But now with broken heart I pray,
 Help thou my unbelief.

Lord let thy precious crimson blood
 Be sprinkled upon me,
 Then shall this heart be cleansed and I
 Shall be forever free.

1900.

 8s & 7s.

Jesus died to save poor sinners,
 Died upon the accursed tree ;
 Freely shed his blood most precious
 That the sinner might go free.

Like a lamb led to the slaughter,
 He was led to Calvary ;
 Forth he went and never murmured
 And there freely died for me.

Wondrous was His love for sinners,
 Greater love no man can have;
 Let us never cease to thank Him
 That He died our souls to save.

Let us ever sound His praises
 In remotest lands abroad,
 Tell the poor benighted nations,
 He's their Savior and their God.

1900.

L. M.

From Calv'ry's mount their flowed one day
 A crimson flood which washed away
 The stains of sin from those who came
 Forth and believed on Jesus' name.

Today from Calv'ry's sacred hill,
 That crimson flood is flowing still,
 And to it sinners freely may
 Come forth and wash their sins away.

Hasten poor sinner to that flood
 And wash in its pure cleansing blood,
 'Twill cleanse thy impure heart from sin
 And make thee pure and clean within.

1900

C. M.

Arise my soul, be strong and fight,
 Each battle for the Lord;
 Upon the flesh never rely,
 Trust only in God's word.

The spirit may be willing but
 The Human flesh is weak,
 From its allurements turn away,
 The Lord of life go seek.

The soul which wins the victory,
 Must trust in Christ alone,
 Whose blood can conquer ev'ry foe
 And for all sin atone.

If thou my soul wouldst conquer then,
 And ne'er be led astray,
 Heed daily the divine command,
 Arise and watch and pray.

1900.

 C. M.

O Lord my God most merciful,
 Have mercy upon me,
 My soul with dire distress is filled
 And vexed most grievously.

Oh Jesus, Savior, hear my cry,
 Unworthy though I be ;
 Cast out the demon from my heart
 And bring me liberty.

Lord, the remembrance of my sins
 Fills me with grief and shame ;
 Before thee Lord I humbly bow
 And call upon thy name.

I know that thou abundantly
 Wilt all my sins forgive ;
 For thou dost freely invite all
 To come to thee and live.

1900.

6s & 4s.

Day after day my song
 Shall be of thee
 My Savior who did'st shed
 Thy blood for me ;
 Thou who my soul did'st save
 And to all nations gave,
 O'er sin and death and grave,
 Sweet victory.

Savior thy precious name,
 I will adore
 Until my days on earth
 Shall be no more ;
 When death shall close my eyes
 And I redeemed shall rise,
 I'll praise thee in the skies
 Forevermore.

1900.

 9s & 8s.

Like a sheep from the fold which had wandered
 Far into the mountains so wild,
 I wandered away from my Savior,
 A poor, disobedient child ;
 But Jesus, the tender, good Shepherd,
 Out in the wild desert sought me,
 I heard him most tenderly saying,
 "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Then humbled I fell down before Him,
 Alone in the dark wilderness,
 And cried dear Lord Jesus forgive me,
 My sins I now freely confess ;
 Forgive my shortcomings dear Savior,
 From sin and distress rescue me,
 I heard His kind voice gently saying,
 "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Safely in His fold I am sheltered,
 And now His dear name I adore,
 And from my kind, tender, good Shepherd,
 My Savior, I'll wander no more ;
 O sinners now hasten to Jesus
 And from Satan's power be free,
 O hear Jesus tenderly saying,
 "My grace is sufficient for thee." 1900.

L. M.

When plunged in misery and woe,
 When sorely tempted here below,
 There is a place where I can flee
 And from temptations be set free.

That place is at my Savior's feet,
 It is a safe and sure retreat ;
 No foe can ever harm me there,
 While under His protecting care.

There I can hear my Savior say,
 Thy many sins are washed away ;
 There I can lean on Jesus' breast,
 There my poor weary soul finds rest.

O let me ever keep my seat
 At my kind Savior's precious feet,
 Guard me Lord Jesus there alway,
 Ne'er let me from thee go astray.

1900.

 7s.

Far away from home am I,
 Lost upon a mountain high,
 Chasms near me wide and deep,
 Ev'ry pathway rough and steep;
 Hark! fierce wolves are prowling near
 And my heart now faints with fear;
 Weak and helpless now I lie
 On the rugged mountain high.

Hark! what voice is that I hear
 And the sound of footsteps near?
 Who comes forth, O can it be
 Some kind friend to rescue me?
 Hark! 'tis Jesus' voice I hear,
 I am safe for He is near,
 Now I lift my voice and cry,
 Save me Jesus or I die.

To my rescue Jesus came,
 I was weary, worn and lame,
 Helpless on the ground I lay
 When my Savior came that way;
 In His arms most tenderly,
 All the way He carried me
 From the mountains high and cold
 Back again into His fold.

1900.

S. M.

Lord at thy feet I fall,
 There let me ever stay;
 Sprinkle me with thy precious blood
 And wash my sins away.

There, Lord, I know I'm safe
 And free from ev'ry care
 There thou wilt shield me from all sin,
 No foe can harm me there.

There I can hear thy voice,
 Saying most tenderly,
 Ye who are weary, worn and sad,
 Come quickly unto me.

Lord at thy feet I bow,
 There keep me day by day;
 Teach me, thy servant, how to live,
 And teach me how to pray.

1900.

 7s & 6s.

The precious blood of Jesus
 Was shed on Calvary
 For poor and wretched sinners
 Who groaned in misery;
 The Savior paid the ransom
 Upon the accursed tree,
 And shed His blood most freely
 To set the sinner free.

For six long, painful hours,
 In dreadful agony,
 Mid scorching heat He suffered
 To set all mankind free;
 Then let us daily serve Him
 For His most wondrous love
 Praise Him who sits exalted
 At God's right hand above.

1900.

 8s & 7s.

From the blessed Rock of ages,
 Jesus, who was slain for me,
 A pure, rich and living fountain,
 Now is flowing full and free.

To that fountain I am coming,
 Its rich blessings to receive,
 Which my Lord and King has promised
 To all who in Him believe.

There will I hold sweet communion
 With the saints who've gone before,
 There, of that pure living water,
 I will drink and thirst no more.

There my soul ne'er will grow weary,
 There temptations come no more,
 There with angels I'll sing praises
 To my Savior evermore.

1900.

 C. M.

Beyond dark Jordan's flood there lies
 The blessed promised land,
 Where round the throne of Jesus Christ,
 The living creatures stand.

Before that throne both day and night,
 Each living creature sings,
 "Worthy the Lamb which hath been slain."
 And crown Him King of kings.

On Pisgah's height by faith I see
 The royal diadem,
 And all God's saints dwelling in peace,
 I long to be with them.

O Lord my God enable me
 To patiently await
 The time when thou shalt call me forth
 To pass through heaven's gate.

Then with the saints arrayed in white,
 I will forever sing
 "The song of Moses and the Lamb"
 And praise my Lord and King.

1900.

L. M.

Jesus, exalted high above,
 Who art the Savior of mankind,
 Teach me thy blessed name to love
 With all my heart and all my mind.

Hasten, dear Lord, that happy day
 When Satan's power shall decline,
 When from my heart I too can say,
 My heart, my soul are wholly thine.

And when to earth thou shalt descend,
 When all shall hear the trumpet sound,
 When death and grave shall have an end
 And dead shall rise from sea and ground.

May I be worthy then to stand
 Arrayed in white among the blest,
 Happy and free at thy right hand,
 There to enjoy eternal rest.

1900.

L. M.

Jesus, the Prince of peace was born
 Upon that holy Christmas morn,
 Angels announced His sacred birth
 Which spread glad joy o'er all the earth.

The angels of the Lord appeared
 To shepherds who trembled and feared,
 Amazed and sore afraid were they,
 Until they heard the angel say,

Fear not, for unto you this morn,
 A Savior, Christ the Lord, is born,
 In Bethlehem's manger you shall find
 The babe, the Savior of mankind.

Then with the angel suddenly,
 An angel host sang rev'rently,
 "Glory to God on high," and then,
 "Good will on earth and peace to men."

1900.

L. M.

O blest Messiah, heavenly King,
 To thee I will forever cling,
 For when I lay fast hold on thee,
 The hosts of hell can ne'er harm me.

O blest Messiah, heavenly King,
 Who didst to us salvation bring,
 Whose precious blood for us was spilled,
 Whereby our hearts with hope were filled.

O blest Messiah, heavenly King,
 Who didst to us salvation bring,
 Whose precious blood for us was spilled,
 Whereby our hearts with hope were filled.

O blest Messiah, heavenly King,
 Whose praises holy angels sing,
 Thou didst the power of sin destroy
 And fill our hearts with perfect joy.

O blest Messiah, heavenly King,
 We to thee rich thanksgiving bring,
 For thy blest love for man below,
 For saving him from sin and woe.

1900.

L. M. D.

How precious in the sight of God
 Are true believers when they die,
 Their souls shall dwell in Paradise,
 Their mortal dust in tombs shall lie
 Until the Resurrection morn,
 When Jesus to the earth will come,
 Then they will rise to meet their Lord,
 And He'll conduct them safely home.

Then with Him they'll forever dwell
 In heavenly mansions pure and bright
 Where there are neither stars nor sun,
 But Jesus is the only light;

There sorrow nevermore can come,
 For in that home they never die,
 They nought but joy shall know for God
 Shall wipe the tears from ev'ry eye.

To that bright home we long to go
 And meet our loved ones gone before,
 And dwell in that bright promised land
 On Canaan's bright celestial shore ;
 O Jesus, Lord, increase our faith,
 That we may ever trust in thee,
 And when we die conduct us home
 To heaven above thy face to see.

1900.

L. M.

How sweet the song the angels sang
 Upon that joyful Christmas morn,
 When to the shepherds they announced
 That Christ the prince of peace was born.

The glory of the Lord shone round
 About the shepherds, pure and bright,
 When the glad tidings of great joy
 Was brought to them upon that night.

A mighty angel host of God,
 Descended from the balmy sky
 And joyfully all sweetly sang,
 "Glory be to our God most high."

The glory of the Lord still shines
 Upon the hearts of all who love
 That Savior who that night was born,
 Who now exalted reigns above.

1900.

C. M.

Awake, arise and watch and pray,
The day is drawing near,
That great and awful Judgment Day,
When Jesus shall appear.

Awake, arise, that dreadful hour,
No man can comprehend,
When Jesus, with all might and power,
Shall to the earth descend.

Awake, arise, be ready when
The Judge of earth shall come
In glory to the earth again,
To take his loved ones home.

Awake, arise, and watch and pray,
To God through life be true,
That His great final Judgment Day
May not be dread to you.

1900.

L. M.

O Jesus, Savior, can it be
That I have oft offended thee,
Have I by thought and deed and word,
So oft offended my dear Lord?

To Him who saved my soul from sin,
Have I then so ungrateful been,
That after all the pain He bore,
I caused Him still to suffer more?

Alas! how foolish I have been
 To wander in the paths of sin;
 O'erwhelmed with grief I humbly pray,
 Lord Jesus wash my sins away. 1900.

L. M.

Jesus, thy mercy hath no bound,
 Poor man can never sink so low
 Into the pit but that the sound
 Of thy rich saving grace can go.

Many have wandered far away
 Into deep woe and misery,
 Thy mercy followed all the way
 And brought them back again to thee.

When on the cross on Calv'ry's brow,
 Thou heardest the thief's sad mournful cries,
 Thy mercy answered, "To day thou
 Shalt be with me in Paradise."

All through life's journey here below,
 At home, abroad, where'er I be,
 Where'er in this wide world I go,
 Thy tender mercy follows me. 1900.

L. M.

Thou Lord art good and well I know
 When thou didst journey here below,
 No sinner didst thou e'er pass by,
 Nor fail to heed his mournful cry.

Thy love today is flowing free
 For all who place their trust in thee,
 And thy great might can ev'ry hour
 Dispel their fear of Satan's power.

O Lord have mercy upon me,
 My soul is vexed most grievously,
 Satan's vile host oft me surround
 And hurl me helpless to the ground.

Let them against me not prevail,
 Hear thou a sinner's mournful wail,
 Deliver me from sore distress
 And make my soul all righteousness.

Lord Jesus let thy tender care
 And love go with me ev'rywhere,
 Until on joyful wings I rise
 And take my flight to Paradise.

1900.

12s & 8s.

There's a beautiful land where my Savior now dwells,
 Where tear drops and pain are not known;
 There in garments of white dwell the saints of the Lord,
 For whose sins Jesus blood did atone.

There forever they dwell all so happy and free
 On Canaans bright, beautiful shore;
 And no sorrow nor crying is ever heard there,
 Their sorrows and trials are o'er.

Lord I long to be with thy blest saints over there
 And clothed in pure garments of white.
 Where temptations can never torment me again,
 Where never comes darkness or night.

Jesus help me while journeying here upon earth
 To fix my eyes daily on thee,
 Till at last I ascend to my heavenly home
 From sin evermore to be free.

1900.

 7s & 6s.

Father in heaven hear us
 Poor sinners here below,
 We are by sin surrounded,
 No matter where we go;
 Temptations, sore and grievous
 Confront us ev'ry day,
 And Satan's hosts are seeking
 To lead our souls astray.

Father in heaven guide us
 By thy blest loving care,
 And let thy tender mercy
 Go with us ev'rywhere;
 Help us to stand firm always
 For thy blest holy Word,
 And ever make confession
 Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

1900.

 10s & 8s.

When Jesus our Lord journeyed upon earth
 And comforted all the distressed;
 He took in His arms the tender young babes
 And all of them tenderly blessed.

(Chorus.)

He took in His arms the tender young babes,
And placed His kind hands on them tenderly,
And sorely displeased with others He said,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

Then said He to them, Except ye repent
And all become like small children
And like them receive the kingdom of God,
Ye never shall enter therein. (Chorus.)

Lord may we become like little children,
All innocent Lord before thee ;
That we may enter the kingdom of God
And from sin and sorrow be free. (Chorus.)

1900.

CONFIRMATION DAY.

C. M. D.

God bless the day on which I came
And at His altar bowed,
When I confessed my Savior's name,
When solemnly I vowed
That until death I'd faithful be,
His blest name I'd adore,
That blessed day when Christ made me
His own forevermore.

Lord Jesus hear the humble prayer
I offer to thee now,
Guard me with thy most tender care
That I may keep my vow,

And though temptations vex my mind,
 And Satan torment me,
 My weary soul will daily find
 Sweet bliss and rest in thee.

'Tis joy, O Lord, to me to say,
 That I am wholly thine,
 Grant that before mankind each day,
 My light may brightly shine;
 Throughout life's journey day by day,
 Lord never suffer me
 To yield to sin nor go astray
 From thy blest fold and thee.

1900.

L. M.

Jesus my Lord on thee I lean,
 Where else can a poor sinner find
 That which can make his vile heart clean
 And bring peace to his troubled mind?

Lord in thy presence I find peace
 And rest for my poor troubled soul,
 There doth my faith daily increase,
 There I am made perfectly whole.

Lord ever keep me by thy side,
 Upon thee may I ever lean,
 In thee may I fore'er abide,
 Lord keep me ever pure and clean.

1900.

7s.

Sacred is thy name O Lord,
 Worthy to be praised by all ;
 Thou didst come to earth to save
 Us poor sinners from the fall ;
 Thou didst leave thy home above
 And to sin cursed earth didst come,
 That we might forever dwell
 With thee in thy blissful home.

With glad hearts redeemed from sin,
 In glad songs of grateful praise,
 Will we raise our voices high
 Throughout our remaining days,
 And when from our tombs we rise
 And our spirits upward fly,
 We will endless praises sing
 To thee Lord exalted high.

1900.

 C. M.

O Lord I weep when I recall
 My sins of former years,
 My soul is sad, o'erwhelmed with grief,
 I wet my face with tears.

Distressed I fall upon my knees
 And cry, O can it be
 That I have grieved my Lord, my God,
 Who did so much for me?

O Lord, my soul is sore distressed,
 All helpless here I lie ;
 Deliver me from Satan's bonds,
 O leave me not to die.

As thou didst by thy touch, of old,
 Remove the leprosy,
 Touch now the leprosy of sin
 Which daily torments me.

Then shall my tainted heart be clean,
 And I by thee be blessed,
 Then shall my tears be wiped away,
 Then shall I find sweet rest.

1900.

S. M.

“Give thanks unto the Lord”
 And praise His precious name;
 To rescue all mankind from sin,
 From heaven to earth He came.

Ye who have been redeemed,
 Praise Him with one accord;
 Let ev'ry ransomed sinner say,
 “Give thanks unto the Lord.”

“Give thanks unto the Lord,”
 That He a child was born
 And in a lowly manger lay
 Upon a Christmas morn.

When on your dying bed
 Thank Him with your last breath,
 Because He died for you and gained
 The vict'ry over death .

1900.

L. M.

In Jesus I have a true friend,
To Him in trouble I can go;
His mercy hath no bound, His grace
For sinners doth forever flow.

Though earthly friends all me forsake
And I be left to toil alone,
I know that Jesus is my friend
Whose blood for my sins did atone.

With Him I can go anywhere,
With him my soul can have no fear,
For well I know no cruel foes
Can harm me while Jesus is near.

O Jesus, my best, truest friend!
Keep me forever by thy side,
That my weak, fainting, trembling heart
May ever in sweet rest abide. 1900.

C. M.

O Holy Spirit, Comforter,
Come forth and dwell within
This weak and sinful heart of mine,
Remove all stains of sin.

O shed abroad within my heart,
Thy blessed light divine
And may that blessed heavenly light
Within my heart e'er shine.

May it forever guide my feet
 While journ'ying here below,
 And may it be a power to me
 To banish ev'ry foe.

And when I stand on Jordan's banks,
 Conduct me safely o'er
 To the bright new Jerusalem,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

1900.

8s & 7s.

When upon the clouds of heaven,
 We the Son of Man shall see,
 Coming with great pow'er and glory,
 All the dead in earth and sea
 Shall arise and stand before Him,
 All their deeds shall be made known
 By the righteous Judge of nations,
 Seated on His glorious throne .

None but God the Father knoweth
 Of that great and glorious day,
 Of that day when both the heaven
 And the earth shall pass away,
 And the final separation
 Shall be made of all mankind,
 When the wicked shall be banished,
 But the righteous rest shall find.

Are you ready, are you watching
 For the coming of that day?
 Are you heeding his commandment,
 Do you daily watch and pray?
 O beware, lest when He cometh,
 He may find you fast asleep,
 And while others are rejoicing,
 You lament and wail and weep!

Jesus, be thou ever with us,
 Daily draw us close to thee,
 Guide us safely through life's journey,
 Till thy glorious face we see,
 And we in the heavenly mansions,
 With the saints who've gone before,
 Shall sing praises and adore thee
 Kings of kings forevermore.

1900.

O Lord from me do not depart,
 Upon my frail and impure heart,
 My sins have left a gloomy trace,
 O Lord remove it by thy grace.

Lord Jesus by thy blood cleanse me,
 From sin and make me pure and free;
 Give me a heart free from all guilt,
 Then do with me whate'er thou wilt.

1901.

6s & 4s.

Jesus my cross I'll bear,
 My Cross I'll bear;
 Though Satan in my path,
 May cast his snare;
 When filled with grief and care,
 Jesus my cross I'll bear,
 My cross I'll bear.

Throughout my life I'll tread
 The narrow way;
 Nor will I from that path
 E'er go astray;
 While I for death prepare,
 Jesus my cross I'll bear,
 My cross I'll bear.

Though enemies of thine,
 Upon me frown,
 My cross I still will bear
 Nor lay it down;
 Till by death freed from care,
 Jesus my cross I'll bear,
 My cross I'll bear.

7s.

In my Father's house on high
 There are many mansions bright,
 There is neither pain nor sigh
 In that home where all is light:
 There upon His glorious throne,
 Sits the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Who for man's sin did atone
 And removed each guilty stain.

There in garments pure and white,
 All the saints of God shall stand,
 As the sun's bright radiant light,
 They shall shine in Zion's land;
 They shall fall down at the feet
 Of the Lamb whom they adore,
 There all saints of God shall meet,
 Meet to part again no more.

1901.

12s & 8s.

Once I wandered away from my kind Father's house
 And all the rich comforts within ;
 I forsook my bright home and my kind Father's care
 And roamed in the pathway of sin.

When I spent all my strength a great famine arose
 And I very hungry became ;
 When I came to myself and remembered my home,
 I was filled with regret and with shame.

Then I said, I'll arise, to my Father I'll go
 And say, I have sinned against thee
 And against heaven too have I sinned and am now
 No more worthy thy son to be.

Weary, worn and distressed, I arrived at my home,
 My Father embraced me and said,
 'Tis my son who was lost and who now has been found,
 My son is alive who was dead.

Free from sorrow and care, now securely I dwell
 Within my kind Father's bright home ;
 In the Broadway of sin and of unrighteousness,
 No more will I wander or roam.

1901.

 S. M.

Thy precious word O Lord,
 I've laid up in my heart,
 That I may not against thee sin,
 Nor from thy law depart.

Thy word, O Lord, is truth,
 And to my feet a guide,
 While it remaineth in my heart,
 I'll want for nought beside.

Thy word within my heart,
 Brings comfort to my soul,
 It drives the evil demons out,
 Who seek to gain control.

Lord, may thy precious word
 Remain fore'er within
 My heart, now broken and contrite,
 And keep me free from sin.

1901.

6s and 4s.

Lord, with a broken heart,
 I come to thee,
 "Let thy mercies, O Lord,
 Come unto me ;"
 Satan distresses me,
 I'm all iniquity,
 Humbly I come to thee
 I come to thee.

Lord, by thy grace remove
 All sin from me,
 Then from henceforth, "I'll walk
 At liberty ;"
 O Lord I long to be
 From sin and sorrow free,
 Trusting, I come to thee,
 I come to thee.

1901.

C. M.

Arise young children of the cross
 And arm you for the fight,
 Put on the armour of your God
 And battle for the right.

Satan with his vile host is near
 And seeks to draw away
 The lambs of Jesus from the fold
 Into the dark Broadway.

His many vile, alluring baits,
 Confront you ev'rywhere,
 And you will faint unless you go
 Daily to God in prayer.

Arise then children of the Lord,
 Be strong like men and fight;
 Put on the armour of your God
 And battle for the right.

1901.

 L. M. D.

O sacred Rock, to thee I cling,
 Thou who dost rich salvation bring
 To all who firmly cling to thee,
 O hide me sacred Rock in thee!
 Around me angry billows roll
 Which daily taunt and vex my soul,
 But no harm can they bring to me
 If I but firmly cling to thee.

O sacred Rock! daily draw me
 Nearer to thee, nearer to thee,
 Until I leave this mortal clay
 And by angels be borne away
 To Paradise, there to be free
 From all temptations, and with thee
 Forever dwell in mansions bright,
 Where all is bliss, where all is light.

1901.

P. M.

Lord, teach me how to live,
 Lord make me wholly thine,
 That day by day before the world
 My light may brightly shine.

(Chorus.)

Jesus may my light
 Brighter each day grow,
 That the world thy precious name,
 Early may learn to know.

When Satan tempts me Lord,
 When all his hosts assail
 My soul and seek to conquer it,
 O let them not prevail. (Chorus.)

And when at last I stand
 Before thy glorious throne,
 May I thy glorious face behold
 And her thee say, "Well done!" (Chorus.)

1901.

8s & 7s.

If I make my bed in hades,
 I will not fear nor despair,
 For I have the blest assurance
 That thou wilt be with me there.

There with thee, in sweet enjoyment,
 I will dwell in Paradise
 Till the day of resurrection,
 When all from their graves shall rise.

Then on joyful wings ascending,
 I shall journey through the sky
 To the mansions bright and golden,
 In that blessed home on high.

So teach us our days to number,
 Give to us hearts pure and wise
 And the blessed, sweet assurance
 Of a home beyond the skies.

The above hymn was composed in 12 minutes, at Altamont, Illinois, March 30, 1901.

PALM SUNDAY.

7s & 6s.

"Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord,
 Hosanna in the highest,"
 O hear them shout the word!
 The Lord of life is coming
 Into Jerusalem,
 The pilgrims are rejoicing,
 Come, let us join with them.

Come, let us go and meet Him
 And glorify His name,
 For He is meek and lowly,
 To earth from heaven He came;
 He came to bring salvation
 To all who will believe
 On Him and will with gladness
 His saving grace receive.

Then let us go and meet Him
 And worship at His feet,
 And with the happy pilgrims,
 The joyful song repeat,
 "Hosanna in the highest,"
 Praise Him with sweet accord,
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord."

1901.

C. M.

O glorious day on which our Lord
 Rose from the rocky tomb,
 That day on which the grave was robbed
 Of victory and gloom.

With joyful hearts and songs of praise,
 We hail this glorious day
 When Christ the King of glory drove
 Death's terrors all away.

Hail, Jesus! thou once crucified,
 But now our risen Lord!
 Thy sacred and most precious name,
 We praise in thought and word.

Let all the nations far and near,
 Repeat with one accord,
 Upon this joyful Easter day,
 Hail to our risen Lord!

1901.

S. M.

I come to thee dear Lord,
 My ever dearest friend;
 Thy love to me is wonderful,
 Thy mercy hath no end.

I come just as I am,
 Plunged in the depths of woe,
 For there is none beside thee Lord,
 To whom I thus can go.

Before thy mercy seat,
 I humbly bow my knee
 And from my heart I now repent
 That I offended thee.

Hear thou my prayer O Lord
 And all my sins forgive
 And grant that I through all my days
 In righteousness may live.

1901.

. C. M. D.

O Christ thou art the corner-stone
 Of thy Church here below,
 Thy Church is built on thee alone,
 On it thou dost bestow

Thy grace and thy redeeming power
 And daily thou dost send
 A bountiful and gracious shower
 Of blessings without end.

Other foundations none can lay
 That that already laid;
 'Tis thee, my Savior and my God,
 By whom the earth was made;
 Thou art the Rock on which was built
 Thy Church which ne'er shall fall,
 Where sinners are redeemed from guilt,
 Where grace is free for all.

Help me dear Lord forevermore
 Upon that Rock to stand
 And take me when my work is o'er,
 Home to the Promised Land;
 There to behold thy glorious face
 And sing with angels bright,
 To find a joyful resting place
 Where there will be no night.

1901.

S. M.

Lord, 'tis my heart's desire
 To do thy holy will,
 To follow in thy steps and all
 Thy precepts to fulfill.

Daily, temptations come
 Which vex my soul within,
 Daily, does Satan strive to lead
 Me into paths of sin.

Before thee, Lord, I bow
 And all my sins confess,
 Remember them no more but save
 Me from unrighteousness.

Help me, O Lord my God,
 Daily to grow in grace
 That I may ever find in thee
 A blessed resting place.

1901.

L. M.

Around the table with the twelve,
 Sat Jesus at the close of day,
 There, while he broke the bread for them,
 The Son of God was heard to say,

This is my flesh broken for you,
 Which for the world I freely give,
 A sacrifice for all mankind,
 Eat and thou shalt forever live.

And when they had done eating bread,
 He took the cup and thus spake he,
 This is my blood given for you,
 "This do in remembrance of me."

Jesus, thou art gone to thy home,
 To the bright mansions in the sky,
 But still thy feast for us is spread,
 To which we with firm faith draw nigh.

Here Lord we call upon our souls
 To thank thee and thy name adore,
 For this sweet food which we receive
 And eat and live forevermore.

1901.

C. M.

From morn till eve I'm tossed about
 On life's dark stormy sea ;
 The dark and gloomy waves of sin
 Are roaring around me.

But through the darkness and the gloom
 I see a radiant light,
 Toward which I steer while journeying through
 The dark and stormy night.

That light is Jesus Christ who stands
 On Canaan's blissful shore,
 And if I keep my eyes on Him
 He'll guide me safely o'er.

Help me O Lord to fearlessly
 Launch forth upon life's sea ;
 Help me ,when sin's dark waves rise high
 To keep my eyes on thee. 1901.

S. M.

O God most merciful,
 Who art of purer eyes
 Than to behold iniquity,
 Help a poor sinner rise.

O gracious Father, thou
 Desirest not the death
 Of sinners, come to us and breathe
 On us thy loving breath.

Grant us forgiveness Lord,
 Forgiveness full and free,
 Help us when Satan tempts our souls,
 Ever to cling to thee.

Make us cheerful in faith,
 From gloominess of mind,
 Deliver us and grant that we
 Eternal rest may find.

1901.

8s & 5s.

Jesus, Savior, blest Redeemer,
 Who died for the wretched sinner,
 Who is now our intercessor
 At the Father's throne.

Jesus, Savior, we adore thee,
 Humbly we now bow before thee,
 And we from our hearts implore thee,
 Wash our sins away.

1901.

L. M.

O Lord open our eyes that we
 May all our faults and follies see;
 Help us to walk in that blest way
 Of righteousness from day to day.

Be pleased O Lord, we implore thee,
 To heal our souls and set us free
 From sin, thy spirit on us pour
 That we henceforth may sin no more.

1901.

OUR NATION'S PRAYER.

6s & 4s.

O Father ,hear the plea
 Our nation brings to thee,
 Save thou our chief ;
 Deaths angel hovers nigh,
 O hear our nation's cry,
 Suffer him not to die,
 Save us from grief.

Thou who dost with us dwell,
 Who doeth all things well,
 (Our hearts are rent,
 Our tears in torrents fall,)
 To thee O God we call,
 Spare him so dear to all,
 Our President.

Sept. 13, 1901.

L. M.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT,
 WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Jesus, who from thy bright home came
 Long years ago to earth below,
 To save a wretched sinful world
 From everlasting doom and woe.

Thou who didst by thy gentle voice
 And by the touch of thy kind hand,
 Comfort the sick and sorrowing
 As thou didst journey through the land.

Lord, thy kind voice and gentle hand
 Can still bring comfort and relief
 To men and nations everywhere
 Plunged deep in sorrow, pain and grief.

Lord, mercifully look upon
 Our sore oppressed nation today,
 Jesus, stretch forth thy tender hand
 And wipe our bitter tears away.

Lord, give us faith both firm and true,
 That we amid sorrow may say,
 In the words of our sainted Chief,
 "God's will be done, it is his way."

Sept. 19, 1901.

C. M.

Lift up your hearts in grateful praise
 To God who dwells on high;
 To heaven's throne your voices raise,
 Hosannas be your cry.

For mercifully has our Lord
 Dealt with his people here,
 Then raise your hearts with one accord
 And his blest name revere.

Praise him for sending showers of rain
 Upon the harvest field
 And ripening the golden grain,
 Our daily food to yield.

Ye people throughout this broad land,
 Who reap the golden store,
 Lift up your voice, join heart and hand
 And praise him evermore.

1901.

L. M. D.

Omniscient God, enthroned on high,
 Who saw the grief and heard the cry
 Of thy own people Israel,
 Who in captivity did dwell;
 Thou, who, with thy almighty hand
 Didst bring them to the Promised Land
 Where they, from despots bonds set free,
 Might dwell in peace and worship thee.

Hear thou our cry, O God of love,
 Look down from thy bright home above
 And view thy people suffering
 In Satan's hands and quickly bring
 Us forth and guide us on our way
 Until we reach the perfect day,
 When we, from Satan's bonds set free,
 Will ever praise and worship thee. 1901.

 8s, 7s & 4s.

At the right hand of the Father,
 Where the bright angels surround
 God's white throne and sing his praises,
 Jesus now with glory crowned,
 Pleads for sinners
 With the Father day by day.

Come ye who are heavy laden,
 Bow before the mercy seat,
 Come believing, that your Savior
 Doth for you daily entreat
 God the Father
 Who for his sake will forgive. 1901.

L. M. D.

Straight is the path, narrow the way
 Leading to life, to endless day;
 Straight is the path and few be they
 Who journey in that narrow way;
 But still it can be found by all
 Who on the name of Jesus call;
 O friend can it be said of you,
 That you are numbered with that few?

If you are treading the broadway,
 Return again, without delay,
 To Jesus who will welcome you
 And lead you all your journey through;
 Turn and against temptations fight
 Stand firm for Jesus and the right,
 Haste then dear brother, turn today
 And tread the straight and narrow way.

1901.

L. M.

By faith my Lord and King I see,
 Seated in glorious majesty
 Upon his throne at God's right hand,
 In Canaan's fair and happy land.

By faith I see the angels throng
 The Lamb of God and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb so sweet,
 And bow before the mercy seat.

By faith I walk the golden street,
 By faith the Lamb of God I meet
 And dwell forevermore with him
 In the bright new Jerusalem.

By faith in God's beloved son,
 I can each day temptation shun,
 By faith I live, in faith I'll die
 And go to dwell with him on high.

1901.

7s, 6 lines.

Jesus died, our souls to save,
 For our sins his life he gave;
 O how wondrous was his love
 When he left his home above
 And came down to earth to die,
 From his Father's home on high.

Jesus died our souls to save,
 Gained the vict'ry o'er the grave
 Satan's craft he brought to nought,
 With his blood our souls he bought;
 All the guilt of sin he bore,
 Praise his name forevermore.

1901.

7s.

God my Father, God most high,
 Hear thy servant's humble cry,
 Night and morning, all the day
 Teach me thy most holy way.

Jesus, who art ev'rywhere,
 Hear thy servant's humble prayer,
 Grant me strength each day to beat
 Satan down beneath my feet.

Holy Spirit, blessed dove,
 Fill my heart with sacred love,
 Ev'ry day enable me
 To lead others unto thee.

1901.

7s. 6 lines.

Father draw us close to thee
 And thy glory let us see,
 Teach us, Father, day by day,
 How to live and watch and pray;
 Ever with thy servants dwell,
 Rescue us from sin and hell.

Savior, tender Shepherd, come
 And abide with us at home,
 Visit us from day to day,
 In thy presence let us stay;
 On thy bosom let us lean,
 Rescue, wash and make us clean.

Spirit, Comforter, thou art
 Poured out freely on each heart,
 In our home rich blessings pour,
 Richly bless us evermore,
 In our homes dwell day by day
 Till from earth we pass away.

1901.

S. M.

My soul thirsteth for thee
 O Christ thou Lamb of God,
 I long to tread in that bright path
 Which thine own feet have trod.

O fountain ever pure!
 I come to thee and drink,
 Wash all my guilt away and give
 Me faith that will not shrink.

In this faith let me live,
 In this faith let me die,
 That I may dwell forevermore
 In mansions bright on high.

1901.

THANKS GIVING (Acrostic).

Thursday is Thanksgiving Day,
 Hearts are cheerful, glad and gay,
 Anthems are sung by the throngs,
 National Thanksgiving songs;
 Kind friends, here and evrywhere,
 Spread the sweet, delicious fare,
 Good men, also, on this day,
 Into hovels find their way,
 Visit widows and oft bring
 Invalids glad Thanksgiving;
 Now let us in heart and word,
 Give thanks to our blessed Lord.

1901.

8s & 7s.

Blessed Savior, dear Redeemer,
 Come and with thy saints abide,
 Let thy blessing rest upon us,
 Keep us ever by thy side.

Send down rich, refreshing showers
 Of thy mercy and thy grace
 And enable us to daily
 Find in thee a resting place.

May thy presence e'er be with us,
 Never from us Lord depart,
 May thy Holy Spirit ever
 Reign in each repentant heart.

May he ever guide us onward
 In the straight and narrow way,
 Till in glory with the angels,
 We shall reign in endless day.

1901.

8s & 7s.

Tender Shepherd, loving Savior,
 Send thy richest blessings down,
 Open thou our understanding
 That we each thy love may own.

Be thou ever present with us
 Lead us safely all the way
 O'er life's rugged, stony pathway
 To the realms of endless day.

1901.

10s & 6s.

"When I have finished my journey on earth,"
 Angels will come for me
 And will bear me to Canaan's land,
 Happy then I shall be.

(Chorus.)

There in glory which hath no end,
 I shall forever reign,
 Where temptations, which vex me here,
 Never shall meet me again.

In the bright, New Jerusalem,
 With its streets of pure gold,
 Falling down at my Savior's feet,
 I shall the saints behold. (Chorus.)

Dwelling in heaven forevermore,
 What could more glorious be,
 Singing the praises of Him who died,
 Throughout eternity. (Chorus.)

1901.

 C. M. D.

O, who will go and bear the Word
 To heathen far away,
 O, who will teach them how to tread
 The straight and narrow way;
 O, who will heed the mournful cry
 Which comes across the sea,
 O, who will bravely rise and say,
 "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

(Chorus.)

How can we bear to see them bow
 Before their idols made of stone?
 O, who will tell them of the Lamb
 Whose blood for all sin can atone.

Behold the victims sacrificed
 By heathen kings each year
 Because they never have been taught
 God's great name to revere.
 Can we, who have received the light,
 Longer remain away?
 O, will not some one soon go forth
 And teach them how to pray? (Chorus.)

 7s.

Glorious is thy throne O Lord,
 Glorious is thy throne on high,
 With a broken, contrite heart,
 To that throne I now draw nigh.

Let them be ashamed, O Lord,
 Who forsake the name of thee,
 But I ne'er shall be ashamed
 Of thy name which saveth me.

Heal me, O my Lord, heal me,
 Be thou nigh me all my days;
 Save me, O my Savior, save,
 For thou Jesus art my praise.

1901.

C. M. Is. Chap. 26.

“O Lord, we have waited for thee,”
 In thee we’ve placed our trust,
 Thou art upright and dost direct
 The pathway of the just.

“In the way of thy judgments, Lord,
 Have we waited for thee,
 To thy name and memorial,
 Our thoughts shall ever be.”

O Lord, our God, while life shall last,
 May we thus wait for thee
 And then go home, with thee to dwell,
 Throughout eternity.

1901.

 8s & 7s.

Hail! thou blessed Christmas season,
 Once again to us come round
 When the churches of all nations,
 With glad songs of praise resound,
 When we sing the songs which angels
 Sang upon that Christmas morn,
 “Unto us a son is given,
 Unto us a child is born.”

Blessed be our God and Father
 Who so loved us that He gave
 His own Son, His well beloved,
 The whole sinful world to save;
 Blessed be His name forever
 For His love to all mankind,
 Let us go and seek this Savior
 And in Him salvation find.

Precious Savior, dear Redeemer,
 Thou who has set all men free
 From the bonds of sin and Satan,
 We our gifts now bring to thee,
 Freely from our hearts we give them,
 Take them and thy blessing give
 To us as we through life journey,
 That we may forever live. 1901.

S. M.

Savior, almighty friend,
 Thy precious name I love,
 With joyful heart I join my song
 With that of heaven above.

I love thy name, O Christ,
 Because thou didst come down
 To earth and didst for me endure
 The wicked scoff and frown!

I love thy name because
 Thou didst in Gethsem'ne,
 Endure great agony, and sweat
 Great drops of blood for me.

Thy precious name I love,
 For thou didst die for me
 Upon the cross and from all sin
 Forever set me free. 1901.

7s.

In the silent dead of night,
 Radiant glory shone around
 Shepherds, watching o'er their flocks,
 Who in fear fell to the ground.

But the angel of the Lord
 Spake consoling words to them,
 "Fear not, I good tidings bring,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem."

'This shall be a sign to you,
 In the manger ye shall find,
 Wrapped in swaddling clothes, the child,
 Christ, the Savior of mankind.'

Suddenly then there appeared
 Hosts descending through the sky,
 Singing joyfully the song,
 "Glory be to God on high."

1901.

 7s.

Angel hosts came to the earth
 On that glorious Christmas morn,
 Chanting joyfully the song,
 "Christ the Prince of peace is born."

That was many years ago,
 But the story ne'er grows old,
 For upon each Christmas day
 That same joyful tale is told.

And as long as time shall last,
 Men the same sweet tale will tell,
 How the Prince of peace once came
 Down to earth with men to dwell.

Thanks be to our God who sent
 His own Son to earth that day
 To redeem us from the curse
 And take all our sins away.

1901.

P. M.

Heavenly Father,
 Bountifully giver
 Of ev'ry good and perfect thing;
 With adoration
 And supplication,
 We to thee now our offerings bring.

Dear loving Savior,
 Blessed Redeemer,
 Who for sins did suffer and die;
 Praying for pardon
 For our transgressions,
 We to thy seat of mercy draw nigh.

Comforting Spirit,
 Who doth proceed from
 God the Father, God the Son,
 With the Father
 And the Savior,
 We will adore thee, three in one.

1901.

C. M.

Savior divine, thy name I love,
 Thy pard'ning grace I crave,
 Send down thy mercy from above
 And a poor sinner save.

(Chorus.)

There is no other name but thine
 That can save me from sin;
 Cleanse now this unclean heart of mine
 And make me pure within.

Savior divine, I long to leave
 The path I've trod so long,
 And to thee from henceforth to cleave
 And to thy church belong. (Chorus.)

Savior divine, be thou my guide,
 Abide with me each day
 And keep me ever by thy side
 And teach me how to pray. (Chorus.)

And when at last I lay me down
 Upon my bed to die,
 May I ascend to wear the crown,
 In thy bright home on high. Chorus.) 1901.

8s & 7s.

Humbly at thy throne O Savior,
 Like the publican I bow,
 Be thou merciful and save me,
 Save me Jesus, save me now.

Lord, I feel that I'm unworthy
 To lift up my eyes to thee
 So I humbly bow and pray thee,
 "God be merciful to me."

With thy precious blood O Jesus,
 Cleanse my heart and make it pure,
 That I may with thee from henceforth,
 Make my peace and calling sure. 1901.

6s.

There is a home above
 Where all is bright and fair,
 Where all is peace and love,
 Sin ne'er can harm me there.

My Savior dwells up there
 And doth the mansions bright
 For his own saints prepare,
 Whose garments are washed white.

Soon will the Savior come
 And carry us away
 Up to that blessed home
 And wipe our tears away.

Then with the ransomed throng,
 With saints who've gone before,
 We'll praise with sweetest song,
 Our Savior evermore.

1901.

 7s.

To the mount of Calvary,
 Where the cross of Jesus stands,
 Where with wounded, bleeding side
 And with pierced feet and hands,
 Hangs the precious Lamb of God,
 For poor, wicked sinners slain,
 I will flee and wash away
 From my soul each guilty stain.

From all wrath and pow'r of hell,
 I from henceforth shall be free,
 For my sins are washed away
 By the blood he shed for me;
 Joy and peace now reign within
 My heart since to him I came,
 And with joy I now can sing,
 Blessed be my Saviors name.

1901.

C. P. M.

Christ who upon the cross did die,
 Who has ascended up on high,
 Shall come to earth again;
 In glory and great majesty,
 Will his great, final coming be
 To earth to Judge all men.

Then they who nailed him to the tree,
 Upon the clouds their King shall see
 And they shall weep and wail;
 But they who did their Lord accept
 And while on earth his precepts kept,
 Shall his great advent hail.

Lord, may we here obey thy word
 And may our lives be in accord
 With thy divine decree;
 That when that glorious day draws nigh,
 Redeemed at thy right hand on high,
 In glory may we be.

1901.

C. M.

We bid the parting year farewell
 And thus again anew
 Upon the stormy sea of life,
 Our journey we pursue.

We praise thy name, O Lord, for thou
 Hast brought us safely through
 The old year and permitted us
 To pass into the new.

And as we enter now upon
 The threshold of the year,
 May we each day be mindful that
 Thou Lord art ever near.

1902.

 8s & 7s.

When my heart is filled with gladness,
 Savior I would come to thee,
 Thanking thee for all the blessings
 Which thou sendest down to me.

In the hour of sore affliction,
 When my soul is filled with grief,
 I would come to thee my Savior,
 For in thee I find relief.

When the time at last draws near me,
 When I must lie down and die,
 When I breathe my last, O Jesus,
 May I feel that thou art nigh.

May my soul go from this body
 Free from ev'ry worldly care
 And in joy descend to Hades
 And dwell with my Savior there.

1902.

 6s & 4s.

Jesus I rest in thee,
 I rest in thee;
 To lean upon thy breast,
 Is bliss to me;
 From sin and shame I flee,
 Jesus I rest in thee,
 I rest in thee.

When at the morning's dawn,
 Refreshed I rise
 And to the heavens above
 Lift up mine eyes,
 My sweetest song shall be,
 Jesus I rest in thee,
 I rest in thee.

When trials sorely vex
 My soul within
 And Satan with his wiles,
 Tempts me to sin,
 This thought shall strengthen me,
 Jesus I rest in thee,
 I rest in thee.

And when I lie upon
 My bed to die,
 O may I realize
 That thou art nigh,

And may my last thought be,
 Jesus I rest in thee,
 I rest in thee.

1902.

L. M. D.

When storms around me fiercely rage
 And Satan's host their powers engage
 To tempt my soul from Christ away
 And taunt and mock me night and day,
 There is a place where I can flee,
 Where Satan's host can ne'er find me ;
 'Tis to that Rock from which the blood
 For ransom flowed, in crimson flood.

To that Rock I'll closely cling,
 There I will all my trials bring,
 In that shed blood I'll wash my soul
 And thus be made completely whole,
 And throughout life my trust shall be
 In Him who shed his blood for me,
 And of his wondrous love I'll sing
 And others to that Rock I'll bring.

1902.

9s & 6.

Behold the fountain on Calvary,
 Where crimson blood is flowing so 'free,
 Flowing so precious, for you and me,
 From Jesus' wounded side.

(Chorus.)

Sinners to that precious fountain flee,
 It will cleanse and make you pure and free
 From sin and sorrow and you will be
 Heirs to eternal life.

Come to that fountain, do not delay,
 Come, let it wash your sins all away,
 List to the Savior, O hear him say,
 Come unto me and live. (Chorus.)

Come to that fountain while it is day,
 For night will come if you long delay,
 From that blest fountain turn not away,
 Come and forever live. (Chorus.)

9s. (Tune, "Sweet By and By.")

Jesus Christ has ascended on high,
 To prepare a bright mansion for me
 In that land where no sorrow can come,
 Where the saints are all happy and free.

(Chorus.)

'Tis the home of the blest,
 Where the shadows of night never come;
 There the saints are at rest
 With their Lord in that heavenly home.

This same Jesus who now dwells on high
 Will send down his bright angels for me
 When I've finished my journey on earth,
 When my soul from all sin shall be free,
 In the home of the blest, etc.

Jesus help me to walk in that path,
 In that beautiful path thou hast trod,
 So that when I shall lay down life's cares,
 I with joy shall ascend to my God.
 To the home of the blest, etc. 1902.

7s.

Little children seek the Lord,
 Love him with your heart and soul,
 Seek him while he may be found
 While the golden moments roll.

Little children love the Lord,
 Love the Savior who has bought
 Sinners with his precious blood,
 Who the wand'ring sheep has sought.

Little children serve the Lord
 Ev'ry hour of the day
 As you journey o'er life's path,
 You will find that it will pay.

Little children praise the Lord
 With your lips and from your heart,
 In the Shepherd's fold abide,
 Never from life's path depart. 1902.

7s & 8s.

I am saved by Jesus' blood,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus,
 Which from Calv'ry's mountain flowed,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus.

(Chorus.)

He is my light and way,
 He all my debt did pay,
 Now from my heart I say,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus.

For my sins he did atone,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus,
 And has bought me for his own,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus. (Chorus.)

On the cross for me he died,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus,
 He my soul has sanctified,
 Blessed be the name of Jesus. (Chorus.)

1902.

 L. M.

I love the church which bears the name
 Of Jesus Christ the Holy one,
 The church which has been built upon
 The Solid Rock, God's only son.

Other foundation none can lay
 Than that which is already laid,
 That which is Jesus Christ our Lord,
 Who by his blood new creatures made.

Upon that solid Rock I'll build,
 Help me O Lord to firmly stand
 Throughout my life and when I die,
 Conduct my soul to Canaan's land.

1902.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Jesus, mighty King, we praise thee
 For thy wondrous love to men ;
 Out of darkness thou didst bring us
 Into heavenly light again ;
 Thou are worthy
 To be praised by all mankind.

At the right hand of the Father
 Thou didst sit exalted high,
 Where the saints and holy angels,
 Day and night with rev'rence cry,
 "Thou are worthy
 To be thus exalted high."

With the saints and holy angels,
 We would join in songs of praise
 To our blessed, dear Redeemer
 And to thee our voices raise,
 Thou art worthy
 To be praised forevermore.

1902.

 S. M.

Jesus, My Lord, I rest
 In thy blest love today,
 'Tis sweet to me to rest in thee
 And daily watch and pray.

Jesus, from morn till eve,
 I hide myself in thee,
 In thee I rest, my soul is blest
 By thy blood shed for me.

Jesus, the day draws nigh
 When I thy face shall see,
 Then with the blest in peace I'll rest
 Throughout eternity.

1902.

 7s.

Jesus, man of sorrows, who
 While on the earth didst suffer woe,
 Who in dark Gethsemane,
 Bowed in bitter agony.

Look in mercy now upon
 A poor wretched, sinful one,
 By thy grace deliver me
 From all woe and misery.

Thou, the heavy penalty
 Of my sins, didst pay for me,
 And I know, though dark my sin,
 Thou canst make me pure within.

Then Lord Jesus look on me
 With thy heav'nly sympathy
 And by thy redeeming love,
 From my soul all sin remove.

1902.

 L. M.

Long years ago, at God's right hand,
 The Savior from his throne arose
 To meet his faithful servant who
 Was stoned to death by frenzied foes.

For Jesus' and the Gospel's sake,
 That man his life on earth laid down,
 He kept the faith until his death
 And gained an everlasting crown.

Lord, may I, like that faithful man,
 Throughout my life keep serving thee,
 That I may see thee too, at last,
 Rise from thy throne to welcome thee. 1902.

C. P. M.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,"
 My heart and tongue with sweet accord
 Shall his blest love proclaim;
 My spirit doth in Him rejoice,
 I'll sing his praise with heart and voice,
 For holy is his name.

O wondrous is that love of his!
 From age to age his mercy is
 On them that fear his name;
 For he hath showed strength with his arm,
 To rescue all mankind from harm,
 To sin cursed earth he came.

He hath remembered his mercy,
 Exalted them of low degree,
 The proud heart hath he stilled;
 Hath sent the rich away empty,
 The poor, the wretched, and hungry,
 He hath with good things filled.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,"
 He is the ever living Word
 Who came to earth to die;
 His life for man he freely gave
 That he poor sinner's souls might save
 From sin and misery.

1902.

 8s, 7s & 4s.

Guide me Heavenly Father, guide me,
 Through this dark and dreary land,
 Through the valley of the shadow
 Lead me safely by thy hand;
 When I'm lonely,
 May I firmly cling to thee.

When I wrestle with temptations
 And for help upon thee call,
 May my soul each day be strengthened
 To resist them one and all;
 When I'm tempted
 May I firmly cling to thee.

When the day of death approaches,
 When I cross o'er Jordan's flood
 To the blessed land of Caanan,
 There to dwell with thee my God;
 When I'm dying
 May I firmly cling to thee.

1902.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Jesus leads me, safely leads me
 In the straight and narrow way ;
 While I keep my eyes upon him,
 I shall never go astray ;
 Jesus leads me
 In the path of righteousness.

O'er the sea of life I'm sailing,
 Oft the waves of sin roll high,
 But they ne'er can overwhelm me
 For my Savior's ever nigh,
 And I hear him
 Saying to the waves, "Be still."

When my soul is sorely tempted
 By the hosts of hell and sin,
 I remember that he's near me
 And I'm filled with peace within ;
 Jesus leads me
 Safely in the path of life.

1902.

C. M.

She Savior of mankind proclaimed,
 When he upon earth trod,
 "Lo, I am come to do thy will,"
 To do thy will O God.

We thank thee, Savior, that thou hast
 With all these words complied
 And that thou didst that will by which
 We have been sanctified.

This holy covenant which thou
 Didst to us Lord impart,
 To put thy laws upon our minds
 And write them on our heart.

By which thou dost assure us that
 Our sins thou wilt no more
 Remember, and thy saving grace,
 Wilt on our faint hearts pour.

Then Lord, receive the thanks we bring
 For thy blest gift divine
 And may we live and die in thee
 And be forever thine.

1902.

8s & 7s.

See the crimson flood now flowing
 From the Savior's wounded side,
 From the Rock in which poor sinners
 From all storms may safely hide.

(Chorus.)

I am coming to that fountain,
 To that flood which flows for me,
 To that precious, loving Savior
 Who has died to set me free.

From my Savior I had wandered
 In the path of sin so wide,
 Till I heard of that pure fountain
 Flowing from my Savior's side.

(Chorus.)

Lord my load of sin is heavy,
 But thy shed blood can, I know,
 Though my sins may be as scarlet,
 Make them whiter than the snow.

(Chorus.)
 1902.

L. M.

My God accept the vows I make
 To serve thee with my heart and mind,
 May I of heavenly grace partake
 And rich salvation ever find.

Temptations will my soul oppress
 And seek to draw my heart from thee,
 But thou, from all unrighteousness,
 Canst by thy strength deliver me.

Thy promises are true, O Lord,
 Help me to trust in thee each day,
 Help me to understand thy Word,
 Help me to daily watch and pray.

And when in death I close my eyes,
 May I be free from ev'ry care,
 That I may at the last day rise
 To meet my Savior in the air.

And may I at thy right hand shine
 Forth as the sun eternally,
 And with the saints in glory stand
 And ever with my Lord to be.

1902.

8s & 7s.

On that glorious Easter morning,
 Jesus rose victoriously,
 Over death and grave triumphant,
 Evermore alive to be;
 Death no more can have dominion
 Over Christ the Prince of Peace,
 He who once was dead now liveth
 And poor sinners doth release.

Blessed be his name forever,
 For he hath done all things well,
 By his death and resurrection
 Saved our souls from sin and hell;
 Jesus, Savior, we adore thee,
 For thou art the sinner's friend,
 Let thy Spirit dwell within us,
 Keep us faithful to the end.

1902.

 L. M.

Give me O God a heart so pure
 A contrite heart so brave and strong
 That I temptations may endure
 And triumph over all that's wrong.

And when my earthly day is done
 And shades of night begin to fall,
 May I the victory have won,
 Through thee, o'er death and grave and all.

Then let thy servant Lord depart
 'In peace according to thy word,'
 Redeemed by thee and pure in heart
 Let me ascend to meet my Lord.

1902.

7s, 6 lines.

Holy Spirit from on high,
 Who our hearts doth sanctify;
 Come and in our hearts abide,
 Turn all evil thoughts aside,
 Let thy heavenly light shine in
 Our faint hearts and banish sin.

Holy Spirit guide our feet
 To the glorious mercy seat,
 Guide us in the narrow way,
 To the bright and perfect day,
 When the waves of sin roll high,
 May we feel that thou art nigh.

Holy Spirit be our guide
 To our Savior's wounded side
 Where his blood, still flowing free,
 Brings to sinners liberty;
 Blessed Comforter divine,
 In our hearts forever shine.

1902.

L. M.

Thy saints, O Lord, give praise to thee,
 For thou didst make salvation free
 To all who will the gift receive
 And on thy precious name believe.

To thee, O Lord, our voice we raise,
 For thou art worthy of all praise,
 For thou art ever near to aid
 Poor sinners who have from thee strayed.

Blest be thy name forevermore,
 Thy name whom saints on earth adore,
 And join with all thy saints in heaven
 And sing glory to thee be given.

1902.

L. M.

Thy word, O Lord, is truth, 'tis power,
 Can strengthen sinners ev'ry hour,
 Can lead them to the Lamb of God
 And guide them in the path he trod.

Thy word, O Lord, is pure, complete,
 It is a lamp unto my feet,
 'Tis soothing balm to my poor soul,
 Can make my troubled spirit whole.

Lord may thy light forever shine
 Into this sinful heart of mine,
 And banish ev'ry guilty stain,
 Let nought but holiness remain.

Then free from sin my voice I'll raise,
 In songs of love and sweetest praise
 To thee my God of light and love,
 Exalted on thy throne above.

1902.

L. M.

Lord when temptations sorely press
 My soul and fill me with distress,
 To thy dear cross in faith I flee
 And safely hide myself in thee.

No other refuge Lord have I,
 To no one can poor sinners cry
 But unto thee whose blood alone
 Did for poor sinners' guilt atone.

Then Jesus hear my humble prayer,
 I thank thee for thy tender care,
 Now let thy love on me descend
 And keep me faithful to the end.

1902.

L. M.

Before thy holy altar Lord,
 In faith I humbly bow my head,
 Cleansed from my sins by thy shed blood,
 I feed on thee the living bread.

Thou art the living bread which came
 Down from the Father's throne above,
 And whosoever eateth shall
 Abide forever in thy love.

Thy body, Lord, broken for all,
 Is food for ev'ry fainting soul;
 It keeps the guilty conscience still
 And makes the vilest sinner whole.

Thy blood, O Lord, is drink indeed,
 Can quench the thirst of sinful men,
 Lord fill our hearts with faith that we
 May drink and never thirst again.

And may we ever with thee hold,
 With contrite hearts, communion sweet,
 And may we each day grow in grace
 And gather round thy mercy seat.

1902.

7s.

I will glory in the cross
 Upon which my Savior died,
 Where by faith I see his blood
 Flowing from his wounded side.

In the cross, now sanctified,
 I will glory ev'ry day
 For the blood He shed thereon
 Washes all my sins away.

I will glory in the name
 Of the Lamb of God who gave
 His own life upon the cross
 That he might the whole world save.

I will praise the precious name
 Of that Savior I adore;
 Praise and thanksgiving I'll give
 To the Lamb forevermore.

1902.

 7s & 6s.

Awake, the time is coming,
 E'en now it is at hand,
 To send the precious Gospel
 To yonder heathen land!
 The harvest now is ready
 And will you still delay
 To send the reapers over
 To bear the sheaves away?

O see the heathen bending
 Beneath his load of sin!
 Do not delay but send them
 Reapers to gather in
 The golden sheaves to Jesus
 Who did for heathen die,
 In him they have their portion.
 As well as you and I.

1902.

 8s & 7s.

Hail thou National Thanksgiving,
 With glad hearts we now rejoice,
 Day of happiness and blessing,
 When we sing with heart and voice,
 Anthems to our God and Father,
 Who through tender mercy gave
 Civil and religious freedom
 Through our fathers true and brave.

God hath visited his people
 And abundantly has blessed
 All their labors and delivered
 Them from war and gave them rest;
 To his name then let our praises
 Ev'rywhere be sung today,
 May our nation ever prosper
 Until time shall pass away.

1902.

 8s & 7s.

Come ye people now and let us
 All return unto the Lord,
 He hath torn and he will heal us,
 He has promised in his word

To forgive all our transgressions
 If we but to him return ;
 Come poor sinners, come and meet him,
 Why will you his offer spurn ?

See him standing, ever ready,
 The poor sinner to receive,
 Rise and to his presence hasten
 And on his dear name believe ;
 Though your soul may be most filthy
 Do not thou longer delay,
 For he, with his blood, is able
 To wash all your sins away.

1902.

C. M.

O Lord, my soul is filled with grief,
 My eyes are filled with tears ;
 'Tis for my many sins I mourn,
 My sins of former years.

O Jesus, my almighty friend,
 O Savior can it be
 That I, a wretched sinner, brought
 Great grief, my Lord, to thee ?

The memory of all my sins
 Comes back each day to me
 And makes me weep because I brought
 Such agony to thee.

O Savior pardon all my sins,
 Create my heart anew,
 That I may while I tarry here,
 The way of life pursue.

1902.

C. M. D.

O Savior, let me come to thee
 And wash my sins away;
 From thee and from thy blessed fold,
 I oft have gone astray;
 But I am weary of the road
 In which my feet have trod,
 I long, O Jesus, to return
 To thee my Father God!

(Chorus.)

O Jesus, all my sins forgive
 And let me come to thee and live
 O Savior, keep me by thy side,
 There in thy rest may I abide.

O Lord, unworthy though I be,
 Turn not away thy face
 From a poor, erring child of thine,
 But save me by thy grace;
 E'en though my sins like scarlet be,
 Thy precious blood I know,
 Which thou didst shed upon the cross,
 Can make them white as snow. (Chorus.)

O Lord, remember that I am
 But dust and judge me not
 According to my sins but by
 Thy loving kindness blot
 Out all my sins and within me
 A new, clean heart create,
 And daily guide me on the way
 To heaven's golden gate. (Chorus.)
 1902.

S. M.

Lord to thy arms I flee,
 There safely to abide,
 There wash me with thy blood that flowed
 From out thy wounded side.

Help me from day to day,
 To do thy blessed will,
 Teach me to strive while life shall last,
 Thy precepts to fulfill.

And when I lay me down
 Upon my bed and die ;
 May I, from sin set free, ascend
 To dwell with thee on high.

1902.

 8s & 7s.

O my soul look up to heaven
 To thy God who dwells above,
 From whom blessings, freely given,
 Flow with endless, boundless love.

Where the saints of God are gathered
 Round his glorious mercy seat,
 Where the living creatures worship,
 Falling down at Jesus' feet.

There no sorrow e'er can enter
 And no troubles ever rise,
 For the God of peace and comfort,
 Wipes all tears from sinners' eyes.

Then my soul look up to heaven,
 Be not weary nor cast down ;
 To the end, if thou be faithful,
 God will give to thee a crown.

1902.

 8s & 7s.

One by one the souls are fleeing
 From their earthly homes away,
 From all earthly pain and sorrow,
 From their mortal homes of clay.

In the tombs we lay the bodies
 Of the saints whose souls have gone ;
 There to wait the trumpet's sounding
 At the resurrection's dawn.

When the dead of ev'ry nation,
 All who sleep in land and sea,
 Shall arise and mortal bodies
 Put on immortality.

Then the faithful, high ascending,
 Shall meet Jesus in the air,
 In Jerusalem the Golden,
 Peace and joy forever share.

1902.

 7s

When the trump of God shall sound,
 All the dead beneath the ground
 And beneath the sea shall rise
 And will meet Christ in the skies,
 And before him shall appear,
 Ev'ry nation far and near.

Christ shall sit upon his throne
 And the faithful he will own ;
 With the angels they shall stand
 In white robes at his right hand,
 They shall free and happy be
 Throughout all eternity.

Then the wicked, in disgrace,
 On his left hand he shall place ;
 They shall hear, with trembling heart,
 Those stern words, "From me depart,"
 Forth to punishment they'll go,
 Into everlasting woe.

Lord enable us while here
 To be faithful and revere
 Thy blest name and ev'ry day
 May we labor, watch and pray,
 That we may on that day stand
 With the blest at thy right hand.

1902.

L. M.

O Jesus, Shepherd, tenderly
 Through this vile world of sin lead me!
 Lead me in paths of righteousness,
 Be ever near, my soul to bless.

Thy name is ever dear to me,
 Grant Lord that it may never be
 That I thy precious name should spurn
 Nor to the path of sin return.

If I forget to do thy will,
 "Let my right hand forget her skill,"
 And let my tongue ne'er speak again,
 If e'er I league with sinful men.

Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
 Let thy rich blessings now descend
 Upon me as I journey o'er
 This vale of tears to Caanan's shore. 1903.

8s & 5s.

Hear the loving Savior calling,
 Sinners come to me;
 Will you heed the invitation
 Which he offers thee?
 He is calling day by day
 To the lambs who've gone astray,
 Hear O hear him gently say,
 Sinners come to me.

(Chorus.)

Come to him, come to him today,
 See he daily waits for thee,
 Offers pardon full and free,
 To his loving arms now flee,
 Come to him today.

To the weary he is calling,
 Come to me and rest,
 Come and in his loving guidance,
 Find sweet peace and rest;
 Come your loving Savior seek,
 He is lowly he is meek,
 All ye weary, faint and weak,
 Come to him and rest.

(Chorus.)

Come and take my yoke upon you,
 Hear him gently say,
 You can bear it, for 'tis easy,
 Come O come today;
 In the Rock of Ages hide,
 In his blessed love abide,
 To your loving Savior's side
 Come O come today.

1903.

 8s & 7s.

On the night of the betrayal,
 Jesus with the twelve reclined,
 After giving thanks the Savior
 Broke the bread and they all dined;
 This is my flesh which is broken
 For you, this is what he said,
 'Eat and you shall live forever,
 For I am the living bread.'

Then he took the cup and having
 Given thanks he gave to all,
 This is my blood which is given
 To save sinners from the fall;
 This do ye whene'er ye drink it
 In kind remembrance of me,
 For I suffer shame and sorrow
 And I give my life for thee.

Blessed be thy name O Savior
 Who for us did'st suffer so
 On the cruel cross and rescued
 Us from misery and woe;
 Keep us, Jesus, ever mindful
 Of thy never ceasing love,
 Till thou comest to receive us
 Into thy bright home above.

1903.

L. M.

'Twas midnight and a cry was heard,
Behold the Bridegroom doth appear ;
Arise ye virgins and go forth
To meet him for he draweth near.

Alas for some! they have no oil,
Their lamps can give to them no light
They are not ready to go forth
To meet the Bridegroom at midnight.

They went away and sought to find
A place where oil was kept in store ;
While they were gone the Bridegroom came,
Entered the hall and shut the door.

Sometime afterward they came forth,
Wretched, forlorn and stood before
The marriage hall and cried aloud,
Lord, Lord, open to us the door.

None but the faithful can e'er gain
Admittance to this sacred spot ;
Thus answered he and further said,
"Depart from me, I know ye not."

Awake, O Christian, sleep no more,
Jesus, the Bridegroom, soon will come !
Be ready when he comes, to go
With him to your eternal home.

1903.

8s & 7s.

When our Lord had finished speaking
 To the multitude around,
 From the mountain he descended
 And a certain scribe he found
 Who adored his Lord and Master
 And said to him rev'rently,
 Withersoever thou goest,
 Master, I will follow thee.

Jesus said to him, "The foxes
 All have holes, each bird a nest,
 But the Son of man doth not have
 E'en a place his head to rest;"
 Therefore if a man would follow
 Me he must count all thing loss
 And deny himself and daily
 Follow me and bear his cross.

Make us Jesus ever willing,
 Daily our own cross to take
 And each day throughout life's journey,
 Bear it for thy dear name's sake;
 Till we reach the golden portal
 And tread on the golden street,
 Then with joy we'll cast our burden
 Down at our Redeemer's feet.

1903.

 S. M.

Jesus on thee I lean,
 Thou art my strength alone;
 Thy blood shed free on Calvary,
 Did for my guilt atone.

Jesus on thee I lean,
 Thou art my sure defence ;
 On Calv'ry's brow freely did'st thou
 For sin make recompence.

Jesus on thee I lean
 And daily trust in thee ;
 Thy love so free delivered me
 From sin and misery.

Jesus on thee I lean,
 Thou who wast dead but now
 Death hath no more dominion o'er
 But glory crowns thy brow.

Jesus on thee I lean,
 May my faith never cease ;
 And when at last my days are past,
 May my soul rest in peace.

1903.

L. M.

Paul and Silas one time were cast
 In prison and their feet made fast
 In stocks, their backs bleeding and sore,
 But they their lot with patience bore.

At midnight they sweet praises sang,
 The sweet strains through the prison rang,
 While they thus sang the Holy Word
 Was by the other pris'ners heard.

They sang sweet songs and suddenly
 An earthquake set the pris'ners free ;
 The jailer, springing from his bed,
 Supposed the pris'ners all had fled.

He drew a sword himself to smite,
 But Paul cried out with all his might,
 "Harm not thyself, for we're all here!"
 The jailer came, trembling with fear.

And falling down before the two,
 "Sirs, to be saved what must I do?"
 He in true faith, from his heart cried,
 And they in soothing tones replied,

Believe in Christ and thou shalt be
 Saved from thy sin and misery,
 Thou and thy house, Jesus will save,
 For he for sinners his life gave.

'Twas long ago, but e'er since then
 These words have brought sweet peace to men,
 Believe in Christ and thou shalt be
 Saved from thy sin and misery. 1903.

When I arrive at the river's brink
 Where earthly sorrows are o'er,
 Angels will carry me over the flood
 To that bright golden shore.

(Chorus.)

Free from all care, in my Savior's arms,
 Sheltered forever more
 From all temptations, I shall abide
 On that celestial shore.

When I arrive in that happy land,
 Happy on Canaan's bright shore,
 I shall behold in garments of white,
 Loved ones who've gone before. (Chorus.)

Jesus while I remain here below,
 Teach me to wait patiently
 Till thou shalt call me to that happy land
 Where I shall dwell with thee. 1903.
 (Chorus.)

8s & 7s.

While the multitude of people,
 On the Savior closely pressed.
 Parents brought their infant children
 To the Savior to be blessed.

(Chorus.)

Suffer all the little children
 Freely to come unto me,
 For ye cannot see my Kingdom
 Except ye like children be.

The disciples all rebuked them
 And thereby displeased their Lord
 Who to those who brought their children,
 Spoke the sympathizing word. (Chorus.)

In his arms he took and blessed them,
 Then departed on his way,
 But the blessed invitation
 He still gives to us each day. (Chorus.)
 1903.

7s.

Go ye therefore forth and teach
 All the nations of the world;
 Go forth and the Gospel preach,
 Let your banner be unfurled

Over heathen bowing low
 To their gods of wood and stone,
 Rest not till all men shall know
 Christ who did for sin atone.

Go ye therefore forth and tell
 Of the love of Christ to men ;
 How he rescued them from hell,
 How through him they're born again ;
 Do not linger nor delay
 Lest they die and never know
 Him who came to earth one day
 All because he loved them so.

1903.

C. M.

Not far away but very near,
 Is Jesus my dear Lord ;
 I know that he is close by me,
 He tells me in his Word.

Not far away but very near,
 The kingdom of God is,
 It is within my heart for he
 Is mine and I am his.

Not far away but very near,
 Is heaven bright and fair,
 With all true foll'wers of the Lamb,
 Heaven is ev'rywhere.

1903.

C. M.

“As pants the hart after the brook,
 So pants my soul for thee
 O livng God,” and for that fount
 Flowing so full and free.

That fountain flowing from thy side,
 Pierced by a cruel hand,
 Can cleanse the poor benighted heart
 In the remotest land.

To that pure fountain Lord I'll come,
 And of its water take
 And thou wilt all my sins forgive
 For thine own dear name's sake.

1903.

L. M.

Jesus when trials heavy press
 Upon this fainting heart of mine,
 Whene'er I'm filled with sore distress,
 I will not murmur nor repine.

That they come not by chance I know
 But by thy gracious will they fall
 Upon the rich, the meek and low,
 Thou sendest them alike to all.

When in distress to thee I'll go,
 In thy blest Word by faith I learn
 That all my trials here below,
 Thou wilt to my advantage turn.

1903.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Jesus guide me in the pathway
 Which thy blessed feet have trod ;
 In the path which leads to heaven,
 To my Savior and my God ;
 In that pathway,
 Lead me Jesus evermore.

Savior never once permit me
 To depart in the roadway
 Which leads to death and destruction,
 Never leave me go astray ;
 Daily keep me
 In the straight and narrow way.

Though through death's dark gloomy valley,
 I may walk yet I'll not fear,
 For I know that thou my Savior,
 Art with me, my heart to cheer ;
 Then with courage,
 I will journey on in faith.

S. M.

Savior bow down thine ear
 And hear my humble prayer,
 O Savior dear to me draw near,
 Let me thy goodness share.

Be thou my constant guide
 While journ'ing here below,
 Ever be near my prayer to hear,
 Teach me thy way to know.

In thee O Lord I trust,
 In thee I find sweet rest,
 I trust in thee, safely guide me
 To mansions of the blest.

1903.

C. M.

With lowly, contrite hearts, O Lord,
 We bow before thy throne,
 We pray thee, wash us with thy blood
 Which doth for sin atone.

E'en though our sins as scarlet be,
 Make thou them white like snow,
 Make us to daily trust in thee,
 Teach us thy way to know.

For all thy mercies to us known
 And unknown we thank thee;
 Help us to trust in thee alone
 Now and eternally.

1903.

S. M.

'Tis joy, sweet joy to know
 That Jesus saves me now,
 That he doth cleanse me with his blood
 He shed on Calv'ry's brow.

My soul hath found sweet peace,
 My soul hath found sweet rest;
 For Jesus claims me as his own
 And I am by him blest.

Thanks be to God who sent
 His own dear son to save
 The world from sin and triumphed o'er
 Death's terrors and the grave.

1903.

L. M.

Far away the helpless heathen
 Grope in darkness every day,
 They have never heard of Jesus,
 Not a ray of light have they.

(Chorus.)

Send O send to them the tidings
 Of salvation which is given
 By our blessed Lord and Savior,
 And eternal rest in heaven.

See them daily in their blindness,
 Bowing down to wood and stone,
 For they know not the Lord Jesus
 Who for sinners did atone.

(Chorus.)

Ye who have the light within you,
 Have you not for them a care?
 Open wide your heart and freely
 That blest light with them now share.

(Chorus.)

1903.

S. M.

My heavy load of sin,
 Long years had burdened me;
 Weary and sad I struggled on,
 Longing to be set free.

In my distress I cried,
Does no one care for me?
Would that I knew where I might find
One who could set me free.

I heard a gentle voice
Saying, "Come unto me
And I will give thee rest," thy load
I will remove from thee.

I came trusting in him
And lo my load of sin
Fell from my soul and then I found
Sweet rest and peace within.

1904.



Part Third

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JAMES J. ANDREWS,
Who planned the daring raid which bears his name.

The Andrews Raid.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

BRAVE men have often dared to die
For home and native land ;
I now will tell the thrilling tale
Of Andrews and his band—
How in a noted rebel State,
During our Civil War,
They planned and made a daring raid
And spread destruction far.

'Twas on a Thursday night in March,
Within a crowded hall,
I saw the famous Andrews' Raid
Portrayed upon the wall,
While comrade Knight, the engineer
Who ran the engine through,
Told how the raid was planned and made
By their small, gallant crew.

He showed us pictures of the raid,
 Oil paintings large and grand,
 The railroad chase, the prison hole,
 And sufferings of their band ;
 He told the tale in thrilling tones,
 'Twas grand because 'twas true,
 I will relate in his own words,
 The thrilling tale to you.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN MITCHELL'S PLAN.

'T WAS in the spring of sixty-two,
 Upon an April day,
 I stood among the "Boys in blue,"
 And heard the Captain say,
 "Is there a man among this throng,
 By trade an engineer ?
 If so, let him step forth at once
 And come right over here."

At once I answered to his call
 And came to where he stood,
 I felt quite sure that I full well
 An engine understood ;
 He took me to a private tent
 And there explained a plan
 A band of men would execute,
 Led by a daring man.

"The man comes from Kentucky State,"
 Said Mitchell, (for 'twas he
 Who held this confidential talk
 Beneath the tent with me),
 "He is a brave and daring man,
 And Andrews is his name,
 Although a native of the South,
 He's Union just the same."

He told me also that that night,
 In a dark and lonely glen,
 Andrews would meet at twelve o'clock
 The band of chosen men,
 And there would thoroughly explain
 Just what concerned each man,
 Then they would journey South at once
 And execute the plan.

CHAPTER III.

*SECRET CONSULTATION WITH ANDREWS
 AT MIDNIGHT.*

NOT many miles from Shelbyville,
I At twelve o'clock that night,
 We met within a silent grove,
 Our army not in sight;
 We formed a circle round about
 Brave Andrews while he spake
 About the daring, dangerous raid
 We were about to make.

"Soldiers," said he, "to me give heed,
 While I explain to you,
 For you must rightly understand
 Just what each man must do.
 The task indeed is perilous,
 In it great danger lies,
 If you are caught I have no doubt
 You'll all be hung as spies."

"To Chattanooga we will go,
 From there we will proceed
 To Marietta and prepare
 To do the daring deed;
 The locomotive and some cars
 We'll take and speed away,
 The telegraph and bridges then
 Destroy along the way."

"But listen now, just one word more,
 I wish you all to know
 That you are volunteers, no one
 Will be compelled to go;
 If there be one of you who thinks
 The task too hazardous,
 Go back to camp and tell no one
 What has become of us."

Just twenty-one of us declared
 We'd follow and obey,
 Whate'er the consequence might be,
 We'd rather go than stay.
 Two of our band returned to camp,
 I never knew just why,
 But we resolved to make the raid,
 We had but once to die.

“The object of this daring raid,”
 Said Andrews, “I’ll explain;
 We’ll cut off all the Reb’s supplies
 By capturing the train
 And burning every bridge along
 The Georgia Railroad route,
 Which is the only means they have
 To send provisions out.”

“Now form your squads and I will give
 You money which you’ll need,
 Then all disperse and to the South,
 At once with haste proceed.”
 He dealt the money freely out,
 Then said in tones quite plain,
 “Good-bye to all,” then we went forth
 Through mud and falling rain.

Just here it may be well to state
 That Captain Mitchell’s plan
 Was to move forth upon Huntsville
 The same day that we ran
 To Chattanooga with the train
 And burned the bridges down,
 The day on which we’d take the train
 He planned to take the town.

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA.

WE journeyed on o’er mountains high,
 The rain in torrents fell,
 We many miles on foot traversed,
 O’er hill, through wood and dell;

At last we met upon the bank
 Of the River Tennessee,
 There Chattanooga opposite,
 We all could plainly see.

We asked a ferryman at once
 To take us o'er the stream,
 He said, "Indeed of such a thing,
 I ne'er could even dream;"
 We looked at him in great surprise
 And asked the reason why,
 "The reason why," said he, "'tis plain,
 The wind is much to high."

We tried in vain to urge the man
 To sail against the wind,
 But all our efforts were in vain,
 We could not change his mind;
 When our requests all failed to move
 This Rebel ferryman,
 We changed our tactics and pursued
 A more successful plan.

Right in his presence we began
 To laugh and joke and jeer,
 Declaring that Kentuckians
 Would show no sign of fear;
 He could not stand that kind of talk,
 For soon we heard him call,
 "Come on, I'll take you o'er this stream,
 Or quickly drown you all."

The trip was short but dangerous,
 But we had one task more,
 For we had heard that we would meet
 A guard upon the shore,
 Who would demand of each a pass

Before he'd let us through,
 If he'd refuse to let us land
 We knew not what we'd do.

Imagine our delight when we
 Found there no one to stay
 Our progress, but could step ashore
 And journey on our way ;
 No doubt because of such a storm
 They took the guard away,
 Thinking no one would dare to cross
 On such a stormy day.

We hurried to the station, then
 We stepped on board the train,
 For Marietta we were bound,
 Would our trip be in vain?
 We reached the place about midnight,
 Stopped at a small hotel,
 We very soon were snug in bed,
 I never slept so well.

The time was short, indeed I thought
 I'd scarcely closed my eyes
 Until I heard a voice ring out,
 "Awake! 'tis time to rise."
 Each man made ready hastily,
 We started through the rain,
 We reached the station just in time
 To catch that fatal train.

We stepped on board, seemed unconcerned
 As any in the crowd,
 The train was full of passengers
 Who talked and laughed quite loud ;
 We now drew near to Big Shanty,

Where we must do our work,
 We grit our teeth, determined that
 Not one his part would shirk.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTURING THE TRAIN.

WHE reached the place about daylight,
 We heard the brakeman shout,
 "Big Shanty, you can breakfast here!"
 We quickly hurried out.
 The engineer and fireman
 And trainmen generally,
 Poured out and hurried to their lunch
 And left the engine free.

Now was our time to make a dash,
 We could not long delay,
 Andrews whispered, "All right, boys ;
 On now and speed away."
 I quickly drew the coupling pin,
 They scrambled quickly on,
 I pulled the throttle open wide,
 Then, quickly we were gone.

As we pulled out I caught a glimpse
 Of the excited throng
 Running about in wild dismay,
 I did not view them long,
 For they were soon lost to our view
 As we were hurled along,
 Once past a curve I saw no more
 Of the excited throng.

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The historic engine, "General," which was captured by Andrews and his men, April 12th, 1862. It is now at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Soon afterwards we stopped our train
 And soon removed a rail,
 In order that we might delay
 Those following our trail;
 We also cut the wires down
 Which side beside us ran;
 John Scott climbed quickly up the pole,
 He was an active man.

We cut a piece of wire out
 And placed it in our train,
 So that pursuers all might fail
 To mend the breach again;
 Then we proceeded on our way
 According to our plan,
 Which was to run on schedule time,
 Accordingly we ran.

CHAPTER VI.

DELAYED BY EXTRA FREIGHT TRAINS.

BUT hindrances, which unforeseen
 Before we made the raid,
 At Kingston met us and we were
 For one full hour delayed;
 We thought we'd meet but one freight train,
 We met no less than three,
 Andrews inquired what the cause
 Of all these trains might be?

Immediately he was informed,
It made his brave heart thrill,
That Yankee Mitchell by forced march
Had come upon Huntsville,
And therefore all the rolling stock
Was ordered quickly to
Atlanta, and that these three trains
Were hauling the stock through.

Andrews was then asked who he was,
He answered prompt and plain,
"An agent under Beauregard,
I have a powder train ;
We should indeed by all means be
Now moving on our way,
I very much indeed regret
This unlooked-for delay."

The last freight train at last arrived,
And Andrews turned about
And ordered that the switch be turned
To let our train pull out ;
The switch-tender refused and hung
His keys upon the wall,
Declared he would not turn the switch
Nor let us out at all.

Andrews, impatient, seized the keys
And soon the switch was turned,
The old man made a loud protest,
Which was by Andrews spurned ;
When he had passed to the main track
Andrews threw down the keys
Saying to the fierce old man,
"I beg your pardon, please."

"But we cannot afford to wait
 Upon a single man,
 The South would never win the day,
 According to your plan;"
 He spoke these words, then stepped on board
 And we moved on once more,
 We ran from there with greater speed
 Than we had made before.

Another station, Adairsville,
 Was but ten miles away,
 There we would meet another freight,
 We hoped 'twould not delay
 Us for a single moment more,
 For if we'd be too late
 To burn the bridges, stop pursuit,
 We'd surely meet our fate.

A little south of Adairsville
 We made another stop,
 Where two or three more rails were loosed
 And quickly taken up;
 John Scott as usual climbed the pole
 And cut the wire loose,
 A pile of cross ties lying there,
 We took for future use.

Our train arrived at Adairsville
 Before the expected freight,
 But fortunately for us all,
 We had not long to wait,
 For very soon the train arrived,
 Backed in behind our own,
 Obeying orders Andrews gave
 In a commanding tone.

There now remained but one train more,
 Which was a passenger,
 The last train that lay in our way,
 Our progress to deter.
 We waited there five minutes more,
 The train did not appear,
 Andrews said, "We'll go ahead,
 We'll wait no longer here."

We moved but slowly on at first,
 But soon increased our speed,
 I pulled the throttle open wide,
 Urged on my iron steed ;
 Thus we ran on into Calhoun
 And there we met the train,
 Which soon was passed and we now free
 Were gliding on again.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

WITHOUT a thought of danger we,
 Not far above Calhoun,
 Stopped to take up another rail
 And cut the wires down ;
 While thus engaged we heard a sound,
 A train appeared in sight,
 There was but one thing we could do,
 'Twas to resort to flight.

But from whence came this train you ask,
 We asked that question too ;
 How did it pass the broken rails,

And manage to run through?
 Let us return to Big Shanty
 To where we took the train,
 Perhaps we can more fully then
 The mystery explain.

The engineer and fireman
 And conductor of the train
 Which we had taken from them, were
 Fuller, Murphy, and Cain;
 They had not yet begun to eat
 When we our work began,
 As I have said, we took the train
 And off with it we ran.

Murphy's quick ear soon caught the sound
 Of the escaping steam,
 He looked at Fuller and exclaimed,
 It was almost a scream,
 "Your train is moving, Fuller, see!"
 And Fuller called to Cain,
 "Some one is on our engine and
 Is moving our train!!"

They hurried out but were too late,
 The train was under way,
 But these three men resolved at once
 That they would not delay;
 So starting at full speed they ran
 After the flying train,
 As if they hoped to capture it
 And soon return again.

They did not for a moment think
 That we were Union men,
 But that some conscripts from that camp
 Had ran away again;

They thought they'd surely find their train
 A mile or two away,
 And that they would not be compelled
 To cause a long delay.

About two miles from Big Shanty,
 They found to their dismay,
 Where we had cut the wire off
 And carried part away;
 Some workmen with a handcar were
 Found working near the place,
 They soon engaged the men and car
 And thus began the chase.

Fuller knew well that at Kingston,
 Just thirty miles away,
 Three extra freights would meet our train
 And our project delay;
 With the hand car they doubtless could
 Eight miles an hour make,
 He thought my working hard they might
 The fugitives o'ertake.

While toiling thus the men also
 Engaged in idle talk,
 While thus engaged they realized
 A very sudden shock;
 Each felt a jar and then a jolt
 And then a sudden pitch,
 And soon each man was floundering
 Within a muddy ditch.

They'd reached the place where we had torn
 The first rail from the track,
 And one was landed on his head,
 Another on his back;

But none were injured seriously,
And like determined men,
They placed the hand car on the track
And hurried on again.

But after traveling nineteen miles,
They found at Etowah,
An engine large and powerful,
Men called it the Yonah;
They seized this prize and rapidly
Proceeded on their way
Toward Kingston, which they hoped to reach
Before we'd get away.

They pulled their throttle open wide,
Their engine thundered on,
But when they reached Kingston at last,
They found that we had gone;
But we had scarcely left Kingston,
Were scarcely out of sight
Of those freight trains which for an hour
Had checked our rapid flight.

But Fuller found his pursuit checked
By the large extra freight,
He could not pass it nor afford
To lie there long and wait;
He left the Yonah, walked around,
The engine of the freight
He took and hurried on again,
But at a slower rate.

Just twenty minutes of a start
Had we of them from there,
Although their freight engine for speed,
Could not with ours compare;

But being still delayed by trains,
 A passenger and freight,
 Being delayed at Adairsville,
 We left there somewhat late.

But Fuller was somewhat delayed,
 When coming to the place
 Where we had torn the rails away,
 He had to stop the chase
 With that engine, because he had
 No rails nor spikes at hand,
 Immediately they ran on foot
 And left the engine stand.

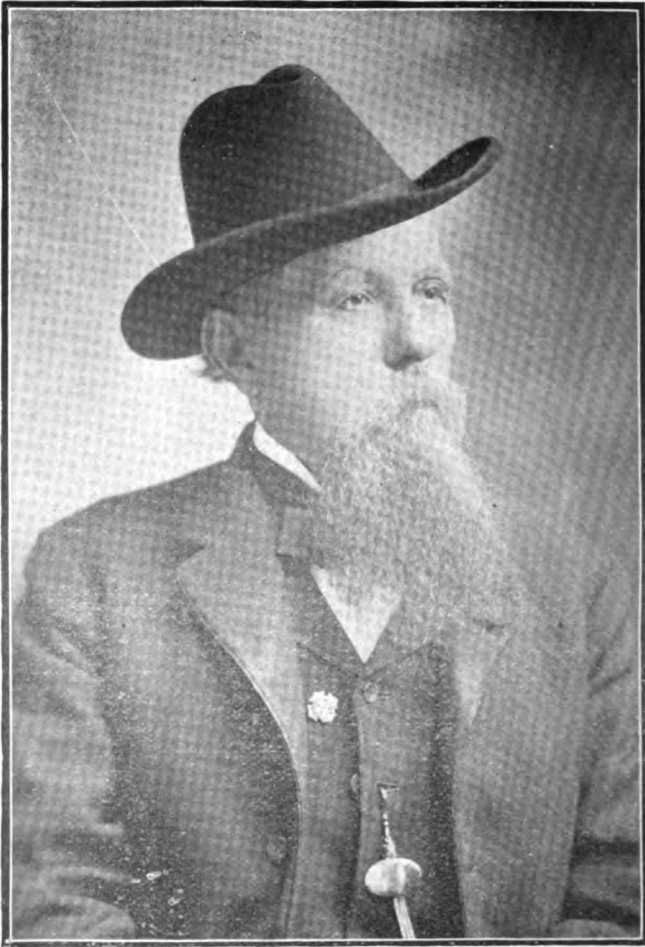
The freight we passed at Adairsville,
 Soon met them on the way,
 They took that train and hurried back,
 Without a long delay ;
 This thoroughly explains the scene
 Witnessed above Calhoun,
 Where we beheld the Rebel train—
 Upon us bearing down.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EXCITING PURSUIT BY THE ENEMY.

WE now return to where we left
 Our small excited crew ;
 When we beheld the train there was
 But one thing we could do ;
 That was to quickly mount our train
 And seek safety in flight,
 We climbed upon the train at once
 And fled with all our might.

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CAPT. WM. A. FULLER,
Conductor of the captured train, as he appeared March, 1904.

There was one chance, we thought, remained,
 We had removed a rail,
 By which we hoped to stop pursuit,
 We thought it could not fail,
 Until we burned the bridge ahead,
 Which was not far away,
 Andrews believed we yet would be
 Likely to gain the day.

But Alfred Wilson soon declared
 That it was very plain,
 They yet pursued, he saw the smoke
 Of the pursuing train;
 On hearing this we slackened speed
 The truth to ascertain,
 Yes, it was true, we plainly heard
 The whistle of their train.

We next reversed our engine, then
 Our hindmost car cut loose
 And hurled it back upon our foes
 Who now were very close;
 Their engine was reversed also
 When our car came nigh,
 It failed to injure them at all,
 They caught it on the fly.

When we came near a slight up grade,
 We loosed another car
 And hurled it back and thus we hoped
 Their progress to debar;
 But Fuller saw the car in time
 And quickly he reversed
 His engine, and they caught that car
 Just like they did the first.

The Oostenaula bridge we saw
 Was now plainly in sight,
 We did not stop to burn it though,
 But crossed in rapid flight;
 They were so close upon us that
 It filled our hearts with gloom,
 It seemed as if we were at last
 Rushing headlong to doom.

But two hopes yet to us remained,
 One was to wreck their train,
 And if we failed to do that, then
 One course would yet remain,
 'Twas to run far ahead and burn
 A bridge or lift a rail,
 If we could not in that succeed,
 Our whole project must fail.

Accordingly we sped along
 With a full head of steam,
 Our whistle sending forth at times
 A shrill and warning scream;
 We now at intervals threw out
 Some cross-ties on the track,
 In order that they might obstruct
 And keep pursuers back.

Mile after mile we thus traversed
 In that most dreadful chase,
 But this alone could not save us
 Nor win for us the race;
 We now drew near to Dalton where
 We feared that we might find
 A force at hand to aid the band
 Pursuing us behind.

There is a junction at that place,
Two roads lead out from there,
Two lines of telegraph also,
We now had to despair
Of reaching Chattanooga with
The engine we possessed,
We knew that Rebels would be there
With orders to arrest.

We passed Dalton in safety
And on again we sped,
But of those trains pursuing us,
We were not much ahead;
Above Dalton we stopped and cut
The telegraph once more,
But 'twas no use for they had sent
A message just before.

We quickly mounted and again
Spurred on our iron steed,
Then through a tunnel near the place
We rushed at lightning speed;
We tried to build a fire on
The car which still remained,
It was a task, the wood was wet
For all the way it rained.

At last a blaze began to rise
And soon became more bright,
About that time we saw ahead
The covered bridge in sight;
We stopped the car upon the bridge
And soon the flames rose high,
The smoke too floated on the air,
In volumes toward the sky.

But scarcely had we halted when
 We were compelled to go,
 For we beheld not far behind,
 Our still pursuing foe ;
 Reluctantly we left our car,
 Resumed again our flight,
 Our efforts failed, the burning car
 Did not the bridge ignite.

Thus having failed to burn the bridge,
 'Twas useless now to try
 To stop pursuit, 'twas better to
 Abandon all and fly ;
 Accordingly we all jumped off,
 The engine I reversed
 And sent it back upon our foes,
 Then quickly we dispersed.

A number of us jumped into
 A river which ran by,
 Holding our pistols o'er our heads
 To keep our powder dry ;
 We crossed the stream in safety,
 There ran with me just two,
 We soon were lost from all the rest
 Of our gallant crew.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR WHOLE BAND CAPTURED.

ALONE were we in a strange land,
A Without an earthly friend
 To shelter us or give us food,
 What was to be our end?

But we resolved if possible,
Northward to make our way,
We did not have the least desire
In that place long to stay.

Thus for three days we wandered on,
Hiding as best we could,
One day we stopped at a farm house,
And asked to buy some food;
Alas for us! not far away
Were Rebel cavalry,
And the old farmer sent his son
And warned them secretly.

We ate the food which we had bought,
Then quickly left the place,
We climbed a hill and there we met
Some Rebels face to face;
They were the Rebel cavalry,
Our race was run at last,
And we were doomed to be abused
And into prison cast.

Shortly aiterward they took
Us to a common still,
They freely dealt the whiskey out
And bade us take our fill;
They thought that if thy'd make us drunk,
We'd tell all that we knew
About the raid and all the men
Of our gallant crew.

We were securely bound with chains,
Then rudely dragged away
To Chattanooga where we were
The penalty to pay;

I will not weary you, dear friends,
 With this part of my tale,
 But will describe the horrors of
 That Chattanooga jail.

That prison, a two-story brick,
 Was partly under ground,
 And outside was a high board fence
 Which ran completely round;
 A room which measured thirteen feet
 In length and breadth and height,
 Was crowded full of prisoners
 Who seldom saw daylight.

The entrance to this horrid hole,
 Was through the second floor,
 Which was kept closed both day and night,
 By means of a trap-door;
 They led us to this opening
 And bade us then descend,
 Then shut us in and there three weeks
 We were compelled to spend.

The air was foul, the heat intense,
 I thought I'd suffocate,
 Could they be human who would place
 A man in such a state?
 Alf. Wilson and Mark Wood soon came,
 How did the others fare?
 The place was dark but we soon found
 That everyone was there.

A Rebel whom they called "Old Swims,"
 Had charge of this foul den,
 He seemed to think it was too good
 For any Yankee men;

I learned that only twice a day,
Would we get food to eat,
A piece of corn bread very small,
And a trifling piece of meat.

The food was put into a pail
And from above let down,
Thus we received it day by day,
Oft with a sigh and frown ;
Still not content with starving us,
They, like a set of toughs,
Placed heavy chains upon our necks
And on our hands hand-cuffs.

The Rebels many plans devised
And many efforts made
To find who ran the engine through
This most exciting raid ;
But we determined that no one
Would dare to tell his name,
We had but once to meet our death,
No matter how it came.

Young Parrot, one of our gang,
They thought they would compel
To tell them what the rest of us
Had all refused to tell ;
He was but eighteen years of age,
He showed no signs of fear,
But he refused to tell the name
Of our engineer.

The Rebel fiends enraged at this,
Placed him upon a stone,
A blacker crime than theirs I think
Our land has never known ;

They lashed him o'er his naked back,
 Like demons sent from hell,
 But with all that they could not force
 That noble boy to tell.

When all the efforts of the fiends
 Had proved of no avail,
 They ceased their work and sent him back
 To Chattanooga jail;
 In that condition he was placed,
 His back all bruised and sore,
 About the Union engineer
 They questioned him no more.

The Rebels had determined that
 They'd hang the engineer,
 If they had known that I was he,
 I would not now be here;
 But during our imprisonment,
 They never truly knew
 That I was he who in our raid,
 Had run the engine through.

Some two weeks after our raid,
 Andrews was briefly tried,
 The charges were that of a spy,
 And with the North allied;
 Andrews admitted that he was
 The leader in the raid
 Which our band of gallant men
 So daringly had made.

About this time we heard some news
 Which filled our hearts with joy,
 Although the Rebs, who guarded us,
 It did indeed annoy;

We heard that Mitchell had advanced
And was at present near
To Chattanooga and the Rebs
Were all in constant fear.

Leadbetter, who had charge of us,
Now entertained great fear
That he might lose his prisoners,
If Mitchell should come near;
He quickly ordered that our band
Be sent to Madison,
So we were placed in rude box cars,
The work was quickly done.

Our treatment there was better far,
Then what we had received,
For of that foul den and old Swims,
We were indeed relieved;
They said we were the bravest Yanks
That they had ever caught,
George Wilson told them that we were
The poorest of the lot.

He told them that if we were lost
No one would make a fuss,
That Mitchell sent us out because
He had no use for us;
A man who heard these words of George,
Said to him laughingly,
"I cannot quite believe that tale,
I guess that is a lie."

One day among our visitors,
A man dressed up in gray,
Came and conversed with Andrews, then
Proceeded on his way;

When once alone we asked Andrews,
 What was the reason why
 That Rebel came and talked with him,
 He said, "That was a spy."

A Union spy had been with us,
 Had talked with Andrews too,
 We hoped that he'd get safely out
 And to our lines pass through;
 Whether he reached the Union lines
 All safe, we never heard,
 Of him we never heard again,
 No, not a single word.

Three days only were we allowed,
 In that place to remain,
 Then orders came to take us back
 To our den again;
 Back to that filthy hole again,
 The thought was horrible,
 It seemed almost like journeying
 From heaven down to hell.

But Captain Laws, an honest man,
 Made efforts to remove
 Us not into the hole again,
 But to the room above;
 Although the space was just the same,
 We did not now despair,
 For we were now above the ground,
 With plenty of fresh air.

Old Swims objected to this change,
 And made a dreadful fuss,
 Although he had the guards with him,
 He was afraid of us;

Even though we were handcuffed,
 We often heard him say,
 That evil would be sure to come
 Upon them all some day.

Colonel Celiburne had once asked
 Permission to remove
 Our handcuffs, but the officers
 Would not of it approve ;
 But he allowed us to go out,
 Accompanied by a guard,
 And spend an hour or two each day
 Within the small jail yard.

I managed at my first arrest,
 To cunningly deceive
 My pocket searchers I had slipped
 My knife into my sleeve ;
 With it we soon carved out of bone,
 A number of rude keys,
 With which we managed to unlock
 Our old handcuffs with ease.

But we believed the Rebels soon,
 Would hang us every one,
 That to escape a dreadful doom,
 Something must soon be done ;
 We planned that when the guards would come
 As usual us to feed,
 To wrest their muskets from them, then
 Run off at rapid speed.

We had our plans completely laid,
 Had fixed the very day,
 When Captain Laws came in and took
 Twelve of our band away ;

I happened to be one of them,
 We were to be arranged
 For trial and they said likely,
 We twelve would be exchanged.

We left nine soldiers and Andrews
 Who was our greatest pride,
 Said he, "I'll meet you boys at last
 On Jordan's other side;
 Then with sad hearts we left him there,
 In that dark, cruel place,
 Not one of us e'er saw again
 His brave and noble face.

CHAPTER X.

A GREAT SORROW.

THE history of those left behind,
 We now will first relate,
 How bravely, like a soldier true,
 Poor Andrews met his fate.
 At once the ten without delay,
 Resolved one thing to do,
 'Twas in the plank just overhead,
 To cut a passage through.

Accordingly the same jack-knife,
 Which had carved out the keys,
 Was used each day to cut the hole,
 Which was not done with ease;
 Just then an incident occurred,
 Which caused more energy
 To be put forth to make the way
 To gain their liberty.

Captain Laws came in one day,
His face was deadly pale,
He held a paper in his hand
Which told the dreadful tale ;
He handed it to Andrews, who
Glancing at it walked away
Into his cell, his comrades stood,
Not knowing what to say.

The explanation Andrews gave,
While each one held his breath,
Was, that in one short week he would
Be led forth to his death ;
The sorrow which it gave to them
Was indescribable,
Each bosom of those nine brave men
With sorrow seemed to swell.

There yet remained one gleam of hope,
Which I will now relate,
'Twas to break out of jail and flee
And thus escape the fate ;
Accordingly they worked away
Till early morning light,
When Andrews quietly crept out
And ran with all his might.

Unfortunately for him when
He jumped into the yard,
A piece of brick fell to the ground,
And thus alarmed the guard,
Who started up and with the cry
Of halt! discharged his gun,
But Andrews quickly cleared the fence
And started on a run.

He ran into a wood and there
Climbed up into a tree,
Thus all day long he there remained
In sight of the city ;
A thorough search was made for him,
But him they failed to see
For no one in the crowd once thought
Of searching in the tree.

When night came on he swam across
The river which was near,
He traveled on until he saw
The dawn of morn appear ;
He saw a tree not far away
And crossed an open field,
Intending to climb into it
And lie all day concealed.

Alas for him! he was observed,
Again compelled to flee,
He hastened to an island near
And climbed into a tree ;
A party with some hounds pursued,
And he compelled to swim,
Was overtaken by a boat
And thus they captured him.

The wretched man was taken back
To that foul prison den,
They fettered him for fear he might
Escape from them again ;
A scaffold was prepared for him
As that dark day drew nigh,
They were afraid to hang him there
For fear of sympathy.

Accordingly they transferred him,
 On execution day,
 From Chattanooga southward to
 Atlanta far away ;
 His comrades were all taken too,
 They were placed in a room,
 But brave Andrews was led away
 To meet his fatal doom.

The fortitude which he displayed,
 Amazed the Rebel horde,
 All stood in silence and no one
 Was heard to speak a word ;
 The rope was placed around his neck,
 His sorrows soon were ended,
 His body was interred near by,
 His brave soul high ascended.

Thus ended that brave, noble man,
 Who planned that daring raid,
 Which was the most exciting one
 That man had ever made ;
 The virtues of that noble man
 Are known both near and far,
 He planned the greatest enterprise
 Of our great Civil War.

CHAPTER XI.

A SEVENFOLD MURDER.

THE other twelve were taken to
 A place they called Knoxville,
 Where Captain Fry, a prisoner
 From a town by name Greenville,

Was placed among our little band
Whom they would now soon try,
And if convicted every one
Would be compelled to die.

We had been there not many days
Before our trials came,
The charge preferred against us was
With every one the same ;
We were accused of being spies,
And on that charge were tried,
But we declared we were soldiers,
Their charges we denied.

One of our band each day was tried,
Thus seven days passed by,
There yet remained just five of us
Whom they had yet to try ;
But something happened to prevent
The trials of the five,
And thus it happens that I'm here
Today preserved alive.

The news was brought that Mitchell had
Advanced upon the town
Of Chattanooga, and with shells,
Was knocking houses down ;
A guard came to our prison soon
And took us all away,
Down to Atlanta where we were
For many weeks to stay.

Our handcuffs there were taken off,
We thought the worst was o'er,
There we remained and for a week ,
Our lot with patience bore ;

How little did we think that soon
 The darkest of all crimes
 Would be committed by the Rebs.
 Of our modern times.

'Twas on the eighteenth day of June,
 In eighteen sixty-two,
 We noticed that some calvarymen
 Near to the prison drew ;
 They were some Rebel cavalry,
 What would their coming mean?
 A guard around the house was placed,
 Which could be plainly seen.

The jailor came, unlocked our door,
 We stood amazed and still,
 While those who had been tried while we
 Were stationed at Knoxville,
 Were taken outside of our room,
 The door was closed behind,
 What would be done? that was the thought
 Which came into my mind.

Soon our door was opened and
 George Wilson entered first,
 His arms were firmly bound, alas!
 The fiends had done their worst,
 In a low whisper some one asked,
 "What can the matter be?"
 Said he, "We are all to be hanged,
 And that immediately."

Behind him came the others, tied,
 They thus were led away
 And put to death by murderers,
 On that dark summer day;

The man who executed them
 Was Colonel Foracre,
 Whom every loyal Southerner
 Will call a murderer.

When on the scaffold, Wilson asked
 Permission to be heard,
 Saying that before he died,
 He wished to say a word;
 Then in prophetic tones he spoke
 Unto the Rebel throng,
 "I bear no grudge, but you are all
 Engaged in a great wrong.

"Although you have condemned me and
 Will hang me as a spy,
 I am a soldier and do not
 Regret at all to die;
 But you will all live to regret
 That you took part at all
 In this rebellion, for your cause
 Is destined sure to fall.

"And you will see the Stars and Stripes
 Float o'er this very place
 Where you today commit a crime
 Which will your name disgrace."
 Thus Wilson spoke, while the whole throng
 In silence held their breath,
 The trap was sprung which was to hurl
 The seven men to death.

Then followed a disgusting scene,
 Slavens, also Campbell,
 Broke their ropes and fell down to
 The ground, insensible;

When they recovered they asked to have
 An hour in which to pray,
 Before into eternity,
 They would be hurled away.


They were denied this mild request,
 And soon they both were hurled
 Into the presence of their Judge,
 In that celestial world.
 Thus did those noble heroes die,
 They sleep beneath the sod,
 Their spirits let us hope have gone
 To dwell above with God.

We five who still remained untried,
 Were filled with gloom and fear
 For we had little doubt but that
 Our end was drawing near;
 Few words were spoken, we all sat
 Like men in deep despair,
 Slowly the time passed by, at last
 Some one suggested prayer.

Accordingly we all knelt down,
 And Captain Fry prayed first,
 And while he prayed he sobbed and cried
 As if his heart would burst;
 How earnestly we prayed to God
 Upon that lonely night,
 Beseeching Him to shed upon
 Our hearts some rays of light.

CHAPTER XII.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.


THE other nine of our band
 Were placed with us again,
 So that with them and Captain Fry,
 We numbered now fifteen;
 There we remained not knowing when
 We too would meet our fate,
 But we resolved escape to make
 Before 'twould be too late.

Some thought we still had beter wait,
 Perhaps we'd be exchanged,
 But we resolved to risk no more,
 And soon their minds were changed,
 For some one heard the jailer say,
 "Those poor Yanks in that room,
 I feel so sorry for them all,
 For soon they'll meet their doom."

These words were soon conveyed to us,
 No longer did we doubt
 But that we'd all be hanged unless
 We'd manage to break out;
 We planned that when the jailer came
 In with our evening meal,
 To seize him and then quietly
 Upon the guards to steal.

As soon therefore as he came in
 Fry stepped out through the door,
 As if it were a common thing
 He oft had done before;
 Said he, "A pleasant evening, sir!"
 The jailer looked confused,
 But Captain Fry said with a smile,
 As if he were amused,

"We wish this evening to go out
 And take a litle walk
 And breathe the pure October air
 And have a quiet talk;
 To stay in that close prison pen
 It will no longer do,
 Give me those keys and make no noise
 Or 'twill be worse for you."

The old man tried to call the guard,
 But Pittenger rushed out
 And placed his hand upon his mouth
 And thus suppressed his shout;
 Then came the rush of prisoners
 Out into the jail-yard,
 I ran ahead at once and seized
 The musket of a guard.

Seven Rebels were on guard,
 Five we at once disarmed,
 The other two ran out and soon
 The neighborhood alarmed;
 Those in the yard now scaled the fence
 And ran with rapid strides
 While bullets from the Rebels' guns
 Fell harmless by their sides.

Captain Fry and nine of us
 Escaped into a wood,
 We halted there, against a tree,
 Panting for breath we stood;
 We did not stand long till some one
 Said in a tone quite low,
 "Well boys it will not do to stay,
 Guess we had better go."

The hardships which we all passed through,
 To tell I now will try,
 Although I have not much to tell
 Concerning Captain Fry;
 I heard that after thirty days
 Had quietly passed by,
 He managed to get to Nashville,
 And there remained safely.

We nine companions went in squads
 Which we thought would be best,
 Five went Northward, two went Southward,
 And to toward the West.
 Porter and Wollam traveled West,
 They traveled night and day
 Whene'er a wooded country chanced
 To lie right in their way.

They often waded through large streams
 Or floated o'er on logs,
 One night while suffering from cold,
 They saw a nest of hogs;
 They drove the hogs from their warm nest,
 It was in dead of night,
 They took possession of the nest ..
 And slept till morning light.

They traveled many days without
 E'er having tasted food,
 Some nuts they found upon the trees
 Which tasted very good ;
 For one whole week they had no bread
 And were obliged to fast,
 But being almost starved they reached
 The Union lines at last.

Dorsey and Hawkins, the next pair,
 Fared better than the rest,
 I will let Dorsey tell his tale,
 For he can do it best ;
 Although we do not here pretend
 To tell just everything,
 Yet in the story Dorsey wrote,
 He tells the following :

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ESCAPE OF DORSEY AND HAWKINS.

WE journeyed from the woods into
 An open field and lay
 All huddled in a group until
 About the break of day ;
 All night we heard the baying of
 Some hounds not far away,
 So we concluded not to move
 Until the dawn of day.

For many days we traveled on,
 We made a rapid flight,
 We hid by day and traveled in
 The cover of the night ;

We reached a river finally,
We met some negroes there
Who ferried us across the stream
And never asked for fare.

One of their number went and brought
A lot of splendid food,
To us you may indeed be sure
It tasted very good ;
With thankful hearts we left our friends
Again pursued our way,
We traveled that entire night
Until the break of day.

We found a barn with well filled mows,
We entered it and lay
Upon the fodder in the mow,
And there we slept all day ;
As our bed was comfortable,
We did not go away
That night, but thought we would remain
At least another day.

A negro boy, hunting for eggs,
Came to us where we lay,
He ran away and we ran too,
Not caring now to stay ;
We reached the River Hiawassee,
We found a rude old boat,
In this rude craft during the night
We many miles did float.

When daylight came we hid our boat
And cautiously we crept
Upon a bed of leaves, by turns,
Till afternoon we slept.

/

At sundown we went to a house
And asked them for some food,
They gave to us a good square meal,
Which tasted very good.

That night we reached the river's mouth,
We reached the Tennessee,
We had to leave the river then,
'Twas for our safety;
We heard that Bragg's army was near,
We changed our course of flight,
We fled into the mountain range
And traveled all that night.

We climbed a mountain high and steep
And sat beneath a tree,
But presently we saw below,
A band of cavalry;
We watched their baggage train go by,
And shuddered oft with fear,
Because the Rebels were so close,
We hoped they'd disappear.

When night came on we moved again,
But very cautiously,
And when the dawn of day appeared
No Rebels could we see;
We laid ourselves down on some leaves,
While one of us would sleep,
The other dared not close his eyes,
But careful watch would keep.

We traveled on for two days more,
Upon the second day,
About sundown we heard a noise
Not very far away;

We saw some men not far away
 Engaged in chopping wood,
 We went down from the mountain height
 And asked them for some food.

At first they all refused and said,
 That they were Union men,
 They soon found out that we were too,
 They entertained us then;
 This proved to be a station on
 The Underground Railway,
 A skillful man known as Red Fox,
 Conducted us away.

He took us to the next station,
 And thus we were forwarded,
 We hoped those friends who helped us so,
 Would some day be rewarded;
 In safety at last we reached
 Somerset, Kentucky,
 Just thirty-two days after we
 Had gained our liberty.

The most romantic adventures
 Of all, were met by two,
 Alfred Wilson with poor Mark Wood
 Went southward and passed through
 Untold hardships because they feared
 The negroes would betray,
 And would not trust to them for food,
 Or guides upon the way.

Their object was to reach the Gulf
 And join the squadron there,
 And many times starvation seemed
 Them in the face to stare;

Wilson shall the story tell,
 About himself and Wood,
 Which will, I think by every one,
 Be better understood.

CHAPTER XIV.

*THE ESCAPE OF WILSON AND WOOD, FROM
 ATLANTA TO THE GULF.*

WHILE Mark and I were on the fence,
 A bullet struck near by,
 So close to me the splinters cut
 The flesh upon my thigh;
 I dropped upon the ground outside
 And yelled to Mark, "I'm hit!"
 "Get up and run," said he, "and keep
 No more account of it."

In an instant I was on my feet
 We ran with all our might,
 I placed my hand upon my thigh
 And found to my delight
 That I had only a slight wound
 And splinters made that wound
 So off we ran while bullets struck
 Quite near us on the ground.

We ran about a mile before
 We reached shelter at all,
 And then the trees were scattered so
 The shelter was but small;

Like hunted stags eluding hounds,
With stealth we dodged about,
Debating which for safety,
Would be the better route.

We very soon approached a road,
But soon we heard the sound
Of galloping horsemen and we threw
Ourselves upon the ground;
They were so near us that we both
Could very plainly see
Their movements all, we saw that they
Were Rebel cavalry.

It was not long until there came
Some squads of infantry,
The infantry at once relieved
The Rebel cavalry;
The infantry were stationed near
The place where we both lay,
We found that if we would escape
We could not long delay.

We crept across the road into
An open field near by,
Then started on a rapid run,
We almost seemed to fly;
We entered a thick piece of woods
And lay down there to rest,
Then we began to calculate
Which route would be the best.

We soon concluded to go South
And join the blocking fleet,
As we would not upon that route,
So many Rebels meet;

For none of them would likely think
Of Yankees going South
To join the squadron anchored near
The Chattahoochee's mouth.

Accordingly we both set out
As fast as we could travel,
We spoke no words as we walked on
As noiselessly as possible ;
We were so lame we scarce could walk,
And Mark was very sick,
We traveled leaning each upon
A good, stout walking stick.

Thus we traveled on that night,
Both ragged and forlorn,
Our journey that night took us through
A field of standing corn ;
We plucked some ears of corn and chewed
It as we walked along,
We did not stop at all to ask
To whom it might belong.

When morning came we hid ourselves
And lay down sore distressed,
We were so near exhausted that
We thought we'd better rest ;
When we awoke 'twas afternoon,
We found our feet so sore,
It seemed almost impossible
To travel any more.

However we both hobbled on,
Doing the best we could,
The corn which we had brought along
Alone served us for food ;

When morning came, alas ; poor Mark
 Could scarcely walk at all,
 So dropping on his hands and knees
 He undertook to crawl.

Some distance thus he crawled along,
 Then looking back at me,
 His look I never shall forget,
 He said despairingly,
 "Alf, such a life is but a curse,
 I'm sure I'd rather be
 Dead and lying in my grave,
 Than in such misery!"

I urged him not to give up yet,
 Saying the worst was o'er,
 That we would soon the river reach,
 Where we could use the oar ;
 Encouraged thus we struggled on
 And soon had cause to thank
 Our God, for soon we stood upon
 The Chattahoochee's bank.

Soon we discovered a small skiff
 Chained tightly to a tree,
 With a large stone we broke the lock
 And soon the skiff was free ;
 We soon were gliding smoothly down
 The Chattahoochee stream,
 The trials which we had passed through
 Seemed now to us a dream.

When morning came we ran our boat
 Into a small bayou
 And crept into a thicket near,
 Entirely hid from view ;

There we lay down upon some leaves,
Like sheep lie in their nest,
But the mosquitoes were so bad,
We gained but little rest.

Four days and nights we traveled on,
Having no bread to eat,
So many times in dreams I saw
A table spread so neat,
Covered o'er with rich dainties,
Biscuit, bread and cheese,
In fact just everything one needs
His hunger to appease.

We saw a house upon the bank,
The prospects now seemed good,
So we determined to go in
And ask them for some food ;
They kindly furnished us a meal,
And 'twas a splendid one,
And not a single scrap was left
When Mark and I had done.

Then thanking our generous friends
We started on our way,
For we were anxious to move on
Without a long delay ;
The river now grew very rough,
It now to us was plain
That we must leave our boat and walk
Upon the land again.

We left our boat among the rocks
And traveled on once more
Until at last we saw a town
And knew the worst was o'er ;

Columbus was the town we saw,
If we could pass it by,
We then could use the stream again
And sail in safety.

As we approached the town we heard
A constant clattering sound,
Which did not cease during the night,
We thought we'd look around;
We soon perceived a gang of men
Working with all their might,
When morning came they did not cease,
They worked both day and night.

A large gunboat was being built
To send down to the Bay,
It was intended for to drive
Our blocking fleet away;
This boat we afterwards soon learned,
Upon its first trip South,
Blew up before it reached our fleet,
When near Flint River's mouth.

We looked around until we found
A cracked old leaky boat,
We entered it and safe once more,
We down the stream did float;
We soon espied three splendid boats
Tied up upon the shore,
We soon decided that we'd sail
Our leaky boat no more.

We had just loosened the three boats,
When down upon us came
Three men with a large pack of dogs,
With language rough, profane;

“We did not stop to bandy words,”
But shoved the boats into
The water, so that they could not
Immediately pursue.

Then jumping into one we rowed
Directly up the stream,
As if we'd gone back to the town,
It did to them so seem ;
We made a circuit round about,
Then sailed down stream again,
We soon were out of hearing of
The curses of those men.

With open river and good boat,
We thought our chances good
For making our escape although
Our stomachs yearned for food ;
We found some pumpkins in a field
And feasted on the seeds,
Although 'twas poor in helped somewhat
To satisfy our needs.

Day after day we traveled on,
Having but little food,
One day we stopped and took a nap
Upon a pile of wood ;
When we awoke somewhat refreshed,
We saw a comic sight,
A hundred alligators lay
About us left and right.

We were so hungry that we could
Endure the pangs no more,
We saw a house and left our boat
Carelessly on the shore ;

They gave us food, we started back
To take our boat again ;
Alas, it had been stolen by
Some cruel, sinful men.

We perched ourselves upon a mound
And there remained that night,
It rained all night, we were indeed
Then in a sorry plight ;
We lay there that entire night
And part of the next day,
When to our joy we found a boat
And quickly rowed away.

During the night we caught some fish
Which we devoured raw,
A sadder sight than poor Mark Wood,
I'm sure I never saw ;
His eyes were sunken in his head,
They had a fearful glare,
I never shall forget the sight
Poor Mark presented there.

The river now we plainly saw
Grew wider every day,
We soon concluded that we were
Already in the Bay ;
We saw a cabin on the shore,
I stopped to get a light
For my old pipe, when I came back
I found Mark looking bright.

He'd found some sweet potatoes in
A negro's small canoe,
We now had nearly food enough
To last our journey through ;

Soon afterwards I thought I saw
 Some dead trees far away,
 And thought no doubt they stood upon
 An island in the Bay.

We saw a sand-bar in the way,
 While we were passing through,
 Mark seized a muddy-looking lump
 Which he soon cut in two;
 I saw him put it to his mouth,
 Said I, "You starving Yank,
 What is that muddy lump you've picked
 From off that muddy bank?"

"Taste this," said he, "and you will find
 We're in an oyster bed!"
 I tasted it and found it so,
 'Twas true what he had said;
 I now discovered something else,
 What I thought to be trees
 Were masts of ships, we saw our flag
 There floating in the breeze.

We dropped our paddles in the boat,
 Stood up and screamed and cried,
 Mark wanted to jump overboard
 And swim against the tide;
 But I dissuaded him and we
 Rowed on with all our might,
 The hulls and smokestacks of the ships
 Were now plainly in sight.

We rowed toward the largest ship,
 We heard a loud command,
 "Come to, there, sir!" and presently
 There came a loud demand,

“Who are you, and how came you here?”
 We answered, “We are men
 Escaped from prison and we want
 To get back home again!”

We were received into the ship
 And well supplied with food,
 And deeply was the captain moved
 While gazing on poor Wood;
 He was indeed a sorry sight,
 Nothing but skin and bone,
 For many nights when fast asleep
 He'd often start and moan.

We soon returned to home and friends,
 With joy we were received,
 We both had long been mourned as dead,
 Of care they were relieved;
 Thus ended our romantic flight
 From that foul Rebel den,
 What we endured cannot be told
 By either tongue or pen.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE OF BROWN AND MYSELF.

INOW proceed to tell my tale,
I What trials I passed through;
 At first we had three in our crowd
 Which soon reduced to two;
 Brown, Mason and myself were thrown
 Together in the flight,
 But Mason very sick became
 While in the woods that night.

He soon became so very weak
He scarce could move a limb,
We let him lean upon our arms
And thus we carried him;
But every day he grew much worse,
We knew not what to do,
He bade us leave him there alone
And beat our own way through.

We took him to a house near by,
We were kindly received,
They set some food before us which
We ate and felt relieved;
We told them that we had escaped
From the Atlanta jail
And now were trying to get North,
They said we'd surely fail.

Just as we finished our good meal,
Right in through the front door
Came three stout men armed with shotguns,
To capture us once more;
But we determined that 'twould take
More force than those three men
To manage us and take us back
To that foul den again.

They thus spoke up, "Surrender now,
We here demand of you,"
But Brown, who feared no man, replied,
"We won't; now see if we do."
At the same time we made a dash
And through the back door sped,
We ran toward a piece of woods
A short distance ahead.

We kept the fence between us and
The Rebels who rushed out
Through the front door and leaped upon
Their horses with a shout;
The owner of the house ran out,
A pack of hounds let loose,
Before we could the woodland reach.
The hounds came up with us.

We saw a place where loose stones lay
And took a stand for fight,
Determined that we'd kill the dogs,
Or put them all to flight;
We picked up stones, I judge each one,
About a pound would weigh,
We threw them at the pack of hounds
And drove them all away.

But our pursuers now were near,
We started on a run,
As we had naught but stones for fight,
While they each had a gun;
We got into some brushwood soon,
But that would not avail,
Although the hounds dared not come near,
They still followed our trail.

We soon discovered a small creek
And waded into it,
By doing so we managed to
The dogs and men outwit;
Soon the expanse of timber hid
The Rebels from our view,
How long they kept pursuing us,
I'm sure we never knew.

We traveled on until we were
Full eighteen miles away,
We reached a place called Stone Mountain,
Then traveled none by day;
But every night we traveled on,
The North Star was our guide,
And many times we were compelled
In some safe place to hide.

One time we traveled for six days
With scarcely any food,
We were so hungry that we chewed
At times small bits of wood;
The seventh day we caught a goose
Which we devoured raw,
We had hard work to pick it though,
The like I never saw.

If any one e'er tried to pull
The feathers from a goose,
You know what trouble you have had
To get the feathers loose;
Unless you scald the goose 'tis hard
To pull the feathers out,
Of course we had no means to scald
And had to pull without.

Before night came we saw near by
A drove of pigs half grown,
We thought 'twould be a prize indeed
If we could capture one;
However, we determined that
To get one we would try,
I took a club and stood behind
A tree which stood near by.

Then with small bits of apple, Brown
Coaxed one of them near me,
I grasped my club with a firm hand
And leaned against the tree;
When he came near I darted forth
And with one fearful blow
With my stout club upon his head,
I laid the piggie low.

We found some fire in a field,
We sat upon a log
And built a fire there and had
A feast on roasted hog;
We carried with us what remained,
And journeyed on our way,
And for a long time hunger's pangs
It sufficed to allay.

We crossed the Chattahoochee soon
And traveled on all day,
We climbed the mountain and footsore
Kept traveling on our way;
While one would sleep the other kept
A close watch by his side
Or as some say we always slept
With one eye open wide.

Although we knew it not we were,
From friends not far away,
By accident we came upon
Some friends that very day;
While crossing an old clearing near,
We came upon a house,
We both approached it cautiously,
And quiet as a mouse.

We saw two men upon the porch,
 We knew no two men could
 Arrest us if we first obtained
 A good square meal of food;
 We boldly asked them if they'd give
 Something to us to eat,
 The mistress soon prepared for us
 A rich, delightful treat.

While we were eating she remarked,
 "I wish the Yankees would
 Come to our State, I really think
 Their coffee tastes so good!"
 We told her that we thought so too,
 She eyed us closely then
 And said, "I really do believe
 That you are Yankee men!"

We soon found out that they were friends,
 And told them we were Yanks
 And had been members at one time
 Of Captain Mitchell's ranks.
 They entertained us royally,
 We stayed there until night,
 We took a rest, then by their help
 Continued our flight.

This proved to be a branch upon
 The Underground Railway,
 That part they called the Southern branch,
 We did not long delay
 But traveled now more rapidly,
 The worst part now was past,
 In old Kentucky we arrived,
 In Somerset at last.

One month and nine days were consumed
 By us upon the way,
 'Twas in October we broke out,
 Upon the sixteenth day;
 'Twas on November twenty-fifth,
 We came to Somerset,
 Two happier men than Brown I,
 We never since have met.

Reluctantly we now return
 To the Atlanta pen,
 Where six recaptured of our gang
 Were taken back again.
 William Pittenger shall tell
 The story for he knows
 Just how they fared until exchanged,
 'Tis thus his story goes.

CHAPTER XVI.

*FROM ATLANTA TO RICHMOND, LIBBY AND
 CASTLE THUNDER—EXCHANGED AT LAST.*

DOOR Mason who had fallen sick
 Was placed with us again,
 In that pen we were not allowed
 Much longer to remain;
 They thought the jail no longer safe,
 They ordered us away
 Into the city barracks near,
 Without a long delay.

The weeks rolled by, there we remained
 Until December came,
 Each day in prison all that time
 Was spent about the same;
 At last some joyful news arrived,
 It was a joyful day,
 We were to be sent northward and
 Exchanged without delay.

They put us into old box cars
 And thus we journeyed o'er
 That fatal road o'er which he ran
 About eight months before;
 When we at length came to Lynchburg,
 We lay by for a day,
 We missed connection on the road,
 Which caused the long delay.

While there a drunken Rebel said,
 "If we would grant no more
 Such quarter to the Yanks you'd find
 The war would soon be o'er."
 "No doubt," said I, "if such had been
 The rule you'd find it so,
 For we would surely have wiped out
 All Rebels long ago."

Thence we were taken to Richmond
 And thought we'd be relieved
 Of further prison life, alas,
 We were greatly deceived!
 We soon were marching along the streets,
 How far I could not tell,
 Before a large brick house we stopped,
 The famous Libby hell.

We were soon placed in that foul hole,
 But our stay was short,
 To Castle Thunder we were led,
 A terrible resort.
 Christmas came, still we remained,
 No word of our exchange
 Had yet reached us, we wondered when
 They would for it arrange.

The month of February came,
 They called out our band
 And read our names, they said that list
 Had come from Yankee land;
 This gave us much encouragement,
 At last they had arranged
 That we six men would be among
 The next to be exchanged.

That joyful day it came at last,
 It was a joyful day
 When by exchange they took us from
 That filthy den away;
 'Twas on the seventeenth of March,
 In eighteen sixty-three,
 When we the last of our gang
 Were set at liberty.

We soon arrived at City Point
 And there we were exchanged,
 When we beheld the Stars and Stripes,
 We cheered like men deranged.
 We went on board a vessel, then
 Set sail for Washington,
 And were most cordially received
 By Secretary Stanton.

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CAPT. W. J. KNIGHT,
Union Engineer of "Andrews' Raid."—Thirty-six years
later, 1898.

He then brought out six medals which
 He said we six had won,
 Young Parrot, as he well deserved,
 Was given the first one ;
 He gave one hundred dollars to
 Each one of us also,
 And also transportation to
 Our homes in Ohio.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

THUS Mr. Knight his lecture gave
 Of that small band so bold,
 But of their sufferings, "The half
 Has never yet been told."
 The War is over and once more
 The Blue and Gray unite
 In sounding praises of those boys
 Who died for what was right.

In Chattanooga you may see,
 In a graveyard that's nigh,
 A semi-circle where those eight
 Who lost their lives now lie ;
 The gallows is no shame to them,
 Our nation speaks their praise,
 And eulogies of them are sung
 On our memorial days.

A monument of granite stands
 Near where the heroes lie,
 Reared by the Buckeye State for those
 Who did not fear to die ;

A locomotive made of bronze,
An emblem of the chase,
Upon the base of granite stands,
In a conspicuous place.

Nine of this brave and gallant band
Are living yet today,
Five of the fourteen who escaped
Have since been called away;
We hope that they now dwell with Him
Who said that wars shall cease,
No more to suffer grief and pain,
But dwell in joy and peace.

You scoffers who in ignorance
Hoot at the G. A. R.,
Take up your books and read at once
The history of the War;
And if you are not bigoted,
You will be heard to say,
That those dear brave old Boys in Blue,
We never can repay.



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