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Title: Snowflakes

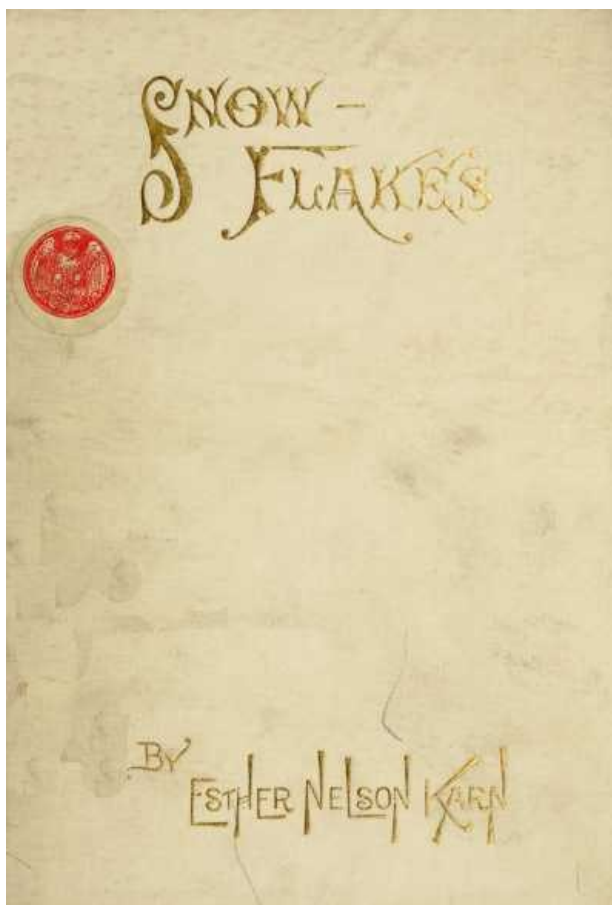
Author: Esther Nelson Karn

Release date: August 22, 2012 [EBook #40562]

Language: English

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SNOWFLAKES ***



SNOWFLAKES

BY
ESTHER NELSON KARN.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF GEO. F. LASHER.
1900.

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ESTHER NELSON KARN.
1900.

TO MY HUSBAND,
S. A. KARN,

WHOSE KIND ENCOURAGEMENT HAS ENABLED
ME TO WRITE THIS LITTLE BOOK, THE
SAME IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

The Author.

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DANCE OF THE SNOWFLAKES.

"Let's dance to the brown old earth to-night!"
Cried one little flake of snow;
"The autumn days have all passed by,—
I'm tired of my home here in the sky."
So they all agreed to go.

They dressed themselves in a misty film
Of purest pearly white;
Their feet were clad in velvet down,
As soft and white as the filmy gown
They wore to the dance that night.

Wrapped 'round with a drape of raveled gauze
Were these little fays so fair.
When out from a cloud a pale star beamed,
Bright diamonds sparkled, laughed, and gleamed
In their fleecy, tangled hair.

All ready, so pretty a crowd were they
That naught could their charms enhance;
Then softly and quickly they sped away,
For the whisp'ring wind was the cab that they
Rode in to the snowflakes' dance.

They flew over housetop, hilltop, dell,
With dances and with delight.
Though ne'er did sound of their presence tell;
Wherever their fairy footsteps fell,
All turned to a crystal white.

In the daintiest robes the trees were dressed,
That ever you'd wish to see;
The wayworn traveler, he was blessed,
And stroked, and kissed, and soft-caressed,
By these fays in rapturous glee.

Into every crevice and crack they peeped,
They danced till the morning light;
They left the print of their tiny feet
O'er country road and city street,
In frolicsome fun that night.

When the rosy face of the morning sun
Peeped timidly out to view,
He beheld the earth, last night so brown,
Arrayed in a snow-white velvet gown
That sparkled like dancing dew.

AN OCTOBER DAY.

'Tis sunrise o'er the eastern hills.
All hail! thou lovely morn!
Thy tender blush, thy mellow light
Proclaim "The autumn's born."
All nature is so wondrous fair,
Bedecked with golden sheen—
A fleecy cloudlet, here and there,
In azure sky is seen.

The gold and crimson leaves that give
The trees their autumn gown,
Are scattered by the gentle breeze
Upon the meadows brown.
Tho' summer flow'rs that were so fair
Have faded, one by one,
The goldenrod, in beauty rare,
Her reign has just begun.

The grapevines now are laden with
Sweet clusters, oh, so blue!
And scattered o'er the orchard ground
Are rosy apples, too.
Oh, who could sigh for summer skies,
For summer flowers and trees,
For singing birds and rainbow showers,
'Mid autumn scenes like these?

As sinks the glorious "King of Day"
A down the western sky,
He bathes the trees and hilltops in
A flood of crimson dye.
He sets the westland all aglow
Before he sinks away;
So endeth, as a beautiful dream,
This lovely autumn day.

WELCOME, SWEET MAY.

Welcome, sweet May!
With thy sunshine and showers
Thou'st driven away
Old winter's dark hours.
Poor fellow! he seemed rather loth to depart,
Till thou, with thy sunshine, compelled him to start.
Welcome, sweet May!

Welcome, sweet May!
That bringest to me,
Wherever I stray,
A sweet memory,
When fragrant pink blossoms hung thick overhead,
And love lay asleep in a violet bed.
Welcome, sweet May!

Welcome, sweet May!
With thy sunshine and showers,
When young love awoke
From sleep 'mong the flowers.
Each year, in thy sunshine, 'neath heavens of blue,
With thy sweet, fragrant blossoms he's wakened anew.
Welcome, sweet May!

LAKESIDE.^[1]

'Tis the dearest, coolest place I can find;
There the locust and the wild grape entwined
Float their dewy fragrance ever
O'er the dancing St. Joe river
On the wings of the soft drowsy wind.

In the coziest of homes, neat and new,
Dwell its people so kind-hearted and true.
Not a wall or tower high

Mars the tender, sunlight sky,
Or shuts out the glad rainbow from view.

When a dwelling for his mate is in quest,
Does the robin find its shelter the best.
There his sweetest notes he brings,
And a flood of music flings
O'er your head as you pass 'neath his nest.

There are morning-glories dripping with dew,
And the dogwood blossoms hang over you.
In a drowse of rapture sweet
Does this vale look up to meet,
And to bask in the smile of the blue?

Would your soul free from troubles be made?
All its worries and its burdens unlade?
From the tumult and the heat
Of the noisy city street,
Take yourself to the bliss of its shade.

There you'll drink till you stagger as you plod,
Of the sweets from the blossom-spangled sod,
While your weary frame is drenched,
And your thirsty soul is quenched,
In a shower of the great love of God.

[1] The above is a description of the Lakeside addition to Ft. Wayne, Ind.

AUTUMN.

Enchanting dawn of autumn days,
So clear, so cool, so calm,
O'er all creation breathing forth
Thy sweet refreshing balm!

The woodland dons its brightest hue,
Its rainbow-tinted gown;
Each soft and dreamy breeze that blows
Brings showers of crimson down.

Old earth now groans beneath her load
Of grain and fruited vine,
That thickly hangs o'er orchard wall,
And drips with mellow wine.

The birds fly lazily above,
Bathed in thy misty light,
While on the hillside loll the kine
In morning's gold delight.

Wrapped in thy folds of golden mist,
This restless soul of mine
Is lulled into a blissful dream
Of peace and love divine.

TO A WATER-LILY.

Sweet flower, what cold, unfeeling hand
Hath plucked thee from that shady land
Where clear, cool waters lie,
And velvet mosses kissed thy feet?
Who took thee from thy loved retreat,
And left thee here to die?

Thou fairest gem of all the earth—
E'en bonnie wilds that gave thee birth
 Thy petals' sweetness hold.
I drink thy breath in fragrant draught,
Sweeter than royal lips e'er quaffed
 From cups of burnished gold.

Who took thee from thy crystal home,
Where finny tribes delight to roam
 And frisk in morning play;
Where never harsher sound was heard
Than fall of leaf or trill of bird,
 Or winds that softly sway

The trees that bend thy nook above,
And, bending, whispered low of love
 To thee, my bonnie flower,
Or whirl of swallows' silken flight
Across the waves, the calm delight
 Of evening's dappling shower?

Although thou'rt crushed beneath my feet,
Thy dewy fragrance is more sweet
 Than at thy frail life's dawn.
Thus, flow'r of love and purity,
This lesson I have learned of thee:
 That when my friends are gone,
And fate's rude tread has crushed my heart,
Its blossoms shall more sweets impart
 Than at its first love's dawn.

THE CYCLONE.

How still the morn! no leaf is stirred,
 Nor fruited branches sway,
Save now and then, from dewy glen,
 A breath of new-mown hay,
Or blossoms of the summertide,
Is wafted up the mountain side.

How softly floats the cuckoo's song
 Across the sleeping vale;
In mystic glee the echo free
 Gives back the fairy tale.
The stream, in drowsy ecstasy,
Is gurgling onward to the sea.

The lark swims slowly in the blue,
 The giant oaks so high,
In sunlit haze their branches raise,
 As if to kiss the sky.
We hear above the twittering birds,
The placid lowing of the herds.

The silvery laughter from the lips
 Of children at their play;
And in the rill below the mill
 The horses paw and neigh;
While youths and maidens plight their vows,
And workmen sing behind the plows.

The noon is here, the sky is clear
 And tender as the morn;
The ploughman's blest with perfect rest,
 Where noontime shade is born.
The bird has ceased his song to trill;
The lowing of the herd is still.

Unnoticed, a dark speck appears
 Above the trees!—on high

At rapid pace and fast increase
It scuds across the sky!
Nor stops to rest o'er sea or lands,
Till o'er this lovely vale it stands

An instant, then, as if possessed
Of some aerial deil,
With shriek and yell this imp of hell
Swoops down upon the vale!
Snatches the giant oaks from earth
That nourished them and gave them birth,

And hurls them 'gainst the mountain side!—
One sweep of its black wings,
And all is o'er! And as before
The streamlet laughs and sings;
But carries on its sunny tide
Fragments of debris to the wide

And surging sea,—the shattered boughs
Of oaks that proudly grew
Beside the stream,—is it a dream?
No, there's a baby's shoe!
The sunset's crimson rays are shed
Soft o'er the dying and the dead.

While angels hover near and spread
Their dewy shadows o'er
The vale where morn in joy was born—
A blackened pile! But for
The song of one lone whip-poor-will,
Like to the morning, all is still!

SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

'Tis evening; on Winona Lake
The last glad sunbeams rest,
Shedding their golden glories o'er
Her soft and silken breast.

And as my little boat glides forth
Into their light, behold!
The splashes from my oars are like
Great drops of liquid gold.

And now a softer, richer hue
O'erspreads the western sky;
Trees, hilltops, water—everything
Seems bathed in crimson dye.

And o'er the bosom of the lake
Soft summer breezes glide,
Bringing incense from the lilies
On the other side.

I wonder, oh, I wonder so,
If in that world of bliss
Where sunsets never come, there's aught
More beautiful than this.

Oh, Father Time, if thou from me
All else that's lovely take,
Leave only in my memory
This sunset on the lake.

TO MY WHEEL.

Thou'rt bonnie, my steed, though a bit out of style,
We've traveled together full many a mile;
Yet nothing can give me such perfect delight
As to spring to thy saddle and spin out of sight,

Away from the city of turmoil and strife,
Away from the cares that beset business life,
To a shady, green-carpeted country retreat,
Where hearts ever loving may placidly beat.

Away over pathways with dewdrops bespangled,
Where myrtle and wild morning-glory are tangled,
And the violet borrows its velvety hue
From the God-given radiance of heaven's own blue.

And cowslips and buttercups grow where we tread,
The breeze whispers soft through the trees overhead,
As showers of pink blossoms, with fragrance so rare,
They shed o'er the ground, over us,—everywhere.

Thou faithful old friend, always ready to go;
Ne'er found out of order like others I know;
And when off we go for a nice little spin,
Unlike others, thou'st never left me to "walk in."

Exchange for another that's handsome and new!
No, no, bonnie steed, I will not part with you.
But when thou art old and thy usefulness o'er,
In a nice, cozy attic thy frame I will store,

And every day, be it sunshine or rain,
I'll steal to thy side and in fancy again
We'll skim the green meadows, my steed, you and I,
'Mong the flowers that grow 'neath the soft, tender sky.

Then come, let us bask in the dewy delight
Of the country—hi! ho! we are soon out of sight.
Though a bit out of style, just the same is thy speed.
I love thee! I love thee! my bonnie bright steed.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh, balmy night—a night in June—
What endless beauties thine!
Hast thou a balm thou'lt gently breathe
O'er tired souls like mine?

The cricket 'neath the old porch floor
Chirps forth a merry lay;
The roses nod and smile at me—
"A sweet good-night," they say.

Oh, cricket, hush your merry song;
How can you be so gay?
Ye roses bow your crimson heads,
And mourn my vanished day.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

How oft from the din of the hard city street,
The show and the splendor, in fancy, my feet
Stray backward through paths that are dripping with dew,
To an old-fashioned garden my babyhood knew.

A wealth of red roses hung over the wall,
And, laden with pink, downy peaches, a tall
And willowy tree did its long branches sway
O'erhead, as you passed, in an inviting way;
While from its green shelter the oriole's song
Rode on the soft breezes the summer day long.

The currant-bush flourished in rows near the wall,
The sugar corn waved its soft leaves over all;
And buttercups, daisies and peonies grew,
The fragrant June pinks and the wee bells of blue;

The marigolds, poppies, and pansies so sweet
Lifted their dewy faces towards heaven to meet
The first smile of morning; the fragrant sweet pea
Wound its delicate tendrils round pickets, and we

To drowsiness drank of the odor it spilled,
While sunflowers nodded to us as we filled
Our baskets with blossoms for table bouquets,
Or lolled in the bliss of the soft morning haze;
Or, with aprons outspread, in our childish delight,
The butterfly chased in his foraging flight
'Mong the flowers; or the hummer, that gay little thief,
That pilfered the sweets from each petal and leaf.

But long years ago the old garden was sold!
Its walls, rustic gates, are all crumbled to mold;
Its beds and smooth pathways 'neath grass-tangles hid,
For the breezes of June-time are whispering 'mid
The flowers that blossom her pallet above,
Who tended that old-fashioned garden I love;
And singing their lullaby sweetest where lies
My playmate and sister with bonnie blue eyes.

And I hope when my sojourn of usefulness here
Is past, to the place that my bosom holds dear
I may go, and there pillow my head 'neath the tree
Where robin and oriole chirrup in glee,
While my soul slips away from the spot that I love,
To old-fashioned gardens that grow up above.

DANCE OF THE RIPPLES.

I stood, one night, by the old St. Joe,
Where the moonbeams love to loiter;
Watching the ripples come and go
And the willow trees their shadows throw
On the mystic, murm'ring water.

As I lingered there on the vine-clad bank,
Where the pale rays glint and quiver
Through the silvered leaves, a perfumed breeze
So softly swayed the willow trees,
And dappled the laughing river.

The waters murmured so low and sweet,
Then an echo, soft and clear,—

Not the sound of lute or song of bird,
But the sweetest music ever heard,
Fell on my enchanted ear.

The silvered ripples all leaped for joy!
And over the waters glancing
I saw, in the light, a pretty sight;
In an ecstasy of glad delight,
The ripples all were dancing.

They danced in the midst where the stars look down—
No shadowy branch to hide them;
They danced where the willows kiss the stream,
Then back again in the moonlight's gleam,
And the fish peeped out and eyed them.

They danced in the shade of the iron bridge,
Where the aspen's shadows play;
And the great moon smiled as the dancers fled,
And spangles dropped on each little head,
As they laughed and danced away.

THE PESSIMIST.

Arrayed in a garment of fleeciest down,
The Winter-king rides over meadows so brown;
Through wild wailing woodlands so stark and so bare,
He rides on the wind to the great everywhere.
He dresses the trees in the daintiest gown;
And over each window in country and town,
With fairy-like fingers, unheard and unseen,
He pictures, in crystal and silvery sheen,
Most beautiful cities with steeples and towers,
And wild tangled mazes bespangled with flowers.
But 'mid the sweet music of jingling bells
You hear the old pessimist counting his ills.
With a sorrowful shake of the head murmurs he,
"Such nasty cold weather I never did see;
The streets are so slip'ry one can't walk at all,
For danger of breaking a leg by a fall;
Unless a few days bring a great change about,
The wheat in the ground will be all frozen out."
But roguish old Winter soon bundles his pack
Of ice, frost, and snow, on his jolly old back,
And hies to the mountain, but leaves in his stead
The Goddess of Love, with the blossom-crowned head;
And a breath that is filled with the nectar and dew,
She stole from the heart of the violet blue;
A voice—O, the music that swells on the air
From fresh-budding woodland, from hedge,—everywhere,
Caressed by the sunlight and bathed by the showers,
She walks on a carpet of mosses and flowers.
Again comes the pessimist, grumpy and grim,
And says the fair goddess has no charms for him.
"'Tis raining too often, the corn and the wheat
Will rot in the ground; there'll be nothing to eat;
Besides, the old crow, in his greedy delight,
Now raideth the cornfields from morning till night.
A famine is certain! 'Tis sure to prevail!"
And thus the old pessimist keeps up his wail.
At last this fair goddess descends from the throne,
Gives place to another we've all loved and known.
Her crown is of roses, her garment of grain,
With silken folds falling and rising again,
As scent-laden wind o'er their soft billows plays;
Enraptured, she basks in the blue summer haze,
Till bliss is dissolved into tear-laden showers,
That drench all the trees and refresh all the flowers.
As softly they fall on the roof o'er our heads,

O, the sleep-haunted rapture their lullaby sheds!
Though harvest with plenty his gran'ries hath filled,
The murmuring pessimist never is stilled.
He says, as he brushes the sweat from his brow,
"I don't see the use of such hot weather now;
'Twill dry up the fruit, the grapes on the vine—
Unless there's a change, they will yield us no wine."
And thus the old pessimist grumbles away
The brightness and joy of the long summer day.
He teases the evening, he teases the morn,
Until the fair Goddess of Autumn is born.
She comes heavy-laden with fruit from the vine,
Sweet clusters that drip with the mellowest wine;
And rosy-cheeked fruit from the old apple-tree,
And ears that are golden as golden can be.
Enrobed in a garment of crimson and brown,
A garland of goldenrod forming her crown,
In the mystic delight of the autumn she stands,
And showers her gifts o'er the pessimist's lands;
While he from his orchard-land turns in disgust,
Saying, "Labor avails me but dust, mould, and rust;
The winter comes on altogether too fast,
The corn that's unhusked will be caught in the blast;
My bills, they increase, while my business is slow;
I soon shall be broken and bankrupt, I know!
There's no satisfaction on land or on sea,
For nothing is what I desire it to be."

Say, Pessimist, say, while you grumble and fret,
Know ye not there is One who your needs won't forget?
Think ye the kind Father of wisdom so great
Forgetteth the things which His hands did create?
The sparrow sings neither by day nor by night,
Yet He, in His tenderness, guideth its flight.
He maketh the lily of waxen-white hue,
And feeds it on showers, on sunshine and dew;
Yet lives there a king in such garments arrayed?
Such beauty as robes this sweet flower of the glade?
In rapturous reign, the cool waters beside,
It looks up and trusts, and its needs are supplied.
The richest of treasures to thee will be given,
If thou, like the lily, wilt look up to heaven.

THE FIRST EASTER DAWN.

The night is past, the thunder's roar
In distance dies away;
And in the east, a gleam of light
Foretells the coming day;

And women, bearing spices sweet,
Are hast'ning on their way
Toward that tomb, so dark and deep,
Where Jesus' body lay.

"But who," these faithful women ask,
And pause upon their way,—
"When we have reached our Master's tomb,
Who'll roll the stone away?"

At last they reach the hallowed spot,—
The tomb that Joseph made,
Wherein, three days before, their loved
And loving Lord was laid.

The glory of the golden sun
Fills budding woods with light,
The morning dewdrops sparkle on
The Easter lilies white.

Sweet odor from the hyacinth
Upon the breeze is borne;
All nature now proclaims with joy,
"It is the world's first morn!"

The women stand beside the tomb
In deep surprise and fear;
For lo! the stone is rolled away—
Their Master is not there.

Impulsive Mary Magdalene
Stays not, but hastens on
That she may tell the wondrous news
To Peter and to John.

She tells them and they come with her
Unto the hallowed place,
And find it just as she has said—
Of Jesus there's no trace.

Then silently they turn and go
Each on his way—save one;
'Tis loving Mary Magdalene
Who stays and weeps alone.

She's thinking now of days when friends
Away from her all turned,
When thoughtless Mary Magdalene
By all the world was spurned.

How Jesus, in His wondrous love,
Had touched her heart within,
And led her into righteous paths
From those of vilest sin.

And as she weeps, she stoops and looks
Into the sepulcher,
And sees two angels sitting there
Who kindly say to her:

"Why weepest thou, oh, woman?"
And Magdalene replies,
"Because they've taken away my Lord;
I know not where He lies."

As Mary speaks she turns around—
Another form is there!
She thinks it is the gardener,
Who kindly says to her:

"Whom seekest thou, oh, woman?
Why stand ye weeping there?"
Says Mary, "If you've borne Him hence,
Oh, please, sir, tell me where."

The Saviour's loving heart is touched;
(For it is He who speaks—
Her loving Lord and Master, whom
So earnestly she seeks).

He draws a little closer now,
That she her Lord may know,
And answers only, "Mary,"
In accents soft and low.

She raises now her tearful eyes,
They are no longer blind;
For none but He could speak her name
So tenderly and kind.

Forgetting, in her love so blind
The cause for which He'd died,—
Forgetting *all* save at His feet
No harm can her betide,

With beating heart and outstretched arms
She flies her Lord to greet.

"Rabboni!" then she kneels among
The lilies at His feet.

He looks with tend'rest pity on
That face with tears still wet,
And says "You must not touch me now;
I will not leave you yet.

"But by and by I will ascend
Unto my God and thine;
Go thou and tell, when thou dost find
Those true disciples mine."

The day is spent, the lily folds
Her leaves upon her breast;
The violets close their dewy eyes
And sweetly sink to rest.

The westland crimson glory fades
From hilltop, wood, and lawn,
Night's tender dews fall softly o'er
The world's First Easter Dawn.

INDIA.

There's a country o'er the billows deep,
As fair as fair can be;
Its north is bounded by mountains high,
With sunlit summits that kiss the sky,
Its south by the boundless sea.

A stream flows down the mountain side,
And swells to the great Ganges;
Its placid depths, unknown, untold,
Reflect the sunlight's orient gold,
Then rest in southern seas.

The silken palms their branches wave
As soft as summer sails;
And drowsy winds, so passing fair,
With odors laden, strange and rare,
Blow soft o'er sunbright vales.

And nestling close 'mong shelt'ring hills
The bamboo huts are seen;
Like golden billows fall and rise
The seas of grain 'neath Indian skies,
By woods of silvered green.

The date, the orange, the fig grow ripe
In that golden country, where
Through fragrant meads the pathways lead.
Wouldst see God's handiwork indeed?
Go view the sunset there!

'Tis veiled in clouds of splendid hue,
In melting colors rare:
Church domes in crimson waves are dyed,
And everything seems glorified—
Thank God there are churches there!

Where once the starry heavens looked down,
And wept a nation's blindness,
Which knew no God to soothe its grief,
And women—slaves! found no relief
In love or human kindness,

Millions of homes to-day rejoice
And praise our God above;
Millions have learned the hymn to swell,
Through missionaries, sent to tell

Of Him whose name is Love.

But millions still are left in doubt,
In darkness and alone;
Their restless souls are wrung with grief,
They find no respite or relief
In heathen gods of stone.

They've never heard of Him who gave
Their glorious sun-kissed shores;
God grant that we our efforts lend
To teach them of a loving Friend
Whom Freedom's land adores.

Prosper, O Lord, this land of ours,
So glad, so proud, so free,
That we may missionaries send
Till all that beauteous India land
Has learned to worship Thee.

Nothing we give our Father's cause
Escapes His watchful eyes;
Each mite will be a jewel rare
To deck the crown we'll surely wear
Some day in Paradise.

WEARY.

Weary of the tumult of the town,
Of the burdens and the cares that weigh me down,
Of oppression, greed, and strife,
Of the din of city life,
Disappointments that my noblest efforts crown.

Weary of the world's vain, gilded styles,
Though my moments he with softest words beguiles;
Though he warble ne'er so blandly,
His old heart is false though friendly,
For he lingers near me but when fortune smiles.

Weary of his griefs and empty show,
To the quiet woods alone I love to go,
And in sweet repose abide
Where the sylvan echoes ride
On October's drowsy winds that whisper low.

Where the bonnie squirrel flits among the trees,
And the quail his piping flings upon the breeze,
Where the gold and brown leaves quiver
O'er the winding, osiered river,
Bearing on its soft, low music to the seas.

And the forest oak, so grand, majestic, high,
With his rainbow-mantled branches woos the sky,
And the wind a fairy story
Breathing o'er the maple's glory,
Brings it down in twirling crimson showers, where lie

Many springtime flowers, fast asleep,
Spreading over them a cover warm and deep;
And the sunlight glints and spangles
Through the wild and woody tangles,
Where alone the eye of God doth vigils keep.

Standing there on wild, leaf-covered sod,
Where perhaps no human foot before hath trod
My storm-tossed soul is blest
In a halo of sweet rest,
All alone within the crimson wood with God.

TO A VIOLET.

Violet, sweet violet,
Of modest, dainty grace,
Why dost thou hide among the grass
Thy pretty velvet face?

Thine eyes are filled with dew, thy breath
Makes sweet the air of spring;
Thy whispers low, sweet memories
Of other springtimes bring.

Sweet olden, golden springtimes,
When bluebirds sang so gay,
As I plucked thy sister blossoms
From a woodland far away,

With her, whose eyes, in color,
Sweet flow'r, were just like you,
And like you grew in radiance
From drinking heaven's blue.

Each spring, as lispings children,
As romping schoolgirls, too,
Our feet were bathed in violet banks
That dripped with melting dew;

Our souls were bathed in bliss divine,
As all day long we basked
In sweet and fragrant winds we knew
Had kissed them as they passed.

But when the summer sun shone hot,
Their slender stems were dried;
Their modest heads bent lower, and
Their fragrant blossoms died;

And could we pierce to-day the blue
Of heaven's dome so fair,
Methinks we'd see them blooming in
Celestial glory there!

Culled by our angel Emma,
In a rapturous clime, that lies
In the radiant, springtime glory
Of the fields of Paradise!

GOLDEN DAYS.

SONG.

(To my sister Emma.)

I've just seen the first robin of spring, Emma,
And he's warbling a sweet little song,
Bringing back tender mem'ries of you, Emma,
And of joys that to childhood belong.
He was singing a song to his mate, Emma,
A sweet song of happiness and love,
And it echoed thro' woodland and dale, Emma,
Over valley and hilltop and grove.

CHORUS:

Oh, those happy, happy days gone by, Emma,
Their memory is ever dear to me;

Oh, those old golden, glorious days, Emma,
When I played 'mong the flowers with thee.

Bringing back tender mem'ries of you, Emma,
When life seemed only a song,
Holding neither a sorrow nor tear, Emma,
As we played 'mong the flowers all day long.
We gathered the mosses and ferns, Emma,
The cowslips and violets so blue,
And the crab-apple blossoms so sweet, Emma,
And the sweet, mellow May-apple, too.

CHORUS.

You remember the old apple-tree, Emma,
With its wide-spreading branches o'erhead?
Such perfume I have never since found, Emma,
As its sweet, fragrant blossoms did shed.
But now we are far, far apart, Emma,
The sunny days of childhood are o'er,
But we'll roam hand in hand 'mong the flowers, Emma,
That bloom on the Bright Golden Shore.

CHORUS.

BABY MINE.

Tired of laughter, tired of play,
Baby mine,
On my breast thy tresses lay,
Baby mine.
Cooing, loving, prattling, too,—
Shine and showers the whole day thro',
Tires a bonnie thing like you,
Baby mine.

Little violets so blue,
Baby mine,
Close their eyes now wet with dew,
Baby mine,
Saying, sweetheart, unto you,
Close those orbs of azure hue,
Where that glimpse of heaven gleams thro',
Baby mine.

Whence that dimpled foot and hand,
Baby mine?
Came they here at love's command,
Baby mine?
Or did angels, in their flight,
Drop this little blossom white
On the stream of time one night,
Baby mine?

Dimples guard thy crimson lips,
Baby mine;
Prints of fairy finger-tips,
Baby mine.
Now the shade of angel wings
Sweet repose upon thee brings,—
Silken soft thy slumberings,
Baby mine.

LULLABY.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby, my dear,
Nothing can harm you, for mother is near.
The journey is short, and the stars twinkle bright
O'er your path into Byloland, baby, good-night.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby, my pet,
Grasses that cover your pathway are wet
With dewdrops that sparkle like jewels so bright,
Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby, good-night.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, sweetheart of mine,
Rest from their prattle those red lips of thine.
Bridges you cross in your Byloland flight
Sway to your footsteps, my baby, good-night.

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, baby, my love,
Angels are watching thy cradle above.
Thy feet into Byloland's dreamy delight
Have entered, then rest, little pilgrim, good-night.

A DAY IN JUNE.

(To Mercy.)

This is the month of roses, dear,
The sweetest time of all the year.
Field, woodland, roadside,—everywhere,
Is clad in crimson beauty rare.
The very earth beneath our feet
Is covered with their petals sweet;
Where'er we go the balmy air
Is laden with sweet fragrance rare.

And now and then, dear, we may see
The cheerful, busy little bee
From out this dainty, crimson flow'r,
Sip nectar for his winter store.
The sky is blue, and there and here
We see a fleecy cloud appear;
Nor tongue nor pen can e'er portray
The beauties of this sweet June day.

In mem'ry, dear, it takes me back
Along life's sunny backward track
Just thirteen years, to a sweet June day
And a little cot, not far away,
Where roses bloomed, and song of bird
Throughout the livelong day was heard;
But never was this song so gay
As on that blissful, bright June day.

Within that little nut-brown cot,
On earth the dearest, sweetest spot,
A wee pink flower, both sweet and gay,
First opened to the light of day.
As time flew by on fairy wing,
This wee pink flower, this dainty thing,
Of all our love demanded part,
And twined its tendrils 'round each heart.

Sometimes, without, 'twas dark and dreary,
But all within this cot was cheery,
Because this little floweret gay
Chased gloom and shadows all away.
This dainty thing, so dear to me,
This little flower I have in thee.
'Neath blue June sky and rainbow shower,
Long live earth's purest, sweetest flower.

CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

Don't you remember, oh, brother mine!
What fun we had at Christmas-time,
Out on the old farm, you and I—
That home we loved in days gone by?
How up in the loft we used to climb
For nuts, stored there in autumn-time,
To crack and eat by the dear old fire,
While the cheerful blaze leaped high'r and high'r?

And when it was time to go to bed,
How each tired, sleepy little head
Was laid on a pillow, soft and white,
To dream of Christmas the livelong night?
And how in the morn, before 'twas light,
Our eyes were opened wide and bright,
As we ran a race down the high old stair,
To see if "Santa" had been there,

And brought his bundle of toys with him,
And filled our stockings up to the brim?
But dear old "Santa" would always stop
And fill them full to the very top.
Then we'd away to the old hillside,
The country shoemaker's cot beside—
Just 'round the corner, near the wood,
Where the tall old beech-tree grew and stood.

And the snowbirds hopped on its boughs awry
As our brand-new sled went whizzing by;
And down to the foot of the hill we'd go,
Over the crystal Christmas snow.
Oh, could life's downward journey be
As free from care for you and me;
Our hearts be filled with the same glad rays
Of those olden, golden Christmas days!

When life was so sunny, bright, and new,
Oh, brother mine! for me and you.
A happier home none ever had
Than ours, holding hearts so light and glad.
But those happy Christmas days of yore
To us will come again no more;
For she who chased all our care away
Sings a Christmas anthem in heaven to-day.

MY LITTLE BROWN-EYED SWEETHEART.

When evening shadows gather round,
And work of day is done,
When down the west horizon sinks
The glorious, golden sun,
And sweetly sing the whip-po-wils
Ode to the closing day,
Back to my home among the hills
My visions often stray.

CHORUS:

Tho' time from mem'ry may efface
All else that's sweet and tender,
Those happy olden, golden days
I ever shall remember.
Oh, happy, olden, golden days,
Oh, days with sunshine laden,

When I wandered o'er those verdant hills
With a little brown-eyed maiden.

Where flowers were fair and fields were green,
And trees with blossoms lade,
'Twas there I met and loved and wooed
A little brown-eyed maid;
And oftentimes she'd sing to me
Sweetly her Flower Song,
As o'er those verdant, flowery hills
We gaily strolled along.

CHORUS:

But that was years, long years ago,
Yet o'er and o'er again
In dreams I'm with my brown-eyed love,
And hear that sweet refrain.
Tho' death's cold frost has touched my flower,
And bid its life depart,
Yet still within my soul doth live
My little brown-eyed sweetheart.

CHORUS:

I KNOW TWO EYES.

SONG.

I know two eyes—two jet-black eyes,
Yet fond and true and tender.
I see them in the twinkling stars,
And in the glowing ember.
You girls may talk of sweet blue eyes,
Or on soft brown eyes tarry,
But I will take those jet-black eyes,
So sparkling, bright, and merry.

They come to me at twilight hour,
They come in morning early,
They come my every joy to share,
Those jet-black eyes so merry.
They come at noon, and when I'm sad
They look at me so kindly,
Their ever-tender, sparkling glance
Dwells on me, oh, so fondly.

I know two eyes—two jet-black eyes,
Yet fond and true and tender;
They're bright as any twinkling star
Up in the heavens yonder.
I look into those sparkling eyes,
Those jet-black eyes so merry,
And see within their radiant depths
The love-light of my "dearie."

CUPID'S MISTAKE.

Cupid looked forth one bright spring day,
And whispered, "Now I must away.
Old winter, with his frost and snow,
Took his departure long ago.

"O'er roadside, field, and woodland, too,

Sweet violets grow, with eyes so blue;
Blossoms of every hue and shade
The balmy air with perfume lade.

"There's light and sunshine everywhere;
All nature is so wondrous fair;
E'en from the woods the wild birds sing
A welcome to the newborn spring.

"This surely is my harvest time,
To make men bow at Love's sweet shrine;
For all around, below, above,
Will help me make men fall in love."

So from beneath his flow'ry tent
He started on this mission bent.
First to the halls of wealth and rank
Went cunning Cupid with his prank.

On reaching them, to his dismay,
Those halls in deepest quiet lay;
And music, once the food of love,
Could not be heard below, above.

So Cupid's little wings he spread,
And, flying, to himself he said,
"The lawyer will be in, I know,
He's poring o'er his books, I trow.

"Poor fellow, what a lot is his!
To be shut up a day like this,
From sunlight, flowers, and wild bird's song,
Trying to balance right and wrong.

"I'll take my tiny little dart,
And lightly touch the lawyer's heart,
And show him how love's sweet, glad light
Can make his dingy office bright."

But when he reached the longed-for spot,
He found the studious lawyer not.
These words he read upon the door,
"The lawyer will be in at four."

"To the office of the doctor kind
I'll go," said he, "for there I'll find
Him tending to his patients' ills
With soothing balms and dainty pills."

But doctor's doors were closed, and lo!
Just as poor Cupid turned to go,
These words he read 'twixt tears, alack!
"At six the doctor will be back."

Next to the dentist man he flew,
And called upon the merchant, too;
In every place, the city 'round,
But not a bit of game he found.

"Well, well!" said Cupid, with a moan,
"The world has cold and heartless grown."
So once again his wings he spread,
And over country roads he sped,

Back toward his home among spring flowers,
And shady walks, and leafy bowers;
But as he flew the stream beside,
A crowd of wheelmen there he spied.

"Ha! ha!" laughed he, "I've found them all,
Both short and tall, both great and small.
Oh, what a pretty lad I see
Gliding along so merrily!

"With pretty boots laced to the knee,
His limbs how shapely, blithe, and free;
If I can get such game as he,

This trip a grand success will be."

So, saying this, his bow he bent,
And through the air his arrow sent;
Straight toward this pretty lad it flew,
And pierced his bosom through and through.

"My! wasn't that a blissful aim.
I'll fly to earth and get my game."
But when he reached that laddie's side
He looked perplexed, then horrified.

Then quickly rose and flew away,
And as he went was heard to say:
"Oh, what a blunder! Now I see
Fort Wayne is not the place for me;

"For, counting now my time and cost,
This lovely day is worse than lost.
My wings are weary, brain's awhirl,
For, oh, 'twas but a Bloomer Girl!"

DEWEY'S VICTORY.

'Tis morning at Manila,
The first dawn of the May;
Along the eastern horizon
We see the light of day.

As spreads its golden splendor
And drives away the night,
The hills that guard the islands
Are decked with diamonds bright.

The cocoa palms so olden,
Now robed in silvered green,
Stretch their broad branches heav'nward
To golden fields serene.

And yon cathedral spire gleams
With glory from the skies;
The beauty of the Sabbath
Across the city lies.

A little bay rests softly
Among those sun-kissed isles,
Reflecting heaven's azure,
And basking in God's smiles.

Upon its sleeping waters
A Spanish squadron lies;
Her flags unfurl their folds, and
Upon sweet breezes rise.

Lo! another fleet approaches,
More beauteous and grand;
The flag she bears so proudly
Has waved o'er Freedom's land!

She comes across the billows,
And in Freedom's cause to-day
The smoke and fire of battle
Enfold Manila Bay.

Look! on Fort Cavite they're firing!
Their efforts now prevail;
'Tis shattered into splinters,
And Spanish cheeks grow pale

The cannons belch forth thunder!
The shells burst thick and fast!

With might charge Freedom's heroes,
Amid the purple blast.

The handsome flagship Reina
Christina's sinking now;
She's robed in flames and ruin,
From th' Olympia's snowy bow.

Now all the Spanish squadron,
Its proud and dauntless crew,
Sinks 'mid the storm of battle,
'Neath troubled waters blue.

Nor falls a single hero
In Freedom's cause so true,
While fighting 'neath the banner
That's red and white and blue.

The Philippines are freed from
All tyrant rule and reign,
Avenged the noble sailors
On board our gallant Maine!

The gory hands of Spain are
In ocean waters laved,
O'er whose enchanted bosom
This morn her banner waved.

Hills, mountains, vales, and rocks ring
With shouts of victory,
As falls the sunset's crimson
Across the earth and sea.

And Dewey's noble squadron,
That bravely won the day,
On drowsy winds is floating
"Old Glory" o'er the bay.

All hail! our great commander,
Thou hero of the sea,
With your brave and noble boys you
Have captured victory.

Your name is wreathed in glory,
Its praises will be sung
Wherever Freedom's flag is
To Freedom's breezes flung.

The guns you've fired to-day,
On the first of flow'ring May,
Will thunder o'er Spain's hilltops
Ten thousand miles away!

Fling higher Freedom's emblem!
Long may its colors wave
Where God has given victory
To Freedom's noble brave.

BATTLE OF SANTIAGO BAY.

Just off the coast of an isle that lies
Where silver'd, feathery palm-trees rise
As if their branches would kiss the skies
So blue, so far away;
When woke each vale the Sabbath bell,
On seas that gently rose and fell,
Our nation's warships lay.

As dreamily, lazily basking, they
In quiet tropical sunshine lay,
In sight of a placid, sleeping bay,

Where anchored the Spaniard's ships,
"A big boat's coming from the bay!
The Spaniard's squadron comes this way!"
Came loud from a lookout's lips.

As one by one came the fleet of Spain
Across the bay, toward the main,
With hope in each bosom they once again
Launched forth on open sea.
"Each man to his gun!" the commodore cried,
And the warships plowed through the cloven tide,
In the trail of the enemy.

"Full speed ahead! Open fire!"
The commodore's voice rose high'r and high'r,
'Midst smoke and flames to the enemy nigh'r,
The gallant fleet plunged on.
The cannons poured forth fire and thunder,
The great shells cleft the waves asunder,
As gun replied to gun.

Right through the hot hell-fire and shell,
Through mist and smoke and shot that fell
O'er ship and boiling sea, pell-mell,
Charged Freedom's heroes true.
For o'er the battle's smoke and fury
Waved high the synonym of glory,—
The old "Red, White and Blue."

Great crashing volleys, long and loud,
Swept from the decks the Spaniards proud,
Then wrapped their boats in a smoky shroud,
And left them beached and burning.
Their decks in human blood were laved,
O'er which the yellow banner waved
So vauntingly that morning.

That eve the sunset's crimson ray
Touched gently, softly, tenderly
The waves that moaned where the lost fleet lay,—
The pride of Spain erstwhile,—
And crowned the man who climbed the height
To plant "Old Glory's" spangles bright
On sun-kissed Cuba's Isle.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

We'd been a talkin'—me and Ma—
A deal about our Bill.
He wuz well nigh onto thirty,
And gettin' older still.

He wa'n't a lazy lad, you see,
Wuz tall and strong and big,
But to accomplish anything
He must git up and dig.

Next we sot out to talk of Sal;
She wa'n't a hansum lass,
But luvin'er or kinder soul
Ne'er stepped on medder grass.

Sez I, "Good wimmen never grows
Frum idle gals, 'tis true;"
So we decided Sally should
Airn her own livin' too.

And then we talked about the twins,—
About our Joe and Jim.
Joe allus wuz a truant cuss,

And oft I've wallerp'd him
Fer runnin' 'way from skule to watch
The ships cum in at sea.
He allus said, "When I'm a man,
A sailor I will be."
Wuz allus gettin' inter scraps
On politicks at skule;
It wa'n't no use to send 'im,
He broke ever' gol-durned rule.
But Jim wuz sort o' studious;
He keered a heap fer books.
Lazy? I guess! On summer days
He'd find the shady nooks
And lay and read, while me and Bill
Got out and dun the work,
And airned a decent livin' fer
This lazy, wuthless shirk.
But Sue, she wuz a hansum gal;
Her cheek wuz like the rose;
Her breth wuz sweet as any breeze
The June-time ever blows.
Her eyes wuz dark and full of fire,
Her cheeks wuz churry red,
Her body sort o' willery,
But she'd a haughty head.
But if you wanted her to work
She never could be found;
And, mebby, if you scoured the farm
And all the country round,
You'd find her sittin' in a tree
A-whistlin' o' the tune
She'd heered the medder lark a-singin'
To the skies o' June.
And so one nite I called 'em in,
I think jest arter tea.
Sez I, "We've clothed and edecated you—
Yer Ma and me;
But now we're gettin' old, our j'int's
O' roomatism tells,
And it's high time fer you to airn
A livin' fer yoursel's."
Our kids wuz proud as eny
Indiany's ever grown,
And so, afore another month
They left us all alone.
Bill went to Philadelphy town
And hired to a store
As keeps all sorts o' things in lots,
Oh, millions,—mebby more.
Sal went to work fer Deken Dobbs,
And Joe went off to sea;
But Jim turned out an editor—
A mighty man wuz he.
Along kum one o' them air shows
With gals that danced and sang;
And, spite of all her ma could say,
Our Sue, she j'ined the gang.
As years went by our Bill he wed
A hansum city wife,
And went to livin' in accord
With high-dad city life.

The children kum till he possessed
O' them a mammoth fold;
And ever'thing he teched jest seemed
To turn to yaller gold.

Sal, wed to Deken Dobbs's son,
Wuz happy, but so poor;
And meny children played around
Her country cabin door.

But then she loved that wuthless man,
And p'raps, when all is told,
She's happier 'n she would 'a' bin
If she had wed fer gold.

The last I heered of rompin' Sue,
I b'lieve it wuz a "hit"
They called it that she made in France,
And ever' night she'd git

Great piles o' flowers, roses and sich,
O' yaller, red and white;
And ever' time she danced she fetched
Ten thousan' francs a night!

But Jim—poor Jim! our lazy boy—
He did'nt fare so well;
He's good in larnin', but, somehow,
His paper didn't sell.

But why it didn't I can't tell,
And of'n wonder yit;
Fer when the people brung in stuff
As fer his paper writ

Thet didn't sound jest right to him,
And wuzn't right in looks,
He allus tuk and made it right,
Fer Jim wuz good in books.

He know'd about the president,
Congress and senate, too;
Could tell you all that they hed done
And what they'd ort to do.

And when he found he couldn't make
Enuff to buy a bike,
He *walked* off down the railroad track
Toward the Klondike.

But do you know that wuthless Joe
Turned out the best of all?
When down-trod Cuby needed help,
He answered duty's call,

An' what he taught ol' haughty Spain
I guess she'll not forget;
Fer the way he licked them Spanyards
Wuz a caution, now, you bet!

The people all went wild about
His bravery and fame,
An' now he's got an "Admiral"
Hitched on afore his name.

But nairy youngster would 'a' knowed
What in his brain-pan lay
'F I hadn't said, "Git up and dust!"
To them that summer day.

TO MY DOG.

Noble fellow, faithful friend!
Devoted, kind, and true;
In all this wide, wide world I've found
No one who loves like you.

Faithful dog, rememb'rest thou
(Oh, lucky day for thee!)
When thou, a friendless puppy, came
To beg a crust from me?

Then thou wast hungry, footsore, cold,
Thy sides were lank and thin;
But when I saw thy friendly face
I gladly took thee in.

Now thou art beautiful and plump.
Thy fur is soft and sleek,
A pretty collar buckled round
Thy noble, glossy neck.

But thou, oh, noble, trusty friend,
Repay'st this care of mine
A thousand-fold, for who could spurn
Devotion such as thine?

I know if thou, in time to come,
Some other friend should find,
Thou wilt not say of me harsh words
And sentences unkind.

So they who would our friendship scorn—
My fondness would reprove,—
Would better come to thee and learn
True gratitude and love.

SOMEBODY.

There's somebody stayin' aroun' our house—
I don't know who or where—
That sneaks about an' follers me out
An' in an' ever'where

I go; an' 'sturbs my skates an' things,
An' scatters 'em all about;
But you bet your stuff it'll go mighty tough
With 'im when I find 'im out!

Though I hang my hat an' coat away,
Up on the peg with care,
I'll just be bound they can't be found
When I want 'em,—anywhere.

When I've hunted for 'em till I'm late for school,
An' mad as one ol' March hare,
An' a dozen more, right down on the floor
I'll find that hat, just where

Somebody's went an' throwed it down,—
It's the same with my books each day,
My bat an' ball, my mittens an' all,
Though I'm sure I put 'em away.

But I tell you this: if I ever find
Who that meddlesome "somebody" is,
I'll rout 'im, an' scout 'im, an' all that's about 'im,
I'll learn 'im to mind his biz.

THE HERO OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

(SONG.)

We sing of the hero of battle,
We cherish and worship his name;
Of the hero of old, and the hero of gold,
Of him who has honor and fame.
The hero of love's tender passion,
Who basks in its mystical ray,
As we journey along, but never a song
For the hero we meet every day.

The one who can face, aye, so bravely
His losses, rebuffs, and defeat;
Whose heart will not break though the world may forsake,—
From the enemy will not retreat.
Who never will murmur at fate, when
It seems an unmerciful foe,
But struggles along with a heart true and strong,
And strikes a far nobler blow.

Though his last golden castle is shattered
And sown to the wind long ago,
Each one that he meets with a warm smile he greets,—
His burden we never may know.
But hark! sweetest melodies mingle
With the din of earth's tumult and strife—
Heaven's joyous bells ring and archangels sing
For the hero of every-day life.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

Oh, where is that beautiful city, mamma,
The one that is called Fort Wayne?
Does it rest in the light of a clear blue sky,
'Way out on a sandy plain?

Or may it be found where the roses climb
Over trellises built so high
That if you would pluck off the topmost one
You'd have to climb up to the sky?

Or where all the streets are so smooth and so clean
That buggies and bicycles, too,
Glide along with all ease in the sweet dreamy breeze,
Like balloons in soft heavens of blue?

Mother: Not there, my child, not there.

Fort Wayne is a hustling city, my dear,
On the banks of the old Maumee,
Where most of the folks are too busy to care
The beauties of nature to see.

'Tis a place where they all pay a tax, my dear,
For repairing the street, you know,
That they all may enjoy their bicycles, dear,
As "bumpety bump" they go.

And should you e'er enter that city, my dear,
Be sure that you always look down,
Or first thing you know in a rut you will go,
And find yourself flat on the ground.

Or if 'tis not you that is flat on the ground,
Your bicycle ruined will be—
There are tacks, broken beer-bottles strewn all around,
And your tire will be punctured, you see.

Fort Wayne is the city of "tags," my dear,
As every taxpayer knows;
Tags on their horses, their wheels, and their dogs,
And tags from their heads to their toes.

When its people go into the country, my dear,
To enjoy its cool breezes and shade,
They are bangled and spangled with tags, my dear,
Till they look like a circus parade.

It is there, my child, it is there.

TO THE OLD TOWN CLOCK.

Oh, servant faithful, tried, and true,
Through sunshine, storm, and shower,
Thy face for nearly forty years
Has graced the court-house tower;
Thy hands have never idle hung,
Thy face was always cheery,
Thy ever-swinging pendulum
Seemed never, never weary.

When we were late to work or school,
How gently didst thou chide us,
Telling in soft and muffled chimes
How swiftly time glides by us.
Oh, how the workman loved thy voice,
When thou, at set of sun,
Proclaimed in softest, sweetest chimes,
That his day's work was done.

But to us all it lost its charm,
And sounded cross and surly,
When wakened by its loud alarm
In morning, oh, so early!
The maple trees that spread their boughs
O'er the court-house yard below,
Each year yield up their foliage
To winter's frost and snow.

The birds that nest and sing among
Their boughs in summer time,
When winter winds begin to blow,
All seek a sunny clime.
But thou, oh, tried and faithful one,
Wert always just the same,
Keeping the time with merry chime
Through sunshine, snow, and rain.

For forty years thou'st kept the time,
While in the court below
Stood he who perpetrated crime,
Waiting his doom to know;
And when a murderer was tried,
Who, for a little pay,
Did take the life of a trusting friend,
In a hut not far away,

"One, two, three," we heard thee say,
In measured tones and slow,
As forth, to be tried in heav'nly courts,
His blood-stained soul did go.
Oh, cruel was thy fate, old clock!
For many days ago
Thy old familiar face was crushed
By workmen's sturdy blow.

They say they'll build a new court-house,
And that they will replace

By timepiece handsome, bright and new
Thy old storm-beaten face.
Then thou, oh, servant tried and true,
Through storm, sunshine, and show'r,
The music of thy mellow chimes
We'll hear again no more.

AFTERWHILE, SOMEWHERE.

Some day the misty shadow
That covers your heaven of blue,
Will melted be, and you will see
The rainbow gleaming through.
The tears you've shed in silence
For love that was wasted here—
Be still, O soul! They'll find their goal,
Afterwhile, somewhere.

Though deeds of tend'rest kindness
Oft bitter reproaches bring,
As the drowning bee that you'd set free
Repays you with a sting.
The pain you bear in silence,
For confidence wasted here
Will blossoms yield in a sun-kissed field,
Afterwhile, somewhere.

Though years of honest labor
Success has never crowned,
No fruit they brought, though nobly wrought,
Dire Fate has always frowned.
The seed you've sown with patience,
The labor you've wasted here,
Again will bloom in the harvest-home,
Afterwhile, somewhere.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SNOWFLAKES ***

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