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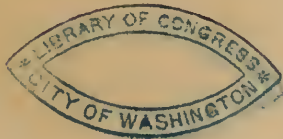
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# EARLY EFFORTS.

—◆—  
BY

LINDA WARFEL,

*Slaughter*  
" "



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LOVINGLY, I dedicate,  
    These early-gathered leaves,  
To those, whose own, the transcript,—  
    Whose harvest-fee, the sheaves.

My parents, loved and loving,  
    Guardians of my youth,  
Who sowed in childhood's morning  
    The golden seeds of truth ;

My Father and my Mother,  
    To whom of right belong  
The laurels of the singer,  
    The merits of the song.

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## INTRODUCTION.



YEARS ago, when the writer was a very little girl, her father's library contained a single volume of Poems,—a copy of Mrs. Sigourney's works,—and dreaming over its wonderful pages, she formed a resolution, which, expressed in childish language, runs as follows ;—“ When I get to be a woman, I mean to write a book just like this, with a red cover, and have my name printed in big letters on the back ;”—and, never doubting its practicability, began at once, with childish impatience, to put the scheme into execution. Stray sheets of paper were abstracted from her papa's writing-desk, and numerous “ odes” and “ sonnets,” in which her favorite cats and chickens were solemnly apostrophized, found existence before she could write legibly.

Influenced by a nervous dread of discovery, the nondescript manuscripts were carefully concealed in one corner of the “ playhouse,” until a motherly hen, intent on more utilitarian *lays*, converted the precious depository into a receptacle for her embryo offspring, necessitating their removal, and in default of a more

available hiding place, they were reluctantly destroyed.

The project thus conceived in childhood, has never been abandoned ; alone, without assistance, almost without encouragement, always weary, often discouraged, but *never despairing*, she has kept it steadily in view, through years of patient industry.

Poetry has been, of necessity, not the leading pursuit of her life, but simply a relaxation from severer studies and heavier duties ; and in offering this, her first volume, to the public, she is actuated by far different motives from those that prompted the old, childish dream.

An earnest desire to subserve the dear cause of her Saviour through its instrumentality, is the sole aim of the writer, who has prayed over its ink pages that its mission may be of good, especially to those of her sisters who stand alone in most honorable self-dependence, tracing out painfully with the delicate pencils of Thought and fine chisels of Action, the clear outlines of true, womanly characters.

From the depths of a warm, loving heart, that, like their own, has oftentimes grown sick in life's conflicts, she bids them take courage, and "Come up higher!"



## THE SOCIAL SCALE.



STOOD last night on the Mount of  
Dreams,

Whence, gazing down to the world,  
I saw fair youths with their close-cut  
locks,

And maidens with long hair curled.

Before them sat, on a pillared throne,

A Sage with a numbered scale;

“I am the Lord of the earth,” said he,

“And this is my scepter pale.”

Then one by one came the maidens fair,

With the tall youths slim and pale,

To the umpire on his self-raised throne,

To be weighed each, on the scale.

First came a lady, stately and proud,  
Yet fair as the rising moon,  
With a mild, sweet face, as good to see,  
As a fresh young rose in June.

With a dancing step she bent the scale,  
And rustled her silken gown,  
While a rich old father smiled to see  
The ponderous beam go down.

But while she stood in her joyous pride,  
Death brought the father a shroud,  
And misfortune came and bore his wealth  
Away from the daughter proud.

Ah! what a miracle wonder is worked!  
Men jeered at the lady fair,  
And the heavy scale, that sunk so low,  
Flew far up into the air!

A young man came, with his eyes aglow,  
From the hidden flame of Thought,  
And a noble face, that spoke a mind,  
In its manly truth unbought;

Stern lines were deep in his forehead pressed,  
By weight of the poet's crown,  
His garments were tattered, aweary his steps,  
And men looked on with a frown.

The scale sprang up with its burden light,  
—Small heed for a nameless Bard!—  
He threw from his brow the Poet's wreath,  
With its golden blossoms marred;

“And was it for this, *for this*,” he cried,  
“That Genius has filled my soul?  
God knows my heart is heavy enough,  
To wish my name from her roll!

These burning thoughts are part of my life,  
Take them away and I die,  
But my spirit-wings are clipped so close,  
I fall when I wish to fly!”

Next came a countryman, ugly and rough,  
Stupid and slender and tall,  
Men laughed as the great scale swung the clown,  
Lightest and least of them all.

The Ghost of his Grandmother threw in a will,  
Bequeathing him money and lands,  
And the awkward youth, as the beam came down,  
Was welcomed with outstretched hands!

A Soldier, approaching, with one limb gone,  
Was cruelly stared in the face ;  
He who nobly had striven to save  
Their dear home-land from disgrace ;

But the beam rose and the hero turned  
Wearily back to the strife,  
Mournfully musing on brave deeds thrown  
As dust in the scale of life.

Next came a maiden, pure as the dew,  
And fair as a soft, pale star,  
Tender, innocent, modest and true,  
A woman to worship afar ;

Yet, scarce had she stepped on the magic scale,  
Ere it flew swiftly aloft,  
And gay groups laughed at her simple gown,  
Unnoting her beauty soft.

Behind her walked, with a queenly tread,  
A woman, not young, nor fair ;  
She glanced at the maid, who'd had gone before,  
With a cold, unpitying stare.

The crowd stood by in reverence deep,  
Her hard eyes wickedly gleam,—  
But it was the gold in her pocket, drew  
So heavily down the beam.

Next one followed whose passions had carved  
Dark lines in his evil face,  
But his head was crowned with tinsel wreaths,  
Bestowed by the Pride of Place.

Their polished gilding, though not good gold,  
Glittered, and that was the same ;  
Men paid the homage that true wealth buys  
And blazoned abroad his name.

His face was flushed by the rosy wine ;  
Too lightly he spake God's name ;  
The foul dishonor that stained his life,  
Dyed innocent cheeks with shame ;

But the beam sank to its lowest notch,  
Men stood in admiring fear  
Society smiled on his lowest vice,  
And white hands beckoned him near.

Next came a Man with a true man's heart,  
Unsoiled by the touch of sin ;  
The gates of Society shut out the poor,  
And he could not enter in.

Apart from the throng stood a Christian mild,  
Waiting his turn to be weighed ;  
The great crowd laughed as a useful life  
Was down on the balance laid ;

And the beam rose in a moment's space,  
As light as the evening air,  
For Wealth is the touchstone opens all hearts,  
And Gold is the talisman rare.

Then I cried out in my restless sleep,  
"Dear Heaven ! Can such things be ?  
Must men be weighed in Society's scale,  
And abide by its decree ?

Why has God given beauty and worth,  
Or crowned with roses of health,  
If to win love from the glad, bright world,  
The one thing needful is wealth?

What then availeth the young man's heart,  
Brimming with honor and truth,  
What counteth Genius alive in his brain,  
Or the maiden's beautiful youth?

Their souls are athirst for waters of love,  
Their young hearts are ages old,  
Craving friendship the world will not give,  
And kindness that men withhold.

Still are there weak ones under their feet,  
Drinking still deeper of gall;  
Strugglers climbing the ladder of life;—  
God pity the lowest of all!"

The stars looked in on my troubled sleep,  
With a cold and cruel gleam,  
And hoarse winds tapped at my window sill,  
To frighten away my dream.

Through the lengthened hours I tossing lay,  
Awake in my little bed,  
Till an Angel-Presence filled the room,  
And a soft-toned whisper said :

“ Though silent, God’s Will will not slumber ;  
Earth’s battles are not to the strong ;  
The Future will bury the Present,  
And Time is the Healer of Wrong.

Though oft the heart of Humanity throbs  
With pulsings of life’s deep pain ;  
Yet dross is burnt out by fires of grief,  
And suffering ever is gain.

Men’s soul-pulses, swift-flying shuttles,  
That weave the pattern of life,  
Move quicker, fly faster, throb truer,  
If pressed by fingers of strife.

Talents, Prosperity’s too kind hands,  
In Obscurity buries deep,  
Adversity rudely awakens,  
Yet kindly, out of their sleep.



“Thought is evoked laboriously,  
Beauty ne'er pleases unsought;  
Valor is shown never peacefully,  
Nor battles are won unfought;

“Success is meed of effort exerted,  
Pleasure for pain will atone,  
But young feet worn with tortuous paths,  
Must tread life's wine-press alone.

“Roses, at first, are but bitter buds;  
The Cross is before the Crown,  
That climbers on earth's ladder will win,  
If they look up and not down.

“Founded thus is life's mystery,  
That all must needs suffer some;  
But woe to the erring, slipping ones,  
By whom the offences come.

“Opinion is not always binding,  
Nor are Custom's laws supreme;  
The chains of Habit rust out in time,  
And the past becomes a dream.

Faith's mirror, heavenward turned, reflects  
Part of the futures of men ;  
Can you define in its glassings dim,  
Distinctions of Now and Then?"

The magic mirror imaged the glare,  
That wealth to a name imparts ;  
With the Best of Society weighing its gold,  
And trampling on tortured hearts ;

I saw in it the lady, whose life was robbed,  
At once of father and wealth,  
With womanly kindness helping the poor,  
And smoothing the couch of death.

Grown gray was the Poet, yet crowned as a king,  
To sound of a well-earned name,  
With blossoms fresh in his laurel wreath,  
And his living eyes aflame.

But the poor Countryman, sad, forlorn,  
Was pawning the clothes he wore ;  
The Harpies of Fashion had gobbled his wealth,  
And left him alone as before.

The Soldier read, with a swelling heart,  
His name on the hero-list,  
Revered by a nation, loving in peace  
One Banner, by four winds kissed.

I looked for the Woman, so proudly bold,  
Whom Society welcomed in,  
And found her crouched in a filthy den,  
An unloved daughter of sin.

But the Maiden she scorned in her evil pride,  
Was clasped to a husband's breast,  
While a tender babe, like a lily asleep,  
Lay hushed in her arms to rest.

The Tinsel-Crowned, who had stood so high,  
Was close of his honors shorn;  
Despairing, he ended a wasted life,  
Cursing the night he was born.

But the humble Man, with the true man's heart,  
Stood high on the hills of Fame,  
Shedding around, on the dreary mount,  
The light of a Good Man's name.

And there was the Christian, lifting the veil  
That shadows the realms of Death.  
"The grave hath no victory! Christ is my King!"  
He cried with his last drawn breath.

' Oh! Faith: 'tis noble and grand to live,  
In suffering taught by thee!  
But I, who murmured and knew not Faith,  
What holds the future for me?"

And fair Faith, smiling, breathed on her glass  
Then turned it again to my gaze,  
While Hope flew down on her noiseless wings,  
To tint it with brighter rays.

Not to you, oh, World! will I ever tell  
The vision that met my eye;  
The prophecy read to my listening soul,  
The Future may tell, not I!

## THE INDIAN SUMMER.



DYING still, from day to day,  
Fairy Summer fades away ;  
From the low hills and sloping meadows fair,  
She lifts her airy green robes,  
And scatters the flower's lobes,  
Leaving the sad earth lying cold and bare.

Gentle birdies mourn and cry,  
Waving willows softly sigh  
For the Summer, dying every day ;  
The clouds in the azure skies,  
Like the wings of butterflies,  
Have folded their snow-white plumage away.

Fragrant breezes sadly sigh,  
That fair summer soon must die ;

With signs of mourning, all the air is rife :  
    Trembling buds with scented breath,  
    Speak low of her coming death,  
To the brown bee that lives upon their life.

    Now the Autumn, cool and stern,  
    Bearing wreaths of moss and fern,  
With un pitying features tramples down  
    The few flowers that would stay,  
    To garland his tresses gray,  
And shed a brightness o'er his robes of brown.

    The bright leaves fall from the rose,  
    And its crimson eyelids close ;  
Gone, gone is the light of its beauty rare :  
    Now the Dahlia sits a queen,  
    High enthroned on stems of green,  
Crowned with bright leaves of velvet, rich and fair.

    But soon as the young rose died,  
    Will perish the Dahlia's pride,  
And the light of the garden-beds grow dim ;  
    Alone will the cold, gray moss,  
    And the lichen's silken floss,  
Remain by the side of the brooklet's rim.

The dainty light thistle-down,  
Bursting its rough bands, brown,  
Floats dreamily out on the scented air ;  
Pure as the evening star,  
That faintly glimmers afar,  
It fitfully shines in the sun's bright glare.

Fair as a white flake of snow,  
Falling so sadly and slow,  
Or merrily dancing on the blue air,  
Star-like it quivers and gleams,  
And smiles in the warm sunbeams,  
Shimmering the light from its gauze-like hair.

Like a soul of martyr blest,  
Seeking always endless rest,  
It rises and swims up to cloud-land fair ;  
Or a pale meteor lost,  
On the blue air lightly tossed,  
It glances and gleams on the misty air.

The leaves of the maple trees,  
Shook off by the faintest breeze,

Are putting on yellow and scarlet hues ;  
    Slow scattering day by day,  
    They sink in the earth away :  
The kings of the forest their gay crowns lose.

    Now the Summer, wan and pale,  
    Throws aside her azure veil,  
From hill and woodland fade the robes of blue ;  
    Sadly moan the falling leaves,  
    Changeful nature mutely grieves,  
The meadows broad wear death's unhealthy hue.

    Voiceless spirits from above,  
    Downward float on wings of love,  
From Winter's ice-home in the northern sky ;  
    Silent ministers of death,  
    They hush her quivering breath,  
Then hasting quickly back to cloud-land fly.

    The night breeze over her bier,  
    Low whispering, sighs in fear,  
Fluttering the leaves on her lowly bed ;  
    And soon will the cold winds blow  
    A shroud of the drifted snow  
O'er the pale Summer lying cold and dead.



## THE BIRD'S LESSON.



ONE morning, dejected  
And weary with pain,  
I sat by my window,  
To watch the cold rain.

A little brown Birdie,  
'Way up in a tree,  
Was merrily whistling  
And singing to me.

This is the clear bird-song,  
Sent down from the tree:  
"Though all the earth languish,  
I'm happy and free ;

“ In the early spring-time,  
I fashioned my nest,  
And though the cold rain-storm  
Come down from the West,

“ I cheerily twitter,  
And warble with glee,  
For safe in my home-nest,  
It cannot reach me !”

So she buried her head  
In her small, brown breast,  
But hark ! to the rough winds,  
That come from the West !

They seize the stout branches,  
And strip them of leaves ;  
The groaning tree tosses  
Its bare arms and grieves.

My poor little Birdie  
Is chirping around,  
But her wee hay-cottage  
Lies down on the ground.

Alas! the fierce rain-wind,  
That came from the West,  
With rude, careless fingers,  
Has torn down the nest.

Ah! Birdie! poor Birdie!  
Where now is your faith?  
No longer you'll hide from  
The cold water-wraith.

Oh! Birdie! I'm sorry;  
Your fate is like mine:  
Thrown out on the rough world,  
At summer's decline;

All homeless and friendless,  
With none to sustain,  
I fold my hands sadly;  
And weep with the pain.

The rain-storm grew tired,  
The wind flew away,  
Soon frail little Birdie  
Was gathering hay.

I looked from my window,  
Repining and ill,  
She chattered and whistled,  
Yet worked with a will,

And ere the next rain-storm  
Blew cold from the West,  
Had builded another,  
Just like the old nest.

Oh! Birdie! dear Birdie!  
A lesson you've taught,  
No longer I'll murmur,  
Nor weep o'er my lot.

Brave little brown Birdie,  
I'll profit by you,  
When health comes to cheer me,  
Then I will work too!

## THE WORLD ABOVE.



THERE are mines in England, deep in the ground,  
Girdling the hearts of the high hills around ;  
Mines that are fruitful of wealth and of toil,  
Cared for by colliers born under the soil.

Men, who are strangers to pleasure and mirth,  
In the pulseless heart of the cold, dead earth,  
Delving and toiling, are wasting away,  
Shut in from the light of the joyous day.

Pale, innocent children, born in the gloom,  
Are fading like ghosts in a living tomb ;  
Wives in whose faces are pictured the fears,  
Stamped there by suffering, rather than years,

Who are indebted for nothing but birth,  
To the dreary heart of the whirling earth,  
Low in its damp caverns toil for the means  
To lengthen out life in its noisome scenes.

Perhaps they have heard of the world above,  
Brimming with sunshine, with beauty and love;  
Clad in the grassy robes knit for the hills,  
Bounded by oceans and gladdened by rills.

They may have been told of the pleasant land,  
Strengthened by mountains built up by God's hand,  
Of the precious light of each new-born day,  
That scatters the clouds of the night away.

But, belted about by the gloomy walls,  
Of the winding length of their narrow halls,  
Half-stifed in damp and unwholesome air,  
Lit up alone by the torches' wild glare,

What can they know of our beautiful world,  
Spread out above them with sun-clouds unfurled?  
Unheeding, they listen to those who tell  
Of a world away from their own dark cell.

Alas! that our brothers and sisters weep  
In the darksome mines of the hill-sides deep!  
Sigh for them! Pray for them! Pity them true,  
Knowing our Saviour has died for them too!

Yet we, for whom, based in infinite love,  
Still is another, a bright World Above;  
Dream we, that over our pleasures and mirth,  
Hangs the somber night of a sin-cursed earth?

Do we all know that our treasures of light,  
Are mildewed o'er with a sickening blight,  
And their outward bloom is consumed by strife  
In the struggling thoughts of the inner life?

Look we from Nature, clad green on the hills,  
Shown in her mirrors, the dimple-cheeked rills,  
To life's dreary waste unrelieved by love,  
And not long to rise to this World Above?

How can we realize, not having seen  
The fullness of beauty these brief words mean?  
When we are aweary of life's mishaps,  
The angels regard us with pity perhaps,

But He who has given our pleasant homes,  
Has built us a city with sunlit domes,  
A City of Refuge with walls of strength,  
Whose gates will ope for earth's miners at length.

Digging and delving, no longer we weep,  
In the reeking caves of the sin-mines deep,  
Climbing from earth on the ladder of Love,  
We are helped by Faith to the World Above.



“LET US PRAY.”



To obey,  
Sweetest of Divine commands,  
Speaks the priest of Christian lands,  
Lifting up his holy hands,  
Let us pray!

On God's day,  
In the congregation vast,  
When the Future meets the past,  
And we hold the Present fast,  
Let us pray.

Every day,  
In the younger years of life,  
Ere the evil days of strife,  
Come to us with sorrow rife,  
Let us pray.

On the way,  
As we journey down to death,  
Happy he whose frequent breath,  
To his fellow-travellers saith,  
Let us pray.

Should you say,  
Life is sweet and death is strange,  
Through youth's pleasures let me range,  
When Age comes I will arrange  
Time to pray,

Death will say,  
I have dug a grave for you,  
Where the grass of summer grew,  
And *too late*, you'll murmur too,  
"Let us pray!"

TO MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.



BIRDIE, in your cradle nest !  
Though my lips have ne'er caressed,  
Nor my fingers lightly pressed,  
    Your wee frame,  
Tenderly my heart is stirred,  
By a mother's written word,  
That she calls her household bird  
    By my name.

Lovingly your image fair,  
In my inmost heart has share,  
And I cherish fondly there,  
    Dreams of thee !  
Pure and holy is the thought,  
By your unseen presence brought,  
Of a love as yet untaught,  
    Unto me.

Baby ! though I ne'er should know  
Your pure features here below,  
Words of kindness ere I go,

Let me say !

“ Linda ! ” while you bear my name,  
Let no crimson spot of shame,  
Blot its fair unsullied fame,

While I stay.

When the silent months have flown,  
And your feet can walk alone,  
When upon your heart has grown,  
Maidenhood !

Keep you, darling, from the strife,  
Of a sickly, fevered life,  
And from ill with pleasures rife,  
Pure and good.

As the swift years softly fly,  
Drawing closer earth and sky,  
They will call us both to lie  
In the tomb.

But ere life's sands are all told,  
Earth to me will have grown cold ;  
I'll be feeble, gray and old  
    In your bloom.

From life's sorrows oft that rise—  
Life's best angels in disguise,—  
Learn this lesson and be wise,  
    “ Life is brief ;”  
Read with thoughts of pure intent,  
Warning words in kindness meant,  
List the teachers God hath sent,  
    Love and Grief.

Ever close your guileless heart,  
'Gainst the tempter's ready art ;  
Mine has learned that joys depart,  
    Why not thine ?  
You, like me, may shed hot tears,  
Like me, be oppressed with fears,  
Ere have ended twice ten years,  
    Baby, mine !

Guide aright those little feet,  
That when life has fled so fleet,  
They may tread the golden street,  
    Up above ;  
Keep your lips from guile of men,  
That, when rings the glad "Amen,"  
They may sing with thousands ten,  
    "God is Love!"

## THE HILLS.



I LOVE the lofty battlement of Hills  
That grimly stands against the leaden sky,  
The line of bulky sentinels that guard  
The misty valleys that between them lie.

When God, the Increate, with master key,  
Unlocked the doorway of awakened Time,  
The Hills arose upon the new-born earth,  
A wall of strength, majestic and sublime.

Beauty, in graceful forms and flowing lines,  
Hung slight covering on their rocky heads,  
Or sat enthroned upon the topmost ledge,  
And draped with clouds the mountains' stony beds.

Grandeur in stern severity shone forth,  
From the bold features of their rugged face ;  
Strength set his seal upon their massive brows,  
And bound their hearts in iron bar and brace.

Thus crowned with majesty and clothed with grace,  
Arrayed in Beauty's living robes they stood,  
Adorned with pale, pure blossoms, fragrant moss,  
And decked with trees, sweet shrubs and waving  
wood.

Thus have they stood since first Creation's dawn,  
Rock-ribbed and mysterious chains of strength ;  
So shall they stand while earth her course shall roll,  
And Time runs out his brief, allotted length.

The Hills! The everlasting Hills! How fair  
The graceful curving of their sloping sides!  
How picturesque their sculptured rocks! How drear  
Their gloomy caverns, where thick darkness hides!

The Hills! The glorious, glad Hills! 'Tis grand  
To note the rising of their swelling sides,  
And feel the power that upholds their strength,  
My feeble footsteps through the dark world guides.



## THE WINTER OF THE YEAR.



DARK is the woodland, and clouded the vale,  
Fitfully floating, the winter winds wail ;  
Cold are the snow wreaths embracing the ground,  
Silent the streamlets in icy links bound ;  
The sad sounds of Autumn grate on the ear,  
Whispering fiercely in echoings drear ;  
The bare-armed trees in their forest ranks stand,  
A withered, and dreary, and desolate band.

But the joyous spring-time,  
Has dawned in my soul,  
And its crimson tides  
Through my pulses roll ;  
The passion-flowers  
Are bursting in bloom,  
And heart-warmth scatters  
The tremulous gloom.

Beauty has faded and music is dead ;  
The flowers are hid in the brown earth's bed ;  
Sunshine has perished like dreams that are told ;  
The limbs of nature lie shrunken and cold ;  
Dying and dead are the ferns in the glen,  
Vanished the carol of Robin and Wren ;  
The dry moss ravel's its fringes of lace,  
The white feet of Winter trample its grace.

    But home-light and hearth-light  
        Still cheerfully gleam,  
    With glimmered lamp-globes,  
        We drowsily dream ;  
    Ever glows brightly,  
        The altar and hearth,  
    Heart-words and glad smiles,  
        Beautify the earth.

Storm-winds are blowing from crisp-frozen hills ;  
The breath of their coming the warm blood chills ;  
Bleak are the meadows and barren the moors ;  
The snow-heaped morass to death's danger lures ;  
In cloud-land dark flits each hurrying shape ;  
Swift-sailing clouds from the storm-waves escape ;  
Fearful and sad are the tidings they bring,  
Proclaiming on hill-tops the death of Spring.

But a jubilant voice,  
    Of the Future tells,  
In gladsome ringing  
    Of Memory's bells.  
Heart speaketh to heart  
    The language of love,  
Predicting summers  
    Of glory, above!

## THE WINTER OF THE SOUL.



THE pale sky is flushed with rich wine-tints fair ;  
Warm showers of sunlight gladden the air ;  
Calm are the meadows and scented the breeze,  
Ruffling the bushes and shaking the trees ;  
Fair Summer has waked, with her fragrant breath,  
The buried flowers from their sleep of death ;  
The grass creeps out from the freshening hills,  
And melody strange from the wind-harp thrills.

But a winter of doubt,  
Has frozen my heart,  
And curdled the rills,  
Else gladly would start ;  
Gone are the roses,  
That budded in Spring,  
Their dead leaves sadly  
To memory cling.

Beauty is seen in the flowers' blue eyes ;  
Clear music rings out in the wild birds' cries ;  
Nature, all smiling, is wreathing with glee,  
The clustering leaves round each woodland tree ;  
The nymphs of Summer have lifted her veil,  
Her hot eyes have melted the snow wreaths pale ;  
They have sprinkled earth with the dews of Spring,  
And the water-diamonds in plashes ring.

But gone is the beauty,  
That gladdened my life,  
Music is buried,  
In jarrings of strife ;  
Faded, the bright buds  
On memory's tree,  
Now is no blossom  
Remaining for me.

Snowy cloud-fleets sail from their moorings free,  
Phantom-like ships on a wide, troubled sea ;  
Yellow sunshine streams from the hills of light,  
Gilding their white sails with radiance bright ;  
The earth is clothed in the colors seven,  
That caught their hues from the walls of Heaven ;  
Young Summer is crowned with her garlands rare,  
The world is beautiful, pleasant and fair.

But mourning the sunshine  
That in my heart shone,  
Wearily waiting,  
And weeping alone,  
I list the echoes  
From Destiny thrown,  
Yet listen vainly,  
For one kindly tone!

## ECHOES.



PAINFULLY, reverberations, from the covered  
caves of sin,  
Penetrate the sad communion of a spirit turned  
within;  
Footfalls weary, voices dreary,  
And the solemn drip of tears,  
Soft rebounding,  
Still are sounding,  
Down the echoing aisle of years.

Cruel words unkindly spoken, scalding tear-  
drops shed in vain,  
Secret births of heart-born anguish, fill the soul  
with bitter pain ;  
There are sorrows, grim and fearful,  
That will slumber not nor sleep,  
Ever aching,  
Echoes waking,  
In the heart's recesses deep.

There are pale hands tightly folded, in the  
    churchyard's bosom hid,  
Dear, dead lips that still speak blessings, under-  
    neath the coffin-lid ;  
Lips and hands akin to mortals,  
Through the mystic ties of love,  
    Music trilling,  
    Sweetly thrilling,  
From the angel harps above.

Heavy weighted, sadly freighted, not as erst  
    they gayly swung,  
Memory's bells are death-like dirge-bells by  
    hands of demons rung ;  
Above the dust of buried years,  
Their weird vibrations roll,  
    Softly rolling,  
    Requiems tolling,  
For a ruined, bankrupt soul.

As the child amid the rushes, when the distant  
    echoes die,  
Hears again his voiceful wordings, in the  
    mountain sprite's reply,



Every act in swift reaction,  
Is repaid its like again,  
    Strength receiving,  
    Traces leaving,  
On the heart and life and brain.

Jarring music wrenched in anger from the  
    heart-chords illy strung,  
Harshly grates in endless echoes, on the bub-  
    bling air-bells swung ;  
Swift return the gleesome chimings,  
Of a song that gladly rings,  
    Bringing pleasure,  
    Three-fold measure,  
To the happy heart that sings.

Ever through life's rocky country should the  
    traveler proceed,  
Sounding tones of kindly feeling through each  
    daily word and deed,  
That when comes the solemn ending,  
He may strike the notes of love,  
    Echoes bringing,  
    Ever ringing,  
From the vaulted roof above.

## THE AIR PLANT.



DELICATE vine with the wiry stem,  
Ambitiously climbing the wall,  
That slender growth is too weak to bear,  
Unsupported, your branches tall.

Were the prop torn from the clinging arms,  
That round it so closely are wound,  
No self-strength glows in those polished stems,  
To lift you again from the ground.

From humble roots in the dull, moist ground,  
Swiftly climbing your upward way,  
Expending strength from your fragile life,  
In tender leaves, showy and gay.

How like some men in their airy pride,  
Striving for place and power,  
Whose greatness grows like your dainty length,  
Maturing in one brief hour!

Alone, how powerless! Strive to rise,  
Unaided, you fall to the ground,  
With reaching tendrils asking in vain,  
For help of the flowers around.

So, helplessly clinging to others,  
They climb to high places of trust,  
Ambitious of rule, yet lacking strength,  
To rise of themselves from the dust.

Remove their dependence, if strong friends,  
Or favor, or wealth's even flow,  
Ruined they fall from their giddy height,  
To perish in weakness and woe.

Here resemblance no longer exists;  
This plant is a delicate vine,  
Obeying the telling of Nature's law,  
When its light leaves daintily twine

But manhood grows on a rugged stalk;  
Unheeding the cold or the rain,  
Bent by storms of Adversity, soon  
'Twill rise to its greatness again.

## BUDS.



BUDS, dainty brown buds,  
Tipped with scarlet and blue ;  
Buds, delicate buds,  
Wet with the rain and dew.

Buds, pearly white buds,  
Tremulous hearts of flowers ;  
Buds, clustering buds,  
Tenderly kissed by the showers.

Buds, opening buds,  
Wrapped in russet and green ;  
Buds, curious buds,  
Hiding a blossom's sheen.

Buds, bright little buds,  
    Clad in purple and gray ;  
Buds, typical buds,  
    What do their red lips say ?

Buds, mystical buds,  
    Delicate germs of Thought ;  
Buds, evergreen buds,  
    Growing in hearts unsought.

Buds, beautiful buds,  
    Furnish us blossoms fair ;  
Buds, Thought's motive buds,  
    Actions and deeds more rare.

Buds, Intention's buds,  
    Full of a silent power ;  
Buds, sin-nurtured buds,  
    Holding a fearful flower.

Buds, withering buds,  
    Gathered from painful facts ;  
Buds, heart-cultured buds,  
    Blooming in useful acts.

Buds, tear-watered buds,  
    Starving on barren soil ;  
Buds, worm-eaten buds,  
    Cherished in selfish toil.

Buds, perishing buds,  
    Gladden the earth below ;  
Buds, thought-bearing buds,  
    Thickly in brain-fields grow

Buds, snowy white buds,  
    Woven in wreaths of love ;  
Buds, immortelle buds,  
    Bloom forever above.

## THE WREATH OF FAME.



I ENTERED a church on a cold, dark day,  
A lesson of life to learn,  
And to find relief from the scorching thoughts,  
That down in my heart-depths burn ;

The tremulous notes of the organ rolled  
Through the arched cathedral halls,  
And the taper showered its mystic light,  
Aslant, on the dim, old walls.

Beneath the shade of the cruel cross,  
By the altar's sacred rail,  
There stood, with holy eyes upraised,  
A statue, pure and pale ;

Above her forehead a garland of jets,  
Suspended by unseen wire,  
Encircled her with a halo bright—  
A chaplet of living fire.

The pensive brow of the virgin shone,  
Made warm by the ruddy flame,  
And I thought, how like to this burning crown,  
Is the gilded Wreath of Fame!

When noble thoughts, by a woman's hand  
In the toilsome heart-mines wrought,  
Rich-carved into deeds of holiest worth,  
The glittering prize have bought,

It circles the brow like a wreath of flame,  
A coronet gleaming bright;  
But the victim who wears the scorching crown,  
Sees naught but the darksome night.

Though the lamps of Fame, on her lonely life,  
Their shining radiance shed,  
She can feel no pride in the world's applause,  
Till her woman's heart is dead.



Oh, God! that a life-time's work should buy  
But a wreath of blazing fire,  
And a life's reward be a crown of flame,  
Upheld by a rusty wire!

And sad that the glare of her living crown  
Condemns her to stand alone;  
The flame that lightens the life of the world,  
Is scorching away her own!

## EXPERIENCE.



IN the pond among the lilies,  
Where the folded blossoms lie,  
Mirrored forth in calm reflection,  
From the warmly glowing sky,  
Is a picture, sketched in clearness,  
Of each rock and tree and hill,  
Canopied by shifting cloud wreaths,  
In the shallow waters still.

Gazing in its crystal cloud depths,  
By the artist, Nature, wrought,  
Pendent tree and rock inverted,  
Seemed the reflex of this thought.  
In *my* bosom lies a mirror,  
Like this glassy water fair ;  
Outer deeds, thoughts, words, intentions,  
All are shown reflected there.

From the shore a tiny pebble,  
- In the lakelet's bosom cast,  
Bubbling up in endless circles,  
    Each one larger than the last—  
Stirs the slime beneath the lilies,—  
    Breaks its imaged brightness rare,  
Leaving stains of mud and blackness,  
    Where had smiled the picture fair.

Thus the soul-lake in my bosom,  
    In life's sunshine's polished light,  
Mirrors forth in spotless colors,  
    Naught but forms and faces bright ;  
Till, disturbed by breath of harshness,  
    Where its fadeless lilies grow,  
Stained, discolored, rudely broken,  
    Fades away the pictured show.

Glow the mind's deep shining mirror,  
    Hidden in life's silent stream ;  
When Experience breaks the surface  
    And destroys the placid dream,  
It revives in chastened beauty,  
    Cleansed from dross and Folly's slime,  
Unlike the shattered picture pond—  
    Repainted for all time.

## THE HIDDEN CROSS.



A HIDEOUS tale I have read to-night,  
In a volume quaint and old,  
Of a penitent monk who pierced his breast,  
With a slender cross of gold.

Long years he carried the festering curse,  
Sunk deep in the tortured flesh,  
Sad years of suffering, sorrow and pain,  
Each tearing his wound afresh.

Until Death, who pities the weak, sore heart,  
Looked in at the cloister door,  
And bade the soul of the sorrowing man,  
To suffer and pine no more.

Thus, men of to-day, with their boasted pride,  
Full oft have a secret woe,  
Buried far down in their heart's deep wells,  
And giving no outward show.

Some haunting ghost of a hidden crime,  
Some phantom of mocking fear,  
Or remorseful thought of remembered pain,  
Has poisoned existence here.

Full many sad souls have borne through life  
A festering cross of pain,  
Which, jealously hidden from mortal eyes,  
Has close in the bosom lain.

Numberless weak hearts have festered away,  
In untold agony dumb,  
Patiently waiting through long, weary years,  
Till healing of Death should come.

Oh! Charity, Charity! greatest of all  
Strong sisters of Hope and Faith,  
Teach us to read in a calm brother's face  
What suffering dumbly saith.

Help us to minister, Angel of Love,  
Tenderly to unseen sores,  
To bind up lovingly, bruised, bare hearts,  
Deep wounded in spirit wars.

Lord of the Universe! pity the weak,  
Who stumble in crooked ways!  
Give to them light from Divinity's lamp,  
In Wisdom's life-healing rays!

## FLOWERS GIVEN TO A CRIMINAL.



WITHIN a loathsome prison den,  
Where warmth and sunshine never crept,  
A lonely captive in his cell,  
Received the welcome gift,—and wept ;  
For what? An outcast from the world!  
A felon, doomed in shame to die!  
Oh, Christ! Thou, only Thou, canst know,  
How deep the springs of sorrow lie!

Aye, stronger far than iron bars,  
And colder than the cold, gray wall,  
The hatred of his fellow men ;  
The mirth of some ; the scorn of all !  
They crushed into his fiery brain ;  
For still, despite its blood-stained guest,  
A living soul dwelt in his form,  
A human heart beat in his breast.

Those grateful flowers! He pressed them close,  
To lips a mother once had kissed,  
And long his throbbing temples held,  
With grimy hands and fettered wrists;  
The sin-mists drifted from his eyes,  
And, rolled away, the clouds of crime;  
He saw,—instead of prison cell,—  
A vision of his boyhood's time.

A pleasant home; a sister's love;  
A mother's blessings; father's pride;  
A teacher's true and earnest words,  
And prattling playmates by his side;  
A friend's and brother's kind regard;—  
No tinge of grief, no line of pain,  
The living, perfect picture marred.

But, ah! how changed! Temptation came;  
He struggled,—*yielded*,—till alone,  
He paused at Ruin's open gate,  
With manhood, truth, and honor flown;  
Too late! too late! as Time grew old,  
Crime's blackened record bore his name;  
Each passing month was foully blotched,  
With etchings of his guilt and shame.



Ah! who can tell what depths of crime,  
A reckless human soul can dare!  
None only know, till crushed by grief,  
How much of woe the heart can bear.  
'Tis well; the silent dearth of tears,  
At which dark natures ever aim;  
And yet 'tis but a little thing,  
To move repentance, rouse to shame.

Flowers! pure flowers! beautiful guests,  
That visit earth but stay not long!  
What subtle magic stirs their leaves,  
To turn the thoughts from guilt and wrong?  
Linked with all pure and holy things,  
Their gentle essence fills the earth;  
But who can write their wondrous power?  
Who estimate their priceless worth?

Flowers! bright flowers! outspoken thoughts  
Of Deity's merciful mind,  
Charity's image faintly traced,  
By Purity's hands outlined;  
Flowers! sweet flowers! most exquisite forms,  
Of the Beautiful, Good and True!  
Painted links of the golden chain,  
The fallen angels from heaven drew!

The Convict, by their silent words,  
Of vaunting, hard-eyed shame beguiled,  
Prostrate upon the dungeon floor,  
Lay moaning, like a stricken child;  
Aye, let him weep! Tears cleanse the soul;  
Forgiveness comes from God within;  
The world without can only grant  
Forgetfulness of his great sin.

“WHERE IS THE MISSIONARY?”

LAST WORDS OF RED JACKET.



LONG years have passed in silence,  
Since the Warrior Chieftain died,  
Yet still his last sad question,  
Is heard on every side ;  
We hear it in the morning,  
From the lips of starving men,  
We list it through each evening,—  
This appeal of Macedon ;—  
From God's own poor, in meekness,  
Still comes the sad inquiry,  
Breathed to the Indian watchers,  
“Where is the Missionary?”

From out each crowded city,  
From the hovels of the poor,—  
From patient little children,  
Still innocent and pure,—  
From men and women dying,  
So near the prayed-for goal,—  
From trampled millions longing  
For the freedom of the soul,—  
From spirits crushed and tortured,—  
From bodies worn and weary,—  
Ever come the wailing question,  
    “Where is the Missionary?”

Earth's fields are ever ready,  
Yet the laborers are few,  
Your hands are strong to till them,  
And the harvest waits for you ;  
Commissioned by the Bible,  
To show the way to Heaven,  
Oh ! list the Chieftain's question,  
And *give*,—as freely given ;  
To some one of God's creatures,  
Whose life is dark and dreary,  
Go forth in holy charity,  
    *Yourself* the missionary !

## LIFE-PICTURES.



LIFE is but a flitting shadow,  
But a fitful dream,  
Passing quickly, gliding softly,  
Like a meadow stream.

Faith and Hope are mere delusions,  
Of the Poet's brain,  
Grief and sorrow from life's portion,  
All its sweetness drain.

Love is but a false creation,  
Born in fickle hearts,  
Soon the freshness of youth's daydream  
Darkens and departs.

Friendship is a vile pretension,  
Cursed with cold deceit,  
Whispered words of kindly feeling,  
But a wretched cheat.

Men are false and women wicked,  
Home is *Home* no more ;  
Earth is cold, and all its pleasures  
Rotten to the core.

Vain are all Religion's teachings,  
Useless, all its creeds ;  
E'en the churchman fills his measure  
Full with evil deeds.

Life is empty, cheerless, loveless ;  
Death is worse than life,—  
'Twould but cut away existence,  
Like a cruel knife.

Reaping now the dark death harvest,  
In the seed-time sown,  
Naught but tares I find around me,  
In the life-field strewn.

Wretched, sad, and unforgiven,  
Friendless and unknown,  
I am doomed to live for ever,  
Outcast and alone.

Hating life with deepest hatred,  
Still,—afraid to die,—  
Longing for the precious tear-drops,  
Yet ashamed to cry.

Is there naught can cheer the darkness?  
None to care for me?  
Must I ever wear the shackles?  
Never more be free?

What is Heaven? Who is Jesus?  
Will He pity me?  
As my mother used to tell me,  
Kneeling at her knee.

Ah! I faintly can remember,  
That she used to say,  
If we truly sought the Saviour,  
We would find the way.

And no longer will I wander;  
Best of times is *Now*,  
I will try to find this Saviour,  
But, oh! *where* and *how*?

## LIFE-PICTURES.



LIFE is not an idle dreaming,  
Nor a fading show,  
Faith and Hope will perish never,  
Like the summer's glow.

Breathing men are not created,  
Like the brute to die ;  
But most deep and fearful throbings,  
In life's pulses lie.

Friendship is no fancied feeling,  
'Tis sincere and true ;  
Fond affection lives for ever,  
Old, but always new.

Love is born in burning heart-depths,  
Breathing and alive ;  
Youth and Age their truest blessings  
From its life derive.



Grief and sorrow are Death's angels,  
To prepare his way,  
Loving angels, whose kind mission  
Turneth night to day.

Women are not false and fickle,  
Nor all men untrue.  
Home is Paradise foreshadowed,  
Mirrored forth anew.

True the Bible's blessed teachings,  
Bright the Promise given ;  
Christian lives will fitly close  
At the gates of Heaven.

Vile men turn the light to darkness,  
By their own misdeeds ;  
They who trample down life's flowers,  
Gather nought but weeds.

Wicked hands with blackness color  
Heaven's fairest sky,  
They who weave the shameful sackcloth,  
Must in ashes lie.

Sinful hands in pain must gather,  
    Grainless sheaves of woe,  
Thoughtless minds in anguish suffer,  
    Pangs that fiercely glow.

But the meanest child of sorrow,  
    That to sin is known,  
May repent, and turning backward,  
    For that sin atone.

Heaven is love, and Christ, the Saviour,  
    Kindly will receive  
Earth's worn and weary wanderers,  
    Who in Faith believe.

Guilt is strong, but Prayer is mighty,  
    To unlink its chains ;  
Christian Hope is God's own surety,  
    That in Love He reigns.

Wavering hopes will strengthen soon,  
    Darkness turns to day,  
Come to Jesus, He will gently  
    Lead you in the way.

## EVENING.



GLORIOUS the Evening,  
In sunset's burnished glow,  
And gilded, golden glories,  
Of gleaming clouds a-row!  
With misty landscapes fading  
Dreamily from the view,  
Dropping out from aching eyes,  
Like friends who once were true!

In the evening twilight,  
The dusky dark comes down,  
Thick folding in its shadows,  
The far-off hills and town,—  
A cloaking for wild fancies,  
A cover for frail dreams,  
Inviting thought to ramble  
By airy founts and streams!

Oh! the tender Evenings!  
The dream-time of the day,  
When cares, like out-door wrappings,  
Are till morning laid away!  
Beautiful the evenings!  
Mild ushers of the night,  
That teach us in the gloaming,  
Whole lessons of delight!

Softly tread the Evenings,  
That soothe the heated day!  
Looping up the misty robes,  
That shut the night away!  
The union of the darkness  
With sunset's yellow light,  
The wedding of the Daytime,  
To the handmaid of the night!

Quietly, the Evenings  
Bind up the hem of Day,  
Draping all the distant hills  
In curtains thin and gray!

Solemn are the greetings,  
When light and darkness meet!  
The song-time of the poet!  
The rest for weary feet!

Sadly falls the Evening,  
That ushers in the night,—  
The closing of a lifetime,  
In sunset's mellow light!  
Bright promise of the morning.  
To weary ones it saith,  
Who, at the Day's declining,  
Await the night of Death!

## BAPTISM OF A CHILD.



FATHER, Mother, standing there,  
Lifting up your hearts in prayer,  
For the helpless one and fair,  
    God has given ;  
Far beneath this simple rite,  
Glimpses of His truth and might  
Are revealed, in colors bright,  
    Fresh from Heaven.

Promising to guide aright,  
And to shield from sinful blight,  
Through youth's day and sorrow's night,  
    Till Death's morning,  
That sweet babe, who, smiling there,  
All unconscious of your care,  
Is with holy thoughts and fair,  
    Life adorning.

Father, Mother, look above,  
Ask that He may, who is love,  
With the Spirit as a dove,  
    Baptize your child,  
By instilling in its heart,  
Knowledge of the better part,  
Heavenly grace that will impart  
    A temper mild.

Crystal drops of water shed,  
In bright dew upon its head,  
Speak of Him, who, though once dead,  
    Still is living ;  
He, whose words assurance gave,  
That His arm is strong to save,  
From the damp dust of the grave,  
    Safety giving.

Emblem of the higher type,  
That when fruits of sin are ripe,  
Gives the water strength to wipe  
    The stains away ;

Holiest rite the Church retains,  
Purest that to earth remains,  
Strongest still to break the chains  
Of guilt always.

Highest thought of earthly minds,  
Is the hope the Christian finds,  
That this tie to Heaven binds  
Earth's little ones;  
Should he strive its links to trace,  
Richest wealth of inborn grace,  
Will reward the weary race  
He feebly runs.

Parents, pray the Saviour, who  
Life-blood shed for it and you,  
That the pure baptismal dew  
He will impart;  
He who gave the welcome call,—  
Suffer little children all,—  
With the water-drops that fall,  
To Baby's heart.



## GOD UPON THE OCEAN.



A STORM on the Ocean! a ship on the sea,  
Half-buried in creamy waves!  
Death walked on the headlands hailing the crew,  
And scooping his deep sea-graves.  
The loud-voiced waters struggled and leaped,  
And scattered the white foam free,  
Where the shapely vessel, homeward bound,  
Lay wrestling with the sea.

As a worthless plaything the wild waves tossed,  
And lifted her high in air;  
Aghast was the crew; the passengers shrieked,  
With sobbing and cursing and prayer.  
The Captain's wife in her terror wild.  
Clung close to his clasping arm,  
Unheeding the brave, strong words he spoke;  
In dread of some fatal harm.

The Captain, smiling, unsheathed his sword,  
And pointed the burnished blade,  
Toward the heart of his shrinking wife,  
Who stood, and no outcry made.  
“The craven blood of the foeman’s life,  
Has oft stained this polished blade,  
And my good right arm ne’er fails its thrust;  
Is not my wife afraid?”

“At the sound of the storm as it fights the waves,  
I tremble and am afraid,  
For the sea is false and the ocean deep;  
They, snares for the ship have laid;  
But I do not fear the steel-blue sword,  
Though oft it has life-blood spilt,  
For my lover-husband holds the blade,  
His hand is on the hilt.”

“Why, then, should you fear the angry waves,  
As they fight by the vessel’s side?  
The breath of your Master troubles the sea,  
And rouses the storm-king’s pride;

He holds the wrath of the winds and waves,  
In hollow of His right hand,  
And rules, the Lord of the Ocean's realm,  
As of the peaceful land."

Dark thoughts rolled in the thunder's march,  
And sprang from the lightning's thrill,  
Till the storm-god spake from the troubled skies,  
To the storm-winds; "Peace, be still!"  
Ocean cowered and crept to its caves,  
And vanished the white sea-foam;  
The good ship, sailing on tranquil seas,  
Anchored at last at home.

## THE GORED HUNTSMAN.



THROUGH the cloudy dust of time,  
And misty haze of guilty crime,  
Looking back, the student's eye,  
In feudal ages long gone by,  
Sees embalmed on History's page,  
A nation's record of an age,  
When titled wrong oppressed the poor,  
And lordly feet trod down the boor,  
When none were found in hut or hall,  
To loose the bondman from his thrall,  
But fierce oppression trod the land,  
With bloody steps and murderous hand ;  
The dark, dark days of England's shame,  
When royalty was but a name.

And if pale students, dreaming o'er  
Such musty volumes of old lore,  
Cull therefrom with patience slow,  
The flowers that are said to grow  
On the thorns of settled facts,  
Teaching good from wicked acts,—  
Shall not poets, whose deep eyes  
Read, in pages not so wise,  
Wild, weird stories, coined and told  
In the castled halls of old,  
Gather fruits of Fancy's growing,  
All the richer for the knowing,  
That while Truth disowns the cheat,  
She yet paints their ripeness sweet ;  
Come, airy sprites from woodland dells,  
“Wandering bards,” with cap and bells !  
Crown me laureate for an hour,  
Give to me the Poet's power,  
Thus to sketch with skillful hand,  
A legend of a world-old land !  
Where the stretched-out valleys lie,  
Under the blue of England's sky,—  
When lived—in History,—knightly braves,  
Stately ladies and servile slaves,  
The story runs,—a Baron old,

Of kingly blood and manner bold,  
Who valued, in no light degree,  
His royal birth and pedigree,—  
Had kept long years his castle halls,  
And strictly ruled his patient thralls ;  
The bravest knight the country round,  
On battle-field and hunting-ground,  
He lived the life a stern lord lives,  
Who all receives and nothing gives,  
Uncaring aught for living thing,  
Save dogs and horses and his king ;  
Beloved by none, but feared by all,  
In peasant hut and castle hall ;  
No wife with love his manhood blest,  
No children sought his arms to rest,  
His few friends slept beneath the turf,  
Fenced from foot of laboring serf ;  
Alone he lived in lofty pride,  
Despising all the world beside.  
The hunter's lore of curious art,  
He pondered in his large, fierce heart ;  
None loved so well the manly chase,  
Nor rode so sure the headlong race ;  
And none were found with him to cope,  
In hunting deer down winding slope.

One morn he called his henchman grave,  
And quick command in brief tones gave :  
“ A fortnight since midsummer went,  
The hot July is almost spent,  
And yet the deer are free to roam  
Unscared about their leafy home ;  
Make ready all ! To-morrow’s dawn  
We hasten hence to chase the fawn,  
With horses, hounds and spearsmen ten,  
To spend the day in brush and glen ;  
The red deer in his covert green,  
Will rue to-morrow’s sport, I ween ! ”  
The morning came, as mornings will,  
A summer morning, bright and still,  
The white-winged clouds were folded by,  
In shining wreaths across the sky ;  
The early wind, in breathings cool,  
Troubled the waters of the pool,  
Then flying off on noiseless wings,  
Fluttered the leaves like living things ;  
At faintest dawn, the bugle’s call  
Aroused the sturdy vassals all,  
Who needed not their lord should ask  
The prompt discharge of menial task,  
But rendered service with no thought,

Earth held for men a nobler lot.  
Ere sunrise, ready the hunters wait,  
Outside the castle's heavy gate,  
Impatient of their lord's delay,  
On horses decked with trappings gay ;  
And now his steed, with mincing tread,  
By careful hands of groom is led ;  
The Baron mounts with nimble haste,  
Tightens the belt about his waist,  
Then gives the word and off they go,  
O'er sloping hills and valleys low.  
The south wind blows his tassels high,  
And pulls his silken sash awry,  
Toys with his hair and twists his beard,  
About his rough cheek, brown and seared ;  
The woods and fields are all aglow,  
The river parts the mead below.  
With thunder loud they cross the bridge,  
Dash up the hill's rock-crested ridge,  
Then, flinging loose the bridle rein,  
Scour swiftly down across the plain.  
Excitement flushed their faces dark,  
They cheered the dogs' loud, yelping bark,  
As striving for the foremost place,  
Each hurried forward in the race.



Scarce had they reached the open wood,  
Where living trees in tall ranks stood,  
Whose gaps were scanned with eager eyes,  
By hunters in all deer-signs wise,  
When from the hills the loud cry came,  
That told the dogs had started game ;  
Then silence fell, and scarce a word  
Was from the careful horsemen heard.  
A deer, with branching antlers tall,  
Affrighted by the hunters' call,  
Beneath the trees expectant stood,  
Wild gazing down the girdled wood ;  
Dilated eyes so strangely bright,  
Their blackness seemed the heart of night,  
Tear-filled, looked out from royal brows,  
And closely scanned the hazel boughs ;  
A graceful head bore up a crown,  
Of twisted palm-trees arching down ;  
Large, restless ears, upraised in fear,  
Were drinking in the hunters' cheer ;  
A glossy coat of dark-brown silk,  
Reached down to fetlocks white as milk ;  
Split hoofs of polished ivory bound,  
Small feet in compact neatness round ;  
Lithe, slender limbs upheld a form,

Clear-carved in outlines soft and warm.  
So long it stood, in graceful fear,  
The Baron rode, unseen, so near,  
He marked the gleaming of its eyes,  
Distended wide in dumb surprise;—  
One moment more,—his cautious steed,  
Trode hard upon a shriveled reed;  
The wild deer turned, with vaulting leap,  
Gathered its feet in one close heap,  
Then tossed its royal antlers high,  
And down the valley seemed to fly;  
Like four wild pigeons skinning fleet,  
Flew o'er the sward its twinkling feet;  
Far behind, with dangerous speed,  
The Baron urged his fiery steed.  
The bugle's note and hunters' cry,  
Rang through the high vault of the sky;  
The hounds' deep voices echoed wide,  
From scraggy hills with huge rocks piled;  
And reckless rode, with manly skill,  
Down gloomy forest dark and chill,  
Through tangled brush and wooded glen,  
In hot pursuit, the shouting men.  
Yet faltered not, nor seemed to flag,  
The fierce strength of the hunted stag;

But flying still, with scarce a sound,  
Its dancing black hoofs spurned the ground;  
And soon its lithe form, bounding light,  
Was in the distance lost to sight.  
So fleet it fled, no horse nor hound  
Could track its course along the ground;  
In vain they searched; the tired men  
Plunged deeper in the wooded glen.  
The sunny morning passed too soon,  
And deepened in the heat of noon;  
Yet sign nor sound was seen nor heard  
Of living beast or moving bird.  
A stillness hung around the hills,  
Deep silence held the trees and rills;  
A solitude that could be felt,  
Alone, within the forest dwelt;  
The hasty words the horsemen spoke,  
Were all the sounds the silence broke.  
With tired limbs but tireless hearts,  
They practised all the hunter's arts,  
In rocky vale, on stony hill,  
Through woody glen and forest chill;  
But felt, while thus they vainly toiled,  
The manly shame of hunters foiled.  
The Baron noted, with a frown,

The dogs with red tongues lolling down ;  
With fretful voice he urged his steed,  
But naught could rouse its flagging speed ;  
White foam beflecked its nostrils wide,  
Subdued at once its strength and pride.  
The day on unseen pinions sped,  
The heated moments quickly fled,  
To bathe in evening's cooler light,  
Yet still no game appeared in sight ;  
And now the eve was almost done,  
Sank from the west the setting sun ;  
The night sent forth foretelling signs,  
Long, ghostly shadows' stretched out lines ;  
Despairingly the hunters looked,  
Then turned back homeward unrebuked,  
For, far before, the angry knight  
Was hastening with the waning light,  
Loth to return with polished spear  
Unbloodied with the life of deer ;  
Alone within that darksome glen,  
Forsaken by his dogs and men,  
He strained his eyes to catch, at least,  
One glimpse of moving bird or beast.  
At once he stopped ; his heart beat fast ;  
Success repaid his toil at last !

Like coming friends or lover's ghost,  
When least expected, welcome most.  
Regarding him with timid fear,  
Stood in his path the self-same deer!  
Quickly it sprang across the bank,  
To cover of the bushes rank.  
The hunter thought not of the night,  
Nor of his weary, saddened plight;  
He hears the game's impatient rush,  
Through tangled vines and crackling brush;  
The horse he could not safely ride,  
Dismounting, to a tree, he tied,  
And following with ardor keen,  
He plunges in the thicket green.  
Through hazel sprout and alder spray,  
He nimbly threads his awkward way;  
The branches rough his arms displace,  
Strike back in wrath against his face;  
His hands are scratched, his garments torn,  
Lost from his neck the hunting horn;  
The wild neigh of his tethered steed,  
Pursues him in his headlong speed,  
But hasting still, he keeps his way,  
Till twilight's folds shut in the day,  
When, turning back, his steps to trace,

He seeks in vain his starting place.  
Thick darkness gathers as a cloud,  
And wraps the woods in one dense shroud ;  
While in his path, like country clown,  
A will-o-wisp danced up and down.  
He calls aloud, and starts to hear  
An answering challenge, loud and clear ;  
From all the tangled hills about,  
Reëchoes back his own wild shout.  
Wild fears his will could not control,  
Arose within his troubled soul,  
And vague unrests of unknown harm,  
Were roused beneath their potent charm.  
But now he marks out in the night,  
The glimmer of a distant light,  
And hasting forward, soon he stood  
Before a castle in the wood,  
Whose iron gates and frowning wall,  
Shut in a tower, round and tall ;  
A deep-voiced dog within the gate,  
Growled welcome from his kennel grate ;  
The light that in the window shone,  
Was from the empty casement thrown,  
And savage voices bade him stand,  
Nor dare intrude on stranger's land.

“ A wearied traveler, faint and sore,  
Demands admittance at your door,  
A noble knight of honest fame,  
Who bears a true, untarnished name.”  
No answer came; the hunter swore,  
And loudly beat against the door,  
Still shouting loud above the din:  
“ Open your gates and let me in !”  
“ Now, nay ; now, nay ; thou stout, good knight,  
Our Lady mend thy cruel plight,  
In vain you beat, in vain you blow,  
These gates are closed to friend or foe,  
And at this door, despite your din,  
No living thing shall enter in.”  
The Baron tried the gates once more,  
And flung himself against the door ;  
But, from within, as from a crowd,  
Rang lusty laughter, long and loud.  
Anger lent him furious strength,  
He burst the fastenings, at length ;  
With fingers dripping with his gore,  
He broke the hinge that held the door,  
And with it fell upon the ground,  
Then staggering upward, stared around ;  
The cruel dog, it was not there,



The candle hung midway in air ;  
No savage men stood in the way,  
The round room glared as bright as day,  
And one pale lady stood alone,  
With shades of beauty round her thrown.  
Her form was draped with nicest care,  
In trailing garments, soft as air,  
Around her limbs the white folds lie,  
Like cloud-wreathed brightness in the sky ;  
Dark eyes in liquid luster smiled,  
From lids that veiled their blackness wild ;  
Long, yellow hair all brightly shone,  
Like flakes of sunlight round her thrown ;  
One rosehued hand, with fingers slim,  
Outstretched in kindly welcoming,  
Was softly waved toward a seat ;  
The other held a wild rose sweet ;  
The small, round feet that trod the floor,  
Were parted like a hoof before ;  
Two jet black antlers curved around,  
Were with her yellow tresses bound,  
In twisted wreaths upon her hair ;  
Strange head-dress for a lady fair !  
No sound she made, nor aught she spoke,  
No uttered words the silence broke,



But with her eyes she held him fast,  
And webs of rapture round him cast.  
An oaken table near her stood,  
Spread daintily with wholesome food.  
Scarce knowing why, he took his seat,  
And heartily began to eat.  
The lady, with her fingers fine,  
Held to his lips the blood-red wine,  
And tended softly on her guest,  
Whose thanks were only half-confessed.  
The supper ended, he would fain  
Have wended on his way again,  
But those strange eyes were on him bent,  
And all his courage from him went.  
Some cushions on the carpet spread,  
She moulded in a dainty bed,  
Then, with obeisance, left the room,  
Hung round with clouds of blackest gloom.  
The Baron sought in silence deep,  
His lowly couch and healthy sleep.  
But ere he slept, the golden wire,  
Of a softly-breathing lyre,  
In steel-clad notes and silver tones,  
Through the dark room trills and moans;  
These the words and this the air,

Woven in a measure fair :

“ Woe to him whose troubling feet  
Break the spell of my retreat ;  
Woe to him, whoe'er he be,  
Breaks my dungeon bars for me ;  
In the red wine's fiery breath,  
Lurks for him a cruel death ;  
In the greenwood shall he lie,  
On the bloody heather die !”

The Baron slept ; no other sound  
Disturbed the chain by slumber bound,  
Till morning stole into the room,  
And looped away the clouds of gloom.  
Around, surprised, the hunter gazed,  
With parted lips and eyes amazed ;  
The fairy scene the night had shown,  
Was from the ruined tower flown ;  
Black, broken walls around him stood ;  
No trace remained of wine or food ;  
Above his head there perched an owl,  
While eyeless bats and lizards foul,  
In slimy greenness crawled around,  
Across the walls and on the ground,  
Where many years had sprinkled dust,

And heaped the stain of mildewed rust.  
Thick cobwebs from the low eaves hung,  
In whose stout lacings dead bees swung ;  
Instead of bed, his stiff limbs pressed  
The rough lid of an empty chest ;  
The windows creaked upon their sills,  
The heavy door groaned on its thills ;  
The morning breeze bestirred the latch,  
The sun peered through the broken thatch.  
The Baron rose, but did not pray  
For blessings on the new-born day,  
Nor ask protection from his foes,  
But hasting, from the tower goes.  
An unseen hand the drawbridge drew,  
To speed his parting footsteps through ;  
His fresh-groomed horse, securely tied,  
Stood by a slender tree outside.  
The Baron mounts, flings free the rein,  
And canters down the grassy lane ;  
When reached the wood, he stared aghast,  
His fiery steed rushed on so fast,  
No force could stop, no hand could guide,  
Until it reached the river's side ;  
Where, by the water's level brink,  
A thirsty stag had stooped to drink.

The same! The same! that yesterday  
Had lured him from his path away.  
The hunter's blood leaped through his veins;  
Forgotten, all his woes and pains;  
He read within its flashing eyes,  
The baffled madness of surprise,  
Then drew his sword and thought to slay  
The proud beast, where it stood at bay.  
In vain, in vain, all, all in vain,  
He wields his blade and draws his rein;  
The horse that ne'er before had failed,  
Before the red deer's dark eyes quailed,  
And starting back with one fierce bound,  
Flung his bold rider to the ground,  
On a wild rose, blossoming sweet,  
Under the quick deer's glancing feet.  
The knight was brave, though wounded sore,  
And when the beast drew back to gore,  
One hand the polished antler grasped,  
The other round a tree was clasped;  
He writhed and struggled, but in vain,  
His life was robbed of all but pain;  
Those eyes! those eyes! he knew the glare,  
Shot quickly from their fringing hair!  
His stiffened hands relaxed their hold,

The fierce deer stamped the hunter bold,  
Then starting back with angry roar,  
Stooped down again in wrath to gore.  
Those smooth, sharp antlers, bent in pride,  
Were thrust deep in his shrinking side.  
His purple blood besmeared the heath,  
Deep groans were struggling through his teeth ;  
Harsh pain subdued the strong man's pride,  
And now he prayed, and now he cried,  
But tears and prayers are no avail,  
When uttered only in death's wail.  
The deer sprang quickly down the bank,  
And in the glassy river sank ;  
But ere the bubbles swam away,  
A fountain, draped with misty spray,  
From out the same wave-circled spot,  
Up in the light air swiftly shot ;  
Within its folds, as from a veil,  
Looked out a lady, pure and pale.  
The Baron knew those wicked eyes,  
Stern gleaming in a new disguise ;  
Their liquid glance of amber fire,  
Tuned her harp's low-speaking wire,  
And these sad words, all softly sung,  
On the air-bells lightly swung :

“ Woe to him whose heedless hands,  
Break my silent prison bands,  
Woe to him, and woe to all,  
Be they master, man, or thrall,  
Who invade my calm retreat,  
With the tread of human feet ;  
Woe to thee, oh, wretched one,  
Look thy last upon the sun.  
In the greenwood thou art lying,  
On the bloody heather dying !”

The hunter gazed, then backward sank,  
In helpless pain upon the bank ;  
The lady vanished in mid-air,  
Shaking sunbeams from her hair ;  
The sparkling fount and silvery spray,  
Adown the waters swam away,  
And weltering, lay upon the shore,  
A dead man in his own warm gore ;  
The Baron slept ; his last deep breath  
Had fluttered away in awe of death.

## SUNSET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE Evening comes ;—a priestess fair descended,  
From lineage of prophets true and old,  
But crowned to-night, a royal queen,—attended,  
By fabled horsemen with their spurs of gold,  
She, to the Sun-god's pillared throne repairs,  
On jasper pavements of the temped sky,  
Where cloud-winged spirits, on the crystal stairs,  
Ascend, descend and reascend on high ;  
On misty ropes the vapory figures rise,  
In stolen liveries of the summer time,  
Spinning, in yellow cordage of the purplish skies,  
Aerial ladders for the day to climb.



The crawling river, in its slimy bed,  
Unfolds its writhing coils, uprears its crest,  
Enchanted by the sunset's blaze of red,  
Reflected from its broad, glistening breast ;  
A shimmering cloud landscape, framed in pearl,  
Blue-lined, gold-tinged, fine-penciled, redly gleams  
Within the waters, as they twist and curl ;  
Below, the golden sun, inverted, seems  
A mine of chrysolite, an opal cave,  
Yawning from the watery deeps around,  
Where trident-bearer Neptune, from the wave,  
Invokes the nymphs of Iris, seven-crowned.

Oh ! dark, mysterious river, since the birth  
Of infant time, how many suns have risen,  
Since first thy muddy waves baptized the earth,  
Poured from Creation's fount a mantling chrism  
Of joy, health-giving, endless and sublime !  
How oft the grave physicians of the year,  
With fourfold hands have pressed thy pulses' chime ;  
Ice-bound—green-willow'd—sand strewn—frost-  
rimed, clear,  
Each changing season fairer the last !  
What ancient tomes, volumes of priceless cost,



Forgotten records of a mystic past,—  
Lie buried in thy depths, forever lost!

Father of waters! In thy wanderings free,  
What unknown people first beheld thy waves,  
In pristine grandeur journeying to the sea,  
Here, first encamped in leafy, grass-grown graves,  
And here, still slumber in their marly bed!

For them, History has no eloquent tongue,  
To keep alive their long-forgotten dead;  
Yet here, Tradition tells, when earth was young,  
There dwelt a race, who strewed thy forests wide,  
With arrowy relics of an age, before  
The bark canoes disturbed thy rippling tide,  
And painted Indians trod thy level shore.

When brave De Soto sought thy wooded banks,  
Wearied, discouraged, seeking but to save,  
His faithful followers' decreasing ranks,—  
Within his new-found world denied a grave,—  
Did the dead chieftain sink thy waters through,  
Upon thy gurgling waves no impress leave?  
Shone there, upon his clustered soldiers, few,  
As fair a sunset on his burial eve?

The same sun rose and set, as now, and yet  
What mournful stories could thy mute shores tell,  
Of effort unrewarded, how the great soul met,  
The solemn death-scene and the sad farewell!

Lost from these plains the winding war-path red;  
No war-cry through the arching wood resounds;  
The Indian mourns his desecrated dead,  
Burnt villages and rifled hunting-grounds;  
Fleeing far westward from the white man's gun,  
The rushing stream their fathers loved was crossed,  
With faces turned toward the setting sun,  
Last remnants of a mighty nation lost.  
Their unplumed warriors, sachems, where are they?  
The fallen sons of lofty-minded sires.  
Far from their native forests, they, to-day,  
On distant prairies build their council fires.

What scenes these lone shores witnessed when the  
band  
Of struggling colonists and pioneers,  
Inlaid the firm foundations of the land  
With brawny arms, in mingled hopes and fears;  
Day by day some great oak of the forest fell,  
Wild beasts and wilder Indians disappeared,

And labor,—like their steps,—directed well.

Their doubting hearts with brighter prospects  
cheered;

With steady strides they year by year advance,

Thy waters curdled in the splash of oars,

The settler's clearing marred the wide expanse,

And home-like cabins rose upon thy shores.

Their farms, of bearded wheat were yearly shorn,

And snowy cotton fields adorned the plain;

In green-plumed ranks the tasseled stalks of corn,

Stood idly guarding stores of juicy grain;

Gigantic steamers hurtled through thy wave,

Bearing the commerce of a fruitful clime;

The iron rails a heightened impulse gave,

And promised greater, of the coming time;

Fair cities rose upon thy willowy banks,

Where college spires and churches multiplied;

The forest line withdrew its broken ranks.

And grateful prayers arose at eventide.

Thy swelling hills re-echoed laugh and song;

A mighty nation flourished by thy waves,

Yet, with its growth, grew up a giant wrong,

That lined thy banks with wretched Negro slaves;

Their faint forms languished on thy cotton-plains,  
Their frequent tears bedewed thy mellow soil,  
Their blood befouled the earth with scarlet stains,  
And cursed the land made sacred by their toil.  
Long years of anguish heard their fruitless cries,  
Till,—full their cup of bitterness and woe,—  
The God of Battles spake from stormy skies,  
And bade their masters let his people go.

Then shook thy plains beneath the clanging tread  
Of hostile armies and contending States;  
Thy rush-rimmed islands, in their liquid bed,  
Grew armories to bar thy southern gates;  
From iron fleets war's lightnings flashed amain,  
And heavy gunboats, down thy rushing tide,  
Bedrenched, with noisy showers of leaden rain,  
Huge, land-built forts and cities fortified.  
Thy vales grew dark in fratricidal war,  
With crimson life-blood thy green banks were red,  
And tired soldiery, along thy shore,  
Scooped hurried graveyards for historic dead.

Murmur, oh, river, a deep psalm of praise!  
A Red Sea of deliverance thy waves became;

A faction seeking a strange flag to raise,  
Wrought out their country's glory and their  
shame ;

Their counselors have fallen on evil times ;  
For, madly striving with their mother-land,  
Their first-born's blood washed out their guilty  
crimes ;

Upon these banks no longer slaves shall stand ;  
The cloud that rose when old John Brown was  
hung,—

A hand-breath shape that o'er his scaffold stood,—  
Has closely, with its snow-white folds, o'erhung  
Thy stately oaks and groves of cottonwood.

Thrice consecrated river, widening to the sea !

With great arms stretching from the east and  
west !

Life-arteries of the nation beat in thee,

Mingling their clearer streams within thy breast,  
Entwining States, from lake to harbor-mouth,

Whose history, hopes and future all are one !

Through northern hills, and woodlands of the south,

May, while their endless course thy waters run,  
In ice-chains bound, or frosts or summer sands,—

No root of bitterness lodge in thy shores ;

But peace-fleets, piloted by friendly hands,  
    Within thy waves dip deep their silver oars.

Though now no spirit floats upon thy foam  
    Of bygone ages, and no trace remains,  
Of savage camping ground, or settler's home,  
    Or Spanish grave, or ancient battle-plain;  
The mystic sun-clouds of the eventime,  
    Bear, richly pictured on their burnished shields,  
More gorgeous visions of a fairer clime,  
    Than Spaniard's El Dorado, or Elysian fields,  
Whose peaceful streams admiring students laud;  
    There may we find, when life's long day is done,  
The Indian's Great Spirit and the White Man's God,  
    Behind the western gates, beyond the setting sun!

## LA BELLE RIVIERE.



LA BELLE RIVIERE, beautiful, free!  
Clasping the shores of a free, fair land,  
In shifting beds of her pebbled sand;  
Beautiful River, a song for thee!

La Belle Riviere, beautiful, bright;  
Looping and curling from head to mouth,  
Winding down from the North to the South;  
Resistless river, emblem of might!

La Belle Riviere, resistless, strong!  
Washing the rocks in thy billows loud,  
Loved by a great State, happy and proud;  
To La Belle Riviere, I sing my song!

La Belle Riviere, in years ago,  
Loving and loved stood the North and South,  
On either side from thy head to mouth,  
Loving and loved in the years ago.



La Belle Riviere, the war-drums came,  
Brazen and braying the war-notes forth;  
Hating and hated grew South and North,  
La Belle Riviere, I sing to their shame!

La Belle Riviere, the red blood flowed;  
The North and South, in their wrath apart,  
Two severed halves of the nation's heart,  
Hated and hating in war-heats glowed!

Terrible, fierce, the conflict proved,  
Till the prophet voice of a new-born year,  
Spake to the world in its peace-notes clear,  
La Belle Riviere, "The curse is removed!"

La Belle Riviere, the land grew bright,  
The red sun set on the laureled graves,  
Of Northern heroes and Southern braves,  
And uprose from the war-cloud's blight.

La Belle Riviere, ever like thee,  
Winding along through a thrice-saved land,  
In pebbled depths of her rocky strand,  
Beautiful river, the land is free!



La Belle Riviere, a message bear,  
To heart of the South from heart of the North;  
Sound in thy many-voiced waters forth,  
Glorious river, a message fair!

La Belle Riviere, though great wrongs live,  
The nation's heart is noble and great,  
And bravest word of a strong, true State,  
Is, to the penitent, "I forgive!"

La Belle Riviere, murmur the word,  
Fresh from the hearts of triumphant foes,  
Forgetting, forgiving their country's woes,  
Till, La Belle Riviere, its tones are heard,

La Belle Riviere, from river to sea,  
Winning the South from her laureled graves,  
By the proud, full sweep of thy rushing waves,  
Ever like La Belle, happy and free!

La Belle Riviere, free from all wrong,  
On thy downward tide shall the words go forth;  
With tears for the South and love for the North,  
To La Belle Riviere, I sing my song!

## WHAT DOEST THOU?



THUS to the Hebrew Prophet, Elijah, came the word  
of the Lord,  
In the day of miracles past, on Horeb, the mount of  
God:

“What doest thou?”

And Elijah said, I have been jealous for the Lord  
of Hosts,  
Israel has left thy covenant, thrown down thine  
altars, and slain  
Thy prophets old.

Only my life is left, and they seek my life to take it  
away;  
And the word of the Lord replied, Go forth and  
stand on the mount,  
Before the Lord.

A great and strong wind rent the mountain, brake  
in pieces the rocks,

Yet the Lord, though he sent the wind, was not in  
the whirling wind—

The Lord passed by.

After the wind an earthquake, but God was not in  
the earthquake—

After the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not  
in the fire—

The Lord passed by.

After the whirlwind, an earthquake, after the earth-  
quake a fire—

After the fire a still, small voice and God's voice  
spake in the voice:

“What doest thou?”

Is the day of miracles ended? surely the word of  
God,

Still, after the soul's storm-agonies, after affliction's  
fires,

After the rod,

Speaks, as to the Hebrew prophet on Horeb, the  
mount of God,

After whirlwind and earthquake, after the fire a  
still, small voice :

“ What doest thou ? ”

Does the strong hand of thy Master, heavily laid on  
thy heart,

Draw thee and lift thee up bodily over the clouds  
of woe,

Nearer to God ?

When thy weak spirit, repining, trembles and  
shrinks from the blow,

Dealt by the chastening Father who strikes not his  
children in wrath,

What doest thou ?

Mourning the tendrils of friendship and delicate  
vines of love,

Torn from thy clinging nature, withered and dead in  
thy lap,

What doest thou ?

When dark whirlwinds of passion sweep over thy  
heart-chords, and wake  
False notes and discordant, from the sensitive organ  
of life,

What doest thou?

Stricken and wailing in anguish, over the bright  
hopes riven,  
Awed by the earthquake that ruins the dearest of  
earth's fond dreams,

What doest thou?

When fires of affliction, scorching the tender life of  
the soul,  
Burning out, breaking and blackening, the heart-  
strings bound to the earth,

What doest thou?

If, covering thy face with thy mantle, thou kneelest  
in the dust,  
In silent humility, acknowledging the presence of  
God,

Thou doest well!

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



THE bells are pealing,  
    A Christmas glee,  
The snow is whirling,  
    In circles free;  
Out of the alley,  
    Adown the street,  
The wild wind rushes,  
    With flying feet;  
Over the city,  
    Beside the lake,  
The shivering trees,  
    Sad moanings make;

A piteous night,  
For houseless poor ;  
But over the storm,  
Shining and pure,  
Beaming tenderly,  
Glimmers afar,  
Through the drifting clouds,  
A pale, soft star.  
Gentle its gleaming,  
Constant its light,  
Silently calming  
The bitter night.  
On Bethlehem, once,  
The same star shone  
On shepherds watching  
Their flocks alone.  
Glad tidings of joy  
It brought to earth,  
Meekly foretelling  
A Saviour's birth.  
Oh ! glad bells, pealing  
A Christmas glee,  
Ring, in rejoicing,  
An anthem free ;

Louder, oh, storm-winds,  
Your harp-strings sweep,  
Night-angels, on earth,  
Their vigils keep.

As in ages past,  
The skies endure ;  
Lovingly, gently,  
Constant and pure ;  
The same star, telling  
A Saviour's birth,  
In love is beaming  
Still, on the earth.  
Oh, homeless brother,  
Its bright rays shine,  
Tenderly, softly,  
For thee and thine !  
Saddened, weak sisters,  
Weeping, forlorn,  
For you, in pity,  
A Son is born !  
Ring, bells, in gladness,  
Your Christmas glee,  
Proclaim the tidings,  
Oh ! song-winds free !



## THE STILL SMALL VOICE.



A CLOCK slow ticking on the parlor walls,  
Is heard nor heeded in the joyous room,  
When friend meets friend in noisy festal halls,  
Where music thrills and budding gas-jets bloom

But when the last departing guest has gone,  
And silence falls upon the waning night,  
Through the deserted chambers, till the dawn,  
It loudly speaks of time's unceasing flight.

Thus Conscience, in Heaven-appointed measure,  
Speaking in plainest language to the heart,  
Is heard unheeded in the halls of pleasure,  
Or gay pursuits of Luxury and Art.

Escaping from the noisy whirl and din,  
With our best natures to commune alone,  
Our spirit gaze is ever turned within,  
To scan the hours upon Truth's dial shown.

Conscience, Heaven-born monitor of ill,  
Forewarning, chiding in the lull of life,  
Then speaks in solemn wordings, small and still,  
Calming the heat of silent spirit-strife.

If all, its friendly warning did but heed,  
New light would dawn, and in its kindly beam,  
We, peace on earth, goodwill to men, would read,  
Written in deeds, of angels' tongues the theme.

LICENSED.



A SONG for a State:—

A Song of a Soul, of a soul that is lost,  
    Only the Soul of a Drunkard ;  
Whose is the reckoning, and who to blame,  
    For the tarnished name,  
    And the children's shame,  
And the lost, lost soul of the Drunkard ?  
    'Tis never too late,  
Never too early, nor late, I ween,  
The fault to hide or the guilt to screen,  
    Then never too late,  
To make amend, or the hand to lend,  
The table crumbs from your board to send,  
    To the poor who wait  
    Beside your gate,  
Looking for, longing for, lacking a friend.

## A Song of a Soul:—

A Song of a Life, of a life that was wrecked,  
     The life of a once fond husband,  
 In a wretched home, by a waning fire,  
     Sits there a sad wife,  
     Who, for the lost life,  
 Mournfully weeps, for he was her husband.  
     Alas! for the curse,  
 The dreadful curse, that blighted a life,  
 And brake the heart of a trusting wife;  
     The withering curse,  
 The dark, dark curse, that may blight a nation,  
 The one vile stain on the State's escutcheon!  
     Shuddering back  
     From the record black,  
 Oh, Statesmen, list to the dread narration.

## A withering sin:—

Oh, wise Lawgivers, bend from your pride—  
     Only a sin that is licensed;  
 In the stately halls of a goodly land,  
     Where her wise men stand,  
     By a Statesman's hand,  
 The sin with its curse was licensed.

## A License for Crime!

Whose is the folly and whose the sin,  
The guilt without and remorse within--

The withering crime,

That has set a price on the Drunkard's soul,  
And wrecked his life on a treacherous shoal—

A stated price,

But collected twice,

To repay the loss of the Drunkard's soul?

## A Song for a State :—

A Song for a free State, noble and great ;

Oh, sigh for a sin made legal,

Weep for a wrong that the laws uphold,

The pain and the crime and the shame untold,

The ruined fame,

And the children's shame,

The curse and the cross of a sin made legal.

Fathers and brothers,

Are your hands helpless to right the wrong,

The terrible wrong, that has cursed us long,

Though the sin is another's ?

Oh, Statesmen wise, in your stately halls,

The lost, lost soul of the Drunkard calls

From the realms of death,  
With a poisoned breath :  
“ Cursed is the foot that stumbles another’s !”

A Song of a Soul :—  
A Song of a Soul, of a soul that is lost,  
Tripped by our wise Lawgivers,  
A lost, lost soul, and a wasted life,  
A murderer’s knife,  
And a crushed, sad wife,  
Widowed and robbed by our wise Lawgivers.  
Innocent babes,  
Homeless and portionless, ragged and cold.  
Oh, the grief and the scorn and the shame untold !  
Fatherless babes,  
Where do the shame and the crime belong,  
Whose is the sin that has grown so strong ?  
Oh, Statesmen great,  
Of a brave, true State,  
In your Statute-books you will find the wrong !

## THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

### A SPRING SONG.

---

SPRING, beautiful Spring!

First-born daughter of Love and Light;  
Awake, oh, Spring! from your listless slumber,  
Hasten the Winter, whose frost-chains encumber,  
Laugh at the laggard's reluctant flight.

Spring, delicate Spring!

Airy green sister of youth and hope!  
Come, for the world waits, why do you linger?  
Follow the course of our beckoning finger,  
Over the mountain, adown the slope.

Spring, oh, Spring! oh, Spring!

In snow-tears melted the mountain sobs,  
The wild birds sing and the dewdrops listen,  
The bellflowers toll and the white waves glisten,  
Spring, Spring, the glad universe throbs.

Spring, oh, list! oh, list!

We call thee, Spring, from thy fairy land,  
We murmur our song-words, our harp-strings quiver,  
Tuned in a song for the beautiful giver,  
In tremulous touches of our right hand.

Spring, lingering Spring!

The tree-tops talk to the clouds above,  
The ring-doves coo, and the faint stars glimmer,  
The maidens blush and the stars burn dimmer,  
For Spring is the daughter of Love.

Spring, oh, Spring and Love!

The mountain its snow-tears ceases to weep,  
We woo thee, Spring, like a true-born lover,  
When maidens in modesty coyly cover,  
The rich red heart in their bosom deep.

Love, oh, Love and Spring!

We whisper in sorrow, we murmur in pain,  
We laugh out in gladness, we play with the willows,  
We curdle the cream of the foaming billows,  
We breathe in the night-time, we speak in the  
rain.



Breathe, oh, breathe, oh, breathe!  
Spring and Love, on the mountain and maids,  
The maidens in tenderness then will discover  
Their hearts to the gaze of a new-made lover,  
The mountain will smile on the smiling glades.

Love, oh, Love! oh, Love!  
Our thousand notes on the air we fling,  
Come, for the Spring comes; why do you linger?  
Come, for the world waits; follow the finger,  
The beckoning finger of Spring, fair Spring.

## THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

### A HARVEST HYMN.



GOD of all seasons! Angels cast  
Their crowns of glory at thy feet,  
And men who worship in like frame,  
Behold Thee in their ripening wheat;  
Their sheaves are eloquent to praise,  
Their yellowing corn-fields speak of Thee;  
They read Thy wisdom writ in flowers,  
Thy goodness in each orchard tree.

God of the Harvest! Thee we praise,  
Thine is the glory, man's the gift;  
Thine the praise and his the prayer,  
His the toil, by which to lift  
From the glad earth blessings fair.  
Flower and fruit and bud and sheaf,  
Are globes of meaning; half-wrought poems  
Lie dormant in each folded leaf.

God of the Summer! Mortals bend  
    In silent adoration low,  
Fruit and grain and blossoming tree,  
    At Thy first bidding gladly grow.  
We, too, Thy voiceful messengers,  
    Among the pines, on brook and hill,  
Would tune our harps, and strike the notes,  
    To do Thy will, to do Thy will.

God of the Harvest! Thee we thank,  
    That Thy voice thrills the tones of ours.  
'Tis Thy word lifts the grainlike dust,  
    And stirs the air in summer showers.  
We catch the leaves the trees let fall,  
    And haste each blossom's death and birth ;  
We list Thy whispers, speak Thy name,  
    And breathe Thy goodness on the earth

God of all seasons! God of love,  
    God ever-ruling over all,  
Our harp-strings thrill, our voices sweep  
    Earth's gamut in their rise and fall,  
They blend in full and solemn chant,  
    A low, sweet anthem, soft and free,  
An endless hymn, a hymn divine,  
    Our God, our God, to Thee, to Thee!

## THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

### ODE TO AUTUMN.



WEARILY, drearily,  
    Heeding our call,  
The leaves of the forest  
    Flutter and fall;  
They drop down in sadness,  
    They drop down in pain,  
Shivering, shrinking,  
    In the sleet-like rain.

Autumn, cold Autumn,  
    We come at your beck,  
Last glimpses of sunshine  
    The tall hills fleck;  
Our breath has grown louder  
    Our voice has grown strong,  
We follow the frost-trail,  
    And hymn our rough song.

We shriek and we whistle,  
We blast with our breath,  
We cut the blue air-clouds,  
Whispering "Death!"  
Fiercely, cruelly,  
Visit we earth,  
To mourn for the flowers,  
Dead from their birth.

Autumn, drear Autumn,  
We follow your call,  
Along our keen pathway,  
The bright leaves fall;  
Louder and stronger,  
Our rough voices grow,  
Soon to be tangled  
In mist-wreaths of snow.

Autumn, sad Autumn,  
Our dirge is of death;  
Funereal voices  
Temper our breath;  
We touch the shrill keynotes  
Of sorrow, that fall  
From life's broken harp-strings,  
God over all!

## THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

A WINTER IDYL.



CHARITY! Charity! follow us, Charity,  
    Into the by-lanes and up the wide street,  
We are heaping the snow on the widow's hovel,  
    And freezing her little ones' bare blue feet;  
Yet Charity! Charity! not is our mission,  
    A mission of cruelty, sadness, and woe;  
We pave the way for your steps to follow,  
    And point out the path that your feet should go.

Charity! Charity! list to our carnival;  
    Your own little ones are safe in their beds,  
Out in the alleys and under cold stairways,  
    Christ's own little ones pillow their heads;

He sends us, not on an errand unfriendly,  
To ask if Charity knows they are there ;  
Alas and alas ! if they shiver forsaken,  
In alley or by-street, wretched and bare !

Charity ! Charity ! hark to our calling,  
Your own hearths are glowing with anthracite  
coals,  
Think of the weary ones, homeless and fainting.  
The poor, freezing bodies, and weak, starved souls !  
We rattle your windows and call you to answer  
Oh, Charity, come, for the night is so cold !  
Hunger is wearing, and rags are unsuited  
For forms that are cast in Divinity's mould.

Charity ! Charity ! out in the highways,  
Crouch God's images vested in clay ;  
If you take them not in from the storm and the  
hunger,  
His angels will bear them in pity away.  
Save them and love them, feed them and clothe them,  
Give of your substance and lighten their pain,  
We will tell your deeds in the court of our Master,  
Who in threefold measure will pay you again.

Charity! Charity! we stamp in your doorway;

Our voices are harsh with long sighing in vain;  
Death is abroad in the cold of the Winter,

Neglect increases the list of his slain.

Charity! Charity! heed our loud calling;

We warn you, summon you, threaten and pray;  
Hark to our song, and respond its petition,

List to the words that the storm-winds say!

THE END.





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