



# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Songs for All Seasons, and Other Poems, by Cora C. Bass

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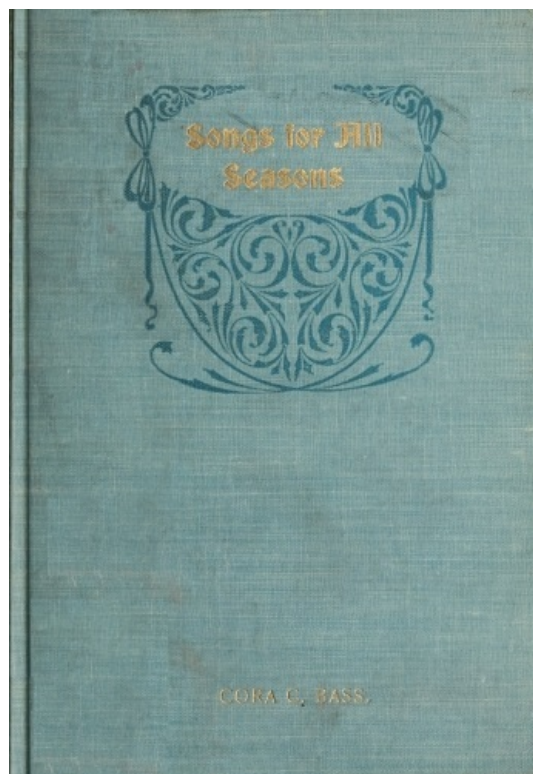
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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS, AND OTHER POEMS \*\*\*



## **Songs for All Seasons** and **Other Poems.**

-----  
Best wishes of the season to each and every one;  
May the fairest gifts attend thee till the day of time is done.  
Flow thy lives as smoothly as the tide of Heavenly love,  
And sweetest songs be given to the King of Kings above.  
-----

By  
**Cora C. Bass.**

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**PREFACE.**

*Thanks are due to The New York Observer, Zion's Herald, The Standard, Boston Transcript, Portland Transcript, New England Home Magazine and others.*

*I would also take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the many friends who gave so kindly a welcome to my first book of poems.*

CORA C. BASS.

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## **Songs for All Seasons.**



## SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.

Songs for all seasons, thrice welcome,  
And grateful they are to the ear;  
The rhythmical ring of each measure  
As the voice of the wood-thrush is clear.  
We hear the first note of the springtime,  
And quickly our hearts are attune  
With melodies pulsing around us,  
Till Winter, himself, is as June.

Songs for all seasons, we love them,  
The harmonies borne on the breeze.  
We love the deep tones of the billows,  
The brisk, busy, hum of the bees.  
The harvesting songs they are pleasant,  
The scent of the harvest, how sweet!  
Yet never a song of the seasons  
With winter's own song can compete.

---



**BRAVELY DO AND BRAVELY BEAR.**

I will bravely do and bravely bear  
Whatever God may send,  
Well knowing He will ease my care  
And His true child defend.  
I will bravely do and bravely bear,  
Yea, strive to do my best,  
Whether the way be dark or fair,  
And leave to Him the rest.

---

## THE WAVES OF CHANCE.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,  
Uncertain what to do,  
We sail the sea of circumstance  
A voyage ever new.  
The beacon light too often hid,  
On which we could rely,  
Can Hope betray us? God forbid!  
The haven still is nigh.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,  
Without the compass—choice,  
Neglecting when we should advance  
The one directing voice;  
Bewildered by the blinding spray  
We fail to count the cost,  
And court the dangers of delay  
When reckonings are lost.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,  
Rejecting what is best,  
We scan the billows' wild expanse  
An eager, ceaseless quest.  
The faithful pilot we have missed,  
No fault of his, our own;  
It means destruction to desist,—  
We battle on alone.

Buffeted by the waves of chance,  
Not knowing where to land,  
We need a keen, unerring glance,  
A firm, a steadfast hand.  
The ship of life triumphant glides  
Past doubt's delusive reef,  
And joyfully at anchor rides  
In yon fair bay—Belief.

---

## PRECIOUS SEED.

If no one planted precious seed  
How barren all the land would be,  
North and south and east and west,  
Never plenty, never rest;  
For a harvest rich and free,  
Vain to plead.

Be ready, all along the way,  
To seek the motive power of life;  
Free to sow, to garner in,  
Love its sure reward will win.  
Undismayed by doubt or strife,  
Work away.

If each man did the best he could  
In winter as in summer time;  
By pleasure's side, on sorrow's brink,  
His life chain forging link by link;  
Easy it would be to climb,  
Doing good.

---

## OURS IS THE CHOICE.

Most gracious choice!

What is a soul without a voice?

A noble thought develops noble deeds,  
Words give thought freedom, words are wings,  
Deft carriers of mysterious things  
Too glorious to behold;

They bear swift witness to our needs  
And make the true heart bold,

To mirror forth in language quaint,  
The image fancy cannot paint.

---

## THE SUM OF LIFE.

Day by day the weeks go by,  
Month by month the swift years fly,  
Hour by hour we work, we live,  
Love and labor, gain and give.

Taking blessings as they come,  
In the total find life's sum;  
Bind as in a volume vast,  
Read the future by the past.

Only reaching heights sublime,  
Willing step by step to climb;  
Wealth to which a soul succeeds  
Is to what the present leads.

---

## **BUILD.**

How much can we hope to win, while we merely sit and plan?  
It is better far to build, just building the best we can.  
And pleasant it is to build though the building itself is small,  
Though many a builder fail and many a building fall.  
It is ever the willing hands are sure to accomplish most;  
It is ever the truthful lips are least inclined to boast;  
It is ever the loving heart, is the safest heart to trust;  
Let us build because we may, and not because we must.

---

## THE PERFECT SONG.

Shall we not gladly sing the song  
A fainting heart to cheer?  
Although the path is dark and long  
Some saving help is near.  
There is no hill so hard to climb  
We may not reach the top;  
It were a needless waste of time  
To stop.

Shall we not gladly sing the song  
To speed men on their way,  
And swell the throng, the happy throng,  
Swift pressing on to-day?  
Which would we choose, to bravely sing  
The while we do our best,  
Or to an idle fancy cling  
And rest?

In the refrain of one sweet song  
Each silent voice we miss,  
A song to make the feeble strong,  
A song to breathe of bliss.  
The song which white robed seraphs hold  
All other songs above;  
The perfect song, the new, the old,  
Of Love.

---

## SUNSHINE.

There is plenty of sunshine in the world  
To brighten the darkest days;  
Are we sailing on with our colors furled,  
Or spread to the cheering rays?  
Are we sailing on with downcast eyes,  
Or eyes on the gleaming goal?  
Safe is the trip of the ship of the skies  
Though the waves of the clouds rough roll.

---



**"IT IS GOD'S WAY."**

Rest, kindly heart, content to say  
"It is God's way,  
His will be done."  
Thrice blessed thought,  
With bliss enwrought,  
For Freedom's son.

Rest, kingly soul, inspired to say  
"It is God's way,  
His will be done."  
While nations weep  
And vigil keep,  
Thy course is run.

Rest, martyr, lo! we hear thee say:—  
"It is God's way,  
His will be done."  
"Nearer to Thee,"  
Oh, tender plea,  
The crown is won.

---

## **TIME.**

When there is urgent need for haste  
Can we move slow?  
Let precious moments run to waste  
A chance forego?  
Achievement's dizzy heights alone  
Stand forth sublime;  
There is no penance to atone  
For loss of time.

---

## MAY.

From southern climes, O swiftly wing thy way  
And pour thy symphonies in cadence sweet  
Upon the air. 'Tis done, and at thy feet  
Forget-me-nots soft nestle in the spray  
Fresh scattered by the dew-drops in their play:  
Ay, even over echo's proud retreat,  
Monadnoc, lies thy handiwork complete;  
All hail thee, gentle queen,—benignant May!

May, brilliant May, with arbutus adorned;  
Fairer than life itself when hope prevails;  
Thy minstrels pipe in peace from yon blue pond,  
Where water-lilies spread their airy sails,  
And feathered songsters wake the wood beyond  
With notes more ringing sweet than nightingale's.

For what is England's silver-throated bird  
The heart of free America to thrill;  
When robin's merry strain, the lark's wild trill,  
Fall on the fainting faith like some fond word  
From lips beloved, that other days have heard,—  
Which spurred the lagging feet to climb the hill,  
That ere the "sweet note" fell forgot their will  
And marveled—what the feeble steps deterred.

Then, as on zephyr wing the summons came,  
It cheered the soul triumphant on its way;  
It fanned the "spark celestial" to a flame  
Which shimmered through the night's bewildered gray  
To glow about the One All-Blessed Name,  
And write in lines of gold: "Hail! Bonny May!"

---

## MAN AND THE MIST.

He cannot sweep away the mist  
    However he may toil,  
Content to weary years persist  
    It would his efforts foil.  
There is a place of vision clear  
    Where earth and sky are blending,  
Impelling him to persevere,  
    From height to height ascending.

How good it is when man can rise  
    Above the mist-hung valley,  
He must, who on his worth relies,  
    To his own rescue rally.  
He murmurs not at rocks ahead  
    But vaulting lightly o'er them,  
Will triumph over foemen dread  
    Or better yet ignore them.

Not seeking to the mist dispel  
    Thus precious moments wasting,  
He marvels not that others fell  
    While upward, onward, hasting.  
He hears the sound on ev'ry hand  
    Of people vainly shouting,  
But knowing where he soon may stand  
    Gives not a thought to doubting.

He pushes on with heart athrill;  
    Though weaker souls may taunt him,  
Succeed he must, succeed he will,  
    No obstacle can daunt him.  
There is a place for all who climb  
    He cannot fail to find it,  
The mist must veil a truth sublime  
    For there's the sun behind it.

---

## THE FLOWERS.

Weary and ill,  
Fair messengers and sweet  
They healthful thoughts and gracious hopes entreat,  
Fragrant out breathings from some balmy hill,  
Fresh from their sky-domed, leafy bowers,  
Thrice blessed flowers!

Opressive walls  
Instinctively expand,  
And sunny fields unfold on either hand,  
As singing rills repeat the blithe bird calls.  
We walk in breezy woodland bowers,  
Seeing the flowers.

The burdened brain  
Submissive to their spell  
Is quick to heed the gentle tale they tell:  
No baby blossom ever blooms in vain.  
Borne from their dreamy, dewy bowers;  
Cherish the flowers.

---

## RECOMPENSE.

After the shadows, sunshine;  
Quiet after the pain;  
Light for the mountain passes  
And for the desert rain.  
After the shadows, sunshine,  
After the failure, success;  
Never a pleasure is taken  
But something is given to bless.

---

## THE WAY.

The way may be rough,  
And our footsteps may falter,  
Though foeman rebuff,  
The right cannot alter;  
As upward we climb  
Each trouble outbraving,  
More sweet and sublime  
Is the boon we are craving.

The way may be long,  
And the day may be dreary;  
The world is not wrong  
Because we are weary.  
A cloud may annoy,  
But soon shall we read it  
By light of the joy  
And the peace that succeed it.

---

## A SONG.

A song makes merry music 'mid the hills,  
Like laughing rills.  
On heaven's bright sea its echo lingers long,  
Love is a song.  
A quenchless melody given to inspire  
The fainting heart with bold, ambitious fire;  
Springing from out the life,  
As pain is born of strife.  
A sweet conception of the joy to be,  
Delightful, free.  
Gladly our lips take up the winsome strain  
And make the meaning of its birthright plain.

---



## THE MISSING SHIP.

Any news yet of the missing ship?  
Any news yet? we say;  
A household word on every lip,  
The name of that ship to-day:  
The name of the ship who left her dock  
In the blush of the early morn,  
Has she struck, unknown, on some cruel rock  
With never a voice to warn?

Any news yet of the missing ship?  
Any news yet? we cry;  
We speak her name with a trembling lip,  
To her aid we fain would fly.  
Adrift at mercy of wind and wave;  
Storm spent on a desolate shore:—  
May there be one guardian hand to save,  
'Mid the billows rush and roar.

Any news yet of the missing ship?  
Any news yet? we sigh;  
We speak her name with a timid lip,  
And pray for a kind reply.  
For life and death in a moment blend,  
Who ever the captain may be;  
We never can tell how a trip will end,  
When a ship puts out to sea.

---

## TRANQUILITY.

We well may keep a tranquil mind  
 Whatever changes meeting,  
The world is happier we find  
 For ev'ry pleasant greeting.  
How easy then to work away  
 At each new problem set us,  
For even on the darkest day  
 Some gleam of hope has met us.

There is no hill so hard to climb,  
 We may not reach the summit;  
There is no task, but patience, time,  
 Will grandly overcome it.  
We cannot look for light in vain,  
 Behold it all around us;  
Perplexing paths shall be made plain,  
 When victory has crowned us.

---

**NO DUTY IS TOO DIFFICULT TO DO.**

Attentive to the work the will requires  
The hand achieves the task the heart desires;  
No duty is too difficult to do,  
The end in view.

The end in view, if hope, or love, it be;  
Content, when it can set a brother free;  
Or bid him move rejoicing on his way  
The while 'tis day.

Attentive to the work the will requires,  
The hand perfects the task the heart desires,  
No duty is too difficult to do,  
The end in view.

---

**"OLD YEAR, ADIEU."**

A happy measure smites the ear.  
It pealeth full, it pealeth clear;  
And at the "witching hour" of night,  
Awakes a rapture of delight.  
    Across the land, across the sea,  
        The merry strain is borne along;  
    While even seraphs bend the knee  
        Before the majesty of song.

Old Year—alas, we cannot stay  
Thy eager footsteps for a day;  
Thy work is done, and thou shalt go,  
A rival is at hand we know.  
    Across the land, across the sea,  
        The merry strain is borne along;  
    Ah! surely it is bliss to flee  
        Upon the pinions of a song.

Hark!—clear and strong and full and free,  
I hear the bells saluting thee;  
They seem to say "Old Year, adieu"—  
And "halleluiah" to the New.  
    Across the land, across the sea,  
        The merry peal is borne along,  
    And all the world must happy be  
        To hear the oft-repeated song.

---

## WASHINGTON.

'Twas Christmas eve, the enemy his vigilance for once relaxed;  
Well might such gusts of angry sleet the keenest zeal have overtaxed.

The ice thronged Delaware ran bleak, but friendly, to the distant bay,  
While to and fro upon his beat the sentry took his patient way.

A gallant force full often tried was swiftly plying mattock, spade,  
While those who first should stem the tide, moved calmly forth as on parade.

They met in silence, halted, marched, the merest motion a command,  
A raging river rolled before; the "Lion" hungered near at hand.

The watchfires gleaming through the mist seemed saying:—Courage! men, good cheer.  
None may suppose while bright we burn, that not a soldier lingers near.

The hero faced a bank of gloom, it spoke security, success.  
He saw the country free and felt a glow of holy happiness.

Within the measure of a breath he saw the revolution o'er,  
He saw Mount Vernon smile in peace above the blue Potomac's shore.

But happy times were yet to come, a grim invader walked the land,  
Oh that he might by one dread blow bid yonder Hessian horde disband.

The frost lay white upon his brow, the blizzard raved, he heeded not,  
No hand but God's should stand between his army and the goal it sought.

And so he crossed the Delaware, a lesser man had quailed to view,  
He crossed it, for full well he knew how brave his men although how few.

The boat was faithful to its trust, it bore him slowly, surely, o'er;  
And scorned to heed the groaning mass that pressed upon it more and more.

So victor crowned, at early morn, through Trenton's smoke hung streets he passed,  
Like one, who after weary days, has caught a glimpse of home at last.

He passed in triumph, passed to find, though other battles loomed before,  
That monarchy, could not again, in this free land her loss restore.

---

## COMRADES.

Comrades, yea comrades in war and comrades in peace,  
Comrades when bugles were sounding a blessed release;

Comrades when bullets were whistling and death rode in sight,  
Comrades 'mid battle and conquest and comrades to-night.

Comrades when many a river ran red with blood,  
Comrades when war swept us on with the force of a flood;  
Comrades when charging the fortress each fain would be first;  
Comrades where thickest and fiercest the hissing shells burst.

Comrades, even as in the great conflicts of yore,  
Comrades with danger behind us and danger before;  
Comrades when tempests of sorrow were shrouding the sky,  
Comrades to suffer and conquer, or suffer and die.

---

## CHARACTER.

Armed with reason, braced by knowledge,  
Surely such a one is king;  
Ready in his honest manhood  
For whatever fate may bring.  
Public spirited, courageous,  
Gauging chances at their best;  
Let his character commend him,  
Time will gladly do the rest.

---

## WHAT IS THERE TO BE THANKFUL FOR?

“What is there to be thankful for?”

I think I hear you say:  
Hope is a happy counsellor  
When clouds hang dull and gray;  
The sky is dark, the way is long,  
The hours move sad and slow;  
A fitting time for one sweet song  
To set the heart aglow.

A fitting time for one sweet song  
To echo far and wide,  
The sky is dark, the way is long,  
My strength is sorely tried.  
Though dark the sky and long the way,  
I'll keep love's armor bright.  
Still singing, through the night, the day,  
I know God's will is right.

How oft the eager pulse must thrill  
To robin's liquid note;  
A merry tune, the May-buds trill  
'Neath winter's shielding coat.  
There sounds a gracious hymn of praise  
From ev'ry living thing;  
Because the sun refuse its rays  
Can I refuse to sing?

Can I refuse to sing when some  
Might find the timid strain  
More powerful than trump or drum,  
And swell the glad refrain?  
Lo, Christ has made me free to rise  
From man's forlorn estate,  
To look beyond the stormy skies  
And see the pearly gate.

What is there to be thankful for?  
A will that would obey;  
A soul that stands as conqueror,  
And this, that I may pray.  
Lo, Christ has made me free to rise  
From man's forlorn estate,  
I look beyond the stormy skies  
And see the pearly gate.

---



## LIFE'S TEMPLE.

How shall we plan life's temple? With a height divine,  
Wherein rare workmanship and worth combine;  
Or low and rambling, that the prisoned soul  
May trace no semblance of the wondrous whole,  
To which its hopes so eagerly aspire?  
We can but fashion what we most admire.

How shall we plan life's temple? By design complete,  
Which on the world's highway we fain would meet;  
Then ere Night dons her star-encrusted veil  
To silent journey over hill and dale,  
The dream of youth, at least, may proudly stand—  
An ideal structure in an ideal land.

How shall we build life's temple? Build it stone on stone  
And ever build, no part abides alone.  
We labor vainly if we fail to know  
A firm foundation though 'tis builded slow,  
Is built to stand, when hearts are bold to dare  
And bound to conquer as to do and bear.

---

## WHAT DO WE OWE OUR FRIENDS?

What do we owe our friends? We owe them love, not fear,  
Love that the closer clings when storms are near;  
Love that shall speak in eye, in voice, in hand,  
And steadfast stand.

What do we owe our friends but loyalty and trust?  
Forever faithful, sympathetic, just;  
A peerless comforter, and shield and guide,  
Whate'er betide.

What do we owe our friends? The kinship of good deeds,  
A soul responsive to their deepest needs,  
To share life's burdens all the weary way,  
And watch, and pray.

What do we owe our friends? The patience which forbears;  
And fond communion 'mid their joys, their cares;  
A gracious spirit firm to do its best,  
Nor doubt, nor rest.

What do we owe our friends? Kind thoughts and pleasant cheer  
Born of affection tender and sincere,  
And ready service, the efficient seal  
Of earnest zeal.

What do we owe our friends? We owe them love, not fear,  
Love that the closer clings when storms are near,  
Love that shall speak in eye, in voice, in hand,  
And steadfast stand.

---

## MEMORIAL DAY.

[Dedicated to the G. A. R. Read at Huntington Hall.]

With muffled drum, with banners furled, with martial step and slow,  
Oh, gather by the sacred dust, the dust that lies below;  
Oh, gather by the sacred dust of comrades loyal, true,  
Wave over them thy benison, the red, the white, the blue.

May this fair Union stand complete, a monument divine  
To those who sacrificed their lives at freedom's holy shrine;  
Upon each thirtieth of May with solemn tread we come,  
And pay them tender tribute to the throbbing of the drum.

We marched with them, we fought with them, our bed the sullen sod,  
With not a star above us and without a hope, save God;  
'Mid cannon's roar, the halt, the dash, the victory, retreat,  
We saw them falling 'round us as the sickle fells the wheat.

Oh, dark the days that followed fast on Baltimore, Bull Run,  
Beneath the torrid fierceness of a blazing southern sun;  
With Butler in his bold campaigns, with Sherman by the sea,  
We shoulder stood to shoulder in the battle of the free.

And ever through the living past there flows a tender vein,  
To stir the heart and open wounds that bleed and bleed again,  
As tearful eyes and empty arms to death itself appealed,  
Alas for those who sadly knelt on Desolation's field!

Oh, there are many lonely lie beneath the rev'rent blue,  
But they will not be missing from the final grand review;  
Let wives and mothers gather near, and little children weep  
Above the dreary pillows where the martyred heroes sleep.

The martyred heroes; yonder shaft of granite guards a spot,  
The sepulchre of comrades that can never be forgot;  
While pride endures, and nations thrive, and patriots survive  
Must Lowell keep the mem'ry of her own great loss alive.

She scatters garlands o'er her dead and softly tolls the bells,  
But for her martyred heroes are the precious immortelles.  
Oh, Ladd and Whitney, side by side, in peaceful silence rest,  
Among the fairest jewels that adorn Columbia's breast.

We cannot think of them as lost, for moving on and on  
The soul shall rise triumphant on the resurrection morn;  
Upon the angel wings of prayer let thought sublime ascend  
Until we feel the grandeur that the dying comprehend.

With muffled drum, with banners furled, with martial step and slow,  
Oh, gather by the sacred dust, the dust that lies below;  
And mingle with the breath of flowers that sigh above the brave,  
The note of lamentation, like an echo from the grave.

The laurel wreath, the tearful eye and Honor's fairest crown  
Are drops in life's great ocean to the price that they laid down.  
Hush! listen to the sacred dirge, it swells,—it sobs,—it dies:  
Until we see them marching, marching home beyond the skies.

---

## OUR CITY.

Turn backward the close written pages,  
Close written with deeds breathing praise,  
A secret attracting the sages,  
The fruitful reward of our gaze.  
Yes, turn back the close written pages, in gratitude seeking the clue;  
Be thankful to find it and wonder to such a fair record review.

Her history daily unfolding,  
Through life of the daughter, the son,  
From models the moments are molding  
The fame of our city is won.  
Her rapid development shows us, the Merrimack's run to the sea  
Has not been more true to its mission than she to her promise will be.

How patiently Labor has striven,  
Bespeaking the boon of success;  
The loom and the spindle once given  
Have proven as guerdons to bless.  
The fields boldly trodden by red men, in league with each meadow and hill,  
Where lingered the good Wannalancit, now answer to Industry's will.

While yet a mere village came duly  
Determined and far seeing men,  
So skillfully wrought they, so truly,  
The present was plain to them, then.  
They planned with a clear sighted vision, their eyes on futurity bent,  
Ambitious to build to their utmost, that none might have cause to lament.

The hand-maiden Knowledge beside them  
Led Genius, twin-brother of Art;  
A blessing could not be denied them,  
Each steadfastly doing his part.  
The summons of Lincoln stood honored as soon as the summons was heard,  
And later when Cuba was calling how many went forth at the word.

Adversity's forces defying  
The County, the Country, the State  
On Lowell are wise in relying  
Till tempests of trouble abate.  
Rejoice in the marvellous brightness illuming the glorious past,  
Prosperity's presence will grandly the scope of the future forecast.

---

## NIGHT.

The mellow moonbeams glint along the waves,  
Beyond the inky blur yon frowning height  
Full oft impresses on the tranquil deep.  
What eagle glances pierce the veil of gloom!  
Each galaxy of light proclaims a town,  
Instinct with life, as childhood is with joy.  
Afar, like some dim phantom of the hour,  
A liner speeds majestic on her way;  
While beaconward a schooner lies at ease,  
A graceful shadow on a silvered sea.

---

## LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE.

Would you see a winsome fairy with her baby eyes alight,  
As she wrestles with the problem: "Oh, will Santy come to-night?"  
Mischievous beaming in the glances where the dainty dimples hide,  
'Mid a wealth of wiles bewitching at the merry Christmas tide.  
    Twice her eager ears have heard,  
    Sounds as if the yule log stirred;  
    Thrice the reindeer bells have rung  
    Since the twilight hour was young.

From her rosy lips and fingers honey-sweet caresses fall,  
Like a tender benediction on the loving hearts of all;  
And with each exultant jingle from the busy street below  
Hark the joyful proclamation:—"He is coming now, I know."  
    Singing blithely as a wren:—  
    "Peace on earth, good will to men."  
    Wafted on the strain so sweet,  
    Surely earth and heaven meet.

How she warms and glows and sparkles, like a precious human gem,  
Till she kneels beside the chimney at the setting of P.M.  
With her gentle face uplifted and the drooping lashes wet,  
Whispering the fond petition which she never can forget:—  
    For the lonely and the sad  
    That the morrow may be glad,  
    And that Kris herself will bless  
    With just one benign caress.

Hurry, darling, let us go to the magic realm of sleep,  
It is over there, you know, we may hear a love-bird peep;  
Hang the stocking up in state where Saint Nicholas must see,  
Then away to fair dreamland on the fast express with me.  
    Happy Little Wide-Awake,  
    Santy comes and no mistake;  
    But she misses half the bliss  
    Of his pleasant smile and kiss.

---

## **TRY TO HELP ANOTHER.**

Try to help another whether friend or foe,  
And the sweet soul-sunshine shall the brighter glow;  
Try to help another fainting by the way,  
Lo! the night of sorrow turneth into day.  
Try to help another, be he small or great,  
Try to help him onward ere it is too late;  
Try to help him onward, try to help him up,  
Add a heav'nly flavor to his bitter cup.

---

## INDEPENDENCE.

Dimly was the magnitude of the vast result foreseen  
When England smote America on Lexington's fair green.  
A just retaliation of the most unrighteous blow,  
The hand of the oppressor set the nation's heart aglow.

There was burning indignation, it swept the outraged land,  
The blood of murdered brothers grew too urgent to withstand.  
Responsive to the message men were quickened by the news,  
Confronting vital issues little need to stop and choose.

The spirit of the people sympathized with those who bore  
The burden of the battle and the sword was sheathed no more.  
For how could those who suffered be content to bend the knee  
To tyranny? 'Twere "better far to die or to be free."

A noble deed is eloquent to noble deeds inspire,  
With broken ranks or columns massed we meet the foeman's fire.  
'Twere better far to perish than to linger here a slave,  
God favored independence in the leader, true, he gave.

In that dread hour both sad and sweet which hallowed Bunker Hill,  
The bud of freedom flourished in an atmosphere of will,  
As Prescott faltered step by step down yonder rugged slope,  
His being conquered sorrow in a sudden rush of hope.

While valiantly contending for the long defended field,  
He felt Columbia's future to her noble sons appealed.  
The effort was successful in the impulse many gained,  
To consecrate their powers to a cause so well maintained.

As Prescott faltered step by step down yonder rugged slope,  
His being conquered sorrow in a sudden rush of hope.  
In place of troops and smoking spires a peaceful city stood;  
No foreign forces fettered her, she wrought for human good.

The vessels raining shot and shell, gave way to ships of trade;  
No horde, with hostile purpose, dared the busy streets invade.  
A whisper of its presence would united wrath awake,  
Beware of idle sophistries, a nation's life at stake.

The nation's life at stake, one word will rouse us from our rest,  
The patriot stands ready to submit to sternest test.  
What sacrifice is too severe when danger is at hand?  
The hero's arm is strong to strike for home and native land.

---



## CONTRASTED LIVES.

Successful men,  
Woo the diffusive fire  
And yet feel cold.  
What of the homeless, then,  
In pitiful attire,  
Poor, feeble, old?

Affluence weeps,  
A bird the weather kills,  
Great souls despair.  
Love willing vigil keeps,  
Till want all feeling chills,  
Frozen by care.

Think not to choose,  
Or mere convenience seek,  
Some faint heart cheer.  
Who comfort could refuse,  
To weary ones and weak  
Perishing near?

---

## THE WAY WILL OPEN.

The way will open it is true  
If I but do my best,  
I'll do the things I find to do  
And leave to God the rest.

Although the clouds are hanging low  
And all the way seems dark,  
I'll do the very best I know:—  
The dove was in the ark.

The way will open; Soul, be strong,  
And rise to do thy best.  
The shadows cannot last for long,  
There's roses in the west.

What matter is the tempest's rage?  
I've but to do my part,  
'Tis love alone that can assuage  
The tempest of the heart.

The way will open it is true  
I've but to do my best,  
I'll do the things I find to do  
And leave to God the rest.

---

## SPRING.

Bright-eyed goddess,—witching spring,—as thy amber tresses glow,  
Kindled to immortal flame  
Is the breath of honor,—fame.  
Well may poets hymn thy praise,—fancy flutter to and fro,—  
To a measure full and fleet, to a measure stately, slow;  
Thence with heaven for an aim,  
Rushing on with glad acclaim:  
Hearken to the strain and know, blessed Beulah here below,  
Wake! The living notes prolong in a symphony of song,  
Floating on the perfumed air  
In the angel arms of prayer;  
Welcome goddess, spring divine; beauty visions 'round thee twine;  
Violets and blossoms sweet  
Nestle fondly at thy feet.

---

## VICTORIA.

When have men or nations seen  
A life, to rival England's queen?  
What vital interests compressed  
Within its span, what truths confessed,  
A long, a useful, noble reign.

Maidenhood and age attain  
A broader meaning as we view,  
Her record, glorious as true.  
Each subject, brave to do his part,  
Found ready welcome to her heart.

She, the soldier's work well done,  
Proclaimed the wounded hero "Son";  
A royal soul alone reveres,  
Worth, where ever it appears,  
As light must all the brighter shine.

Springing from a source divine;  
Benevolence, when simply shown,  
Will gracefully adorn a throne:  
The righteous wisdom of her aim,  
Glorifies Victoria's name.

---

## FREEDOM'S SON.

Do you love him, Freedom's son,  
Great, Immortal Washington?  
Is your raptured soul athrill,  
At his majesty of will?  
Unsubdued by doubts and fears,  
Proudest of all proud careers,  
It was his to boldly climb  
Till his deeds stood forth sublime.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,  
Great, immortal, Washington?  
See the armies he has led  
Up and on where heroes bled?  
Battle's brunt, the foeman's fire,  
Seem but given to inspire,  
Well his spirit might prevail  
For he could not, would not fail.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,  
Great, immortal, Washington?  
Face the ice-throged Delaware  
Knowing death itself is there?  
Hark! the rasping, sharp as steel,  
How it throbs along the keel;  
Fog-enwrapped but firm he stands  
With the future in his hands.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,  
Great, immortal, Washington?  
Called to crown a record fair  
In the Presidential chair.  
First of many bound to own  
This brave people's heart a throne,  
On the honor roll of fame  
Men must ever read his name.

Can you see him, Freedom's son,  
Great, immortal, Washington?  
Surely we are wreathing now,  
Fadeless laurel for his brow.  
When we meet to speak his praise,  
Speak the wisdom of his ways,  
In a nation's life we view \* \* \*  
Washington, the tried, the true.

---

## OUR RIVER.

Our river, thine and mine;  
With what intrepid haste it leaps the falls  
Glancing, dancing, whirling, purling, on  
Over the gleaming rocks, whose falchions keen  
Would rend for aye the glinting canopy  
Which spans the flood in rainbow-tinted folds.  
Anon the waters lift impulsive arms  
Toward yonder sun through bridal veils of mist.  
Never is man more moved than when he stands  
Gauging the force Omnipotence creates.

---

## SUNSET.

See the cloudlets float to rest,  
At the portals of the west;  
How they glimmer, how they glance  
In a merry sunset dance.

Beautiful and sweet and fair,  
As the spirit of a prayer;  
With what confidence they lie  
On the bosom of the sky.

How they crown the brow of night  
With a wreath of ruddy light;  
Fair as any flower that blows  
In the twilight, pink and rose.

Even so our earthly way,  
It will not be always gray;  
Soon we, too, shall float to rest—  
Past the portals of the west.

---

## MEMORIAL POEM.

[Dedicated to the G. A. R. and read at Huntington Hall.]

Oh, peaceful are the humble graves of fallen comrades far and near,  
In sweet communion with the gift we gladly offer year by year  
To those who knelt at Freedom's shrine in all the beautiful bloom of youth,  
And fell, a living sacrifice, upon the altar stone of truth.

Though many of our brave marines are resting in the boundless deep,  
No band of brothers bending near, the stars eternal vigil keep;  
If we can never kneel and say "A noble comrade lies below,"  
Upon the honor roll of fame his record shall the brighter glow.

Where legions of the "great unknown" beneath the dainty lilies sleep,  
Let little children softly come above the sacred dust to weep;  
A solemn sweetness fills the hours when thus devoted to the dead  
Who fearless faced the cannon's mouth and for Columbia fought and bled.

Oh, how we love to gather here upon each thirtieth of May,  
And dedicate our choicest thoughts to glorify the Soldiers' Day;  
Beyond the worth of worldly store, or empty plaudits of renown,  
The broken shackles of the slave are jewels in the heavenly crown.

To follow Butler's bold campaigns must every loyal heart inspire,  
As when he woke the gallant Sixth to kindle treason's funeral pyre,  
While Ladd and Whitney doomed to fall that dismal day at Baltimore  
Were eager with their dying breath to hail the stars and stripes once more.

\* \* \* \* \*

Athwart the face of Memory's page we watch the busy brush of Time  
Indorsing each heroic deed with one decisive word—"Sublime!"  
The voice of victory arose amid the ardor of the strife,  
And the patriots—these before me, had preserved a nation's life.

Consult the dreary prison pen—the wounded heroes side by side,  
Who in the weary march of months were sadly wishing they had died;  
And marvel not that some are bowed as with a heavy weight of years,  
But give to them a gracious meed, of love and gratitude, and tears.

Behold the spires of Gettysburg, the waving wheat, the orchard fair,  
How calm it was until the strength of hostile forces entered there,  
And then the awful rush and roar of surging armies, day by day,  
Of Sickles in the grim retreat, and Sedgwick as he stood at bay.

Oh, how the waiting North rejoiced when Hancock's sturdy arm prevailed,  
Defeated in that last dread charge the flower of the South had failed;  
And we have welcomed here tonight the comrades who as conquerors stood,  
Whose hands thenceforth were closely linked in one eternal brotherhood.

And while they mourned the tender ties which lay unheeded mid the slain,  
Yet not a man would dare proclaim that such as these had died in vain.  
Oh, beautiful, and bright, and fair, the glorious banner of the free,  
A peerless synonym of right, of hope, of love, of liberty.

And never shall a fold be rent, a color fade, a star be lost,  
For freedom sees its azure field with gems of precious blood embossed;  
We well may hush our hearts to hear the thrilling dirges sob and die,  
Until they almost seem to us like angel whispers floating by.

---



**BLESSED WAS THE NAME SHE BORE.**

Wake! oh, nation; wake, and sing!  
Bid the "arch of heaven" ring;  
Praise, in sweet accord, our pride—  
Thirty summers Neptune's bride.  
    Kearsarge, a hymn to thee  
    Floateth over land and sea;  
    Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—  
    "Blessed was the name she bore."

Volumes of heroic verse  
Shall thy victories rehearse;  
Well may rhythm swiftly chime  
To a measure full—sublime  
    Kearsarge, a hymn to thee  
    Floateth over land and sea;  
    Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—  
    "Blessed was the name she bore."

Though Roncador—reef of woe—  
Like a traitor laid thee low;  
As Aurora cleaves the sky,  
Rise! the "god of storms" defy.  
    Kearsarge, a hymn to thee  
    Floateth over land and sea;  
    Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—  
    "Blessed was the name she bore."

Swift, as light along the hill,  
Fly! Columbia's bosom thrill;  
Crucified by flood, by fire—  
Come, Futurity, inspire.  
    Kearsarge, a hymn to thee  
    Floateth over land and sea;  
    Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—  
    "Blessed was the name she bore."

Lo! thy ashes softly lie  
'Neath a tender southern sky;  
Yet on honor's tide ye sail,  
Like a ship before the gale.  
    Kearsarge, a hymn to thee  
    Floateth over land and sea;  
    Hark, the chorus! hear it soar—  
    "Blessed was the name she bore."

---

## CONTENT.

Is there a place in the whole, wide, world  
Like the beautiful vale content;  
The fair, white, banner of peace unfurled  
As our hopes in one are blent  
By mutual glad consent.

Is there a place the foe cannot reach,  
Stands the dark featured King subdued?  
Is each prayer the Spirit would teach  
With gracious power imbued  
Are the thought rifts rainbow hued?

Is there a place where the weary rest  
Knowing how well the past was meant?  
In sharing the birthright of the blest,  
Bliss of heaven to thee is lent  
Beautiful vale of content.

---

## VIOLET.

Violet tender and sweet clasped to the bosom of earth,  
Lift up thy bonny blue eye, happy the day of thy birth.  
Thine is a glorious lot, bearing the word of the king,  
Calling the world to rejoice breathing of beauty and spring;  
Violet, tender and sweet.

Violet tender and sweet plucked from the bosom of earth  
Lift up thy bonny blue eye, happy the day of thy birth.  
Close in thy petals of pearl, of beautiful amethyst cling,  
Fresh with the balm of the wood the odorous essence of spring;  
Violet, tender and sweet.

---

**"LONGEST LANES MUST HAVE A TURNING."**

Shall we dare to be despondent, though the way is rough and cold?  
"Longest lanes must have a turning," is a saying never old.  
Who would feebly faint or falter on life's journey? Day by day  
Grateful sunbeams softly greet us, through the heavy mists of gray;  
Blessed gifts the Great All-Father sends to cheer our earthly lot,  
And to whisper, sweetly, fondly, that we never are forgot.

Ay, 'tis hard when dreary trouble comes to pierce the faithful heart,  
And hope spreads her airy pinions as if eager to depart;  
Sickness, with its hand of iron—Justice, with a frowning face,  
Wilfully conspire to crush us in a cruel, stern embrace:  
Shall we bow beneath the burden, though it is so hard to bear,  
Or arise and do our utmost, boldly breaking from despair?

Brothers, sisters, little children,—weak with hunger, bleeding feet,—  
Bravely meet the dusky foemen, make the victory complete.  
Many weep o'er thy misfortunes,—courage! yet will come a friend;  
Do not sink upon the highway, surely this is not the end.  
Let us use our best endeavor, ever seeking out the light,—  
"Longest lanes must have a turning,"—one is even now in sight.

---

## IS THERE NOT SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

Is there not something we can do,  
To smooth the rugged road?  
Men struggle onward, death in view,  
Each with his own great load.  
Men struggle onward, weak of arm,  
But chivalrous of soul;  
Where is the hand to do them harm,  
Or keep them from the goal.

What joy to honest worth assist,  
To move the stumbling stone;  
Good vantage ground is often missed  
When pressing on alone.  
To bring a burdened brother ease,  
Though long the way and rough;  
Or bid the storm of trouble cease,  
We cannot do enough.

---

## SUNNY DAYS.

Of course we value sunny days  
And all of nature's pleasant ways,  
The merry birds, the balmy sky,  
The happy brooklet laughing by,  
With the clouds come darker hours,  
Good for us as for the flowers.

How bright the meadow after rain;  
How calm the heart is after pain.  
We owe indeed a wondrous debt  
To ev'ry trouble bravely met;  
A debt that no one ever pays,  
Our thanks are for the sunny days.

---

## BUNKER HILL.

From Cambridge, through the solemn moving night,  
    With firm determination to be free,  
    Our fathers came, that this proud shaft might be  
Synonymous of liberty and right.  
Pale moonbeams strove to cast a languid light,  
    Upon the patriot band and that true sea,  
    Which once was bold to brew good English tea.  
Scarce hidden by a mask too frail for flight,  
    Across "The Neck" their fearless footsteps sped,  
Ere morning could the sullen east assail  
    To mingle with her coming joy and dread,  
The fierce redoubt and breastwork marked a trail  
    Of glory, up the path where Honor led,  
Those master spirits eager to prevail.

A gallant sight and noble, did it quell,  
    The squadron swan-like sweeping to and fro,  
    Upon the Mystic and the Charles? oh, no!  
The Britons captive to the subtle spell  
Yet read the meaning of its signal well.  
    When from the "Lively" came a sudden glow,  
    Then swift the leaden hail fell blow on blow,  
Gage, governor, commander, heard the knell  
    Of that first warning boom and wounded pride  
Spoke in his wrathful face, his hurried gait,  
    As gazing o'er the smoothly flowing tide  
He felt his own wise plan had come too late;  
    But on an easy conquest still relied  
To claim those frowning heights, the town, the state.

---

## DOING.

Keep doing, always doing,  
Wishing, dreaming, what are they?  
Tempters idle steps pursuing,  
Foemen ambushing the way.

Keep doing, bravely doing,  
Never falter, never fail,  
Day by day your strength renewing,  
Gird your armor on, prevail!

Keep doing, wisely doing,  
Working upward as you may;  
Human interest accruing  
Will a high percentage pay.

Keep doing, boldly doing,  
Use the talents time may lend;  
Right upholding, self reviewing,  
The down-trodden truth defend.

Keep doing, ever doing,  
Trusting, when you cannot see;  
Fearing not, a tempest brewing,  
Knowing what the end will be.

---



## FOR FEEBLE HANDS.

It is not so much what we wish that counts,  
As the little we really achieve;  
The duty we do to-day amounts  
To more than we ever perceive.  
There are tasks just fitted for feeble hands,  
For the feeble as well as the strong;  
Be bold to stand where the right demands  
And bound to vanquish wrong.

---

## LITTLE CAN'T-WAIT.

Have you met her? Little Can't-Wait, she is sweet and bright and fair,  
With her sunny, floating, ringlets and bewitching baby air;  
Just a pretty bit of mischief all impatient now to know  
If St. Nicholas, dear fellow, by her tiny socks will go.

Quite alone on Christmas evening, she has planned it out to hide  
And is bound to capture Santy, brisk and jolly from his ride.  
Little Can't-Wait is so winsome as she lays this clever plot,  
That I toss her to the ceiling and caress her on the spot.

But the darling, I've a notion, like a bird upon its nest  
In the cosy chimney corner will glide softly off to rest;  
And her brown eyes will not open till the rosy morning light,  
When she'll wake to find Kris Cringle caught her napping in the night.

Have you met her? Little Can't-Wait: met the witchery of eyes  
Where the halo of affection in its angel beauty lies?  
While I toss her to the ceiling and caress her sunny hair,  
She is deep in speculation, seeing Santy ev'ry where.

Hearing of his sturdy reindeer, rapidly they speed along,  
We can barely catch the echo of his merry jest and song;  
Of the bountiful attractions, of the season and the night,  
Of the pleasures and the pastimes such as give a child delight.

Little Can't-Wait as I chatter hangs enraptured on the tale,  
With an interest in Santy that was never known to fail.  
Whereupon I whisper gaily and receive a roguish glance,  
Here's the story Kris will tell you if you give him half a chance.

"Have you heard how little Can't-Wait, just a year ago to-day,  
Formed a clever plan, the mischief, and when twilight softly lay  
Over this fair scene around us, crept into a dainty nest,  
In the cosy chimney corner where the evening shadows rest.

There, upon the faintest jingle of my sleigh bells drawing nigh  
To triumphant watch my fingers pile the tiny stockings high;  
And so certain was the conquest that the elf was bound to make,  
I was downright sorry, darling, to the pretty picture break.

It was pleasant to be welcomed by a most enticing view,  
Of a dainty bit of muslin and a golden lock or two.  
As I crept up close and closer to the crimson curtained chair,  
Well, a secret's none in telling, *some one*, slyly kissed her there.

When those baby eyes were blinking in the rosy morning light,  
They were just too late to see me as I bounded out of sight."  
Little Can't-Wait shyly dimples, firm this Christmas eve to keep,  
And to not be caught "*a-napping*," even though she is asleep.

---

## **MAKE IT A PLEASURE.**

Make it a pleasure, the task you would shun,  
Joy beyond measure will follow "well done!"  
There is no trouble that cannot be eased,  
Bliss will redouble when others are pleased.

Make it a pleasure to work while you may,  
Time is a treasure, the crown of to-day;  
Hard is the waiting with nothing to do,  
Stand not debating but carry things through.

Make it a pleasure to help people thrive,  
Man may not measure, he only may strive;  
There is no trouble that cannot be eased,  
Bliss will redouble when others are pleased.

---

## IF WE HAD LIVED WHEN FIRST THE PILGRIMS CAME.

If we had lived, when first the Pilgrims came,  
Founding on a rock their future fame;  
Humbly would we celebrate the day  
Love alone can make care free and gay.

If we had lived when Freedom's cause was young,  
Often would the heart be sorrow wrung;  
Yet when war and famine thinned our ranks  
Find its sweetest joy in giving thanks.

If we had lived, no light on either hand,  
Trusting, when we could not understand;  
Pressed by want and danger all the way  
Thankful would we then have been to-day.

---

## MUMMA 'ANG ME 'TOCKING UP.

Mumma 'ang me 'tocking up,  
Want a yamb, a tilver tup,  
'Orse, a tart, a dum, a s'ed  
An a nighty, nithe and wed.  
Me dus awsul want a dun  
Bang-a-banging, dus for fun;  
An a 'teamer dat will say  
Toot-a-toot, toot, duss iss way.  
Wite a 'etter, mumma dear,  
Wite it bid so he can hear  
'Tanty Taws, be thure an 'top.  
Div me a whole baby s'op.  
All de doodies, oo ull know  
Yarf an kie, an soot, an blow;  
Want an 'oop, a joll, a s'ate,  
'Ots and 'ote of sings to ate;  
Tanny, 'ugar, feenuts, jum  
Tell him dat he mustest tum.  
Weed it mumma, so to see  
If oo said it dus like me.  
It ull do iss time I dess,  
Ceps me want a pwetty dwess,  
Thure the 'tocking don't forget  
Thign with love, from 'ittle Pet.

---

## OUR JOY IS MEASURED BY WHAT WE DO.

We bring to the Lord and we call it giving,  
It is merely paying a debt we owe.  
The life we from day to day are living  
Is broader, deeper, than man may know.

While striving to walk in the path of duty,  
The way may be rugged and yet be plain.  
A thought may be true, conceal its beauty,  
We bury a bliss and sigh in vain,

We work for the Lord, nor faint, nor falter,  
However perplexing the task may be;  
The promise is sure, it cannot alter,  
There's strength and enough for you and me.

Consider the song the angels were singing  
That first glad Christmas the world ever knew.  
God needs the offering men are bringing  
Our joy is measured by what we do.

---

## THANKSGIVING.

Be grateful, oh my soul, while blessings I recount,  
Although I may not hope to tell the full amount;  
Encompassed oftentimes by pain, and fear, and doubt,  
Whence, daily, comes the strength, I could not do without?

Be grateful, oh my soul, give thanks and be at peace,  
The night of grief shall pass, the din of strife shall cease.  
As there is not one heart its secret thoughts can hide,  
So I am not alone whatever may betide.

Be grateful, oh my soul, for gratitude is sweet,  
One sympathizing friend can make my joy complete.  
For gifts of life and love shall I not offer praise?  
Knowing every week has seven thanksgiving days.

---

## **TRANSMUTED.**

Bright bloom the roses of the eventide,  
Roses whose parted petals never fall;  
Transmuted, they in living light,  
Vibrate responsive to the heart of man,  
And man to God.

---



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, so gaily they go by,  
To win sweet words from sweeter lips, the love light to the eye.  
The mother's face will beam with joy, the children dance with glee,  
When, as the evening closes in, we gather round the tree.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, a father's willing hands  
Are bearing swiftly homeward for he always understands  
Just what will give most pleasure to the hearts he longs to please,  
Although he may not bring them, either wealth, or power, or ease.

I like to watch the Christmas gifts, they gladly troop along,  
The plain, the proud, the practical, a merry, motley throng.  
It matters not how much they cost in money, none may miss,  
Giving at least one person some share of Christmas bliss.

---

## WHAT HE WANTED.

“Mamma dear, I am so sleepy; will good Santy truly come  
With a bang-er-bang, a 'teamer, and a ball, a kite, a drum?  
I just awesul want a rainbow for whenever papa's late,  
We could wave it from the window and he would not miss the gate.  
It is snowing, now I wonder if I ask Kris Kringle nice,  
Would he carve a baby city from a tiny bit of ice?  
Have a lot of 'tores, and turches, and a sun, and moon, and 'tars,  
With the dearest, sweetest station, for my toot-er-tooting cars?

Hang a 'tocking over yonder; clear the corner for the toys,  
Then just write a line to tell him I'm the very best of boys;  
And, oh mamma, when you write it, write it bid so he can hear,  
For he didn't see our chimney as he hurried by last year;  
Oh, I should be dreadful sorry if to-night he passed again,  
So be careful, mamma darling, and be sure and write it plain.  
Pin it close beside the mantle where he cannot fail to see,  
Tissmas is so long in coming to a little chap like me.”

---

## A HERO.

Every man's a hero who dares  
And forbears.  
Every man's a hero who will stand  
Faithful to the interests at hand.  
Where so e'er its starry folds we see  
Ours shall be the banner of the free;  
Gladly, boldly, battle for the right  
Day follows night.

---

## BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

Baby's face is in a glow,  
Baby's eyes are bright  
Oh, would you the reason know?  
Santa comes to-night.  
Santa Claus of whom she's heard,  
Heard but never met;  
Santa Claus—a magic word,  
With what joy beset.

Baby's heart is beating fast,  
Beating with delight;  
"Here is Santa; come at last!"  
Is the darling right?  
Papa's feet are at the door  
Papa's arms are wide,  
Precious kisses, gems galore,  
Sweetest gifts provide.

Baby journeys off to rest,  
Cuddled close and warm  
In the arms she loves the best,  
Safe from every storm.  
And she has the strangest dream  
Seeing Santa stand,  
Chirping to his reindeer team,  
Trophies in his hand.

But the wondrous part is this:—  
Santa's face appears  
Just like one she loves to kiss,  
Wreathed in smiles and tears.  
Brightest visions come to bless  
Baby's waking eyes,  
And her very looks confess  
All her glad surprise.

---

## LOVELY MAY.

### A RONDEAU.

O lovely May, throw thy soft spell  
On mountain proud and smiling dell,  
The world is kneeling at thy shrine—  
Fond captive of thy moods divine,—  
    And nations rise thy charms to tell.

Where could we meet thy parallel?  
Who would thy witching arts repel?  
Who dares thy choicest gifts define,  
    O lovely May?

And Nature?—Ah, she loves thee well,  
For Hope and Youth beside thee dwell.  
Thy sister months with thee combine  
As lesser streamlets swell the Rhine.  
'Twere sin against thee to rebel,  
    O lovely May.

---

## THE CHIMES.

Hark to the voice of the joyful chimes  
Echoing on to fairer climes,  
Echoing on from hill to hill;  
"Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

Hark to the song of prayer, of praise,  
Speeding along the world's highways,  
Echoing on from hill to hill:  
"Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

Hark to the melody sweet and clear  
Swiftly borne to the eager ear;  
Echoing on from hill to hill:  
"Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

Hark to the carol of life, of love,  
Wafted down from the realms above.  
Echoing on from hill to hill:  
"Peace on earth, good will, good will!"

---

## WELL MAY I LAUGH.

Well may I laugh when the earth is aglow  
With bountiful gifts love alone can bestow;  
The manifold works from the Father's own hand,  
But image the wealth of Immanuel's land.

Well may I laugh when the sun is so bright,  
The mountains and valleys are bathing in light;  
The breezes of summer and winter's shrill blast,  
All telling of greatness and glory at last.

Well may I laugh from pure gladness of heart,  
For in this fair world even I have a part;  
There is not a day but what something is done,  
Some good is accomplished, some victory won.

Well may I laugh, it is pleasant to live,  
To love and to labor, to gain and to give;  
While never a pleasure in life can compare,  
With pleasures eternal that all men may share.

---

## SANTA'S COMING.

Listen darling, Santa's coming,  
Hark the reindeer at the door  
Hear the carol he is humming,  
Sweeter, clearer, than before.  
Look what treasures he is bringing  
Dainty trifles, works of art,  
While the music of his singing  
Is as nectar to the heart.

Listen, darling, Santa's coming!  
Hush! his feet are at the door;  
Hear the carol he is humming  
Now the busy day is o'er.  
Hurry, dearest, run to meet him,  
He must never wait outside  
When your merry face can greet him,  
Rosy cheeked and eager eyed.

Listen, darling, Santa's coming!  
He is with us, at the door;  
Hear the carol he is humming,  
Bid him welcome home once more.  
Throw your loving arms around him,  
Call him by his own true name  
For a daughter's love has found him  
Prince of Santas just the same.

---



## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Let us be brave, to-day, to-day,  
And ne'er content to borrow,  
From lovely things that blithely stray  
Adown a fair to-morrow.

To-day is ours for what we will  
And victory is waiting,  
If we but press from hill to hill  
No jot of strength abating.

What though these willing hands are weak,  
And brightest paths are dreary;  
The heights will not be always bleak,  
The feet not always weary.  
Let us be glad, to-day, to-day,  
And ne'er content to borrow,  
From lovely things that blithely stray  
Adown a fair to-morrow.

---

## COMMENDATION.

Shall we stand blindly commending person or place?  
Wide is the margin that lies between feeling and face,  
Life is steadily tending to joy or despair,  
What for the bliss of the future, will not a soul dare?

Daily we seek to move forward fast as we can  
Giving kind thought to the welfare of each brother man,  
Though the bright sunshine is hidden, clouds will uproll  
Bidding the glory of heaven transfigure the soul.

---

## TRIED AND TRUE.

Loyal freemen, tried and true,  
Gallantly they stand,  
With the sacrifice in view  
Battling for our land.  
Battling for her highest good,  
Battling for her life;  
Even as their fathers stood  
Ready for the strife.

Where the smoke of conflict clung  
Like a dreary pall,  
There was work for old and young  
Work for one and all.  
Work that stirred the nation's heart  
For the cannon's boom  
Heralded the hero's part  
In rebellion's doom.

At the front 'mid shot and shell,  
Marching side by side;  
How the dead and wounded fell,  
Soldiers true and tried.  
Fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,  
Harkened to one voice,  
Freedom, speaking through her guns,  
Bidding men rejoice.

Listen to the widow's moan,  
Children, too, must weep;  
What to them can e'er atone  
For the watch they keep?  
Far away by lonely graves  
Fragrant lilies bloom;  
There our starry banner waves  
O'er the soldier's tomb.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the living, down the years  
Steadily they come,  
Listen to the ringing cheers,  
To the throbbing drum.  
To the dirges wailing by  
On the willing breeze,  
How they swell and sob and die,  
Over such as these.

Clear above that martial tread,  
Sounds a bugle sweet,  
Telling how they fought and bled;  
Praising work complete.  
Hail! ye comrades, honor crowned,  
Moving on abreast,  
To the final camping ground  
And eternal rest.

---

## SUNNY SKIES.

Who would have them always so?  
Clouds must come and tempests blow.  
We would sing a doleful tune  
Were there not a rose in June,  
See the willing drops come down  
Chatter! patter! till the brown  
Barren hill tops are as bright  
As the stars that gem the night.

---

## NOT A DAY.

There is not a day,  
There is not an hour,  
But carries away  
Or offers us power.  
Which is the better  
The winner or loser?  
To fortune a debtor,  
Or fortune's wise user?

To other men's view,  
Though steadily striving,  
How little we do  
Unless we are thriving.  
The quaint artist Time  
Close student of Duty,  
Is a master sublime  
In painting soul beauty.

We may not improve  
On what he has shown us,  
But forward must move  
Or he will disown us.  
The higher we stand  
For prizes contending,  
The more rigid demand  
For delicate blending.

---

## THINGS DONE.

Thing's done,  
Behind us are cast,  
Find one  
To no purpose made fast.  
What we cannot undo  
May occasion regret;  
Traitor or true  
We never forget.

Things done  
Belong to the past,  
Out run  
By a momentum vast.  
It is well to recall  
The importance of each,  
Knowing they all  
Had lessons to teach.

Things done  
Are easily classed,  
May none  
Ever hold us aghast.  
Let us blessings impart  
As upward we press;  
Where beats the heart  
A foe to success?

---

## THE WORD.

A lamp unto my feet  
    Illuming life's dull way,  
Though sternest tempests beat  
A lamp unto my feet,  
It makes my joy complete  
    As sunbeams crown the day:—  
A lamp unto my feet  
    Illuming life's dull way.

The light of this great world  
    And of the world to come;  
With rays of glory pearled,  
The light of this great world,  
Love's banner fair unfurled  
    Mid labor's busy hum,  
The light of this great world  
    And of the world to come.

---

## FEAR NOT.

Fear not though dangers dread assail thee  
Stand ever as a hero mid the fray;  
Well may the skill of eye and arm avail thee  
To keep the foe at bay.  
Fear not, though dark the way and dreary,  
The legions of the enemy shall flee;  
When thou art sore oppressed and worn and weary,  
Thy Lord takes thought of thee.

---



## **THE LAW OF THE PRESENT, OBEY.**

The law of the present obey,  
To-morrow every one knows  
Before we can catch it goes;  
Nothing compares with to-day,  
Strive as we may.

Be hopeful, and happy and brave,  
Whatever the moments may bring;  
When given to sighing, sing,  
Wait not for life boat to save,  
Walk on the wave.

---

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

Only a tiny stocking hung in the fire light warm,  
Only a weary pilgrim breasting the tide of the storm;  
Only an anxious watcher piercing the heart of the gloom;  
Only a prayerful whisper breaking the calm of the room.

Time creeps slowly forward while the swirling snow flakes fall  
Upon field, and hill, and highway, and night enfolds them all;  
But hark! a voice is shouting, then a welcome step draws near,  
And the angel:—Joy, has banished the ghosts of doubt, of fear.

Only a sleepy fairy who trembles to behold  
A host of precious trophies with a wonderment untold,  
But the treasure highest valued, the pure, the perfect prize  
Is love, the true love beaming from her own dear father's eyes.

---

## IN THE MIRROR.

In the mirror what do I see?  
Velvety brown eyes peeping at me.  
Long silken tresses glinting like gold,  
Cheeks like the roses ere they unfold.

Hush! but a moment, do not say no;  
Look at the elf that is charming me so.  
Just a wee darling who to me flies  
Saying: "Oh, tate me! tate or me ties."

---

## LIVING FOR OTHERS.

Living for others, living for self,  
Good of the few or worldly pelf,  
Giving to all with lavish hand  
Of the humble gifts at our command;  
Which is the best to save or share  
Whether the day be dark or fair:—

To save or share the little we get,  
Though storms prevail and foes beset?  
Though kingdoms fall and wars increase,  
The heart is filled with joy and peace,  
Willing to strive with word and deed  
To help some fainting soul succeed.

---

## THE BOOK OF TIME.

The Book-of-Time, each page a year,  
With every word a hope or fear,  
Thereon impressed in lines of light  
Would bid us read its truths aright,

The Book-of-Time a volume vast,  
The royal record of a past  
Wherein a century 's a day,  
Before eternity's broad sway.

The Book-of-Time 'tis bound in gold,  
This mammoth book no man can hold;  
And angel fingers wield the pen  
That writeth of the deeds of men.

The Book-of-Time transcribed shall lie  
As open as the fair blue sky;  
Many a loving heart shall find  
How wise it was in being kind.

---

## WHO IS THIS SO LOVED OF YORE?

Who is this so loved of yore  
Shyly tapping at the door?  
Striking off the icy chain  
That the earth may thrive again.  
Wooing violets in the dale  
To their faces fair unveil;  
Bidding all the world rejoice  
In the music of her voice.

See the farmer grasp the plough,  
'Tis the day of sowing now;  
Hark the robin's happy call  
Keeping house by yon gray wall;  
Hear the brooklet's note of glee  
Dancing to the eager sea  
Read the message of the King  
In the hand of Lovely Spring.

---

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Christmas thoughts how pure and sweet,  
Christmas joys how fair!  
Oh, the mysteries, we meet,  
Smiles are everywhere.  
Gifts are found in cosy nooks  
Never sought before,  
Precious gems in toys and books  
Hide behind the door.

Pleasant wishes finely wrought  
In the simplest way,  
Into trophies Santa brought  
In his magic sleigh;  
Bid the tender heart expand  
At a treasure found,  
Fashioned by affection's hand  
And by mercy crowned.

Christmas thoughts they give delight  
While with care we cope,  
Brightening the darkest night  
With the star of hope.  
Oh, when earth friends are so dear,  
Earthly joys so sweet,  
Then indeed is heaven near,  
Life itself complete.

Christmas thoughts what jewels rare,  
On the soul's white shrine;  
Beautiful beyond compare,  
Sent by Love Divine.  
But the greatest gift of all  
Comes that happy day  
When we hear the Saviour call:—  
"Trust me and obey."

---

## BEAUTY OF THE SOUL.

Beauty offers every day,  
Gifts to cheer us on our way;  
Blessed treasures from above  
Free as heaven, fair as love.  
Cast in beauty's purest mold  
All things great and good behold,  
Which eternally will bide,  
Earthly stay, Jehovah's pride.

Watch the wise bird, mark the nest,  
Builded slow, and sure and best;  
Builded low or builded high,  
Winds will vainly whistle by.  
See the wayward without care  
How they fickle fortune dare,  
Shattered homes and blighted hopes  
Hurl them down life's rugged slopes.

Seek the promise of the hour,  
Nurture to its fullest flower;  
As we train the vine of youth  
So will bloom the bud of truth.  
Note the lily in the shade  
Pining for the sunny glade;  
What in all hereafter years  
Will avail the too late tears?

---



## **BRIGHTER HOURS.**

Heavy though the rain drops fall  
And the claps ring long and loud.  
Brighter hours will come to all  
As the sunlight gilds the cloud.

---

## **WILLING TO SERVE.**

Willing to serve if serve I may,  
Willing to serve mid twilight gray;  
Willing to serve with heart and hand  
Obeying the Divine command.  
Willing to serve with weary feet,  
Willing to serve, to serve is sweet,  
Willing to serve for well I know  
The prize my Master will bestow.

---

## BANNERS WAVING.

Flags a-waving, trumpets blowing  
Tides of feeling, ebbing, flowing.  
"On to battle! on to glory!"  
Tell again the wondrous story.  
Patriotism brightly burning,  
Tempered by a wise discerning.  
Town and State together crying:—  
"On to Richmond! time is flying!"  
Fateful summons, who could falter?  
Laying all on Freedom's altar,  
"Forward! March!" proclaimed the nation,  
Why, the words were an ovation.

Bugles tarnished, banners tattered,  
Bullet scarred and bruised and battered.  
Home they came with martial bearing,  
Home to cheer the hearts despairing;  
Home to children, wives and mothers,  
Home the living. (But the others.)  
On they came and eyes were tearful,  
Many eager, many fearful;  
Banners waving, drums a-beating,  
Happy hearts, a happy meeting.  
And hearts "too sad to be alive;"  
Oh, thus it was in sixty-five.

Flags a-waving, bugles blowing,  
Honor's meed to worth bestowing.  
Laurel wreathes and roses blending,  
With the lily's breath ascending;  
Offer tribute true and tender,  
Tribute to each brave defender  
For his country's future caring,  
Firm! heroic! noble! daring!  
Soldiers, sailors, freemen listen  
Till thy cheeks with feeling glisten;  
By the banner waving o'er thee,  
Must Columbia adore thee.

---

## CAN YOU SEE A LITTLE FACE?

Can you see a little face,  
Just the type of witching grace,  
As a darling clasps your knee  
    With a gesture honey sweet,  
Lisping love in dimpled glee  
    Till the sum of life's complete?

Is she happy as a lark  
From the rosy dawn till dark?  
And when twilight folds the world  
    Close within her calm embrace,  
Is the night with gladness pearled  
    By the light of that dear face?

Does she whisper, as her eyes  
Bid the drowsy curtains rise:  
"Wake me sure, to Santa see"  
    And; [a shy aside is this,]  
"I'll be truly dood, if he,  
    Lets me give him just a kiss."

Do the dimpled fingers cling,  
Close and closer while you sing  
Praises to the Savior's name?  
    Telling of the happy hour  
When a precious gift he came,  
    Prince of love, and peace and power.

---

## THE BABY'S PALM.

A work of art is the baby's arm  
And fairer yet is the shell-pink palm;  
But beautiful truth no honest toil,  
Can ever that dainty surface soil:  
Each cross it carries, each blow for right,  
Will serve to make it, and keep it, white.

---

**NO BLESSING EVER COMES BY CHANCE.**

No blessing ever comes by chance,  
No work is ever quite in vain;  
The keenest effort must enhance  
The value of the prize we gain.  
A kindly act more than we think  
May serve to brighten trouble's brink;  
A gentle word in sorrow's ear,  
Is strong the fainting heart to cheer.

---

## THE MAYFLOWER.

[1620.]

Happy, thrice happy, the Puritan maid  
Leaving the fort and the grim palisade;  
Leaving the bay where the good ship was fast  
To find, her head bending low to the blast,  
    Just a pink and white hood  
    In the wind-driven wood.  
    Then smiling and blushing  
    With eagerness flushing,  
    So swiftly she hurried  
    Young Robin was flurried  
And as he his pinions to Boreas tossed,  
The dear little pink-hooded stranger was lost.

Sadder but wiser our Puritan maid  
Quickly her footsteps, impetuous, staid  
Scarce had she lost it, another was seen  
Looking its best in a garment of green,  
    With a pink and white hood;  
    For a moment she stood  
    With heart lighter beating,  
    At such a sweet meeting.  
    As kneeling she found it  
    Where Nature had gowned it  
What visions of promise marched up the bleak slope,  
To crown that May blossom, the blossom of hope.

---

## THE BEST WE CAN.

When things don't go to please us  
Is it wisdom to despair?  
With a friend at hand who sees us,  
And will make the shadows fair?  
Shall we let our courage falter,  
Fail to sympathize with man?  
Fortune's ways are bound to alter  
If we do the best we can.

The light is often hidden  
Yet our feet are safely shod,  
While we do as we are bidden  
Putting perfect trust in God.  
He will lead His children ever,  
As he has since time began,  
And will strengthen each endeavor,  
When we do the best we can.

The rugged way, but certain,  
Is a blissful way to tread;  
Care is ready like a curtain,  
To obstruct the path ahead.  
Clouds will come, no use repining,  
Yonder trial, joy outran,  
Brightly still the sun is shining,  
We must do the best we can.

If things don't go to please us  
There is little need to fret,  
Shall a trifle more to tease us,  
Make us gratitude forget?  
Needless then to stand debating;  
Love will any chasm span;  
Winning is a way of stating:—  
"We have done the best we can."

---



## SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Something to look forward to, the healthful soul demands,  
The world stands ready to provide good work for willing hands,  
Not only is there room for those most competent to climb,  
But ev'ry man to-day may claim some gift from busy Time.

Something to look forward to, some duty nobly done,  
Some little helpful deed to mark the path from sun to sun;  
We cannot fear to freely face each mile stone that we meet,  
When loving actions daily tend to make our lives complete.

Something to look forward to, our dearest claims allowed,  
Though trouble frowns upon the way, we look beyond the cloud;  
As rainbow brightness has the power to darker shades subdue,  
The light shall surely shine for those who will the right pursue.

---

## CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is here and joy is ours,  
Christmas, the time of songs and flowers,  
Flowers of kindness, songs of cheer,  
The gala season of all the year.

Christmas is here and eyes are bright.  
Homes are happy, and hearts are light,  
Hands are open and man is blest,  
This golden season of sweet unrest.

Christmas is here and "peace—good will!"  
Echoes along from hill to hill;  
Gifts are ready and hope is strong,  
This grateful season of joy and song.

---

## THE BRIGHTNESS WE HAVE LEARNED TO SHARE.

Divide a blessing and behold  
Its worth increased a hundred fold.  
A kindly deed, a word of cheer,  
Will scatter sunshine far and near.  
By telling only what is good,  
Truth cannot be misunderstood;  
The brightness we have learned to share  
May make the darkest pathway fair.

Glad tidings of whatever kind  
The closer human friendships bind;  
An echo of a joyful song  
A hundred eager lips prolong.  
Intent to honor's rights maintain,  
No upward effort is in vain;  
It is not sacrifice to give  
The happiness that helps men live.

---

## RING BUSY BELLS.

Ring busy bells, across the night,  
Ring in the tender morning light;  
Let merry measures wake the noon  
And sunset echo back the tune.

Ambitious who shall lead the van  
Of quick rejoicing, boy and man,  
And maid and matron mingle tears  
With joyful chimes and ringing cheers.

Remember Concord, Bunker Hill,  
They bid the pulses leap and thrill  
And still athwart the storied past  
The present has new meaning cast.

'Tis midnight and the solemn hush  
Is shattered by a sudden gush,  
A swaying turbulence of sound  
That on the startled ear rebounds.

Ring, happy bells, for as you ring  
Sweet memories about you cling;  
Again we independent stand,  
Deliverers of this dear land.

The signal boom triumphant comes  
'Mid clashing bells and throbbing drums,  
As eager bon-fires flaming high  
Imprint their glory on the sky.

We hear the words of Washington,  
We praise his work and cry "Well done!"  
And when we closer look we see  
Our pride, the father of the free.

While briefly glancing down the years  
Behold a host of grand careers.  
They gave us knowledge, virtue, land  
And arts which every year expand.

We honor Lincoln, steadfast, true,  
Type of what one good man can do;  
He loosed the shackles of the slave:  
Preserve the liberty he gave.

The grim destruction of the Maine  
Was not a source of grief in vain,  
The sadness of her loss was meant  
To bring to Cuba's heart content.

O'er restless miles of ocean vast  
Columbia's brave sons have passed,  
Till other nations love to view  
Our flag, the red, the white, the blue.

Philippines, to patriot eyes,  
A trust, but never more a prize;  
McKinley's noble work shall live:  
We fight, we conquer, we forgive.

To crown a stricken race's release,  
Welcome the blessed boon of peace.  
Whatever gifts our homes may bless,  
May we no distant homes oppress.

---

## THE RIVER-OF-LIFE.

The river-of-life must smoothly flow,  
By the hills of hope, its breast aglow  
With the cheering light that softly streams,  
From golden heights in the land of dreams.

The river-of-life will gently glide  
On its ceaseless mission far and wide,  
Its forceful current so true and deep  
It will not pause at the vale-of-sleep.

The river-of-life runs gaily down  
By the shining gates of pleasure-town  
And carries our truant thoughts away  
On the moment-freighted boat:—To-day.

The river-of-life, how fair it lies,  
On the soul's white map before our eyes;  
It ripples on from the land we see  
Into the beautiful land To-Be.

---

## **Singing Songs for Jesus.**

Singing songs for Jesus, singing while we may;  
Singing in the darkness, singing in the day.

Singing songs for Jesus, singing with delight;  
Never yet was singing, could His love requite.

---

## ANCHOR ME SAFE.

Anchor me safe, though by danger oppressed;  
Safe in the haven where motion is rest.  
Safe with the waves rushing up on the shore,  
Leaving my heart undisturbed by their roar.

Anchor me yonder, the beacon in sight,  
Never to wander away from its light;  
Type of security, brighten my way,  
Turning the darkness of evening to day.

Anchor me safe, lest the surges resound  
With the death note of a vessel aground.  
Straight is the course the Good Pilot must take,  
I may be weary but he is awake.

Worried and weary the tempest unchecked,  
No one who trusted Him ever was wrecked!  
Breasting the waters, wind driven and high  
Perfect the power on which I rely.

Mortal may waver, with Him is the skill  
Vanquishing evil; Omnipotent will.  
Saviour from trouble, a shelter in storm,  
Bidding the world to His wisdom conform.

---

## **SHINE OUT.**

Shine out, happy soul, let the spiritual brightness be seen,  
How much that clear shining is needed when clouds intervene;  
Ever the light of the Master illumeth the way,  
Changing the gloom of the valley to beautiful day.

---



**WHATEVER CHANGES TIME MAY BRING.**

Whatever changes time may bring  
The promise cannot fail,  
The closer to the Word we cling  
We struggle, we prevail.

The Rock-of-Ages cleft for us  
We cannot yield to care,  
We cannot stop to fret or fuss,  
Nor stoop to court despair.

We live, to patiently fulfill,  
God's purposes, and find  
That what was once against our will  
Was meant to be most kind.

The Christ who claims us for His own  
Now listens while we pray:—  
“Dear Lord, we seek to make Thee known,  
Be near us day by day.

Give kindly heed the while we plead,  
We hunger, hear our cry,  
Give us the living bread we need;  
Yea, manna from on high.

Deliver us from evil, bless  
And keep us, make us wise,  
Give us more perfect happiness  
For every hope that dies.

Oh, leave us not to walk alone,  
Our failing strength renew,  
Make each believing heart a throne  
And sinful thoughts subdue.

Though earthly troubles oft betide  
To self-blind eyes give sight;  
A little cloud will surely hide  
A thousand rays of light.

A thousand rays of light divine  
Are streaming from above,  
Oh, teach us as the stars to shine  
With light of Heav'nly Love.”

---

## LOOKING TO JESUS.

Looking to Jesus is my joy,  
Looking to Him when foes annoy;  
Looking to Him, the Father sent,  
Looking to Him, I am content.

Looking to Jesus, courage, soul!  
He will the troubled waves control;  
Looking to Him to ease my care,  
Looking to Him, my cross I bear.

Looking to Jesus, peace is mine;  
Looking to Jesus, friend divine,  
Looking to Jesus, all is bright,  
Looking to Him, my life, my light.

---

## I NEITHER FAINT NOR FEAR.

I neither faint nor fear,  
    Whatever is, is best;  
The page of conscience clear,  
    My feet have onward pressed,

I neither faint nor fear  
    When in the tempest's track,  
A storm cloud's brief career  
    Can never turn me back.

I neither faint nor fear,  
    Nor would my steps retrace;  
The way indeed were drear,  
    Could I desert my place.  
I neither faint nor fear,  
    But trust Omnipotence;  
The Master I revere,  
    My shield and sure defence.

I neither faint nor fear,  
    With Him am I content;  
To Christ would I adhere,  
    For Him would I be spent.  
I neither faint nor fear  
    For He sustains my soul;  
He bids me persevere;  
    He leads me to the goal.

I neither faint nor fear,  
    Although these hands are weak;  
Although the night is drear,  
    A gracious dawn I seek.  
I neither faint nor fear,  
    Whatever is, is best;  
May I one heart but cheer,  
    To God I leave the rest.

---

## EASTER-TIDE.

Brightest sunshine, sweetest flowers,  
Welcome in the Easter-tide;  
What a blessed work is ours  
Lifting up The Crucified:  
Pointing to the rock fresh riven,  
To the grave-clothes cast aside,  
Grand the proof that Christ has given,  
He is living though He died.

Brightest sunshine, sweetest flowers,  
Gracious gifts of Easter-tide  
What a joyful work is ours  
Lifting up The Crucified;  
Showing Him as in a vision,  
Stand triumphant o'er the grave:  
From the sepulchre's cold prison  
He is risen, He will save.

---

## HOWEVER HIGH THE AIM.

I cannot do the half that I desire  
However high the aim the hands will tire;  
However long the journey, do my best,  
Though eager still to climb, the feet must rest.  
Perhaps when hope is baffled it is meant  
To teach the fuller meaning of content;  
Countless are the blessings I must miss  
Unless I keep the path to endless bliss.

---

**HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.**

He giveth his beloved sleep  
And sweetly shall they rest.  
Oh, we must ceaseless vigil keep  
If we would bear the test.  
To-day is ours for good or ill  
And if we now obey,  
His promises he will fulfill  
And wipe our tears away.

---

## AS WE ARE.

God knows us as we are, and as we fain would be;  
How great, how grand our work, if we the end could see;  
We feel within the soul the strength to rise above  
The pressing cares of earth, upborne, upheld by love.

God knows us as we are, whatever we may do  
The strivings of the heart lie open to His view;  
He sees our present place, the height we may attain,  
He bids us persevere, nor hope, nor live in vain.

God knows us as we are, He listens when we speak  
And blesses ev'ry plan to help the poor, the weak;  
Is quick to cheer the faint, the willing feet direct,  
Goes with us all the way to comfort, to protect.

God knows us as we are; His loving kindness gave  
A conqueror to snatch sweet victory from the grave.  
In Him alone we stand triumphant, evermore,  
For He will lead us home, through Christ, the Living Door.

---

## CAN THE WILLING HANDS BE WEARY?

Can the willing hands be weary?  
When they carry sweetest cheer,  
Into lives too dark and dreary  
Lives too oft beset by fear;  
Lives whose only glimpse of pleasure  
It is blessed to bestow.  
There are gifts we may not measure,  
Gifts that only love may know.

Can our hurried footsteps falter  
When we do a kindly deed?  
Can a trifle serve to alter  
What would save a soul in need?  
Can we pause to weigh the chances,  
Or refuse to heed each call?  
Lo, a pleasant word enhances  
Just the treasure gift of all.

In the gift, behold the giver  
Deeds perpetuate a thought,  
Let us hasten to deliver  
What can never be forgot.  
Offer "oil of joy" for sadness,  
Speed a brother on his way,  
Fill some fainting heart with gladness;  
Scatter sunshine while we may.

Hear the songs of praise ascending!  
Breathe the music laden air!  
Grateful melodies are blending,  
With the heav'nward winging prayer;  
Deaf the ear that will not harken  
To the tale they sweetly tell,  
"What though earthly skies may darken,  
God is doing all things well."

---



## THE MESSAGE SO SWEET.

There is nothing can be half so precious to me,  
When my spirit by care is oppressed;  
As the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—  
“Come, come unto me, and rest.”

Jesus leads me aright, turneth darkness to light,  
Sheds the halo of peace o'er my breast  
Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—  
“Come, come unto me, and rest.”

He is calling to me, His salvation is free,  
Shall I linger, weak, sinful, distressed?  
Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—  
“Come, come unto me, and rest.”

He is calling me now, in His presence I bow,  
All His love and His goodness confessed  
Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—  
“Come, come unto me, and rest.”

I will work, I will sing, for my Saviour, my King;  
And of gifts I will bring Him the best;  
Oh, the message so sweet, it is bliss to repeat:—  
“Come, come unto me, and rest.”

---

## SERVICE.

The smallest service we can do,  
With seal of Love-Divine,  
Will oft the fainting faith renew,  
The heart to God incline.  
We are not left to work alone,  
We stand as servants true;  
Each little kindly action known,  
By Him we may not view.

---

## RISEN TO-DAY.

The sepulchre stone, fit emblem of pride,  
Light as the thistle-down wafted aside  
Send the glad tidings as far as you may,  
Jesus, The Master, is risen to-day.

Happy the Marys, obeying His voice,  
Bidding His weeping disciples rejoice.  
Lost on the mountains, or rocked by the deep,  
Jesus will find us and wake us from sleep.

Hail Him, oh, Christians, the Hope of the world,  
Over all nations His banner unfurled  
Pure as the lilies, more tender than prayer,  
Jesus is willing our burdens to bear.

Willing our burdens to bear, may His love  
Keep us and lead us to mansions above.  
Send the glad tidings as far as you may.  
Jesus, The Master, is risen to-day.

---

## ANOTHER'S PLACE.

As none can fill another's place  
We must be faithful as we can,  
And magnify the work of grace  
The wisdom of the wondrous plan.  
We must be kind as kind can be,  
Or some poor pilgrim fails of bliss;  
And who would wilfully decree  
That others should a blessing miss?

We must be true, for eager eyes  
Are gazing on us day by day,  
They gladly honest worth apprise,  
We must be true and watch and pray.  
Be true, and good, and strong, and brave,  
However difficult the case;  
For there are countless souls to save  
And none can fill another's place.

A thousand people come and go  
And thousands follow as they may,  
But none another's grief may know  
And none his debt of love repay.  
Although the throng is moving fast,  
We quickly scan it for a face  
That smiled upon us in the past;  
Oh, who can fill another's place?

The smallest talents rightly use;  
A word in season joy to speak;  
'Mid want and sorrow, swift to choose  
The upward path, however bleak.  
Beyond the clouds the light is clear  
Whose cheering presence we would trace,  
In humble sphere, in proud career,  
Oh, who can fill another's place?

In humble sphere, in proud career,  
The vital verdict is the same,  
And those who nobly persevere  
This great eternal truth proclaim:—  
The true, the good, the strong, the brave,  
With patience run life's little race  
For there are countless souls to save  
And none can fill another's place.

---

## THE WINDOW OF LIFE.

I looked from the window of life where I stood,  
I looked on the world and I saw it was good;  
I looked at myself and was sorely aggrieved,  
Could this be the being in whom I believed?

I looked from the window of life, and behold  
A record of deeds many centuries old;  
Such pleasures as once would have given delight  
No longer the heart of the nation's invite.

I look from the window of life where I stand.  
The prospect unfolding before me is grand;  
Determined to follow where loyalty leads  
Must meet the reward that all others exceeds.

I look from the window of life and I find  
The years have been wasted because I was blind,  
For surely no clear sighted soul could reject  
Those paths which the glories of heaven reflect.

I look from the window of life and I see  
The sweep of the future, how broad it may be;  
The hills and the valleys alike will be fair,  
If only the leader who loves me is there.

I look from the window of life and I know  
Sweet joy will be with me where ever I go;  
How pleasant to follow where Jesus will guide,  
Content if I may in His shadow abide.

---

## THOU ART MINE.

"Thou art mine!" Blessed word from the Father above,  
It speaks to my heart of His infinite love;  
When I faint 'neath my load, the message divine,  
Brings peace to my soul:—"Thou art mine! Thou art mine."

"Thou art mine!" Though the tempest is raging around,  
In Him, and Him only, a refuge is found,  
No force can subdue Him, no fetters confine,  
And has He not said:—"Thou art mine! Thou art mine."

"Thou art mine!" When temptations my pathway beset,  
His merciful kindness I cannot forget.  
The sun may be hidden, but soon it will shine,  
He calls me by name:—"Thou art mine! Thou art mine."

"Thou art mine!" With afflictions confronting the soul,  
The billows of trouble are His, to control.  
Beside the still waters He bids me recline  
And lovingly says:—"Thou art mine! Thou art mine."

"Thou art mine!" I am happy obeying His voice,  
I trust Him and serve Him, His glory my choice;  
His power, eternal, can never decline  
And does He not say:—"Thou art mine! Thou art mine."

---

## THE MERRY BELLS.

The merry bells are ringing,  
Good will is in the air;  
Our hearts are singing, singing,  
And joy is everywhere.  
There is pleasure for the lowly,  
There is pleasure for the high,  
The day so holy, holy,  
Now lingers in the sky.

---

## FOLLOW JESUS.

If we try to follow Jesus He will lead our steps aright,  
He will lead us out of darkness into fields of living light.  
Little hands can work for Jesus, little feet love-errands run;  
Little voices speak His praises; little ears can hear "well done."

Sweet the voice that sings for Jesus, kind the eye content to see,  
All the beauties of a service that will keep us pure and free.  
Little forms can lean on Jesus, little lives He will enfold,  
Little arms shall draw Him nearer and in His dear cause be bold.

Little hearts are wise in trusting, they delight in being true,  
Bring the little ones to Jesus and He will their strength renew.  
Let us aim to find Him early in the life as in the day,  
Never soul in seeking Jesus, ever yet was turned away.

Never prayer the Christian uttered though 't was whispered word by word,  
Asking Him for help or guidance but the Ear Divine has heard.  
When He hears expect an answer; God's own promise cannot fail,  
We must ask in faith, believing, and by faith alone prevail.

---



## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The bright side  
Is the right side,  
    The side we seek to see.  
The wrong way,  
Is a long way,  
    And will not make us free.

The right side,  
Is the light side,  
    The side that mirror's bliss;  
The wrong way,  
Is a long way,  
    And one we cannot miss.

The right side  
Is the white side,  
    Where nothing dark can tread;  
The wrong way  
Is a long way,  
    Beset by foes we dread.

The bright side,  
Not the night side  
    Will cheer the weary eye;  
By fair ways,  
There are stair ways  
    To homes beyond the sky.

---

**WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.**

Blest be the tie,  
As we say good-bye  
That unites our hearts in love;  
With the past made plain  
We shall meet again,  
We shall meet again above.

We look away  
To the happy day,  
When we all shall walk by sight;  
With the past made plain,  
We shall meet again,  
In the land of life and light.

---

## THE EMPTY LIFE.

Empty is a life without Christ. It lacks motive power.

In the press of worldly matters the soul loses its assurance. It is like a locomotive when the steam is shut off. It stops.

Assurance in the love of God, keeps a man in motion. It sends him hither and thither. Makes him a profitable servant.

He works. To work he must have strength. To work he must eat. He feeds on the bread of life. He drinks of the water of life. He has enough and to spare. Happy is he.

Doubt creeps in. Losing his hold on Christ, he loses all. Suppose death should find him now.

---

## A LIVING LORD.

"The Lord liveth," in Him will I trust. God is my strength. He hath given me the shield of salvation. His gentleness hath made me great. Compassed about by troubles and temptations He delivers me. The last enemy of man has been conquered by Him. Death is vanquished by the Son of God.

He makes with us an everlasting covenant. David says: "He delivered me from my strong enemy." How many of us have a strong enemy? An enemy difficult to subdue? One we cannot subdue without help from on high?

"Come and let us return unto the Lord. He will revive us and raise us up. We shall live in His sight."

"The wise shall understand these things. The ways of the Lord are right and the just shall walk in them."

"Seek good and not evil that ye may live." Here we have a warning and a command, a threat and a promise.

Godliness is profitable unto all, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

**"HAVE FELLOWSHIP ONE WITH ANOTHER."**

When our souls are at one with the Lord Jesus, we come into fellowship with His people. Spiritually renewed, we give ourselves to Him and are baptized. Through the church-visible opens our grandest opportunity of making Him manifest to mankind.

We can all be "pillars in the temple of our God."

We can all pray, They that dwell in the secret place of the Most High, abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

We can all speak of the living bread which came down from Heaven. If we eat of that bread we shall live forever.

There is no true happiness apart from Christ. May we be, as lights, shining for Him, in many a darkened home.

---

## **FOLLOWING JESUS.**

We have a work to do. We are Christ's representatives. We must partake of the Christly character.

We are His witnesses. Witnesses of His power and of His saving grace. It is ours to tell of His wonderful goodness to the children of men. We tremble when we recognize the magnitude of the responsibility which rests upon us. As our day, so shall our strength be.

If we fail to show Him forth in our daily lives, we break the covenant into which we joyfully entered such a little while ago.

It is ours to be zealous in His service. Faithful unto death, we shall receive a crown of life.

We are trusting in The Word, may we lead others to see, that The Word is truth.

We are leaning on the promises. May we encourage others to do the same.

Steadfast followers of the Lord Jesus; if we work with Him and walk with Him, we shall also reign with Him.

---

## **THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.**

We as Christians, have much to gain, from faith, obedience, patience, mercy, love.

We suffer, that we may attain eternal bliss. No trusting soul shall fail of its reward.

Friends who were with us yesterday are gone to-day. We pray. We weep. At the feet of Jesus comfort comes to us.

We remember what our Saviour has done for us and look beyond the present, rejoicing in the glory which shall be revealed.

When things temporal have passed away, we go home to God, to abide forever.

---

## COMING ONCE MORE.

The moments we give to Our Brother,  
Must ever be moments well spent,  
The riches bestowed on another  
Are riches the Father has lent,  
Be ready to tell the Old Story  
So potent new life to infuse,  
In seeking to live to His glory  
Go on in the paths He would choose.

The words we are leaving unspoken  
Might welcome a soul to the light,  
The bondage of Satan once broken  
How all the dark places grow bright.  
The fruitage of prayer is a blessing,  
It never is offered in vain,  
The truth we are gladly confessing  
Will grandly Love's purpose maintain.

The talents devoted to Jesus  
Are talents the wisest improve.  
Imprisoned, believing, He frees us:  
While sin runs along in a groove.  
Our standard no foeman can alter,  
Lo, faith bears us up as on wings.  
None born of The Spirit may falter,  
For fair is the promise He brings.

Be instant in trusting and giving.  
Man cannot in justice withhold,  
Those tithes that belong to right living;  
Be earnest, and steadfast, and bold.  
In fullness of time of His kindness  
The Saviour is coming once more,  
He pities the world in its blindness  
And enters each wide open door.

On hearts that delight in obeying  
His wishes, 'tis safe to repose,  
The tribute we daily are paying  
No hand but our Lord's shall disclose,  
By service He joys in expecting  
A blessed approval is won.  
The Christian succeeds when electing  
To strive for the final "Well done!"

---



## THE PRESENT.

The present, only, is ours;  
We cannot recall the past  
Song's and sunshine and flowers,  
Are pleasant, but do they last?

The dollar we earn to-day,  
Is more than a million spent;  
The one has vanished away,  
The other may bring content.

A loving word, like the dew  
To the rose, revives the heart.  
A blessing awaits the true;  
Feeling is higher than art.

The present improved is bliss,  
The bliss that fore'er abides;  
In a fairer world than this,  
Where never an ill betides.

---

## BE FAITHFUL.

Be faithful soldiers, fearing not,  
What traitors may disclose;  
There is a purpose in our lot  
More powerful than foes.

If we could once peruse life's page,  
[A blurred and blotted scroll,]  
The failures would our thought engage  
Though fled beyond control.

If we could once life's page peruse,  
Each loss returned, a gain,  
Would give such wisdom as accrues  
From knowledge, bought of pain.

We never know what we can do;  
The problems none attempt  
Now lying open to our view,  
Have meanings little dreamt.

We gird our armor on to meet  
The enemy's advance;  
But in the frenzy of retreat,  
Too often yield to chance,

Stand ready; boldly face the front;  
Press on and on: prevail.  
Be brave to bear the battle's brunt;  
The hero cannot fail.

---

## WHY WILL YE DIE?

Why will ye die?  
Why will ye die?  
    With sin the world is rife,  
But there is one who draweth nigh:  
    He brings eternal life.

Eternal life!  
Eternal life!  
    How gentle is the voice,  
That calls thee from the toil and strife:—  
    “My child, repent! Rejoice!”

Repent! Rejoice!  
Repent! Rejoice!  
    Oh, bid Him enter in.  
By making Jesus Christ our choice,  
    Love’s fair reward we win.

---

## THE TESTING TIME.

When Trouble frowns upon our way  
And still we bravely overcome,  
The griefs besieging us each day;  
Desirous as best we may,  
To bear the duties burdensome.

When clouds obscure the sunny sky,  
When Sorrow surges o'er the heart;  
When Pain's dread presence hovers nigh,  
Faith must triumph then, or die,  
She conquers when we do our part!

The slowest feet were meant to climb;  
The humblest life can honor God.  
The present is the testing time  
Forward Soul to heights sublime!  
Thy work is here and not abroad.

---

## LIGHT.

How could we work if once we knew  
Just what for us in store,  
The future holds; would we be true  
And better than before?  
Could we go forward fearing not,  
To life's results disclose?  
Or would we tremble at a lot,  
Where rue displaced the rose?

Courageous to the present meet,  
Or woe or bliss it brings;  
Confront its joys, its pleasures sweet,  
Its hopes, its sufferings.  
A soul, improving moments well,  
Need never dread the days;  
The space is small wherein we dwell,  
But broader than our gaze.

The space is small but if we list,  
Its limits will expand.  
Each enemy of right resist  
And gauge the hour's demand.  
To-morrow's page we cannot read,  
To-day alone is bright;  
Each point to conscience we concede  
Returns to us, as light.

---

## IF A WORK IS WORTH THE DOING.

If a work is worth the doing  
It is worth the doing well.  
When a noble aim pursuing  
Never have an idle spell.  
There is danger in delaying  
And a man may win his case,  
By attention he is paying  
To the language of a face.

There are records fate impresses  
In the lines upon a brow.  
Silence often times confesses  
More than wisdom would allow.  
Could we read the future's pages  
We would hope's incentive lose;  
The experience of ages  
Should ambition's fire infuse.

Could we see the path before us  
See the forces we must lead,  
See the tempests hanging o'er us  
[How the willing feet must bleed.]  
See the trials daily coming,  
Coming to the patience try;  
In the knowledge, vast, benumbing,  
Happiness would pass us by.

Quick to reckon up the losses;  
Ready to forget our gains.  
It is ever little crosses,  
That the greatest love constrains.  
We who baffle mighty issues,  
Measure moments by their length:  
There are hosts of tiny tissues  
Most amazing in their strength.

---

## TAKE THY STAND.

God's voice is saying:—"Find thy place,  
Make haste to take thy stand.  
I am thy shield; My saving grace  
Sustains thee. Take My hand.  
In times of trial find thy strength,  
In Me. Build on the rock,  
Christ Jesus. Thou shalt know at length,  
My mercy, only knock!"

---

## FATHER, ACCEPT OUR THANKS.

Father, accept our thanks  
For blessings, heaven-lent.  
We march with broken ranks,  
When joy and woe are blent.  
We march, as march we must,  
Subject to Thy command.  
Can we forsake our trust  
Upheld by Thy right hand?

Father, we turn to Thee  
Mid shadows drear and dark;  
Thy breath alone is free  
To fan the vital spark,  
Until its light illumines  
The vast arcade of years;  
And some fair lily blooms  
Where men saw only tears.

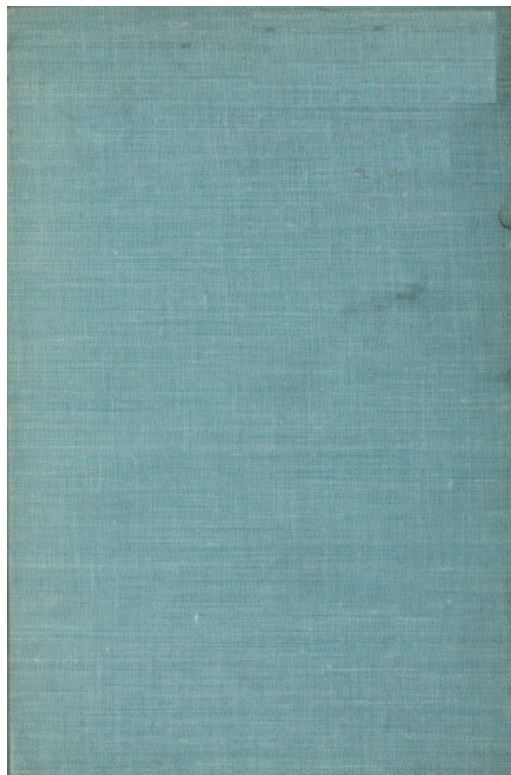
We cannot walk alone,  
However bright the way.  
A seed of kindness sown  
Shall gracious largess pay.  
Our sight is poor and weak,  
Apart from Sight-Divine;  
Direct us, for we seek  
No other will than Thine.

Attentive is Thy ear;  
Encourage when we call;  
The clouds shall disappear,  
We conquer as did Paul.  
Eternal rest is won,  
Where nothing ill betides;  
His race is nobly run,  
Who in the Lord confides.

We know we cannot do  
The simplest duty well;  
Our failing strength renew,  
Sweet bliss from pain compel.  
Be with us as we meet  
To study Thy desire;  
Come and Thy work complete,  
Our feeble hearts inspire.

Inspire our feeble hearts,  
To carry out Thy will.  
The fear of man departs.  
When we, Thy laws, fulfill.  
Help us, dear Lord, intent,  
To glorify Thy name;  
The Son Himself was sent,  
To emphasize Thy claim.





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