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SONGS of the MONTHS

EFFIE WALLER

PUBLISHED BY BROADWAY
PUBLISHING COMPANY

835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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by

EFFIE WALLER

TO THE READER.

When stretching meadow-land
Was fresh and verdure-spanned,
By Summer's breezes fanned;
Beneath its spreading elms,
Far from the noisy town,
In thoughtful meditation there
I've often laid me down.

And o'er green-wooded hills,
Atune with wild-bird trills,
Mingling with prattling rills,
I've wandered oftentimes
Beside the rillet's edge,
Or sat me down to think and dream
On moss and fern-clad ledge.

Sometimes beside the river
Where alders quake and quiver,
Where pipe-reeds shake and shiver,
Beneath the sycamores
From care and labor free
Upon the lush green grass I've sat
In thoughtful reverie.

There musing oft at night
 When clear and soft the light
 Fell from the stars so bright,
 I've wandered solitary,
 When Nature seemed at ease,
 When soft and low the cooing gales
 Whispered among the trees.

I've sat 'neath orchard trees
 When sighed September's breeze,
 And heard the hum of bees,
 Busy at apple paring.
 And at the apple-kiln,
 Or feeding and relieving
 The pond'rous cider-mill.

When the birds had southward flown,
 When leaves fell gently down,
 Leaves yellow, red and brown
 When to a somber color
 Had changed the once green hedge.
 When spires of blood-red sumacs glowed
 Around the pasture's edge.

And when north winds did blow
 And heap the driving snow,
 While fires did brightly glow;
 Then oftentimes surrounded
 By narrow Litchen walls.
 And oftentimes 'mid cloister life
 And oft in classic halls.

v

Within my room sometimes
 I've sat me down to rhymes
 Æsthetic and sublime
 While on my desk were school books
 So careless piled and laid,
 The morrow's problems all unsolved,
 The history unread.

Amid such scenes and through
 Rude circumstances, too,
 These lines I give to you,
 Were written, and I hope they'll get
 Your criticism just;

And after reading of them
You'll feel repaid, I trust.

The Author.

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INTRODUCTION.

Modest worth, nobility of character, virtue, and truth, require no ornament, but themselves command admiration, whether the one who possesses them be of the most humble origin or of princely birth.

The writer of these lines sees such a person in the young author of this volume, whose origin was of the most humble, being Ethiopian, and whose parents were slaves.

The present writer is of Anglo-Saxon race, strongly imbued with Southern prejudices, and whose near relatives, the Elliotts of Eastern Kentucky, fought to keep the negro in subjection.

But time and the development of the colored race will surely appeal to the reason of the anti-Abolitionists and cause them to reflect that perhaps after all they may have been in error. Be that as it may, our intention is to discuss briefly the author and the merits of her book. Miss Waller is the daughter of poor, but highly respected colored people, has one brother and one sister who possess unusual mentality, and are numbered among the best teachers in the South. Miss Effie, the author of this book, as well as the others, had quite a struggle to acquire an education.

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Being the youngest, she was kept away from school during a great portion of each term, since the only colored school in this whole section was situated at Pikeville, several miles distant from her former home. But she pursued her studies with her mother's help, and

attended school as regularly as she could, and finally was able to obtain a teacher's certificate.

She then began to teach, taking the money she saved, and paying her expenses at the Colored State Normal School, at Frankfort, until she has obtained an excellent education, and she expects to still press forward until she has fully completed it.

Miss Waller's poems, as all who read them will observe, are possessed of much pathos and beauty, having an originality all their own. Who knows, that like Paul Lawrence Dunbar she may not one day surprise and delight her own race, and cause white critics to wonder at her genius.

She displays much rhythmic talent in the poem "In Memory of W. Hughs," a dead classmate, from which the following is taken:

"It was in the month of June, and the woods were all atune.
All atune with bird music sweet and rare;
And the flowers were all in bloom, shedding
forth their sweet, rich perfume
On the breezy atmosphere everywhere."

Then she touchingly refers to their meeting at that time, and of their future association, and the last stanza runs like this:

xvii

"Little thought I, friend of mine,
You'd be called so soon to shine
In that galaxy of diadems up there;
But it was our Father's will
And He speaks to-day: 'Be still!'
To my sad and sorrow-stricken heart down here."

The scholarly Rev. Peter Clay, a writer of great ability, and who knows our gifted little poet, a few years ago gave vent to his admiration in rhyme as follows:

TO EFFIE WALLER.

"Far up among the mountains,
Where rivers leave their fountains,
And happy birds send forth their merry thrills;
There dwells a little poet,
Though few there be who know it,
Whose voice is an echo from the hills.

"You may not like her station,
For she is not Caucasian,

Yet God with music touched the singer's heart;
And thoughts in liquid measure
Doth flow out like a treasure,
To charm us with the poet's mystic art."

In Miss Waller's verse there is that simply beautiful, lyrical quality, by which Keats and Burns charm and win all hearts.

A competent New York critic, Mr. S. G. Clow, says of Miss Waller's book:

xviii

"Here indeed are poems written close to nature's heart!

"Rarely have we seen such faithful, loving pictures, as within the covers of this charming book, of nature in all her moods and of simple homelike things, which steal us away from the city's din back to the country lanes and the old kitchen porch which we knew so long ago.... By this beautiful anthology Miss Waller has done credit and honor to her race. Like her gifted compatriot, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, she will do much to dissolve the foolish prejudice of color, and to prove that poetic genius is the heritage of their race as well as ours.

"A unique, a wonderful book! If you desire a breath of odorous country air fresh from the dear old Southland you must read it!"

Mary Elliott Flanery.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

TO MARY ELLIOTT FLANERY.

When looking down the vista
Of long-departed years,
Your eyes may for a moment
Perhaps be dimmed with
tears.

As a longing for the gone-by
days
Of youth fills up your breast;
A longing that cannot be
quenched,
Or wholly be suppressed.

A longing for the heights of
fame
You might have once

attained,
For the praise, applause and
glory
You might have sweetly
gained.

A longing to rise over
The sordid, struggling host;
But Fate had destined you,
my dear,
To fill a different post.

2

Though now you do not
longer yearn
For an illustr'ous name,
For the applause and praise
of men,
For fortune or for fame.
The high position which you
fill,
How few have understood;
Or known its sacred beauty--
Of wife and motherhood!

And what if household cares
may check
At times the genial flow
Of innate genius in your soul,
You still take time to sow
Seeds of true love and
kindnes
Wherever you may go.

3

**TO MRS. LOUISA
STEELE.
ON RECEIVING
SOME SEA-SHELLS.**

My sincere thanks to you,
dear friend,
For those pretty shells I send;
Tokens they are of friendship

true,
So kind and thoughtful 'twas
of you
To send those shells to me.
From where you're now, in
perfect ease,
Recovering at Los Angeles;
The needed strength and
vigor such
As you, dear, seek and crave
so much
I seem to-day to see!

I see you, when the tide goes
out,
Pursuing eagerly the route
That leads you to the sunny
beach
Of circling cove and bayland
reach,
Where the great foaming sea
Has lately thrown up with its
swell
Flowers, pebbles, moss and
shell;
There 'neath fair Callifornia's
skies
I see your beauty-loving eyes
With rapid scrutiny.

Selecting rainbowed
moonstones bright,
Pink shells and pebbles
smooth and white;

4

I see you watching, day by
day,
The ships which safe at
anchor lay,
With curiosity;
Looking upon the ocean
grand,
Tracking the white and
gist'ning sand,
Gazing with eager, keen
delight
After the soaring seagull's
flight
Above the raging sea.

Again my thanks for these,
dear friend,
To you with wishes true I
send,
That in that land of pleasant
clime,
Of never-ceasing
summer-time
And rarest scenery,
Wooded hills, with clustering
vine;
Sea-winds, flowers, fruit and
wine
Will give you back your
needed health--
Whose worth is more than
Fame or wealth--
'Mid Nature's greenery.

5

**TO MR. AND MRS.
G. E. STALEY.
ON THEIR WEDDING
DAY.**

Since cunning Cupid's mystic
darts
Have now united both your
hearts,
Accept my wishes, husband,
wife,
For a long and prosp'rous life;

As the months and seasons
fly,
And the years glide swiftly by,
But rehearsing with each
scene
What for ages past has been!

Keep the sunshine, then, I
pray,
Ever all along your way;
Be the weather rough or

drear,
There's the silver lining clear.

It will make your cares seem
lighter,
It will make your joys seem
brighter;
Keep it, let it ne'er depart,
Hold the sunshine in your
heart.

6

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

Oh, to wander at will in a
garden,
One of my grandmother's
day;
One that my grandmother
tended,
Where old-fashioned flowers
held sway!

Snowball and flowering
almond,
Zinnias gorgeous in dye;
Lilacs scented and purple
Which regal robes outvie;

Great silky, blood-red
poppies,
Phlox and sweet-william
galore;
Morning glories and holly
hocks justy
In those happy days of yore,

Blossomed profusely and
sweetly
In splendor and showy array,
But most of those old-time
beauties
Are not in favor to-day!

7

DAISIES.

Down on the hill on
grandfather's farm,
Down on the hill in the
sunshine warm,
Beautiful daisies, spotless
and bright,
Have expanded their petals,
so snowy white.

Oh, daisies, beautiful daisies,
Oh, daisies, in snowy array,
Sweet memories of my
childhood
You bring to me to-day.

Down on the hill, oh, daisies
white,
've gathered your blossoms in
childish delight;
Woven them into wreaths
and bouquets
In those happy bygone days.

Oh, daisies, beautiful daisies,
Oh, daisies, in snowy array,
Sweet memories of my
childhood
You bring to me to-day.

Were I a child again, happy
and gay,
Were I a child again, just for
to-day;
I'd be rollicking 'round in the
sunshine warm
Plucking the daisies on
grandfather's farm!

Oh, daisies, beautiful daisies,
Oh, daisies, in snowy array,
Sweet memories of my
childhood
You bring to me to-day.

WHEN DAISIES BLOOM.

Yon field is white with daisies
As we stand together here;
Sad good-byes fondly
breathing
Sweetheart mine and
sweetheart dear!
Striving hard (in soft appeal)
Love's emotions to conceal;
But when daisies bloom
again,
We will meet, my
sweetheart, then.

9

ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time, no matter
when,
I thought I'd be a rhymer;
A poet that the world would
praise,
No common jingle chimer!

I thought the praise of men
would give
Contentment, rest and peace,
And even riches, too, I
thought
And all my cares release.

And so with eagerness I
sought
The Muse in woodland
shades;
In sun and shadowed
checkered dells
And flower-scented glades.

I stood beside clear, limpid
streams,
And on the restless sea

I gazed, but ah, no Muse was
there,
Leastwise not there for me.

And so I wandered back
again,
Back to my own hearthstone;
By Muse of poesy unfired,
But by experience grown.

10

Not always the goal we climb
for
Is it possible to attain,
Not always the thing we wish
for
Are we able to obtain.

The heights that famous men
have reached
We all may hope to reach;
But often the striving for
them
Will a noble lesson teach.

We all were made for some
purpose,
For a noble purpose, too;
But deeds that the world
considers great
May not be ours to do.

Then let us ever strive to be
Contented with our state;
Nor think that our enjoyment
lies
Alone in being great.

11

**THOU WILT KEEP
THEM.**

Thou in perfect peace will
keep them,

They whose minds on thee
are stayed;
Though the evil one may
tempt them,
They shall still be unafraid.

Clouds may lower and
darkness gather,
Billows furiously may roll;
Need we trouble when our
Father
Speakest peace unto the
soul.

Peace without one ray of
terror,
Peace that comforts day by
day;
Peace that passeth
understanding,
May it keep our hearts always!

12

JANUARY.

Beneath the leaden skies
Old Mother Earth now lies
Wrapped in a cloud of white;
Trees once clothed in hosts
Of leaves, now stand like
ghosts:
Each one in snow bedight.

On the ice, smooth and
glassy,
The merry lad and lassie
Are skating to and fro;
Or down the steep hillside
With sleds they gaily glide
Over the smooth white snow.

The little snow-birds brown--
Feathered warblers of
renown--
So blithe and bright and gay;
Flit about merrily,

Twittering loud and cheerily
All the livelong day.

13

FEBRUARY.

Cold now is the breezes'
breath
Covered is the ground with
snow;
And in maple forests
Sugar campfires glow.

Like jewels from trees and
cliffs
Icicles hang a-glittering,
And the little snow-birds are
Merrily a-twittering.

Above the earth so brown
and cold,
And 'bove the snow so white,
The crocus now opens
Their golden petals bright.

Cold and windy February,
We're glad that you are here;
For you bring Valentine Day,
We love so well and dear.

14

MARCH.

Hail! gruff messenger of
Spring!
March so mad and blustering
With your howling winds that
blow
Into drift-heaps huge the
snow.

But when there come your
latter days
The sap in trees begins to

raise,
And far beneath the sleet and
snow
Flowers too begin to grow.

What care we for your sleet
and snow,
Or how your winds may rage
and blow?
For winter now is in its wane,
And 'twill soon be Spring
again.

Yes, the Spring is almost
here,
And the grass will soon
appear,
And the flowers will come
again
Beautifying hill and plain.

15

APRIL.

Beautiful April! sweet month
of the Spring!
Mirth, joy and sunshine with
thee thou dost bring;
Garlands of bright and
beautiful flowers,
Gentle, cool, pleasant,
refreshing showers,
And the budding woods with
bird-music ring.

The brooklet which so long
has been icebound
Now ripples a gentle, musical
sound;
From hillsides the snow has
melted away
Where the bluebird now
sings his roundelay,
And where violets and daisies
surround.

Blithe swallows flit and dart
through the barn;

Lithe lambkins play in the
sunshine warm;
Every creature and thing
seems glad and new;
The days they are growing
longer, too,
And seed-time again has
returned on the farm.

But April! O April! why are
you, dear,
So changeful, capricious, and
so queer?
Now you bring a hurried
shower of rain,
Next moment the sun is
shining again,--
First a smile, then a frown,
and next a tear.

16

MAY.

Beautiful Queen of all the
Twelve,
Sweet and bounteous May!
Earth, air and water teem
with life,
All nature is glad and gay.

The Earth in verdure now is
clothed,
Apple trees are in bloom;
On the woodland air the
violet,
Sends forth its sweet
perfume.

Among the blooming elders
where
The brook and streamlet
flow,
There pout the dainty blue
flags and
Shy night primroses grow.

Down in the green, grassy
meadow,

A-blooming side by side,
Cowslips and gaudy
dandelions
Nod with coquettish pride.

The ever busy honey bees
Make honey hour by hour;
And sipping sweets the
butterflies
Fly 'round from flower to
flower.

'Neath the trees the blue
sweet-williams
Are blooming on the hill,
Where late at eve when day
is done
Sings the plaintive
whippo'will.

17

JUNE.

Sunny, balmy June is here,
Crowned with scented roses
bright,
Growing and blooming
everywhere,--
Oh! what a pretty sight!

Back from the South the birds
have come,
Their last year's nests to
repair;
And here to have their
summer home,
And again their young to
rear.

Out in the long, wide
meadow lot,
Where the bee
honey-hunting goes,
A mower, with his
sun-browned face,
The scented clover mows.

And, vieing with the
black-birds' lay,
The farmer boy at morn
Whistles a love-tune, sweet
and gay,
As he plows out the dew-wet
corn.

Many things thou bringest,
June,
Many pleasantries and joys:
Vacation days are coming
soon,
For all school-girls and boys.

18

JULY.

Long and hot days go by,
Fleecy clouds float through
the sky;
And anon a gentle breeze
Softly sighs among the trees,
In July.

Corn is tasseled and "laid by;"
Daisies blossoming waist
high;
Haying time is almost past;
Berries ripen thick and fast,
In July.

And merry birdies soar and
fly
Filling the air with melody;
Poppies are aflame with red
In the flower-garden bed,
In July.

19

AUGUST.

No breezes stir the foliage

Of tree or plant;
Only at early morning
The birds sweet music chant.

Near noontide's heat, the
lazy cows
Stand in the brook
knee-deep,
With drowsy and half-shut
eyes,
Cud-chewing, half asleep.

Boys underneath some
spreading tree,
In some cool and shady nook,
Are idly fishing all day long,
By some lilled pond or brook.

20

SEPTEMBER.

Summer days an-ending,
Autumn coming on;
Trees with fruit a-bending
In orchard and in lawn.

Apples, soft and mellow,
In the sun to dry,
Pumpkins, striped and
yellow,
Rip'ning in cornfield lie.

The bushy hawthorn's haws
Shine crimson in the wood;
Plentiful are paw-paws,
Luscious, sweet and good.

The shiny milk-weeds now
Unfold their silken hair,
Which flutters white as snow
In the balmy air.

The tall iron-weeds
In their purple glory nod;
On hill-side and in meadow
Blooms the golden-rod.

21

Vacation days are o'er,
With all their fun and noise;
Back at school for useful lore
Are the boys and girls.

Cloudless ever in the sky;
Hazy day and dewy night;
So September passes by,
A month of sweet delight.

22

OCTOBER.

Softly, lightly, leaves flutter
down,
Crimson, scarlet, gold and
brown;
Fluttering and whirling
through the air,
Leaving the branches brown
and bare.

Frosty now the mornings
grow;
In hedges are sumac berries, I
know;
The golden-rod with modest
pride
Still beautifies the dusty
road-side.

Apples are gathered and
stored away
In th' apple-house for a
winter day
Potatoes are out and in the
cellar,
With the pumpkins bright
and yellow.

Now the katydids are calling,
And the nuts are ripe and
falling;

Wood-grapes all are ripe and
blue,
And persimmons rip'ning too.

And in the stubble field land
Brown and withered shocks
of corn stand,
Where crickets chirrup loud
and clear,
Telling us that winter's near.

23

NOVEMBER.

Rainy November is here,
So melancholy and drear;
Saddest month of all the
year.

Ceased is all the harvest din,
For the crops are gathered in
Barn and cellar, crib and bin.

Shorter too the days have
grown;
The feathered songsters all
have flown
To a warmer, milder zone.

In the woodland dells and on
Hill-side, meadow, field and
lawn,
Flowers have withered, all,
and gone.

Naked too the trees appear,
Meadow-land is brown and
sere.
Old and faded is the year.

24

DECEMBER.

Winter now has fully come

With its heavy frost and
snow;
Frozen over is the brooklet,
Ceased now is its rippling
flow.

All the pretty little flowers
That went to sleep so long
ago,
Are snugly covered over
With the pretty, shielding
snow.

But the outside is forgot,
By the cheerful hearth-fire's
light,
Where merry games are
going on
'Mong the group so gay and
bright.

Snowy, icy, cold December,
Oh, how much we love you,
dear,
For you bring dear Christmas
with you,
Merriest day of all the year.

25

MUSINGS ON THE OLD YEAR.

Another year has rolled away,
Forever past,
Forever gone;
Oh! how fast
Time moves on,
Speeding, speeding ever
away.

Oh, how, oh, how, have I
spent all
The bygone year?
Alas! have I
Caused one tear
From the eye
Of some loving friend to fall?

Would to-day I could recall
All of the past
Wrongs I have done
In the last
Year that's gone,
And from memory's page blot
out them all.

26

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Beautiful snow, so pure and
white,
Dancing through the air you
go;
Falling so gently, softly and
light
From th' clouds above to the
earth below.

Beautiful snow, so pure and
white,
Th' crowning beauty of
winter cold;
Falling both by day and by
night,
Falling on mountain-top and
wold.

Beautiful snow, so pure and
white,
Falling gently on vale and
dell;
Cov'ring the cottage of the
poor,
And the mansion of the rich
as well.

Beautiful snow, so pure and
white,
Falling on things both high
and low;
Hiding the fallen leaves out of
sight,
While o'er the brown tree
you thickly blow.

Beautiful snow, white and
pure,
Oh, how I love to see you fall!
Oh, I am certain, yes, I am
sure,
Nothing's as pretty as snow
at all.

Lord! make my heart as pure
and white
As the snow when it falls
from above;
Fill me with Thy truth and
light
And sweet, beautiful faith
and love.

27

A SIGN OF SPRING.

As I was walking in mid
March
By a flowing brooklet's side,
Half hid in the brown dead
leaves
One little blossom I spied.

There was snow upon the
ground,
And some ice was in the
brook;
But this flower was blooming
sweetly
In an icy, shaded nook.

And there was not, no, there
was not,
Anywhere else to be seen
Another blossom, not even
One single sprig of fresh
green.

Well, I'll tell you, for I'm
thinking
That you really want to know
What flower it was, that
struggled

'Gainst wintry sleet and
snow.

'Twas just an hepatica,
Faintly tinged with pink,
And I'm going to tell about it,
Just exactly what I think;

28

That it must have clean
forgotten
That the weather was so
cold,
Ere its little velvet petals
It shyly tried to unfold.

Or perhaps it bloomed on
purpose
To tell me Spring was near;
And it may be,--yes, I'm
certain--
Early Spring's already here!

29

SPRING AGAIN.

Spring, with all her splendor,
With all her merry train,
Her birds, her flowers, her
sunshine,
Has returned to us again.

On lowly, sloping valleys
The plowman turns the sod;
Th'dogwood, white with
blossoms, gleams
Beside the golden-rod.

Th' sheep and cattle,
peaceful,
On hill-side pastures stray,
Where spring the dandelions.
And buttercups so gay.

Th' martins, back from
Southland
Have nested near the door;
The song of happy bluebirds
Now rings the forest o'er.

30

EASTER. TO SISTER.

Oh, joyful, glad Easter
morning,
When Jesus arose from the
tomb!
Whose radiant light and
beauty
Dispelled the darkness and
gloom.

The ugly and brown bulb-lily,
Which with care we buried
last fall,
In the fertile soil of our
door-yard,
Does the Resurrection recall.

We buried it, full believing
'Twould appear again in the
spring,
With green leaves and
snow-white blossoms--
A lovely and beautiful thing.

So, with equal faith, our dear
ones
In the cold ground we lay
away;
We think that they, like the
lily,
Will appear again some day.

The promise to Martha
given,--
"Thy brother shall rise
again,"--
Is ours, and firmly we grasp
it,

Steadfastly hope, nor
complain.

31

When our near and dear and
loved ones
We bury from sight away,
We hope, we know, they
shall rise again
On the Resurrection Day.

32

EASTER LILIES.

O, lovely Easter lilies
Perfumed with fragrance
rare;
O, lilies pure and spotless,
O, lilies sweet and fair!

O, splendid Easter lilies,
What is your mission, say?
What message do you bring
me
On this glad Easter day?

O, pretty, snow-white lilies,
This Easter morn you bring
A message from my Saviour,
A message from my King.

O, perfect Easter lilies,
A lesson unto me
You've taught, this Easter
morning,
Of spotless purity!

33

DECORATION DAY.

Scatter flowers o'er the

graves
Where sleep our dear and
honored braves;
Bring those emblems of love
to-day,
Flowers, so pure, beautiful
and gay:
Scatter them, scatter them
o'er.

Strew them lovingly over all,
Caring not on which ones
they fall;
On the grave of the
hero-lover,
Husband, father, son and
brother:
Strew them lovingly o'er.

And cover them carefully over,
Cover the grass and running
clover;
Cut down the briars and
weeds that are there.
And cover their graves with
blossoms fair:
Cover them carefully o'er.

Lay them gently o'er,
bouquet and wreath,
Think of the heroes lying
beneath;
Some who bravely fought
and fell,
Nobly dying by bullet and
shell:
Lay them gently o'er.

34

Tenderly o'er their ashes,
dear,
Place blossoms, and moisten
them with a tear;
Naught our love for those
brave shall blight,
Who died for freedom,
peace and right:--
Place them tenderly o'er.

Shower them over, freely
shower,

Beautiful, bright-colored
flowers;
While the loved old "red,
white and blue,"
Floats o'er our living veterans
few:
Shower them freely o'er.

Heap them o'er, lavishly heap
Violets, pinks and pansies
deep;
Roses redder than sunset's
glow,
And lilies pure and white as
snow:
Heap them lavishly o'er.

Yes, where our heroes
dreamless sleep,
And 'bove them clover and
myrtle creep;
Bring those emblems of love
to-day,
Flowers so pure, pretty and
gay;
Scatter them, scatter them
o'er.

35

THE SWORD IN ITS SCABBARD.

The sword is sheathed in its
scabbard,
The muskets are stacked
away;
The cannons are silent and
rusted,
And going to decay.

Our battle-field deserted,
Where Spring rains gently
fall,
We hear no more the

drum-beat,
Nor bugles sum'ning call.

The grass is growing verdant,
Over the many graves
Of heroes brave, who fought
to free
The toiling, suff'ring slaves.

How many, oh, how many,
Enlisted in the strife!
Youths into manhood
budding,
And men in the prime of life.

Youths whose noble
ambitions
And hopes were laid aside;
All for love of their country,
For which many bled and
died.

36

Men who left behind them
Wives and children, and all
That were near and dear and
precious,
And went at their country's
call.

God bless our dear dead
soldiers!
God bless the living ones,
too;
Our nation will ever honor
And cherish such heroes true.

37

MEMORIAL DAY.

They are not dead! They are
not dead!
Those soldiers true and
brave;

The heroes who suffered,
fought and bled,
Our country dear to save.

Their names are in the Book
of Life
Their battles all are o'er;
All their heart-burnings, pains
and strifes
Have ceased forevermore.

They all are living now above,
Tho' their ashes here may be;
And inspire us still with
fervent love
For home and liberty.

They all are living, and they
see,
(Tho' invisible are they)
Our country prosperous and
free,
On this Memorial Day.

38

BERRYING TIME.

Heigh-ho! for the fields and
meadows,
And the walls and hedges
high,
Where in plenty grow the
berries
That ripen in July.

See the little boys and little
girls,
Full of noise and fun;
With broad-brimmed straw
hats and bonnets
To shade them from the sun.

Merry, happy, gay and
cheerful,
With bucket, cups and pails,
They are trudging over

hill-sides,
And through the grassy dales;

And by old walls and hedges,
Along the hot road-side,
In hollows near th' forest's
edge,
And 'cross the pastures wide;

By old, deserted cabins,
And by the water-mill,
They go in search of berries,
Their cups and pails to fill.

39

God bless the happy children,
Now they are coming back,--
All their pails and buckets
laden
With berries sweet and black.

Then heigh-ho! for the fields
and meadows,
And the walls and hedges
high,
Where in plenty grow the
berries,
That ripen in July.

40

AN AUGUST SUNSET.

With what a glory in the west
Sinks the golden sun to rest!
Sinks he from our sight away,
Sinks he at the close of day.

Oh, what colors beautify
The refulgent western sky,
'Cross which streaks of
purple, red,

Pink and amethyst are
spread.

Adown the mountain-slopes,
pure streams
Of lovely, golden sun-light
gleams,
And shines so bright, and
sparkles and
Dances so beautiful and
grand.

In yon crystal pond,
reminding me
Of that heavenly, glassy sea,
Mingled with fire, lovely,
sublime,
Of which I've read from time
to time.

So doth the great sun sink
away
Calmly at the close of day,
In splendor which by far
outvies
That splendor showing at its
rise.

As calm, as lovely and serene
Is one whose life has useful
been;
More beautiful in its closing
hour
Than in the first flush of its
power.

41

A GOOD-BYE.

It was only three days ago,
I sadly said good-bye
To all my pretty flowers, and
wept
To think that they must die.

To my beautiful tea-rose
Which by my window stood;

Which then was full of
blossoms
And tender shoots and bud.

And to my scarlet-flowering
sage,
And petunias red and white,
My zinnias and my dahlias,
And yellow 'sturtiums bright.

I said good-bye with
tear-dimmed eyes,
For were not these the
flowers
Which to me had been
comrades
Through by-gone summer
hours?

My lovely loved
chrysanthemums,
(My pride and my delight)
Which bloomed along my
garden path
In colors gay and bright.

42

And my purple cosmos, lately
bloomed,
Tho' not loved any less
Than those that bloomed all
summer long
In constant loveliness.

And yet I said good-bye to all,
For winter hastens fast,
And I knew full well their
beauty
Could not forever last.

43

NUTTING-TIME.

When the nights have

lengthened,
And the days have shorter
grown;
When the birds have flown
southward
To a milder, warmer zone;

When the nights and
mornings have
Grown frosty, sharp and cold;
When leaves have changed
their color
From green to red and gold;

When apple trees are
burdened
With delicious apples bright;
When the crescent harvest
moon
Shines all through the night,

Then to hunt and gather nuts,
What fun and what delight!
And store them away to eat
By winter fires bright.

Hickory nuts and walnuts,
Hazelnuts and chestnuts
brown;
Butternuts and chinquapins,
Listen at 'em patter down!

44

Now and then a squirrel
Who thinks perhaps he isn't
seen,
Frisks quickly o'er the ground,
With quiet, cautious mien.

Quickly but quietly he gets
His nuts in innocence;
Then goes a-frisking up the
hill,
Far by the old rail fence.

As if to say, with impudence:
"If you can, catch me!"
Then disappears among the

trees,
In triumph and in glee.

45

INDIAN SUMMER.

Ere winter puts his icy mantle
on,
Well trimmed with ice and
snow;
For a little season we enjoy
The loveliness of Indian
Summer glow.

Oh! What a lovely season 'tis,
When the sunlight shines
dimly through
The almost naked woods!
When the air is hot and hazy,
and when
Gentle zephyrs softly blow,
Reminding us of by-gone
summer hours.

O, lovely Indian Summer, we
Would fain enjoy your season
longer,
Ere the cold and dark and
somber days
Of winter come.

46

A THANKSGIVING.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for
the crops
Of white and golden grain,
Which now are safely
gathered in
From winter's sleet and rain!

And for the fruits and for the

foods
In cellars stored away;
We thank Thee now, dear
blessed Lord,
On this Thanksgiving Day!

Not only for the crops this
year
(So bounteous and free)
Of grain and fruit so
plenteous
Do we give thanks to Thee;

But for the many gifts which
Thou
Hast on us all bestowed;
Each day, each hour and all
the time,
We thank Thee, blessed Lord!

47

CHRISTMAS WISHES. TO A FRIEND.

Many Christmas wishes,
friend,
To you on this day I send;
First, I wish your home to be
Filled with cheerfulness and
glee;
May your fireside snug be
bright
With that gentle, radiant
light,
That beautified that holy
night
In Bethlehem of yore.

And may gentle love, serene,
Be your law and be your
queen;
And may peace and
happiness
You and yours forever bless;
And social mirth and gayety,
And all the pleasures that
there be
On earth,--I wish them all to

thee.
And thine forevermore!

Many welcome gifts, dear
friend,
I hope your friends to you
may send;
But one gift I hope that thou
Hast possessed long ere now.
That, the gift of love divine,
Fair to-day I hope shall shine
Brighter over thee and thine
Than e'er it did before.

48

THE HILLS.

He is not destitute of lore,--
Far, far from it is he,--
Who doth the mighty hills
adore,
And love them reverently.

Methinks they who make
their abode
On plain and valley wide
Are not so near to heaven
and God
As those who by hills abide.

Tho' sweet your city life may
be,
Yet sweeter, sweeter still
Is my quiet country life to
me,
By vale and lofty hill.

Far from the city's strife and
care
I live a life obscure;
I breathe the sweet
health-giving air
And drink the water pure.

The rugged, rocky peaks I
climb,
Which bold and peerless

stand,
Majestic, mighty, huge,
sublime,
So beautiful and grand!

49

The wondrous works of God I
view
In every dell and nook;
And daily learn some lesson
new,
From Nature's open book.

Here calm and wooded glens
afford
The noblest, purest kind
Of inspiration for the bard's
Dreamy and gifted mind.

And here is music never still,
Not tiresome, weird or dull;
And here are scenes for
artist's eye,
Lovely and beautiful.

How oft their grandeur I've
admired
As 'neath them I have stood;
And it was they that me
inspired
To love the pure and good.

How sweet among their vales
to roam,
And view their summits high;
Here may I ever have a home,
Here may I live and die!

50

THE LONE GRAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

(* Bull Mountain.
Floyd County,
Kentucky.

Upon a dreary mountain top
Where pine trees dismal
moan,
There is a solitary grave
With briars and weeds
o'ergrown.

They say a soldier fills that
grave,
Who bravely fought and died
For rights and liberties
On the Confed'rate side.

But little does it matter now,
Can't we forgive his fault?
And the faults of his fellow
soldiers
As we stand by his wooded
vault?

No name is on the rough pine
slab
Which marks the lonely spot;
His name is not forgot.
But in some far-off Southern
home

No loving friends nor kindred
Have wept here by his grave,
Or planted flowers tender
Over his bosom to wave.

51

They know not where he
reposes,
They cannot find him to-day;
They just know that he died
in battle,
From home and friends far
away.

So let us to-day bring flowers,
And tenderly strew above
The dust of the sleeping
soldier
These tokens of our love!

52

TO W.A.

There's not a breeze that
passes
But it seems to bring to me
Some tender, looked-for
tidings,
Some message, love, from
thee.

There's not a bird that
singeth
From wall or bush or tree,
From roof of vine-wreathed
balcony
But singeth, love, of thee.

There's not a flower that
blossoms,
But your kindly, pensive face,
With loving eyes and heart
love
On its painted leaves I trace.

There's not a stream that
murmurs
Through wood or grassy lea,
Down mountain side or
hollow
But will murmur, love, of
thee.

In all of Nature's beauties,
Whatever they may be;
Where'er they are, it matters
not,
I see and hear of thee!

**HOISTING THE FLAG.
Sept. 22, 1898.**

We hoisted the beautiful,
beautiful flag,
Our country's flag so bright
and gay,
Over our little log
schoolhouse to-day.

For the love which we had for
our country,
Our country so grand and
free;
We hoisted the beautiful flag
to-day,
Our emblem of liberty.

We thought, as we looked
upon it,
How oft o'er the battle plain
It had waved victoriously
Above the thousands slain.

And we thought of the many
thousands
Of patriots and braves
Who fought and fell beneath
it,
Now lying low in their graves.

'Tis no wonder then that we
love it,
Our beautiful flag so bright,
With its crimson stripes and
azure field,
And its stars so pure and
white.

May the crimson stripes
remind us,
Over and over again,
Of the blood of heroic
patriots,

Which was spilled on the
battle plain!

The beautiful white, the
stainless white,
Means peace and purity;
And may our lives, like the
white of the flag,
Pure, fleckless, and stainless
be.

And as we look at the blue of
our flag,
So like the fair blue skies;
We think of faith and fidelity,
Which 'twas made to
symbolize.

May we ever love our
country's flag,
With its beautiful colors
three,
And the glorious Nation it
represents,
United, proud, and free.

So here's three cheers! All
together!
For our flag, the best in the
world,
As it waves above our
schoolhouse
With its silken folds unfurled!

55

THE WAGON RIDE. A REAL HAPPENING.

It was on a visit they came,
Four girls from town, (I'll not
tell any name)
Out in the country for a
merry "spell,"
But how they came, I'm not
going to tell.

And when the day they'd
almost spent,
Then all their thoughts were
homeward bent;
So Sis and I decided to go
And take them "almost"
home, you know.

We first proposed to ride
horseback,
Then next into a wagon pack;
And to this last we all agreed,
And piled in the wagon grass
and weed
To sit on; then we all got in,
And our rough, jolly ride did
begin.

Yes, 'twas a jolly
wagon-ride,--
None were there but just girls
inside
The rough, old jolty
wagon-bed,
Just six young girls, as I have
said!

56

Humpty, bumpty, o'er stones
we drove,
And anon through a shady
grove
Then up the mountain's steep
ascent,
Past farm-houses old and
quaint.

Thus we merrily jogged
along,
Eating apples, and full of
songs;
Guessing what our
sweethearts would say
If they should meet us upon
the way.

Telling jokes and poking fun,
For every one was
frolicsome--
'Twas thus we whiled the

time away,
And we had a merry ride that
day.

57

THE FARMER'S BOY.

He's up at daybreak in the
morning,
In his uncouth working frock;
Out in the barnyard, blithe
and gay,
Busily feeding the stock.

He plants and hoes and plows
out the corn,
And he reaps the golden
wheat;
And he rakes and stacks the
scented hay
In the scorching summer
heat.

He harvests the corn in the
Autumn,
And gathers the apples good
From the tall, old trees in the
orchard,
And he chops the winter's
wood.

He hunts the squirrel, rabbit
and fox
In the morning bright and
soon;
And he hunts the 'coon and
the 'possum
By the gentle light of the
moon.

He milks the cows, he fishes
and skates,
He is full of fun and noise;
He goes to school; he courts
the girls,

And romps with the other
boys.

58

His life is as sweet and gay as
can be,
As wild as the daisies fair,
As care-free as bluebird's in
summer,
And wholesome as mountain
air.

59

EVENING AMONG THE CUMBERLANDS.

Among the rocky
Cumberlands
A summer day is ending;
Th' woodman now with ax on
arm
His homeward way is
wending.

The sun is hid from sight, but
leaves
A pleasant afterglow
On western hills, and
quietude
And peace are reigning now.

And from the woodland
pasture
The cattle slowly roam;
I hear the jingle of their bells
Now on their journey home.

The robin gay has caroled
His sweet and good-night lay;
And with his mate has gone
to sleep,
Until another day.

The whippo'will so plaintive

His night song has begun,
And everywhere's the music
Of insects' ceaseless hum.

60

And now and then the
night-hawk
With scream so loud and
shrill,-
I hear him on some distant
peak,
When all things else are still.

So calmly and so peacefully,
Just in this charm-full way,
Among the rocky
Cumberlands
Closes a summer day.

61

HOLLYHOCKS.

J. S.

To-day as I sit by my window
With an unread book in my
hand,
My hollyhocks close by the
lattice
Are beautiful and grand.

I think of an old-time garden,
No other flowers were there,
Except the hollyhocks
growing
Without tending, thought or
care.

They were masses of bloom
in summer,
So beautiful and so high,
And swayed and nodded
coily
To all the passers-by.

The house that stood in that
garden--
Its keeper is dead and gone!--
But around it still in summer
time
The hollyhocks bloom on.

62

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

'Twas after the battle of
Gettysburg,
Closing slowly was the day,
As we were tenderly bearing
The dead and wounded
away.

On the outskirts of the
battle-field
Was the scene pathetic to
see;
'Twas a soldier dead, seated
on the ground
With his back against a tree.

In his hand he held some
object
His eyes on it fixed steadfast,
--
An object that must have
been dear to him,
That his eyes had looked on
last.

As we drew nearer to him we
noticed
'Twas a picture, that was all.
A picture of two sweet
children,
Two children pretty and
small.

Man tho' I was, and knowing
well
What the trials of a soldier
are,

And used to carnage and
bloodshed
Through those many years of
war;

63

The sight of that man who
had feasted
His eyes on his little dears
While his eyes were dimmed
in the death-haze,
To my softened eyes brought
tears.

In our throats we felt lumps
gathering
(There were six of us in the
crowd),
And mist was coming before
our sight
As we stood with heads low
bowed.

And I thought, as I stood and
saw him,
Of my far-off Northern home,
Where a loving wife watched
for me,
And a baby boy alone.

So we stood and looked at
the soldier,
With the picture gripped in
his hand,
And instinctively each other's
thoughts
We seemed to understand.

We dug a grave for the hero
And calmly we laid him to
rest,
With the picture of the
children
Laid lovingly on his breast.

A sad and touching scene it
was,
We spoke not a single word;
No mournful beat of muffled

drum,
No musket shot was heard.

And by his lonely pillow
I inscribed upon the tree
Where we'd found him:
"Somebody's Father,
July 3, '63."

64

WASHINGTON.

Great and loved and
rev'renced patriot
Of unstained and immortal
fame,
What grateful memories fill
our minds
At just the mention of thy
name!

How justly the "Father of his
Country,"
Thou'rt called, thou friend of
liberty!
Full of dauntless and fearless
courage,
Unswerving, faithful loyalty.

Thou wast one of the few,
great Washington,
Who dearly loved thy
fellow-men.
Thou lived and labored, and
bravely fought
For the freedom we'll ne'er
be denied again.

As a fair, unblemished and
spotless gem,
Thy name on earth will ever
shine;
And true honor, love and
reverence,

And fame shall evermore be
thine.

65

THE 'POSSUM HUNT. A TRUE INCIDENT.

Did I ever 'possum hunt?
Yes, not very long ago;
And did I catch a 'possum?
Just wait and you shall know!

Six little boys gathered
In a group at school one day,
Were talking very earnestly,
And I overheard them say:

"Now wouldn't it be funny,
And it wouldn't be impolite,
If we could get our teacher
To 'possum hunt to-night?"

I'd never 'possum hunted,
But I thought 'twould be real
delight,
So with them I agreed to go
A-hunting, that very night.

Pawpaws then were ripe and
good,
And plentiful as well;
And I'd always heard that
'possums
Liked them exceeding well.

66

And knowing this we hit
upon,
As we thought, a splendid
plan
To take some pawpaws,
which we thought
Would be lots better than

Any dog; and so we did.

It was a lovely night;
Everything was calm and still
The moon shone clear and
bright.

We went about twelve
miles--or more--
I'm fully satisfied;
Over hills, down rocky creeks,
And by the river-side.

But long before we reached
our homes
The sky was overspread
With dark and threatening
rain-clouds:
And faster home we sped.

And then, to make the
darkness worse,
Our very feeble light
Went out, yet we (though
tired and scared)
Kept on with all our might.

We had thrown away the
pawpaws
Of which we had a stock;
And we reached our homes
in the morning,
At half past three o'clock,

Hungry, tired and sleepy,
With bedrabbled shoes and
dress;
But did we catch a 'possum?
I will leave you that to guess!

67

THE "EVENING STAR." TO MOTHER.

When behind the rugged

mountains
The golden sun has gone,
When daylight's splendor
fadeth,
When twilight stealeth on;

I take my seat out on the
porch,
Where happy children are,
And wistfully and sadly view
The shining "Evening Star."

Tho' the children seem so
happy,
So frolicsome and gay,
As on the porch's threshold
And banisters they play;

Yet my heart grows sad and
lonely,
And tears will fill my eye
As I look out at the "Evening
star,"
And think of days gone by.

A little white-washed
farmhouse
Comes this evening to my
mind,
Around whose narrow,
simple porch,
The morning-glories twined.

68

How often on that tiny porch
I've seated been, with one
I loved so well, at evening,
When the day's work was
done.

Yes, there we'd sit together
In the twilight gray,
And view with admiration
The "Evening star's" bright
ray.

Oh! that little, narrow,
vine-wreathed porch!
I can shut my eyes, and see

Where I have sat so often,
My mother dear with me.

How, oh how, I'd love this
evening
To sit with you, mother, dear,
As I used to on that little
porch,
And watch the "Evening
star."

(The above poem was
written during a fit of
homesickness while
teaching a district
school away from
home.)

69

COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

I gazed on a beautiful picture
That adorned my friend's
rude wall,
Not after Michael Angelo's
painting,
Nor Titian,--not at all.

A sketch from some humble
artist,
A bit of landscape view,
Of lovely rural scenery,--
Perhaps you have seen it,
too.

The scene was not
uncommon,
'Twas neither ancient nor
rare,
The colorings were not
gorgeous,

Though penciled with every
care.

It told the old, old story,
Of "love's young happy
dream,"
The artist's favorite study,
And the poet's fav'rite
theme.

With cap pushed back from
his forehead,
A handsome youth, slim and
tall,
In a broad pasture field is
leaning
Over a well's high wall.

70

A neighboring girl stands by
him,
Modest, shy and sweet;
Underneath her short
petticoat, showing
A pair of pretty, bare feet.

The cows from the trough
that are drinking,
And the blue-bird just above,
Were all that heard what
these two said,
Thrilled with young dreams
of love.

71

RAIN IN THE NIGHT.

Rain in the night is falling
Softly and gently down,
Pattering on the shingles
Of the farmhouse old and
brown.

And tho' I cannot see it,

Nor feel its crystal drops,
Yet I hear its constant music
Upon the old housetop.

Pitter, patter, patter, pit!
How melodious its sound,
As it trickles from the
eave-sides
And splashes on the ground.

But a feeling so sad, so
dreary,
Which I cannot explain,
Comes o'er me when, at
night, I hear
The pattering of the rain.

72

AT THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

As to-day I sit and muse
O'er the dreamy past,
In my memory comes a scene
Of December last.

How well do I remember
The mountains huge and tall,
That stood on both the sides
and rear
Of the school house quaint
and small.

'Twas the last day of the
term--
The teacher was my brother,
And among the crowd that
day
There still was another.

Who comes so vividly just
now
In my fond recollection,
Who had my warmest
friendship and
My dearest, best affection.

Ah! well do I remember,
Nor shall I soon forget,
His jetty curls and lovely
eyes,
The first day that we met.

73

Many of the ones I saw,
Only last December,
At the closing of the school,
I cannot now remember.

But there is one, yes, there is
one,
Do what I may, go where I
will,
His lovely eyes and jetty curls
Will haunt in my memory
still.

74

SMILE AND SPEAK KINDLY.

Smile and speak kindly, dear
brother,
Oh! how much there is in a
smile,
And a word kindly said to
another!--
Then smile and speak kindly
to all.

To the poor smile and speak
kindly,
And think it not a disgrace;
A cheery good eve, or good
morning,
May bring a smile to their
face.

Some heart whose love
chords are broken,

Which your harsh words once
thrilled with pain,
A smile and a word kindly
spoken,
May win back their friendship
again!

75

BRIDAL BLOSSOMS.

M. M.

Standing by the bridegroom's
side,
With a sweet and modest
pride,
See the fair and blushing
bride.

In her curly hazel hair,
And on her bosom, does she
wear
Snowy blossoms sweet and
fair.

Oh, so wondrous pure and
white,
Soft and lovely as the light
Of a summer morning bright!

Lovely blossoms, yet not gay,
Oh, what is their meaning,
say?
Emblems sweet, of what, are
they?

Why does blushing bride
to-night
In the gentle, soft lamp-light,
Wear those pretty blossoms
white?

Snow-white bridal blossoms,
you
Have a meaning sure and
true,
Which till now I never knew.

76

Are you not the emblem of
Pure and sweet and perfect
love,
Likened unto that above?

Lovely bride, as pure and fair
As those blossoms which you
wear
In your curly hazel hair.

As the days and years go by
Still I pray, oh, still defy
All that taints thy purity.

77

DESPONDENCY.

What hast thou done that
makes thee despondent?
Why so downhearted and
sad?
Life is too short to be wasted
in weeping,
Why not be cheerful and
glad?

Don't stand out in the
darkness despairing,
When there is plenty of light;
"Every cloud has a silver
lining,"
Look on the side that's
bright!

Don't think because the day's
dark and dreary,
And constantly falls the rain,
And because the sun is not
now shining,
That it ne'er will shine again.

78

**SAFE AT HOME.
IN MEMORY OF
MRS. MINNIE
KENDRICK.**

Dead! How can I say
That word of such an one
As Minnie was; whose
influence
Still lives tho' she is gone;
Yes, she is dead; but only
passed
From death to endless life;
Passed away from earthly
things,
Away from its sin and strife,
Away from its sorrow and
pain,
Away from its toil and care,
Only passed from earth to
heaven,
To that home "over there."
Over there, now happy
With Jesus' blessed own,
On that shining, golden
shore,
Minnie is safe at home.

She had such childish purity,
And such sweet womanly
grace;
O, how we miss her
presence,
Her beautiful, smiling face.
To every good cause she was
An ever faithful friend.
Ready always unto the poor
A helping hand to lend;

79

Ready to give a cheery
Comforting word to the sad,
Ready to help bear their
burdens,
Ready to make them glad.
Tho' we see her no more on
earth

Where she was loved and
known,
Oh, the sweet and full
assurance,
To know she is safe at home.

Safe at home with Jesus now,
Minnie, we know you are,
Where nothing that is sinful
Your happiness can mar;
Living and enjoying
That never-ending rest
That remains alone to the
people of God,
The sanctified and blest.
And such you were, dear
Minnie,
Before you went away
To that shining, golden shore
Of everlasting day;
Where you are waiting and
watching
For your friends and kindred
to come,
To ever, ever be with you
Safe in that beautiful home.

80

BRING THEM BACK.

How many are out of the fold
to-day
How many have gone from
Jesus away,
O, how many have wandered
astray,
Out of the straight and
narrow array,
Foll'wer of Jesus, bring them
back
To the straight and narrow
track.

Tenderly beckon and gently
entreat,
Poor wanderers back to the

Master's feet,
And tell them He will not
repentance spurn,
Tell them He's anxious for
their return,
Sweetly tell them to come
back
To the straight and narrow
track.

Tell them to kneel at the
cross and pray,
Tell them He will not cast
them away;
Tell them He wants them for
Him to live,
Tell them He'll all their
back-slidings forgive
If they only will come back
To the straight and narrow
track.

O, child of God, go and bring
them in
From the rough, hard, stony
path of sin,
Bring them out of the rain
and cold,
Bring them into the Master's
warm fold;
Foll'wer of Jesus, bring them
back
To the straight and narrow
track.

81

IN THY SECRET PLACE.

He that dwelleth in the
secret place of the Most
High, shall abide under
the shadow of the
Almighty.--Psa. 91;1.

In Thy secret place, Most
High,
Let us ever dwell;

Guarded by Thy watchful eye,
All shall e'er be well.

For when dwelling there, we
know
That we shall abide
Underneath Thy wing's great
shade,
Safely by Thy side.

With Thy wings then cover us
They shall keep us warm,
And the weather chill and
drear
Never can us harm.

Yea, when comes the raging
storm,
Keep us still with Thee;
Round us put Thy mighty
arms,
And we safe shall be.

82

**THE PREACHER'S
WIFE.
DEDICATED TO THE
WIVES OF THE
ITINERANT
PREACHERS OF THE
M. E. CHURCH.**

God bless his wife, the
preacher's wife,
Wherever she may be;
A cheerful joy, a comfort and
A blessing, all is she.

Whether from humble
cottage, or
From mansion great and
grand,
Where ease and luxury she
left
To travel o'er the land,

With him, her Christlike
husband,
Who doth labor for the
cause,
And faithfully doth bear aloft
The banner of the Cross.

In village and in town is he,
And on the hill and plain,
Through forests vast, through
swollen streams,
He goes in sun and rain.

Oft persecuted, oft despised,
His fare is rough and hard,
But God he seeks to please,
not man,
In God is his reward.

83

And tho' it may not be the lot
Of her, the preacher's wife,
To mingle as her husband
does
In ruder ways of life,

But hers it is to visit and
Cherish the sick and weak;
And nurse them in affliction's
hour
And words of comfort speak.

And other's burdens nobly
bear,
The sorrowing hearts to
soothe,
And with affection's loving
hand
The dying pillows smooth;

And in the Sabbath school
repeat
The story's oft been told;
And lovingly and gently lead
The lambs to Jesus's fold.

What tho' her life may trials
have,
Her pathway checkered be,

Will not a golden crown of
life
Be giv'n to such as she?

Far, far away from
childhood's home,
'Mongst other scenes and
skies,
These pure and unfamed
women live,
And for their Master die.

All over our dear land to-day
Are graves where rest their
dust;
With their work done they
dreamless wait,
The Rising of the just.

84

CLOSER TO THEE.

Closer, closer would I be
Drawn to Jesus, day by day,
Closer drawn to Him, and
further
Drawn from sin and self
away.
Closer, closer would I be,
Drawn, O Blessed One, to
Thee!

Closer, closer would I be,
Closer to the Crucified,
Closer to the blood-stained
Cross,
Closer to His bleeding side.
Closer, closer would I be,
Closer, closer, Lord, to Thee!

Closer, closer, closer, Jesus,
Draw me closer, closer still,
I am trusting, fully trusting,
For I know Thou canst and
will.

Closer, closer unto Thee,
Blessed Jesus, let me be!

85

**IN MEMORY
OF REV. JESSE BALL,
WHO ENTERED THE
HEAVENLY LIFE
SEPT. 6, 1898.**

When from the shining
parapets
Of mighty Heaven above
God sent the reaping angel,
Not in anger, but in love,

He said, "I send thee now to
earth,
Go to yon little town,
And there a soul you'll find
whose fruit
Is ripe and bending down.

"Go tell him I've no further
need
For him to stay below;
His work is done, I need him
here,
Go now, right quickly go!"

Yea, straightway from the
shining gate,
The reaping angel went,
And came to earth, and there
he reaped
That soul for which his
Master'd sent.

Dear friend, we miss you, oh,
how much
We miss your gentle voice,
Whose words were always
soft and sweet,
And made our hearts rejoice.

86

Poor you were in this world's
goods,
No mansion grand you had;
Your food was always scant
and poor,
And your body meanly clad.

Tho' old in years, and frail in
health,
You had grown while here,
dear friend,
Yet as a faithful man of God,
Your duty you did to the end.

87

SHINING FOR JESUS.

Brother, do you shine for
Jesus,
Is your life a life of light;
Always radiant and brilliant,
Ever shining clear and bright?

Say, oh, brother, are you
shining,
Any time and anywhere,
Every day and every night,
Always shining bright and
clear?

Do others see your light, dear
brother,
And the good work that you
do,
And are they constrained,
dear brother,
To glorify your Father, too?

Does your blessed light, dear
brother,
Ever grow the least bit dim,
Or your love and faith and
patience,
Ever any less in Him?

**FOUR-LEAFED
CLOVER.
IN MEMORY OF MY
AUNT, APRIL 21,
1898.**

A cherished four-leafed
clover
Lies between
The leaves of my Holy Bible,
Just as green,

As when dear auntie plucked
it
From the side
Of the garden gravel walk,
Long and wide.

It was early Autumn, and the
Nights were chill,
And the corn had
commenced rip'ning
On the hill.

And the leaves to change
their color
Did begin;
For one more gay and showy
Than the green.

While taking a walk at
evening
Auntie found
This pretty four-leafed clover
On the ground.

She had walked there oft
before,
So had I,
But had passed it quite
unseen
Unnoticed by.

But now she stooped and
plucked it
From the mass
Of tangled, faded weeds and
Withered grass.

And in handing me the clover
Said to take
Them and press them in my
Bible
For her sake.

'Twas the last walk here
below
That she took;
And how well I still
remember
Her fond look,

On that early Autumn
evening,
Which she gave
To me, from eyes, so sunken
And so grave;

Her thin emaciated
Hands so pale,
And her slow and trembling
Step so frail;

And her cough so hollow
Told too well
That ere long she fair must
bid us
All farewell.

90

Many, many days and
months have
Passed away,
Passed away and left no
traces
Since that day

Auntie went to live with
Jesus,

Upon high,
Where no sickness ever
ent'reth
Nor any die.

But where every pain and
grief
Is all o'er
And where all are glad and
cheerful
Evermore.

Now each day as I do read
My Holy Book,
Of the last walk I am thinking
Auntie took;

And, then saddened, half
unconscious,
Drop a tear
On this clover which has lain
More'n a year,

Pressed between my Bible
leaves
With such care,
And to me so very precious,
Lies it there.

91

SHALL WE KNOW OUR DEAR AND LOVED ONES?

Shall we know our dear and
loved ones
Who before ourselves have
gone
To that fair Celestial City,
They whose work on earth is
done?

Shall we meet them there in
Heaven,

Friends to us so near and
dear,
Shall we greet them and
caress them,
As we did when they were
here?

Shall, oh, shall we in their
company
Walk the shining streets of
gold,
And behold the city's
beauties,
Whose half never's yet been
told?

Yes, we'll know our dear and
loved ones,
When to Heaven's streets we
go,
And we'll know as we are
known,
For the Bible tells us so.

Oh, the wondrous bliss of
going,
To that shining golden shore,
Where our near and dear and
loved ones,
We shall know forevermore.

92

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Which sailed from our own
loved coasts away,
On a sunny February day,
Bedecked with "Old Glory"
bright and gay.

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Remember the two hundred
and sixty men
Who left on our dear beloved

Maine,
And never did return again.

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Remember the many sad
good-byes,
Remember the many
weeping eyes,
Remember the many
heartaches and sighs.

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Remember the widows now
left alone,
Remember the orphans, too,
without home,
Remember the mother bereft
of her son,

93

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Remember that sad
memorial day,
When 'neath the waves of
Havana bay
With loved ones aboard she
sank away.

Americans, patriotic and true,
"Remember the Maine!"
Remember haughty,
heartless and hateful Spain,
Whose treacherous trick
caused such endless pain,
Who caused the loss of our
dearly loved Maine.

94

THE CUBAN CAUSE.

What was it caused our
nation

To take up arms 'gainst
stubborn Spain?
Was it to only conquer her
That she might praise and
glory gain?

Or was it territorial greed,
That she might richer be?
Or was it beneficial
To her on land or sea?

Oh, no, not these, not these
at all
Did ever cause this war;
For it was something nobler
And holier by far.

It was for suffering Cuba,
'Twas for her liberty
To save her from the Spanish
yoke
Of awful cruelty.

Who then would dare to say:
"Don't go,"
To relatives or friends,
"And fight for rights and
freedom
'Till Cuba's suffering ends."

95

RETURN OF OUR SOLDIER BOYS--1899.

They are coming home,
they're coming,
Our soldier boys they are;
They're being mustered out
of service,
They are coming from the
war.

Husband, father, son and
brother,
Sweetheart and friend so
dear,

All are coming and we'll give
them
A hearty, welcome cheer.

Some are coming from the
camp grounds
In the sunny Southland fair,
Some from Cuba, some from
Porto,
And the Philippines afar.

With what true love and
what courage
They enlisted in the strife;
And the freedom of the
Cubans
Counted dearer than their
lives.

And all through the bloody
struggle
They did not "forget the
Maine,"
Till they freed the isle of Cuba
From the tyrant-yoke of
Spain.

96

But now the war is over
And they're coming home
again,
Each one proud he's been a
soldier,
And has helped to conquer
Spain.

Tho' some may look pale and
sickly,
And the number fewer be,
Because the graves are
thicker
In Cuba, 'cross the sea,

Yet we'll welcome them more
warmly,
Our boys so grand and true,
As they come marching home
again
In their uniforms of blue.

DECORATION DAY--1899.

I went to the cemetery
to-day,
And saw the little girls in
white
Gently strew the soldiers'
graves
With beautiful flowers bright.

I saw old veterans there,
Old veterans they were,
Who had fought in the early
sixties,
'Neath the red, the white and
blue.

And to-day I saw them
marching--
Those veterans old and gray--
To the music of fife and
drum,
'Round the mounds where
dead comrades lay.

Of those "comrades" some
had fought
And fell at Malvern Hill,
At Bull Run and at Antietam,
And some at Chancellorsville,

And others had fallen at
Gettysburg--
But what does it matter, say,
Whether they died in battle,
In the thickest of the fray;

Or whether they died of fever
In hospital tents, alone,
Or after the war was over,

Surrounded by friends at
home?

They were soldiers and we
honor them,
For they did their duty as well
As any of their brave
comrades
Who on the battlefield fell.

I saw to-day young soldiers,
So very young were some
They did not carry a rifle--
But carried instead a drum.

Yet noble-hearted and brave,
And heroic soldiers they are,
They are heroes who enlisted
In the Spanish-American War.

They were there to do honor
and homage
To their dear, dead
comrades, who lay
Peacefully, quietly sleeping
Beneath new-made mounds
of clay.

Their bodies were borne from
the battlefields,
Of El Caney and San Juan Hill,
Santiago and La Quasima,
Where they for their country
fell.

We honor the dear, dead
heroes
Of the four years' Civil War,
It was a holy, righteous
cause,
They fought so bravely for.

99

And we honor those dear,
dead heroes,
Who fought 'gainst stubborn
Spain,

To free the starving Cubans
From slavery's bitter chain.

And to-day we strew with
flowers their graves,
The old ones and the new;
For they're all our heroes,
and they fought
'Neath the old "red, white
and blue."

100

TO-----.

With memory's eyes I see
to-day
That bygone day of long ago,
When side by side and hand
in hand,
And hearts with ardent love
aglow,

We strolled adown that
country road,
And felt the gentle evening
breeze,
And listened while the
blue-birds sang
Among the wayside beechen
trees;

Beneath whose shade awhile
we sat
Where vi'lets white and
vi'lets blue
(Emblems so pure of
modesty)
In wild profusion sweetly
grew.

Close by those beeches was a
spring
At which you would not let
me stoop
To drink from it, but for me

made
Of wahoo leaves a dainty
cup.

Life was then to us a joyous
psalm,
A glad, sweet, happy lay:
But somehow things have
changed since then:
We're far apart to-day!

101

"ONLY A DRUNKARD."

"Only a drunkard!" said my
friend,
As piteous glances I cast
At a bestial form by the
roadside,
While onward we slowly
passed.

"Only a drunkard!" yes, 'twas
true,
Only a drunkard was he;
A pitiable burlesque of all
that God
Had created him to be.

His breath came hard and
guttural,
And his reddened eyes were
closed;
From between his lips
besmeared with dust
Slime poison slowly oozed.

What heaven-born impulse
shall ever light
Those eyes with rapture and
love,
And teach those slobbering
lips to sing
Te Deums with power from
above?

And shall lift that soul on
wings of fire
To worship at heaven's
shrine;
Shall make him a messenger
of God,
Holy, Christ-like and divine?

102

And say, has this poor,
beastly drunkard
A mother, a sister or wife,
Who have grieved, and still
are grieving
Over his sad and ruined life?

Say, do the tear-filled
wife-eyes,--
Sad eyes in which the light
Of hope has long been faded
away,--
Do they watch for him
to-night?

Ah, yes, there are always
eyes to watch,
And hearts to suffer always;
Always some woman's tender
heart
To love him from day to day.

For as long as time and sin
shall last,
While pride to shame is akin,
So long shall woman go with
man,
In his revels of shame and sin.

And with her own slender
hands shall lift
His head from the miry clay;
On her own frail shoulders
his burden
Of weakness and misery lay.

Perhaps that face, now so
sodden,
In the bygone days of old
Once peopled her maiden

hours with joy,
With fancies and dreams
untold.

That fallen head had a kingly
poise,
Those eyes now bleared and
red
Once looked love to her
love-bright eyes,--
But alas, those days have
fled!

103

There was a time when those
drooping lips
Kissed her lips, her cheek, her
brow,
Kind words they were only
wont to speak,
But oaths and curses now.

There once were days when
those hands, those arms,
(But those days are gone, are
dead)
Caressed the delicate form of
her,--
Now they give her blows
instead.

"Only a drunkard" to-night he
lays,
A lost ideal he is,
A sad, a wasted, a blighted
life,
And a ruined home is his.

O, the heartaches and the
failures
She suffers every day!
O, the awful shame and
misery
Hid from the world away!

O, woman, divine and heroic,
So like the ivy vine,
Whose slender tendrils

caressful
'Round the fallen oak
entwine.

104

FUTURE DAYS.

With eager eyes I fondly gaze
Into the dim and future days,
Wondering what's in store for
me
In those days that are to be.

What new fields of work shall
I
Enter in the by and by?
What new lessons learn, and
how?
This I wish I knew just now.

Shall I new friends ever meet
In those days, and fondly
greet?
Will they prove as kind and
true
As those friends that once I
knew?

How will look the dear old
home
In the days that are to come;
Will it be as dear always
To me as it is to-day?

Shall I ever miss the faces,
Miss the loving, kind
embraces
Of my father and my mother,
Of my sister and my brother?

Well, those days we cannot
know!
And it is best He wills it so;
Enough it is for our ken

What now is and what has
been.

105

**THE
CORN-HUSKING.
NOVEMBER, 1898.**

'Twas a week before
Thanksgiving,
The days were very brief;
The woods were almost
naked,
Save here and there a leaf
Of somber hue was clinging
still
To a tiny, pliant bough,
Which mild October's gentle
winds
Had failed it off to blow.

No flowers shed their
fragrance
On the smoky atmosphere,
For the frost had nipped their
beauty,
And left them dead and sere.
And no little feathered
songsters
Warbled forth their happy
lay,
For with the first light
snow-fall,
To the South they flew away.

But on that day of memory
Of Indian Summer weather,
Within the wide, old shed we
sat,
My love and I together,
With others, husking out the
pile
Of Indian corn so bright
And yellow. How we worked
that day,
From early morn 'till night.

106

Some talked awhile about the
corn,
Talked of its size and weight;
How the drought had injured
the early,
And the rain had ruined the
late.
Some talked of preachers,
and also
How few preached in Jesus'
name,
Tho' many preached for
money,
And many preached for fame.

Some disputed over politics;
Some talked of education;
Of men and women teachers
From high and lowly station;
Some were too vain and
noisy,
And some too shy and grave,
Some's manners were too
shrinking,
And some were far too brave.

But mostly all, both young
and old,
Talked of the war with Spain;
Of how our gallant soldier
boys
Had avenged the sunken
Maine.
And how Dewey, gallant
Dewey!
Had at break of day in May
Surprised the Dons, and
routed
Them from Manila Bay.

And how Lieutenant Hobson
Performed his daring feat
When he sank the Merrimac,
And stayed Cervera's fleet.
And how, at Santiago hill,
The Spanish boys did hustle
When our boys cut the
barbed wire fence,
And captured Morro Castle.

107

Well, of course we had a
dinner,
And a sumptuous one at that;
Such as god or epicure
Would fain have feasted at:
Although it wasn't cooked or
fixed,
In any new-fangled way,
But cooked by good
old-fashioned cooks
In the good old-fashioned
way.

But why need I talk so long
and much
Of such a common thing
As a corn-husking which,
each Autumn,
Just thousands of them bring.
Where the huskers all with
friendly chat,
With stories grave and gay,
With frolic, riddle and with
song
While the merry time away.

108

AFTER THE STORM.

Long ere the sparkling
raindrops
Ceased dripping to the
ground
From all the water-laden
trees,
With soft and gentle sound;

The sun in golden splendor
Shone brightly unawares,
And seemed to turn these

raindrops all
To myriads of stars,

All scintillant with radiance,
Like Hermon's lavish dews,
Moment'rily displaying
The rainbow's varied hues.

The birds all fast awakening
From silent lethargy,
Now trill and warble sweet
and clear,
Their songs o'er wood and
lea.

The tinkling of bells is heard,
As sheep and cattle come
From the hastily-sought
shelter
Before the coming storm;

109

And wander now about at
will
The hill-side pastures over,
Nibbling drooping daisies
And luscious grass and clover.

The little, silvery brooklet
Of just an hour ago,
Is roaring and foaming
Like a furious, maddened foe.

Now leaping over fallen
trees,
The summer's greenness
wearing,
Fence-rails and other débris,
o'er
Its restless bosom bearing.

Yon monstrous, smouldering
oak,
The growth of many a year;
Among the forest trees it
stood
In size without a peer.

Its branches proudly reared

aloft,
But, by one blighting stroke
From heaven, now lies rent in
twain,
A fallen though mighty oak.

Far out in deluged
bottom-land
Are numerous shocks of oat,
Of wheat, of rye, of barley,
and
Just finished haystacks float.

Yon field once gay and
beautiful,
In waving tasseled maize,
Of which the neighboring
farmers
Spoke in their envious praise,

110

Is now a mass of tangled
stalks,
Of wealth and beauty shorn;
Its once bright, streaming
banners
To shredded ribbons torn.

And here and there the
chopping
Of ax is plainly heard,
Then a dull thud, as fallen
trees
And limbs away are cleared.

Someone's heard driving
cattle,
Then hammering away,--
Telling the tale of fences
Laid low, and swept away.

But now the sky is clear and
gray;
The moon is shining bright,
Bathing the watery, soggy
world
In silvery rays of light.

The creek has ceased its
murmurs,
All things are calm and still,
Save the frog's sharp
croaking,
Or a cry from
"whip-poor-will."

Nature calm, in all her
beauty,
Mockingly smileth on
The devastation she hath
wrought,
Which cannot be undone.

111

MAPLE LEAVES IN AUTUMN.

Of all the many leaves that
change
Their color in the fall,
The scarlet of the maple
Is fairest of them all.

The gold of beech and
chestnut
Looks commonplace and dull
When placed beside the
maple,—though
Alone they're beautiful.

E'en the beauty of the oak's
leaves,
By the maples' seem to pale,
Like a weed before the
beauty
Of a "lily of the vale."

O, splendid, gaudy maple
leaves!
When fields are bare and
brown,
The hazy days of Autumn

with
A scarlet wreath you crown.

112

AUTUMN BEAUTIES.

From stubble field, woodland
and meadow.
And roadside I gathered
to-day
A basket heaped full of fall
beauties:
Lovely gems of Nature are
they.

There are golden-rods, which
are so golden
You'd think they are sure
enough gold:
I found them close by the
roadside,
On cliff and on brown barren
wold.

There are asters of royal
purple,
With eyes of a bright yellow
hue:
And gentians I found by the
brook-side,
Delicate, dainty and blue.

Golden-rods, asters and
gentians,
Prolongers of summer are ye;
And to gladden the dull days
of autumn,
Nothing could lovelier be.

113

THE OLD MILL-POND.

It is evening, quiet evening,

As I sit before the blaze
Of the hickory fire glowing,
Musing o'er my childhood
days.

Memory, intrusive goddess,
Gently waves her magic wand
Across my eyes, and I can see
The old, the old mill-pond.

I am dreaming it is summer,
I am near my father's home,
I am a happy child again;
O'er the mill-pond's banks I
roam.

O'er its banks with grasses
covered,
Where shines the sunlight
bright,
My checkered apron filling
With blossoms milky white.

Now 'tis summer, and I'm
fishing,
Not for trout, but finny perch;
Or for mussel shells and
pebbles
O'er the sandy bar I search.

114

Or with feet bared, I am
wading
Knee-deep in the mill-pond
cool;
My mind free from annoying
Thoughts of work and books
and school.

Autumn: and I'm at the
mill-pond;
Fishing on its banks I stand,
Or I'm building tiny castles
On the moist and yellow
sand.

Now 'tis winter; still the
mill-pond
Is my favorite place to play;
I'm gliding o'er its bosom,

Which is frozen now and
gray.

Always at the mill-pond with
me
Was my playmate tried and
true;
Staunch friends were we
from our childhood--
Playmate friend, where now
are you?

Dear old mill-pond, dear old
playmate,
Childhood days so gay and
bright;
With that past you all are
numbered;
Far from me you're all
to-night.

115

THE UNCULTURED MAN.

He does not see nor
understand
The beauty everywhere,
Unveiled by Nature's lavish
hands,
Which cultured minds can
see and hear.

He does not see the beauty
grand,
Of towering hills and
mountains;
He's heedless to the murmur
and
The gush of brooks and
fountains.

He's listless to the songs of
birds;
He does not hear their story

Which cultured ears have
daily heard,
Declaring Nature's glory.

To him no lesson is revealed
By the flowers' silent
preaching;
Not e'en by "lilies of the
field,"
Rich in Scriptural teaching.

The beauteous heavens,
star-gemmed,
The restless, roaring ocean,
With emerald islands
diademed;
Yet no poetic notion

116

Doth ever in his bosom rise:
Nor does he stop to ponder
O'er Nature's many
mysteries,
Wrapped in deep thought
and wonder.

What matter if the western
skies
With sunset splendors glow?
What matter if the
night-wind sighs
Plaintively, sad and low?

Sunsets to him merely augur
The weather of to-morrow;
The night wind's sigh, no
mystic spell
Casts over him of sorrow.

He does not meditate and
brood
O'er things grand and
sublime,
When gazing on the budding
wood
And fields in gay springtime.

Summer, with myriads of
flowers
Bedecking hill and plain,

And cool, dark, shady, leafy
bowers,
And fields of waving grain.

Grave Autumn with her
mellow haze,
Her garnered fruit and grain,
Her sturdy forest trees ablaze
With red and yellow leaves.

And Winter, with each brook
and pond
Spread with a pearly sheet
Of ice, and every tree bough
donned
In snowy whiteness neat.

117

They come and go, he heeds
them not,
The beauties of each season;
From them no lesson has he
got,
No lofty thought or reason.

What matter if the earth is
fraught
With poetry and music;
He hears, he sees, he feels it
not,
Nor does he care, poor rustic!

The beauties all about his
way,
He cares not to embrace,
But plods along from day to
day,
All things just commonplace.

118

A LONGING FOR THE WOODS.

O, to be away, to be away
From the city's crowded
streets to-day;
From its hurry, its bustle and
din;
Its care and strife and its
awful sin.

O, to be in the woodland
cool;
O, for a bath in a fern-fringed
pool;
O, for the singing of wild-bird
sweet,
My tired music-loving ears to
greet.

O, for a walk in a grassy dell;
O, for the tinkling sound of
bells
Coming from far-off cattle
and sheep
A-grazing on hillside pastures
steep.

O, for a rest on a dear old
stone,
With mosses and lichens
over-grown;
With no human presence to
intrude,
None to break my silent
solitude.

O, for a peep in a darkened
glen,
Where the sun's hot rays
have never been;
Where the wood-doves softly
croon and coo
To their love-mates, the long
summer day through.

119

Where in bright sprays the
water falls o'er

A precipice high, barren of
roar;
Where wild flowers blow and
Dryads dwell:
Sure such a scene has power
to quell

This tired feeling of
restlessness,
Of sorrow, of pain and
wretchedness;
For I'm sick of the city's dust
and heat;
I long for the woodland cool
and sweet.

120

THE COLORED SOLDIERS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

All honor to the colored
soldiers,
Who fought in the Spanish
war!
They have certainly shown to
the world
What gallant heroes they are.

'Twas at La Quasima that
they
First showed their pluck and
grit;
'Twas there 'mid flying shot
and shell,
They made the Spaniards
"git."

Then again they had a chance
to show
Their wondrous fighting skill,
When dauntlessly and
bravely

They charged up San Juan
Hill.

O, I tell you it was wonderful!
It certainly was grand!
The way our colored soldiers
fought
In far-off Cuba-land.

And they never shirked their
duty once,
But did it and did it well,
Tho' many brave ones lost
their lives
As they daily fought through
hell.

121

I think they're the ideal
soldiers,
Tho' a little bit rough and
tough;
Yet they've certainly shown
to the world
They're made of the "proper
stuff."

122

"HER HOPES LIE BURIED WITH HER HERO DEAD."

"Her hopes lie buried with
her hero dead."
These were the words which
a speaker said
Yesterday, as he gazed o'er
the graves
Which held the dust of our
hero braves.

He was speaking of her, the
youthful maid,
While those newly-made

mounds he surveyed;
She it was whose earthly
hopes had fled;
Lost and buried with her hero
dead.

She was thinking when he'd
be her own,
Would be hers and only hers
alone,
When their lives would be
blended in one:
Ah! blooming hopes which
fate has undone!

For when the call for
volunteers went
Over the land, by the
president sent,
To the island of Cuba to go,
And there Spanish misrule
overthrow;

Her lover was one who
volunteered.
Thought not of the awful
fever; feared
He not the guns of the angry
foe;
He was a patriot, a true hero.

123

Well, he went, and after he
was gone,
Still she bravely, but vainly,
hoped on:
She looked for him home one
day; instead
Came the sad, sad news that
he was dead.

How did he die? "In a bloody
fight
While gallantly striving to
gain the height
Of San Juan Hill, he was a
hero true.
Why, a braver man I never
knew!"

"And yesterday he got a
promote."
'Twas thus his tent-mate and
comrade wrote
Who could guess what grief
and pain was hers,
And anguish, when this
reached her ears.

Too deep and too bitter it
was for tears,
And which shall last through
the flight of years,
Yes, a grief which time
cannot undo:
Ah! why, why, is it such
things are true?

But not where he fell, on
Cuba's clay,
Not there, but here is his
grave to-day,
Which with flowers her loving
hands strew
Each year as the seasons
come and go.

And to-day, as over his grave
she kneels,
A new-born weight of sorrow
she feels;
How cruel, cruel is war, she
thinks,
As her cup of sorrow and
grief she drinks.

She has placed above his
sleeping dust
A beautiful anchor of hope
and trust,
Woven of lilies and
heliotropes;--
But it does not tell of earthly
hopes.

took their flight
The day she heard from that
awful fight
For humanity, on San Juan
Hill,
Where he so gallantly fought
and fell.

This anchor tells of her
steadfast hope,
A hope which in darkness
does not grope;
'Tis a hope that they will part
no more
When they meet again on the
other shore.

Oh, how many, how many
like her
Mourn the loss of a soldier
hero dear!
Sadly and alone the world
they tread;
"Their hopes lie buried with
their heroes dead."

125

NO SOLITUDE IN NATURE.

Nature has no solitude
For those who list to her,
Her voice is daily heard to
speak
To them distinct and clear.

Think'st thou the broad
expanse
Of lake, of ocean grand,
The flow of brooks and rivers,
And stretch of level land,

The grandeur of the
mountains,
The flowers, the grass, the

trees,
The rocks, the birds, the
insects,--
Think'st thou not that these,

These things and others, too,
which make
Up Nature, truly they
Speak to the inward man--the
soul--
In accents clear each day.

For are they not the oracles
Of their Creator; say,
Does he not plainly speak
through them?
Yes, this is God's own way!

126

For oh, how many souls have
first
Known His rare love divine;
Been lifted far 'bove sin's
deep pit,
Prostrate at Nature's shrine.

Ah, yes, dear Father! yes,
how oft
Thy love our spirits move,
So manifested in our works
It moves us Thee to love.

127

JONQUILS.

As I look at you, beautiful
jonquils,
What pleasant memories
come
To me, of an early spring day,
Of my brother and of home.

Yes, 'twas an early spring day;
The sun shone bright and

clear,
The birds were singing,
singing--
Were singing everywhere.

Rejoicing seemed all Nature.
'Neath heaven's azure dome,
And my darling soldier
brother
From the war was coming
home.

I knew that he was coming,
Was coming on that day;
Was not coming on a
furlough,
But was coming home to
stay.

For the war with Spain was
over,
Avenged had been the
Maine,
Cuba had gained her
freedom,
Peace was restored again.

128

I had gathered beautiful
jonquils;
Had gathered them just for
him,
My brother,--and carefully
placed them
In the parlor so neat and
trim.

And when he came how he
praised them,
Just as I knew he would do,
Because 'twas I who had
brought them,
And 'cause they in our garden
grew.

I love you, beautiful jonquils,
Not only because you are fair,
But you make me think of my
mountain home,

And my brother now 'biding
there.

129

APPLE SAUCE AND CHICKEN FRIED.

You may talk about the
knowledge
Which our farmers' girls have
gained
From cooking-schools and
cook-books,
(Where all modern cooks are
trained);
But I would rather know just
how,
(Though vainly I have tried)
To prepare, as mother used
to,
Apple sauce and chicken
fried.

Our modern cooks know how
to fix
Their dainty dishes rare,
But, friend, just let me tell
you what!--
None of them can compare
With what my mother used
to fix,
And for which I've often
cried,
When I was but a little tot,--
Apple sauce and chicken
fried.

Chicken a la Française,
And also fricassee,
Served with some new
fangled sauce
Is plenty good for me,
Till I get to thinking of the
home
Where once I used to 'bide,
And where I used to eat,--um,

my!
Apple sauce and chicken
fried.

130

We always had it once a
week,
Sometimes we had it twice;
And I have even known the
time
When we have had it thrice.
Our good, yet jolly pastor,
During his circuit's ride
With us once each week gave
grateful thanks
For apple sauce and chicken
fried.

Why, it seems like I can smell
it,
And even taste it, too,
And see it with my natural
eyes,
Though of course it can't be
true;
And it seems like I'm a child
again,
Standing by mother's side,
Pulling at her dress and
asking
For apple sauce and chicken
fried.

131

TO MY LOVE.

Darling, my own dear,
ownest love,
Shall I put on a dress of
white,
A red, red rose in my raven
hair,
And meet you at the gate
to-night?

By the garden gate that is
arched with elms,
With majestic elms tall,
Where night-birds their
sweetest melodies croon,
And so softly their love-mates
call.

Say, darling, will you greet
me with a kiss,
Will you be my love as of
yore?
Will you talk of the bliss of
our future days,
And tell me you love me
more?

And shall we walk down the
garden path,
Under the sparkling star-lit
sky,
While the dew is glittering on
the grass,
And the soft, cooling night
winds sigh?

132

COURTSHIP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Up from the woodland
pasture
Came Farmer Thompson's
son,
Driving the cattle homeward
At the setting of the sun.

The long, narrow, winding
pathway
Was shaded, here and there,
By stately-growing elms,
And fringed with flowers fair.

Down this narrow, winding
pathway,
In homespun cotton gown,
Came Gracie, the youngest

daughter
Of blacksmith William Brown.

Leisurely she tripped along,
Her feet were brown and
bare;
Over her shoulders fluttered
Soft braids of auburn hair.

She knew she would meet
young Thompson,
Her lover, on the way,
Driving his cows from the
pasture,
His accustomed duty each
day.

133

But now as she sees him she
blushes,
And suddenly twitches her
head,
And nervously fingers her
apron
Of checkered white and red.

But how his eyes beam with
love-light,
As he cries, "Hello!
sweetheart Grace!"
And throws his arms about
her
And clasps her in fond
embrace.

Onward and down the
pathway
The cattle slowly pass,
Nibbling at blossomed daisies
And bits of straggling grass.

The golden sun has sunk
behind
The mountains steep and tall;
The moon is shining brightly,
Twilight is over all.

Among the stately elms
The night-winds softly sigh--

And still the lovers linger
Beneath the moonlit sky.

134

NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

There is no earthly friend nor
kin,
No, there is no other
Whom we can confidence put
in,
Like mother.
Others may love you for a
day,
Soon their love will fade
away;
But a mother's love will last
for aye.

Others, too, may faithless
prove,
Even your father and brother;
But she, yes, she will always
love,--
Your mother.
Aye! her heart is all aflame
With holy love each day the
same,
And pure as crystal drops of
rain.

No, there is no earthly friend,
No, no, not another!
Who will love you to the end,
Like mother.
She'll help you bear your
trials and pains,
Rejoice with you 'midst your
joys and gains;
Blest mother-love, it never
waned!

135

THE SUMMER IS DYING.

The summer is dying, is dying,
Its splendor is fading away;
And my heart is trying, is
trying,
To still keep cheerful and gay.

As the sun is sinking, sinking,
Adown the bright western
sky,
I can't keep from thinking,
from thinking,
Of the days that have long
gone by.

Nor can keep from crying,
crying,
With sad heart and drooping
head,
As the wind is sighing,
sighing,
As if for some one dead.

For, oh, it is taking, taking,
Something out of my heart,
And my heart is breaking,
breaking,
To see the summer depart.

136

BRYANT.

For him all Nature had a
voice,
For him she uttered forth her
speech;
And he, like David of old, did
each day and night
New lessons from her
teachings learn.

All creatures great and small,
The broad and mighty ocean,
Blue lakes and ponds,
winding rivers,
Rippling rills and bubbling
springs,
And e'en the very ground on
which he trod,
Spake inspiration to his noble
soul.

The silent solitude of forests,
Its dells and glades, narrow
valleys, darkened
By towering cliffs and
swaying trees,
Were frequently by him.
Birds, insects, flowers, grass
and trees
Were his companions all his
life.

137

**AT THE "LOCKS."
ON KENTUCKY
RIVER NEAR
FRANKFORT.
April 27, 1900. To
U.S.S.**

The sun shone bright, and the
azure blue
Of the sky seemed touching
the verdant hue
Of hill-top, wheat-field and
meadowland;
A scene that was nothing less
than grand,
And one which with pleasure
we admired,
(Although from the walk we
were somewhat
tired),
As together we sat on the
rough, gray rocks,

Yesterday afternoon at the
"Locks."

We watched the river run
placid and calm,
'Til it reached the stone and
oaken dam,
Then suddenly over with
maddening rush,
(Carrying with it the stone
and brush)
It splashed and dashed in the
water below,
Resembling a bank of new
fallen snow;
It splashed and dashed on
the walls of rock,
Where the gates of the dam
were made to lock.

As over the pond birds flew
and played,
You wondered why they
were not afraid
Of falling into the water, and
too,
You wondered much and
wanted to know

138

If the falls had ever frozen
o'er.
You wondered of these and
many more,
As together we sat on the
rough, gray rocks,
Yesterday afternoon at the
"Locks."

139

AFTER READING THE "SONG OF HIAWATHA."

Bits of Indian superstitions

My books historical hold,
Fragments of tales and
traditions,
Curious and strange and old.

I had read with awe and
terror--
Those Indian tales so old--
Dull and horrid they seemed;
no beauty
In them could I unfold,

Ere by chance I read the story
By our own dear poet told,
A story full of traditions,
An Indian legend old.

Longfellow, our peerless
poet,
Your song's a full translation--
So plain and beautiful--of the
Historian's dull narration.

Oh, the fascinating beauty,
Straight from Nature's
bounteous fold,
In this tale of Hiawatha,
In this legend strange and
old.

140

It has brought me near to
Nature;
I gaze o'er her boundless pale
And I see the new-sprung
beauties
In this legendary tale.

I have smelled the breath of
forests
In the springtime of the year,
And the bluebird's song has
floated
From those forests to my ear.

I have heard the rush of
rivers,
Heard the lake's majestic
roar,
And on its bosom caught the

splashing
Of Hiawatha's steady oar.

I have seen the smoke arising
From Hi'watha's wigwam
small,
Heard with awe the owl and
night-hawk
Plaintively at night-fall call.

I have seen the broad, dull
prairies
Covered o'er with verdant
grass,
Through the somber pines
and fir-trees
I have heard the night-wind
pass.

I have heard the panting deer
leap
Wildly 'cross valleys narrow,
Followed close by Hiawatha,
With bow and sharpened
arrow.

And I've seen the setting sun
Paint the western sky with
red;
Seen the moon in yellow
beauty
On the earth her radiance
shed.

141

All of these I've seen and
heard,--
Beauties from Nature's store,
In this tale of Hiawatha;--
All of these and many more.

I'd not thought such
wondrous beauty
Could be made to be a part
Of an ancient Indian legend,
Woven in with wondrous art.

More of sunshine than of
shadow,
More of perfect love than
hate,
Beauty far exceeds the
horrid,
Beauty, wonderful and great.

Oh, we may from Nature's
beauties,
Where'er they be, thoughts
lovely glean,
Though within them yet
there may be
All that's ugly, horrid, mean.

You have taught me this,
dear poet,
You have given all this and
more,
Taught me to see with lib'ral
eyes
What I could not see before.

Oh, that we with
understanding
Liberally, unselfishly,
All the beauties, truths and
mysteries
Everywhere about us see.

We would turn our eyes
more often
From the lowly things away,
And our minds from ways of
purity
Would not be so apt to stray.

142

No, we'd not be pointing
always
At the things uncouth and
low,
But the beauties that
surround them,
To understand and know.

We would strive, and, daily
striving,
We would grow more wise
and good,
More generous, more
unselfish,
Feasting on Nature's food.

E'en the things we think
repulsive,
The things we can hardly
bear,
When with gen'rous eyes we
see them,
A garb of beauty they wear.

143

TO THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

O, Cumberland! O,
Cumberland!
My own dear native hills;
For you, oh, rugged
Cumberland,
With love my bosom thrills.

Your rugged and towering
cliffs
Are beauty and a wonder;
They have withstood for
centuries
The crash of maddened
thunder.

Summer finds your craggy
peaks
No caps of whiteness
wearing,
From base to crest you greet
the eye
With green majestic bearing.

In childhood's days upon your
slopes
How often have I wandered;
How oft o'er your sublimity
My childish mind has
pondered.

With joy I've plucked the
flowers that bloomed
Within your dells and dales;
With eagerness I've watched
the streams
Plash through your wooded
vales.

144

I've seen within these
wooded vales
The timid, cowering dove;
I've seen the eagle wing his
flight
Your lofty heights above.

Not solely for your beauty,
Nor because my home is
here;
Nor for these dear old
mountains,
In my heart I love you dear.

But within your soil lies
buried,
'Neath a wealth of
snow-white flowers,
The only love of my lost
youth,
Of my childhood's bygone
hours.

145

THE OLD WALNUT CRADLE.

Up in the attic I found it,
Far back in the corner it
stood,
Where the sunlight never
entered--
A cradle of walnut wood.

'Twas loaded with castaway
rubbish
Covered with cobwebs and
dust,
Abandoned, forsaken and
lonely,
An walnut cradle that must

Have been fashioned by my
father
(But certainly not for show
You would think, could you
only see it!)
More than a century ago.

'Twas rudely made, and
unvarnished,
Yet it served its purpose well;
Eleven babies it's cradled,
Had it a voice it could tell.

Four sisters and seven
brothers,
And I, the youngest have
grown
A tottering woman of eighty,
And am left alone, alone.

146

The others have quit their
wand' rings,
They all have "crossed the
bar,"
Have met their Pilot, and
anchored
Safe in that Harbor afar.

Oh, this cradle takes me

backward,
I seem to hear it rock
As my mother sits beside it
In her coarse and home-spun
frock.

I can hear her softly singing
In those happy, golden days,
A lullaby of dreamland,
While she looks with tender
gaze

On her baby's closing eyelids,
And with earnestness she
prays
To her Father up in Heaven
For her baby's future days.

Oh, form that first bent o'er
this cradle,
Hands that first rocked it to
and fro,
Oh, voice that sang and heart
that prayed
In that happy long ago;

How I long, how I wish for
you,
How I long to hear that
refrain
Lulling me into dreamland
Like a careless babe again.

147

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

The king's daughter is
all glorious within; her
clothing is of wrought
gold. -- Psalms 45, 13.

No rich and costly gown
Of brilliant lustre rare,
Woven from Oriental looms;

No sparkling jewels fair;
No rich and showy laces,
Nor ribbons she may wear;
No scented, gaudy flowers
May decorate her hair.

She may not tread in silken
hose,
Nor sit at festal boards
And drink from golden cups,
as did
Belshazzar and his lords.
Splendidly she may not in
A palace rich reside;
With heraldry she may not in
A burnished chariot ride.

Yet, she's the daughter of a
king,
A king who's not of earth.
She has that true adorning
Which is of greatest worth.
"She is all glorious within,"
Immaculate and whole,
And wrought with gold
devoid of dross
Are the garments of her soul.

148

AT DANIEL BOONE'S MONUMENT. IN NATIONAL CEMETERY, FRANKFORT, KY.

And is this stone his
monument?
His ashes lying here?
Immortal, heroic Daniel
Boone,
Kentucky's pioneer?

Has he not o'er these burial
grounds
Grim, savage war chiefs
faced,
Has he not here the panther

fierce,
The bear and wild deer
chased?

Deep in the unbroken forest
And mountain fastnesses,
And broad and uncleared
wilderness,
Contentment pure was his.

For ordained by Providence
he seemed,
Its instrument to have been
For making Kentucky's
wilderness
A dwelling place for men.

Sleep on, immortal hero!
Brave, dauntless pioneer;
Kentucky's sons will ever hold
Your name and memory dear,

149

While the old Kentucky river,
Whose tide you've forded oft,
With rippling music sings for
you
A requiem sweet and soft.

150

**TRUE LOVE NEVER
DIES.
AUTUMN, 1895.**

I loved you, dear, when first
we met,
Almost a year ago.
I loved you then, I love you
yet,
But why I do not know.

We met, we parted, that was
all,
On a sunny, pleasant day,

When the leaves were
stripped last Fall,
Of all their colors gay.

We met as only strangers do,
With simple courtesy;
I showed no signs that I loved
you,
You none that you loved me.

And yet I love you, I confess
I love you, dear, and well,
With such a love I can't
express,
Nor half begin to tell.

Some say that love if
cherished not
Will fade away and die.
Ah, one we love can't be
forgot,
True love can never die.

151

A MEMORY.

We two stood together one
day
'Neath the pleasant skies of
May,
In the shadow of the
locust-trees
Where blew the
perfume-laden breeze.

The birds above sang clear
and sweet,
The brooklet murmured at
our feet,
Reflecting in its waves the
hue
Of forests green and heavens
blue.

And at our feet the grasses
grew;
Among them almost hid from

view
Were vi'lets; each with shy,
sweet grace,
Had drooped its head to hide
its face.

O, violets, that seek the
shades,
And zephyrs mild of forest
glades,
The solitude of darksome
nooks,
And murmurs of clear sylvan
brooks!

From crowded ways and
crowded walks
And from the gossiper's dull
talks
That day we held ourselves
apart,
To know more of each other's
heart.

152

And sought like you the
forest's shade,
And there our sacred
love-vows made;
Trose vows are just as firm
to-day
As on that bygone day in
May.

I held her dearest hand in
mine,
O, small, soft hand, you
seemed divine--
And earnestly I gazed into
Her pensive eyes of tender
blue.

My heart with new-found
love was thrilled,
As her sweet eyes, with tears
half-filled,
Spoke truthful love to me far
more
Than e'er her lips had spoke
before.

Ah, many years ago that's
been,
And many summers we have
seen
Together, since that day, dear
pet,
When 'neath those locust
trees we met.

Where you, with sweet,
uplifted face,
Wearing the violet's modest
grace,
With pure, enraptured love
and bliss,
Sealed those sweet
love-vows with a kiss.

153

**TO S. E. D.
ON RECEIVING A
BOUQUET OF
PEONIES.**

Thanks, thanks, dear friend,
for your present,
For these peonies three;
This mass of milky petals,
And your kindly thoughts of
me.

I thank you for the memories
They bring to me to-night,
These flowers beautiful and
perfect,--
These flowers of purest
white.

They bring me a breath of
country air.
They whisper of prattling rills,
Of purple skies with sunlit

clouds,
Of wooded, templed hills.

They take me back to my
childhood days,
Days past, long years ago,
To a shady, country
door-yard
Where they were wont to
blow.

Then accept my thanks again
dear friend,
For these peonies three,
This mass of milky petals,
And your kindly thoughts of
me.

154

"YANKEE DOODLE."

[During the charge up
San Juan Hill the Sixth
Sixteenth and
Seventy-first became
somewhat mixed up,
until the Seventy-first
took up the song,
"Yankee Doodle,"
which gave the soldiers
new life. They dashed
up the hill through a
blinding shower of shot
and shell, singing this
old national refrain till
the coveted
block-house was
theirs.--History of
Spanish-American
War.]

They were singing "Yankee
Doodle"
In the very mouth of hell,
Where bullets whizzed and

cannons belched
Their deadly fire of shell.

They sang it with the ardor
That General Gates' brave
men
Sang it to Burgoyne's army
At Saratoga, when

Burgoyne's men--well trained
regulars--
Had had enough of fight
And mixing-up with Yankees
On Saratoga Height.

155

They sang it while their
comrades fell,
And while their comrades'
blood
O'er San Juan's sloping sunlit
hill
Flowed down, a crimson
flood.

They sang it, still they sang it
Until the height they
attained;
Till they took the guarded
block-house,
And the victory was gained.

156

ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY.

'Twas not in the way he'd
hoped for,
Oh, no, not this did he crave
That his country's love and
reverence
Should only be shown at his
grave.

That her people then should
call him
Loyal-hearted and true,
Faithful to his country,
To her banner of "red, white
and blue."

He had hoped through heroic
daring
To reach the heights of glory,
When with honors
immaculate his name
Would live in his country's
story.

His name will live while our
country lives,
For who would dare gainsay
That he proved to the world
his sterling worth-- In that
fight at Cardenas Bay.

Yes, he has reached the
heights of fame,
And in our hearts to-day
We hold for him a reverence
That will remain true for aye.

157

For 'twas no common thing
to be
The hero of a battle;
To die as he died at the front,
'Mid cannon's roar and rattle.

Nor was it any common thing
His gallantry to prove,
No easy, common thing to
win
A nation's praise and love.

But it is his, the nation's
praise,
But not with shouts and
cheers
Does she applaud his name
to-day;--
She mourns his loss with
tears.

**THE OLD ATTIC
ROOM.**

On the roof the rain is falling,
And with wistful eyes I gaze
Backward to the scenes of
childhood,
Gone by, happy, dreamy
days.

I can see the old stone
mansion
With its square built spacious
rooms,
And its wide and ample
porches
Twined with honey-suckle
blooms.

But my mind is
over-shadowed
With a bit of grief and gloom,
As my fancy takes me onward
To the low-roofed attic-room.

Barrels full of time-worn
papers
And books in this attic stood,
Trinkets strangely old and
curious,
Filled great chests of cedar
wood.

Furniture was there all
broken,
So old-fashioned, strange and
queer,
Ruffled, silken petticoats,
And grotesquely-shaped
head-gear.

Among this old and cast-off
rubbish
Lots of fun I oft have seen,
With my brothers, Frank and
Willie,
And my sister Josephine.

Not for all the wealth of
Croesus,
Nor for castle walls of kings
Would I change that
low-roofed attic,
With its queer old-fashioned
things.

For a wealth of pure
enjoyment
Round that attic-room was
wound,
Which through all the years
that followed
Nowhere in the world I've
found.

Brothers, sisters, we are
parted,
From that home we're far
away;
With its weather-beaten
attic,--
Ah, we're far from it to-day.

Oft in those days I've
mentioned
'Neath its rafters brown we
dwelt,
Where from pelting rain and
hail storm
Safe, securely safe we felt.

160

SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song, not of houses

and streets,
Not of stifling, smoky air,
Not of busy, bustling feet,
Not of turmoil, strife and
care.

But sing me a song of
meadows green,
Clad in sunshine's golden
light;
Skirted with broad-armed
elm trees,
Studded with daisies white.

Sing me a song of whispering
woods,
Watered by silvery, bubbling
brooks;
Of dells so narrow, and
valleys dark
Where violets hide in mossy
nooks.

Sing me a song of a lakelet
blue,
Where broad leaved lilies
rock and float.
Sing me a song of music
sweet,
Straight from a feathered
songster's throat.

Oh, sing me a song and take
me there,
Take me back to those
country joys,
Oh, take me away from
crowded streets,
Take me away from the strife
and noise.

161

STORY OF THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Would the muses me inspire,
I to-day would tell to you
Story old of the Christ-child,

Dear old story, sweet and
true.

How at night the lowly
shepherds
Watched their flocks on
Judea's hills,
While the night-wind's music
mingled
With the music of the rills.

I would tell you of the tidings
Which were borne that night
to them,
"Peace on earth, good will to
men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

I would tell you how those
shepherds,
In that country far away,
Came to where within a
manger
The sweet little Christ-child
lay.

I would tell you how the wise
men,
From the western plains afar,
Guided were into Bethlehem
By a bright and wondrous
star.

162

I would tell you how they
worshipped
Him the infant Jesus dear,
How they gave him costly
presents,
Gold and frankincense and
myrrh.

I would tell you all about it,
All about this story old,
Of the Christ-child in the
Manager,
Though I know it's oft been
told.

But the gift to paint

word-pictures
Suitable for such a birth;
Suitable for One so holy;
For the Saviour of the earth,

Is denied me. I can only,
I can only tell you where
You can find this beautiful
story--
In the Bible. Read it there!

163

MEMORIES OF HOME.

Thoughts of the dear old
homestead
Haunt my memory to-day;
Thoughts of my home, my
childhood's home
Far away, far, far away.

Far away in East Kentucky,
There beneath her towering
hills,
Rich in forestry and beauty,
Watered well with brooks
and rills,

On a farm--the old, old
homestead--
Which to me is still endeared,
I was born a baby tiny,
And to womanhood was
reared.

Lilacs purple, roses yellow,
Massive blooms of snow-balls
white,
Beautiful the ample
door-yard
In the sunny springtime
bright.

Woodbines sweet and

morning-glories
Rife with butterflies and bees
Climbed and clambered
round the doorway
In the sunshine and the
breeze.

164

Often rang through that old
farm house
Childish voices gay and
sweet;
Of its walls of log have
echoed
Patter of the childish feet.

Down below the apple
orchard
From a fern-clad mossy bank
Where the naiads love to
linger,
Where the elders, tall and
rank,

And the willows cast their
shadows,
Where the night-birds
sweetly sing
To the moonlight and the
starlight,
Bubbled forth a sylvan spring.

Oh, my eyes are getting
tear-filled,
As before my memory come
Those scenes of my early
childhood
In my East Kentucky home.

Which is now fore'er
deserted
By my father's bright
household;
It has now been changed and
altered,
Into strangers' hands been
sold.

Some of that dear
homestead's members,

Many past-gone years have
trod
In a far and distant country:
Others sleep beneath the
sod.

O'er the graves of those dear
dead ones
Marked by moss-grown
chiseled stone
All the years in wild
luxuriance
Have the grass and flowers
grown.

165

**DECATUR'S DARING
DEED.
FEBRUARY , 1804.**

In the deepening shadows of
twilight,
Disguised in a ship of war
Which had been taken from
the enemy,
Sailed Commodore Decatur.

From Sicily's isle through the
salty waves
Of the Mediterranean Sea,
To perform a deed that
would live through time,
Which on history's page
would be

A truth that the heroic young
might read,
Or list to their grandsires tell,
How he and his crew
performed their deed,
How bravely and how well.

How into Tripoli's harbor,
Unseen and unknown, he
dashed,

'Till 'longside the Philadelphia
The little Intrepid he lashed.

Then aboard the Philadelphia
He and his brave crew
sprang,
While the sound of their guns
and the enemy's,
On the tropical night air rang.

166

How he left the Philadelphia
Ablaze in the harbor blue,
After he'd captured and
taken aboard
The survivors of her crew.

Honor to all our heroes
Who laurels for bravery have
won!
But our history records no
braver deed
Than that by Decatur done.

167

**ANSWER TO VERSES
ADDRESSED TO
ME BY PETER CLAY.**

Backward down the stream
of time
My wandering mind now
floats,
When I a hoyden country
lass,
In homespun petticoats

That reached down to my
ankles bare,
Ankles bare and brown, too;
Not browned by summer
suns, for birth
Had giv'n to them that hue.

I think now of those days
when hills
And vales with music rang,
Of which in crude, uneven,
Yet rhythmic, words, I sang.

And I'm thinking, poet friend,
How you have, oftentimes,
Admired with pure
unselfishness
Those simple, homely
rhymes.

For 'tis the genius of the soul
(Though underneath a skin
Of dusky hue its fire may
burn)
Your unfeigned praises win.

168

Oh, that earth had more of
beings
With generous minds like
yours,
Who alike, true worth and
honor
To the black and white
secures.

Accept, dear poet, then, my
thanks
For your glowing words of
praise,
For the simple, homely, faulty
rhymes
Of my early girlhood days.

169

**JASPER AT FORT
MOULTRIE.
June 28, 1776.**

"I'm only a sergeant!" Jasper

said,
"Not fit to go ahead
In the company of officers;
I'm only a sergeant!" he said,

When to him a commission
was offered,
Giving lieutenant's rank
For the deed of bravery he
had done,--
Not 'mid bayonet's clash and
clank,

But 'mid a terrific shower of
shot
And shell from the enemy's
side;
He leaped o'er the bulwark
and back again
And our flag securely tied

To a sponge staff that was
lying near,
And hoisted it again
Courageously and bravely
In the self-same place it had
been,

Ere from its lofty position,
Shattered by shot and shell,
Over the fort impregnable
Of palmetto logs it fell.

170

All honor to you, brave
Jasper!
We love and cherish your
name
For your act of patriotism
Which was not done for
fame;

But just for love of your
country,
With patriotism true,
You braved your life for her
colors,--
All honor and praise to you!

**IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM HUGHES.
MY FRIEND AND
CLASS-MATE.**

It was in the month of June,
And the woods were all
atune;
All atune with bird-music
sweet and rare;
And the flowers were all in
bloom,
Shedding forth their rich
perfume
On the breezy atmosphere
everywhere,

When from "Normal Hill"
were we
And its cloister-life let free,
Not a bit of sadness then our
hearts did fill;
For with the soft, filmy haze
Of September's shortening
days
We hoped to meet again on
"Normal Hill."

As adown the road we
walked,
With free gayety we talked
Of blissful pleasures that
would soon be ours,
Of picnics with dinners good,
Of wild rambles in the wood,
And of boatrikes in the calm
of evening hours.

I'm on "Normal Hill" to-day;
But, dear friend, you're still
away.
I have ceased to hope to see
you any more;

Till we meet in that high
school
Where our Lord Himself shall
rule,
Up in heaven on that shining,
golden shore.

172

Little thought I, friend of
mine,
You'd be called so soon to
shine
In that galaxy of diadems up
there;
But it was our Father's will,
And He speaks to-day "Be
still,"
To my sad and
sorrow-stricken heart down
here.

173

VESPER SONG.

In the forest shadows dim
The birds now sing an
evening hymn
In tones so soft and clear and
sweet;
Their sweet sublimity
complete.

The crickets chirp low on the
hill,
The sound of grinding at the
mill
Has ceased, and in the
twilight gray
The miller wends his
homeward way.

Slowly, in geometric line,
O'er meadows come the
lowing kine;
Soft and gentle zephyrs blow,

Along the roadside fire-flies
glow.

174

HE LEADETH ME.

When cloudless and sunlit
skies o'erspread
Their azure robes above my
head,
When 'bout my pathway
flowers grow
Richer than the Orient's
blooms,
Than the Orient's sweet
perfumes:
'Tis pleasant then His will to
know.

When winds are still and
when the air
Is filled with music sweet and
rare,
Far sweeter than the sirens
knew
Far sweeter strains than ever
came
From Orpheus' harp wild
beasts to tame:
'Tis pleasant then His will to
do.

But, oh, when dark and
threat'ning clouds
My once fair sunlit sky
enshrouds,
And when bright flowers I do
not see,
When winds like maddened
billows roar,
When music charms my ears
no more,--
You ask how it's then with
me?

How is it then my pathway's
strewn

With sharpened stone and
prickly thorn,
Darkness about me, daylight
gone?
It all I cannot understand,
But with my hand in His own
hand
I say: "Dear Father, lead me
on."

175

KATHERINE.

To-day I am thinking of thee,
Katherine,
And of the days that used to
be,
Katherine;
When together we two stood
In a quiet, leafy wood
By a little sylvan brook,
While we read each other's
love as a book!

Ah! those days have long
since flown,
Katherine,
They are gone, forever gone,
Katherine;
Those were days of "auld
lang syne,"
Then I was yours and you
were mine;
Through elysian fields we
walked,
And of love we freely talked.

Yes, we loved each then,
Katherine,
Life was then a sweet refrain,
Katherine;
But I'm sad to-day, my
dearie,
And the world seems, oh, so
dreary,
For I see no more your face,
Feel no more your fond
embrace.

