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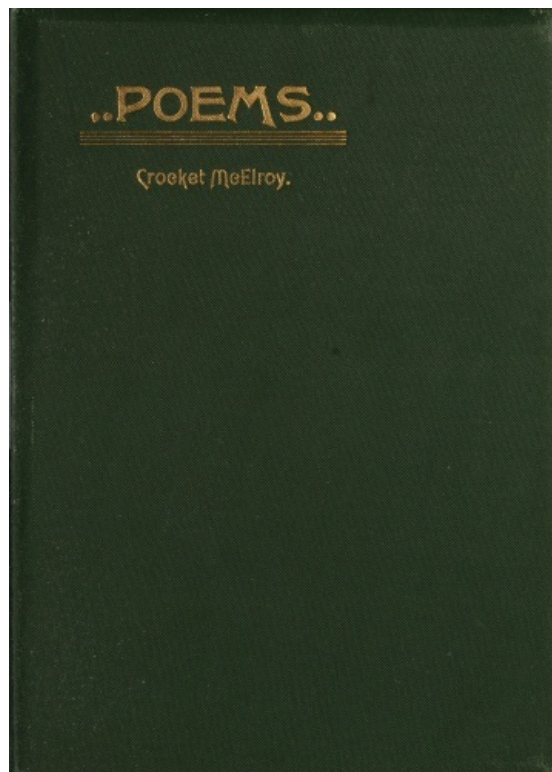
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS ***



..POEMS..

BY
CROCKET McELROY.

ST. CLAIR, MICHIGAN.



CHICAGO,
SCROLL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1900.

Copyrighted, 1900,
By CROCKET McELROY.
TO

HON. THOMAS W. PALMER, Detroit, Michigan;
HON. JOSEPH B. MOORE, Lansing, Michigan;
CAPTAIN BYRON WHITAKER, Detroit, Michigan;
HENRY C. FRENCH, Esq., Buffalo, New York;
CHARLES A. CALZIN, Esq., Marine City, Michigan;
and all my other friends, this book is dedicated.
CROCKET McELROY.

INDEX.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Our Country and Our Flag, | 9 |
| The Flag of Hobson's Choice, | 16 |
| The Old Soldier, | 21 |
| Washington, | 26 |
| A Voice for Freedom, | 29 |
| The Reconcentrados, | 31 |
| The Celebration, | 40 |
| Ode to Ontario, | 42 |
| The United States and Canada, | 44 |
| Ode to Our Country, | 45 |

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

| | |
|--|----|
| The Milk of Human Kindness, | 49 |
| The Working Girl, | 52 |
| The Wayward Girl, | 56 |
| The Rose Cure, | 59 |
| To a Snow Drop, | 61 |
| A Family Song, | 63 |
| Thanksgiving Day, | 64 |
| Parental Advice, | 65 |
| The Doctor, | 67 |
| Brotherly Love, | 69 |
| The Minister's Wife, | 70 |
| Nothing to Say, | 73 |
| The Heart, | 74 |
| My Darling Flora's Margaret, | 75 |
| The Rich Sweet Sound of the Human Voice, | 78 |
| The Man for the Times, | 82 |

POEMS OF FEELING.

| | |
|---|-----|
| To My Soul, | 87 |
| Dear Rolla, | 89 |
| To the Memory of a Good Woman, | 90 |
| On the Death of Mrs. Maggie Blood, | 91 |
| To the Memory of Mrs. Fidelia Whitaker, | 93 |
| Braver the Sick, | 95 |
| Do not Die Tonight, | 96 |
| On the Death of Mary McElroy, | 98 |
| Address to Death, | 100 |
| To the Memory of Mrs. Hon. Justin R. Whiting, | 106 |
| Captain Archie Morrison, | 109 |

POEMS OF DESCRIPTION.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Where the Wind Blows, | 113 |
| Ode to Lake Superior, | 117 |
| The Dundas Valley, | 118 |
| The St. Clair River, | 119 |

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Compensation, | 139 |
| Expansion, | 146 |
| Fear Not, Lorain, | 148 |
| The Teacher, | 150 |
| A Gem, | 153 |
| The China Wedding, | 154 |
| The Honest Man's Fate, | 155 |
| Time and Tide, | 156 |
| Christmas Day, | 157 |
| Progressive Euchre, | 158 |
| The Winner, | 162 |
| A Walk by Moonlight, | 163 |
| The Painter, | 165 |
| A Doctor's Advice, | 166 |
| Here I Am, | 168 |
| A Christmas Turkey, | 169 |
| To Mrs. Harriet S. DeLano and Her Baby, | 170 |
| For the Baby, | 171 |
| Lines on My Father, | 171 |
| Advice to a Young Poet, | 172 |
| An Acrostic, | 173 |
| Charley's Puppy, | 174 |
| Merry Christmas, | 175 |
| Temperance, | 175 |
| The Folding Puzzle, | 176 |
| In Florence's Album, | 176 |
| In Lizzie Leonard's Album, | 177 |
| In Henrietta's Album, | 177 |
| In Worthy's Album, | 178 |
| In Flora's Album, | 178 |
| In Etta's Album, | 179 |
| In Grace's Album, | 179 |
| The Gallop of Life, | 180 |
| Where Are All the People We Knew, | 184 |
| The Honest Man, | 187 |
| Beautiful Things, | 189 |
| The Nurse, | 192 |
| A Sweet Disposition, | 195 |
| The Scow Race, | 197 |
| A Happy Choice, | 201 |
| Beautiful Flowers, | 203 |
| The Value of a Friend, | 204 |

PART I.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG.

At morning light October twelfth,
 In fourteen hundred ninety-two,
 With shouts of joy and dreams of wealth,
 Columbus and his happy crew,
 Sang land ahoy! Sweet land ahoy!
 And landing on the virgin soil,
 Gave thanks to God, in tears of joy,
 And laughed at danger, care and toil.

And thus became our country known
 A short four hundred years ago,
 And yet in greatness it has grown
 Beyond the reach of man to know;
 The forests vast have given way
 Before man's mighty march and hand,
 And prairie wastes like night to day
 Have changed to blooming garden land.

The savage hosts that here were found
Living like roving beasts of prey,
Have given up their hunting ground,
And thrown their poisoned darts away;
Now turning to the arts of peace,
And living on the white man's plan,
Their wasted numbers will increase,
While they respect the rights of man.

The howling wolf and dreaded bear,
The buffalo and antelope,
And all the beasts not in man's care,
Are going down the western slope;
Whate'er obstructs the onward tread,
Of the overwhelming march of man,
Must soon be numbered with the dead,
All sacrificed on nature's plan.

The mighty rivers and great lakes,
Where once did float the bark canoe,
Are but the means that nature makes,
To push man's grand endeavors thru;
And now upon these waters floats
A commerce of a size so vast,
(In more than seven thousand boats)
It never yet has been surpassed.

And pressing on for conquests new,
The teeming millions reach our shore,
And bore the very mountains thru,
In eager reaching out for more;
The earth gives up its lead and gold,
Its silver, copper, salt, and oil,
And countless wealth will yet unfold,
Ere man has ceased to think and toil.

A thousand cities now we show,
And eighty million freemen rule,
Where but four hundred years ago,
There was no house, or church, or school,
And not a white man yet had trod
The fairest portion of the earth,
The land where all may worship God,
Where liberty was given birth.

In seventeen hundred seventy-six,
The brave forefathers of this land,
Tired of tyrannic laws and tricks,
Resolved to take a noble stand;
So on the fourth day of July
They said this country must be free,
And pledged themselves to win or die,
In fighting for its liberty.

Then thirteen states together joined
And declared themselves a nation,
And prouder names were never coined
Than endorsed that declaration.
Our country now must have a flag,
To be praised in song and story,
No silly or unmeaning rag,
But an emblem of our glory.

Flags are made of various types,
Our Congress chose for us the best,
And with our handsome stars and stripes,
We do not care for all the rest;
With seven red and six white bars,
A corner field of pretty blue,
In which to set the coming stars,
Now counting three and forty-two.

Each star a state does represent,
A powerful aggregation,
And each one has a government,
For its local regulation;
So great we've grown in width and length,
The truth can hardly be believed;
We do not boast of size or strength,
But of the work we have achieved.

We sixty thousand schools maintain
For the children of our nation,
Where free of cost they can obtain
A liberal education.

A liberal education,
And sixty thousand churches, too,
Where people freely worship God,
Learn how to love, be good and true,
For that's the style on freedom's sod.

We make ships go 'gainst wind and tide,
Our steamers sail to ev'ry shore,
And on our railroads one can ride
Two hundred thousand miles and more;
Our Franklin brought the lightning down,
Morse made it talk thru miles of wire,
And Edison has gained renown,
By using it for light and fire.

We now can hear a thousand miles,
The ever welcome voice of friends,
And on our little waxen files
Preserve it till life's journey ends;
The sweetest music in the world
Is sung and played for all mankind,
The notes are caught and then unfurled,
And lift man's heart and cheer his mind.

With gratitude our hearts are filled
For the triumphs of our nation,
We'll not forget good blood was spilled
In fighting for its salvation;
We love our country and our flag,
And know not how to amend it,
And when it calls we will not lag
In rallying to defend it.

O how it inspires one to hear,
When passing by upon the street,
The children sing in school house near,
"Forever float that standard sheet,"
And changing time to music true
"The star spangled banner shall wave,"
Following with "Red, white and blue,"
And cheers for the flag of the brave.

In many nations of the earth,
Where kings and other tyrants rule,
The people's rights are little worth,
Until they learn from freedom's school;
But monarchs now are growing wise,
And hearts rejoice o'er all the world,
As freedom's fires light the skies,
Where'er our noble flag's unfurled.

For justice and for liberty,
Our country is the champion,
We'll advocate humanity,
Where'er man's rights are trampled on;
In quiet peace we aim to live,
Avoiding war whene'er we can,
But life and gold we'll freely give
To help our suff'ring fellowman.

There is no nation that we fear
However skilled in war or arts,
We need no standing army here,
Our bulwark's made of human hearts;
We have no lords, no king to crown,
But mindful of the bitter past,
We've anchored all our virtues down,
And nailed our banner to the mast.

Respected now o'er all the earth,
In ev'ry country great and small,
The flag that crowned our nation's birth,
Floats proudly with the best of all:
And now from school house top it flies,
And on all ships we send to sea,
The grandest flag beneath the skies,
The glorious flag of liberty.

THE FLAG OF HOBSON'S CHOICE.

A SONG.

Written June 10th, 1898, to commemorate in verse the

great achievement of Richard P. Hobson and his crew of seven men, in sinking the steamer "Merrimac," in the mouth of Santiago harbor, island of Cuba, under orders of Admiral Sampson.

When Hobson saw his country's need,
Demanded human sacrifice,
He asked that he might do the deed,
And give his life to pay the price.

CHORUS.

Three cheers now, boys, for liberty,
Three cheers again in louder voice,
For Hobson and his victory,
And for the flag of Hobson's choice.

He knew the course that he must take
Would lead him to the mouth of hell,
And boldly for his country's sake,
He braved the storm of shot and shell.

He knew that mines beset the place,
Where he must go to sink his ship,
And death would meet him face to face,
Ere he had time to make the trip.

He knew his ship was weak and frail,
And could not stand the Spanish fire;
But all the signs that he would fail,
Served but to raise his courage higher.

He knew that bombs embraced his boat,
And one good shot would send her high,
But lose or win, and sink or float,
He was ready to do and die.

Advised to hoist the flag of Spain,
And thus deceive his watchful foe,
He could not bear his name to stain,
And quickly gave a manly "No."

"The stars and stripes, I love the name,"
(Thus spake the grand heroic voice.)
"Whether I fall, or rise to fame,
My country's flag shall be my choice."

His mother's home might soon be sold,
But surely this can never be,
His life should take the place of gold,
When given for humanity.

He gaged his countrymen right well,
And left his mother in their hands;
No mortgagee could ever sell,
A nation's hero's mother's lands.

Seven brave men composed his crew,
All volunteers from Sampson's fleet,
And ev'ry man a hero true,
Knowing the danger he must meet.

His ship was called the Merrimac,
A noted name in history.
And soon she'll sink and block a track,
A sacrifice to victory.

At morning dawn the start was made,
And quick he reached the chosen spot,
'Mid storms of shell from hill and glade,
And hundreds of death dealing shot.

The cannons roared, the engine stop'd,
The anchor then was quickly dumped,
All hands ran aft, a float was drop'd,
And onto it eight heroes jumped.

The fuse was lit, the ship blew up,
And sank upon the proper site,
Cervera's fleet was bottled up,
And lost all chance to win the fight.

A braver deed was never done,
In all the ages of mankind,
Since Adam faced the morning sun,

Or Christ inspired the human mind.

Their duty done, no longer use
To risk their lives upon that trip,
And hoisting up a flag of truce
Were taken to Cervera's ship.

The Admiral, a gallant man,
As ever storm of battle braved,
Altho he did not like the plan,
Rejoiced that our brave men were saved.

And then he did a noble act,
As human ear has ever heard,
By telling us the joyful fact,
And sending our brave Sampson word.

A thousand cheers now rent the air,
And echoed all around the world,
Where freedom's sons and daughters fair,
Will keep our hero's flag unfurled.

Brave Hobson has adorned his age,
And nobly won immortal fame,
His deed will blaze on hist'ry's page,
And all the world will praise his name.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Make your walks level and see they are straight
And hang sweet flowers on your open gate,
Throw the blinds apart, raise the curtains high,
Swing the door open and then stand near by,
For an old soldier is coming along.

His step now is short and not very strong,
He uses a crutch to help him along,
His heart is honest and his head is clear,
He blossoms with love and brings you good cheer,
For he's a good soldier hobbling along.

He has but one eye and that is quite weak,
But thanks to his God his good tongue can speak,
He stops to converse and rest him awhile,
And meets an old friend who greets with a smile
The gallant old soldier coming along.

The little dogs bark when they see the crutch,
For fear he will give them a gentle touch,
The little boys laugh and he speaks no blame,
But stops and helps them finish their game,
For he's a kind soldier coming along.

The boys admire him and bring him a seat,
And gather about to hear him repeat
The stories of war in the field and camp,
In the fort and trench, or on the long tramp,
As the brave soldier was talking along.

He tells them slowly how the battle begun,
With rattle of muskets and booming gun,
How the soldier's hopes arose and then fell,
As cheers were followed by bursting shell,
As the old soldier was marching along.

How the orders were given fast and thick,
The first one to march, then the double quick;
How the brave Colonel led into the fight,
Where the battle was hot on left and right,
As the old soldier was running along.

How the boys in blue gave the rebels fits
As they pop'd their heads out of rifle pits.
And soon drove them behind their breastworks strong,
Where they stood their ground bravely and long,
And stop'd the old soldier coming along.

How the cannons roared and the bullets hissed
And many comrades from the ranks were missed;
How the Captains shouted high and higher
"Stand your ground, boys, load and fire, load and fire,"
As the old soldier was fighting along.

How just as the works of the rebels fell,
His eye was ruined by a piece of shell,
And just as the boys were scaling the wall,
His leg was broken by a cannon ball,
Broken and smashed by a cannon ball.

How sad his thoughts as he lay on the ground,
And felt he was dying from his death wound;
But roused by the cheers for victory won,
And sweet consolation for duty well done,
The old hero is still coming along.

How he thought as he lay a plan to contrive,
To show his comrades he still was alive,
And held up his cap with his musket high,
So the boys could see it as they passed by,
Poor suff'ring soldier not ready to die.

How the boys soon came with an ambulance,
And gathered him in by good luck and chance,
For holding up his cap was taking his breath,
And well they knew he was bleeding to death,
The brave old soldier was bleeding to death.

How the surgeons laid him on a rough board,
And took off his leg not saying a word,
They looked at his eye, " 'Tis useless," they said,
"Boys, take him away and put him in bed,"
The helpless soldier now lying in bed.

How six long weeks in hospital he lay,
And prayed for his wife and children each day,
"How to support them, Lord, give me some plan,
Tho broken in pieces I still am a man,"
The poor broken soldier still is a man.

Paid off and discharged when able to go,
With heart as light and pure as the snow,
He steps on the cars and away is whirled,
To realms of love in his own little world,
The loving old soldier coming along.

He has plenty to eat and plenty to wear,
And draws a pension that frees him from care,
His wife's contented, his children as neat,
As any children you see on the street,
He's a happy soldier coming along.

"Boys, don't run away when your country's in need,
But prove your courage by brave act and deed,
And if you should fall, for you is the fame,
On tablets of honor, you've written your name,"
Said the brave old soldier coming along.

WASHINGTON.

History tells of noble men,
Of soldiers brave and statesmen great,
And how they wrought with sword and pen,
To raise man to a higher state:
The good and wise in ev'ry age,
Left honored names to lean upon;
But not a name on hist'ry's page
Shines brighter than George Washington.

Great Hannibal the Alps did cross,
And proudly march on Italy;
But suffered a tremendous loss,
By giving way to revelry;
Philip won at Charonea,
And Caesar crossed the Rubicon;
Alexander conquered Persia;
But nobler was our Washington.

Cromwell wielded a dreaded sword.
And thousands fell beneath his stroke;
Cruelty stained his ill gained hoard,
Nor could time mend the hearts he broke.
Peter the Great was truly great
But tortured to death his own son;
He builded up a mighty state,
But does not rank with Washington.

Cincinnatus was good and brave,
And fought for country, not for fame;
He left his plow his state to save,
And gave the world an honored name.
Mighty in war, in council strong,
Was the world famed Napoleon,
But oft ambition led him wrong;
This was not true of Washington.

Great warriors and statesmen wise,
Have filled the world with their renown,
And often when they gained a prize,
Have placed upon their heads a crown;
And frequently by deeds of shame,
Have lost the glory they had won,
No hero e'er had purer fame,
Than modest, honest Washington.

His brave soldiers he grandly led,
With frosted feet and hands all bare,
Over the cold earth's frozen bed,
Across the icy Delaware;
And when they met the foes of right,
They shouted loud, "Come on! Come on!!"
And cheered as they went in the fight,
"Hurrah! Hurrah!! for Washington."

A famous battle then was fought,
That spread our glory far and wide,
And tho thru suff'ring dearly bought,
It turned the tide to freedom's side;
Not ice, nor cold, nor frozen feet,
Could stop our heroes marching on,
So eager they the foe to meet,
And fight for love of Washington.

When victory at last was won,
And the foe driven from our sod,
The people said, "Well done, well done,"
Our hero said "Thanks be to God."
Some wanted him to be their King,
But not a crown would he put on;
Did ever King a nobler thing,
Than patriot soldier Washington?

"The first in war and first in peace,
And the hearts of his countrymen,"
A grateful nation ne'er will cease,
To class him with the wisest men:
For freedom's cause o'er all the world,
He prayed and labored, fought and won,
Where'er his country's flag's unfurled,
There cheers will rise for Washington.

A VOICE FOR FREEDOM.

Written in 1856, during the struggle in Kansas, between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery settlers.

Freemen of the north, why stand you still,
While fiends in Kansas your brothers kill,
Will you bow down to the tyrant's God,
And worship slavery beneath the rod?

No, never! you cry, no God have we,
But the God of love and liberty,
To Him we'll bow, and for Him we'll fight,
For liberty, justice and our right.

Then shoulder your arms, prepare for the west,
A rifle provide, take one of Sharp's best,
For there on the soil of Kansas do trod,
The foes of man and blasphemers of God.

March to the battle, assist the brave few,
Now fighting nobly and looking to you,
Let them not look in vain, but lend a hand,
That will bring freedom and peace to their land.

Hark! hear the patriots cry from their graves,
"Liberty for Kansas, freedom for slaves,
Drive out the foul demons that curse your land,
And rule you like slaves with a tyrant's hand.

"For freedom we lived, for country we died,
And may many heroes lie by our side,
Ere the tyrant wins, to curse with the slave,
'The land of the free and home of the brave'."

The heart cries vengeance and justice says fight,
For peace in Kansas, liberty and right,
Vengeance for our martyrs, peace by their tomb,
Where God in mercy may grant us a home.

Remember for God and freedom you fight
And never forsake liberty and right,
But stand like a rock and fight to the last,
With eyes on the future, hearts on the past.

When you meet your enemies in the field,
Go fight them bravely with no thought to yield,
But boldly cry out at ev'ry breath,
"Give us liberty, or give us death."

THE RECONCENTRADOS.

A Spanish physician on his way from Cuba to Spain, on arriving at New York about October 1, 1898, was asked about the reconcentrados, and answered sarcastically, "There are no reconcentrados now." This answer was understood to mean that they had all died of starvation excepting the few that were saved by the United States.

Lives there a man in the United States,
That knows of the Cubans' horrible fates,
Whose cheeks do not burn with the blush of shame,
When he hears these reproachful words of blame—
"There are no reconcentrados now?"

Where are the parents feeble, old and gray,
Driven from their own quiet homes away?
Where are the children, are they too all dead?
Is it a fact, can it truly be said—
"There are no reconcentrados now?"

Where are the mothers with babes at the breast?
Where are the infants, are they too at rest?
Where are the sick and all in need of care?
Were they left to perish, they are not there?
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Where are the crops of food once stored in domes,
Around ten thousand humble Cuban homes?
Devoured by fire and borne in flames away,
No wonder then that men can truly say—
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Robbed of their cattle, crops and homes destroyed,

Years of hard labor in hours rendered void,
Huddled near cities, watched like beasts of prey,
Deprived of food they all have passed away,
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Shorn of liberty, bound in lines of death,
They know their fate and dread the buzzard's breath;
They pray for mercy, turn their eyes to God,
Then fall in death on their loved Cuban sod,
"There are no reconcentrados now."

They beg for bread, but cruel Spain denies,
She does not heed heartrending children's cries,
Nor the mother pleading in anguish wild,
"Pray give a morsel to my starving child."
"There are no reconcentrados now."

No father's prayer, however strong and good,
Can draw from Spain a single ounce of food;
No mother's tears, however freely shed,
Can make one less among the Cuban dead:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

See the starving babe, hear its wailing cry,
Searching for food it finds the fountain dry;
What sorrow racks the dying mother's head,
The babe must die, alas! the mother's dead:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

See the hollow cheeks, see the sunken eyes,
See the shrivelled limbs, hear the children's cries,
Their flesh all gone, reduced to skin and bone,
With scarcely strength to give a dying moan:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

See the poor creatures dropping to the ground,
And ravenous vultures hov'ring around,
Watching life flicker, and with ghoulish shout,
Greedy to come and tear the vitals out:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Hear the brave father plead in manly tones,
"Starve me, tyrant, but spare my little ones,
Then take your dagger and with demon's art,
Plunge it to the hilt in my broken heart:"
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Many are the crimes cruel man has done,
From the early ages to the present one,
But of all crimes against the human race,
This great crime of Spain brought the most disgrace:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Who would think a so called Christian nation,
Would kill the innocent by starvation,
When before did the non-combatant's cry,
Receive the answer—you must starve and die?
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Listen, Christendom, hear these people pray,
Poor fellow creatures, turn them not away,
Haste to bring them food, take a manly part,
If they perish 'twill grieve the Christian heart,
"There are no reconcentrados now."

THE PRAYER.

"Where is the God that tribes with manna fed?
Where is the Christ that gave the thousands bread?
Where are the men with noble heart and mind?
Where, O where! is the love of human kind?

"Where is liberty, is there ground for hope?
Where is charity, where's the blessed Pope?
Where is Germany, freedom loving land?
Where's the Emperor with his helping hand?

"Where is Russia, nation great and strong,
With mighty power to rectify wrong?
Where is France, rich and beautiful France,
Will she not give us one sweet loving glance?

"Where is Great Britain, land of wealth and fame.

Whose acts of kindness glorify her name?
Oft has she helped the starving sick and sore,
Pray come, kind nation, and do so once more.

"Where is America, land of the free?
Most noble country, we appeal to thee;
We know you pity our sorrow and need,
And our sore distress must make your heart bleed.

"You are a nation powerful for good,
Your cars and ships are loaded down with food,
Mighty with inventions, speedy with plans,
What is the matter, brave Americans?

"Arouse, great country, and if need there be
Break the Spanish bonds and set Cuba free;
Remember Spain is feeble, old and slow,
And lost her glory many years ago.

"Wars just for conquest there should never be,
But for the cause of life and liberty,
Nations may grasp the sword of righteousness,
Crush out tyranny and relieve distress.

"No other nation has courage to come,
All other countries to our cries are dumb,
Our prayers will be to our latest breath,
Come, blessed country, and save us from death."

Thank God! our country heard the Cuban plea,
And gave notice to Spain: "This shall not be;
You must not murder and starve any more,
The innocent people so near our shore:"
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Fired with pity, the American heart,
For humanity's sake took Cuba's part,
And with our heroes on sea and on land,
Soon opened the way for charity's hand:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Forts were destroyed and the proud Spanish fleet,
And the Spanish army forced to retreat,
And soon as ever we possibly could,
We sent to the starving ship loads of food:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

There has not been since history began
A grander act in the progress of man,
By so nobly taking poor Cuba's part
A load was lifted from the human heart:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

No braver men e'er fought for liberty,
Than risked their lives that Cuba might go free;
No holier triumph was ever won,
Since the record of war was first begun:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

No other nation, either young or old,
Ever gave so many millions in gold,
To feed the starving and set the bond free,
In the grand cause of human liberty:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Henceforth this saying our maxim shall be,
We'll bear it aloft o'er land and o'er sea,
And that all civilized nations may know,
Will proudly proclaim wherever we go,
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Wherever our grand old flag is unfurled,
In Cuba, or any part of the world,
Love, mercy, and peace will go with it there,
And bring the oppressed full freedom to share:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Nations respect us for the good work done,
And freely concede the glory we won;
We get the honor, the world gets the gain,
Mankind is lifted to a higher plain,
"There are no reconcentrados now."

United for peace all nations should be,
Protecting man in his right to be free,
And if one nation man's freedom restrain,

The rest should join and restore it again:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

Humanity's cause henceforth must prevail,
No nation will dare man's rights to assail,
The example we set lays down the plan,
Nations will follow in lifting up man:
"There are no reconcentrados now."

THE CELEBRATION.

The following verses were written in November, 1889, when it was supposed the World's Fair at Chicago, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, would be held in 1892.

In eighteen hundred ninety-two
We will have a celebration,
And prove our manners good and true,
By inviting ev'ry nation;
We'll advertise from shore to shore,
And tell how we have expanded,
For just four hundred years before,
Christopher Columbus landed.

We will build a mighty tower,
Much higher than any steeple,
And give it the strength and power,
To hold twenty thousand people;
We'll build it strong and very high,
And elegant in size and form,
So it will please the cultured eye,
And ride triumphant ev'ry storm.

A thousand feet we'll raise the pile,
Yes, a thousand feet high and more,
Twelve hundred feet, a quarter mile,
Where never building reached before;
For it is our real intent,
To gage its height by measure true,
To finding of this continent,
In fourteen hundred ninety-two.

And in the top we'll place a light,
One hundred thousand candle strong,
To guide the trav'ler in the night,
More than a hundred miles along;
And over all a flag will fly,
The largest, handsomest and best,
That ever charmed the human eye,
Or fired the love in loyal breast.

When independence day shall come,
In eighteen hundred ninety-two,
We'll march to tune of fife and drum,
In every state the union thru,
And bless the land we love so dear,
United States of America,
Ten million voices then will cheer,
Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!

ODE TO ONTARIO.

Hail, Ontario, dear land of my birth,
Blessed Ontario, rich spot of earth;
Born upon the mountains,
I've played at thy fountains,
And drank from the sweet rills,
At the foot of thy hills.

Lovely Ontario, land of the free,
Happy Ontario, blessings on thee;
I have played with thy boys,
And partook of their joys,
Before school and after,
With shouts and with laughter.

Glorious Ontario, land of delight,
Peaceful Ontario, great is thy might;
I have loved thy sweet girls,
And have toyed with their curls,
Kissed the rose on their cheeks,
And then laughed at their freaks.

Gallant Ontario, land of glory,
Blooming Ontario, grand in story;
Thy ladies are truthful,
Lovely and beautiful,
Safe will the nation be,
While they have liberty.

Sparkling Ontario, land of brave acts,
Roaring Ontario, with cataracts;
Thy men are heroes born,
Brave both at night and morn,
Nobly they stand and fight,
For God, truth and the right.

Beaming Ontario, with beautiful fields,
Teeming Ontario, with bountiful yields,
Rich in great mines of wealth,
Filled with large stores of health,
Great is the love we owe,
Beautiful Ontario.

THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

On the manner in which the union of these countries should
take place, from an address delivered at Niagara Falls,
Ontario, July 4th, 1888.

Let it come as the seasons come,
With gradual change of weather;
Let it come as the waters come,
And quietly mingle together.

Let it come as the gentle rain,
Refreshing the air and the land;
Let it come as the golden grain,
With promise of harvest at hand.

Let it come as the evening sun,
With the peace and quiet of night;
Let it come as the morning sun,
In a blaze of glory and light.

ODE TO OUR COUNTRY.

The following blank verse was written in January, 1864,
during the war of the rebellion, when many people in the
northern states were advocating peace on almost any terms.

The constitution our fathers made,
Long may it protect us.
The fine example our fathers set,
Long may we follow it.
The pure principles our fathers loved,
Long may we cherish them.
The perfect laws that our fathers made,
Long may we obey them.
Sacredly they pledged their lives and their honor,
All for their country's sake, freedom not power;
Freely their blood was spilled, battling for justice,
All for their country's sake, they were not selfish;
Boldly the trial made, God crowned their efforts,
Thanks to His providence their country was saved.
Grandly their thoughts were framed glowing with wisdom,
Wise were the laws they made, all the world blessed them;
Gray hairs honored them, old age and glory,
Then was their noble work left for their children.
Shall we their descendants forget the pure motives,
That guided our fathers in times of distress?
Shall we prove unworthy the boon they left us,
Or bravely defend the cause of liberty?
Large is the sacrifice, greatly 'tis needed,
Freely we grant it, for in God is our trust;
Our lives and fortunes like our fathers before,
Are pledged to the cause of justice and freedom,
Bravely we'll defend it, let no traitor destroy,
The land of our fathers, the home of the free,
With strong arms and stout hearts we'll continue to fight,
In perfect faith that God will favor the right.

PART II.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

What is it lures the tender heart,
From paths of joy and pleasures sweet,
To rush into the crowded mart,
And lift the fallen to their feet?

What is it prompts the loving soul,
To go among the poor and sick,
Where sorrow and the empty bowl,
Stir one's compassion to the quick?

Why should one go where hunger reigns,
And meet the dreaded starving face,
Where life is full of aches and pains,
And sickness finds a brooding place?

Why go where dread disease prevails,
And screams and groans afflict the heart,
Where death the struggling life assails,
And feel the pang of sorrow's dart?

Why go not to the palace grand,
Where fruits and wines await the guest,
With works of art on ev'ry hand,
And bask in comfort, peace and rest?

Why go not where the flowers bloom,
And birds make music in the trees,
Where all is joy, there is no gloom,
And life and health ride on the breeze?

Is it for love of doing good,
And working out the Master's plan,
Or doing as all others should,
To elevate our fellow man?

There is a motive in the mind,
That moves to noble, gen'rous deeds,
To sacrifice and actions kind,
And to relieving human needs.

Some ruling thought, some spirit fair,
Or inward spring I can not see,
Whate'er it is, love must be there.
O that I knew what it can be.

Arouse, my soul, increase my sight,
Awake, my muse, stay my blindness,
Ah! now I see by brighter light,
'Tis the milk of human kindness.

There is a fountain whence it flows,
A source from whence it takes its start,
Reviving hopes as on it goes,
That fountain is the human heart.

God bless the hearts that feed the stream,
That fills the soul with tenderness,
God bless the lives that yield the cream,
From the milk of human kindness.

THE WORKING GIRL.

Text: A newspaper item said that shop girls are often insulted on the streets by men who assume that they are immoral because they are poor.

I am only a working girl, 'tis true,
And my mother a widow poor and weak;
I am glad when I find some work to do,
For the bloom has faded from mother's cheek.

There are four little ones to clothe and feed,
And mother must work sixteen hours a day;
She struggles hard to provide what they need,
And I know is wearing her life away.

I am old enough to go out and work,
And healthy and strong, thanks to mother's care,
I could not bear my duty to shirk,
And mother's burdens I am pleased to share.

The money I earn pays for coal and rent,
And mother furnishes the food we eat,
Ev'ry dollar she gets is wisely spent,
And our cottage is always clean and neat.

Mother takes washing and sewing to do,
And works like a slave until late at night,
I help her each evening an hour or two,
And don't complain for I know it is right.

I go to the church and the Sunday School,
And perform all my duties well and true,
I strive hard to live by the golden rule,
And that's about all a poor girl can do.

We're not so unhappy as you might think,
For love reigns supreme in our humble dome,
And tho often near to starvation's brink,
No money could coax me to leave my home.

Mother is cheerful and good as can be,
And sings to us nightly songs that are choice,
No sound ever heard is so dear to me,
As the rich sweet sound of my mother's voice.

I met a strange man on the street one day,
With a dashing style and a brazen cheek,
Who said "Good night, my dear, just come my way,"
And alarmed me so that I could not speak.

I hastened to mother's protecting arms,
And asked if a poor girl must be on guard,
Who claims neither beauty, nor loving charms,
And whose dress cost only five cents a yard.

"I'll tell you, my dear, for I understand,
Why that bold bad man set your head awhirl.
He saw that poverty held you in hand,
And you were only a poor working girl."

"But tell me, mother, have the poor no rights,
Must one be rich to command respect?
Our minister tells us that God delights,
In the honest and poor of ev'ry sect."

"I know, my dear, what the ministers preach,
But I state the fact so well as I can,
Tho Christ has proclaimed what his priests shall teach,
They have not overcome the sin in man.

"Some men are good as they know how to be,
While others repel life's chastening rod,
The rich meet temptations we never see,
The good honest poor are nearest to God."

Thanks, my dear mother, your life is my guide,
I will work night and day just as you do,
When temptation comes I'll thrust it aside,
Grow nearer to God and nearer to you.

When my work in this life has all been done,
I will wend my way to the gates of pearl,
And present this plea to the Holy One:
"Dear Lord, I am only a working girl."

THE WAYWARD GIRL.

given with the "cat o' eight tails" in the Industrial School for Girls at Adrian, Michigan. Written May, 1899.

Strip off my clothes, expose my back,
From shoulder to the hip,
Hold fast my hands in vise like rack,
Nor once let go the grip.

Now raise your weapon high in air,
And strike with all your might,
On my poor back now white and fair,
Nor hide the brutal sight.

A single lash is not enough
To bring the color quick,
A "cat o' eight tails" strong and tough,
Will sooner make me sick.

Rain down the blows nor halt to rest,
Till you are out of breath,
Another brute with equal zest,
Will whip me most to death.

See now the color pinky bright,
But just over my heart,
There still remain some streaks of white,
Don't miss this vital part.

Measure your blows and deal them straight,
Bring out the redder hue,
Nor let your cruel strokes abate,
Till all is black and blue.

Now burns my back as if by fire,
Red roasted in a flame,
What more can cruel fate require,
Of my poor trembling frame?

I shrink with fear, I scream with pain,
I pray "O spare my life,"
So squeals the pig and squeals in vain,
For deeper goes the knife.

My voice is hushed, I faint, I choke,
Death hovers closely by,
Down falls another last hard stroke,
"Take that, you wretch, and die."

O Michigan, my Michigan,
Let your heart strings unfurl,
Blot out the stain of Adrian,
And pity the wayward girl.

THE ROSE CURE.

Written for Rose Gearing, a grandchild seven years old,
while at Lorain, O., November, 1897.

One day I went out walking,
And the road was hard and long,
No friend was with me talking,
And no bird gave out a song.

The air was raw and chilly,
The warm summer days had past,
My path was rough and hilly,
The flowers were fading fast.

The winds were blowing madly,
Lake Erie was lashed to foam,
And I was feeling sadly,
Two hundred long miles from home.

I tried to stop that feeling,
And remove it from my mind,
But what would do the healing,
Was a thing I had to find.

I thought of a nice river,
Where the water ever flows,
But God the mighty giver,
Soon reminded me of Rose.

My heart with joy went beaming,
My spirits were lifted up,
Away went idle dreaming,
I had found the healing cup.

Hereafter when in sadness,
Bewailing ill-fortune's blows,
My thoughts will turn with gladness,
To the love of my sweet Rose.

And when I need elixir,
That is pleasant, safe and sure,
I'll go to my sweet mixer,
And quickly take—The Rose Cure.

I know of nothing neater,
Than my darling's love for me,
And none more pure, or sweeter,
Than my love for her shall be.

TO A SNOW DROP.

The following verses were suggested by seeing a large and beautiful drop of snow, in the form of a star, descend slowly and gradually melt away on my clothing. The first three verses came to me spontaneously and come the nearest to being an inspiration of anything I have written up to January, 1888. I had only to write down the words, which were ready without the labor of composition. I mention this fact not because there is any merit in the verses, but because I had a touch of inspiration, and have ever since believed that writers and speakers are sometimes inspired with thoughts that come to them without passing thru the process of thinking. Written December, 1859.

A little thing of icy clearness,
Came dropping from the sky above,
Filling joyful hearts with gladness,
And others with the tears of love.

For while hearts are upward bending,
Humbly praying for food to eat,
Others joy and mirth are blending,
Making their many pleasures sweet.

Yet this little drop keeps falling,
And covers up man's darkest deeds,
As if 'twere its only calling,
To drive temptation from our heads.

Then let this pure emblem's features,
Teach what we owe to God above
And to all our fellow-creatures,
Make a payment with our love.

A FAMILY SONG.

TUNE: *A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

A home with my darling wife,
Along with my children dear,
Away from trouble and strife,
From sorrow, danger and fear;
Let some be gloomy and sad,
I shall be happy and free,
My wife be joyful and glad,
And our children full of glee.

No storms shall darken our path,
The way is open and straight,
Ne'er yield our reason to wrath,
But aim for Heaven's wide gate;
'Twill open and let us in,
And the Lord be glad to see,
Living in Heaven with Him,
My wife and children and me.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

In this beautiful world,
Where love's flag is unfurled
And given free scope to wave and entwine;
It does not become man
To complain of the plan,
Established by a Creator divine.

And on Thanksgiving Day
While we sing and we pray,
And give thanks for the rich stores we possess;
Our hearts should open wide,
To the poor by our side,
And take measures to relieve their distress.

For happy is the part,
Where there's love in the heart,
To lighten the sorrows of one in need;
And peace comes to the breast,
When we help the distrest,
And, O God, what joy comes from a good deed.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

Composed for the occasion of the marriage of my daughter,
Flora, to Howard C. Beck, June 17th, 1891.

Howard and Flora, there's a beautiful land,
Where trees and flowers grow pretty and sweet,
Where many kind friends will lend you a hand,
And line with pleasure a path for your feet.

'Tis not among stars that twinkle with light,
'Tis not in the moon so cheerless and cold,
'Tis not just beyond great shadows of night,
To reach it requires no silver or gold.

This beautiful land is easily found,
Its gates are open to virtue and worth,
Where peace and good will and reason abound,
This beautiful land is this lovely earth.

If you would enjoy this beautiful land,
And crown with glory the days you have spent,
Let heart beat to heart and hand join with hand,
And travel thru life in peace and content.

Your aim should be high, your walk should be straight,
Your lives fill with joy your parents and friends,
Your record keep bright and honor your state,
And tread the true path where happiness tends.

Howard, should Flora once chance to go wrong,
With kind loving words the stain wash away,
When she shows weakness then you should be strong,
And quarrels never will darken your way.

Flora, should Howard a moment be weak,
And stray from the path that leads men above,
Don't hasten to bring a blush to his cheek,
But cover his fault with mantles of love.

Thus in harmony and peace may you dwell,
Your knowledge expand, your pleasures increase,
Always be happy and always be well,
And end your journey in Heaven and peace.

THE DOCTOR.

Who is it drives thru mud and sleet,
At break-neck speed along the street,
Nor stops for cold nor stops for heat,
Until he rests close by your feet?

The Doctor.

Who is it comes at dead of night,
When thieves are out and dogs do bite,
And hastens to the dismal light,
And greets you with a warm good-night?

The Doctor.

Who is it asks the reason why,
That on a sick bed you should lie,
And answers to the sad reply,
"My friend, I will not let you die?"

The Doctor.

Who is it startles in his dream,
And thinks he hears his patient scream,
And gives of life its very cream,
To save you from the downward stream?

The Doctor.

Who is it takes his life in hand,
And promptly comes at your command,
When cholera is in the land,
Or small-pox with its dreaded brand?

The Doctor.

Who is it comes with gentle tread,
When life is hanging by a thread,
And racks the brain within his head,
To lift you from a dying bed?

The Doctor.

Who is it tells the loving friend,
In kindest words that tongue can bend,
All things in nature have an end,
And my poor patient cannot mend?

The Doctor.

Who is it knows our secrets best,
The failing arm, the weakened chest,
And keeps those secrets in his breast.
Until we reach our final rest?

The Doctor.

Then to the man whose heart is true,
Who does for us all man can do,
We'll render love and honor due,
And trust our lives forever to—

The Doctor.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

O may our hearts in love unite,
Our spirits shun all temptation,
Our souls incline to truth and right,
Our minds in love to all creation.

Each other's faults let us retrieve,
And our portion of love divide,
Each other's loads a share receive,
And bear with them on ev'ry side.

Let conscience dictate, our minds obey,
Our erring footsteps be retraced,
Our fallen brother gone astray,
Be welcomed back, in love embraced.

Then will God be pleased to bless us,
And fill our lives with love and light,
Then will He sweet mercy grant us,
While we uphold the truth with right.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

Written on the occasion of the marriage of my daughter,

A beautiful crown awaits you,
In the realm of your chosen life,
No higher duty commands you,
Than to be a minister's wife.

The road you are now to travel,
Is high over the common plain,
But when you have reached its level,
You must rise above it again.

You must go onward and upward,
Nor halt in your journey thru life,
There's always work in Christ's vineyard,
For the faithful minister's wife.

'Tis a difficult role to fill,
And the work will never be done,
But if you take hold with a will,
Then half the victory is won.

Grapple with boldness and courage,
The duties to which you're assigned,
And use all your strength and knowledge,
In work for the good of mankind.

Always be pleasant and cheerful,
Forgiving, consoling and kind,
Speak soothing words to the tearful,
Bring light to the hearts of the blind.

Help, O help the poor and the sick,
Help them with tears, labor and love,
Help them out when sorrows are thick,
Help them in the kingdom above.

There's a veil that obstructs our view,
From the beautiful higher life,
You should try hard to break it thru,
For you are a minister's wife.

Be a helpmeet to your husband,
Relieve him of burdens and care,
And the noble work of his hand,
Will bring you in glory to share.

Wherever duty may place you,
In all the relations of life,
Remember, father commands you,
Be a model minister's wife.

NOTHING TO SAY.

You ask me some verses to write,
But when I have nothing to say,
I had much rather keep quiet,
Than write in a roundabout way.

But as nature is always kind,
Perhaps she'll assist me today,
And thus I'll be able to grind
Some verses on—nothing to say.

'Tis a splendid maxim, I'm told,
And I do not doubt what they say,
It will do for young and for old,
Never speak when you've nothing to say.

Now if you will let me advise,
This maxim you'll always obey,
Do just like the good and the wise,
Never speak when you've nothing to say.

THE HEART.

The heart like a sponge may drink to its fill,
But unlike the sponge there is room in it still,
Fill it with sorrow and pack it with pain,
One touch of sweet love revives it again.

Crush it, abuse it, it bleeds like a sieve,
Tender it kindness, it holds all you give,
Pound it, and shake it, until it is sore,
Its love is as sweet as ever before.

Sad it becomes without love to bless it,
Deeply it mourns for friends to caress it,
Deprived of love it loses its power,
Watered with hope it blooms like a flower.

Dear is the heart that friends safely can trust,
Peaceful the bosom when the heart is just,
Blest is the heart when its love is secure,
Happy the friends loved by hearts that are pure.

MY DARLING FLORA'S MARGARET.

The following poem was written to soothe and comfort my daughter Flora, when lying low with typhoid fever in Detroit, while her then only child, Margaret, thirteen months old, was at my house in St. Clair. The acts attributed to the child actually occurred.

Come to my arms, my little sprite,
And help me in some verses write
How one can be so strong and bold,
And little more than one year old;
Many good things I learn from thee,
How sweet to smile and cheerful be,
That would adorn my life's own page,
Tho I am fifty times your age.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

What does she say when looking wise,
And gazing straight into my eyes,
Wondering if I understand,
The pretty sounds at her command?
Men of great wealth may own their towns,
And kings and queens may wear their crowns,
I would not care for crowns or herds,
Could I interpret baby words.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

But listen! something jars the wall,
My pretty pet has had a fall,
And quick she rises from the floor,
Smiling as sweetly as before;
She seems to know life's just begun,
And oft she'll fall ere it is done,
And thus she teaches fallen men,
With cheerfulness to rise again.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

I love to see her bright blue eyes,
That shine like Venus in the skies,
I love to see her dimpled hands,
That do whate'er her will commands;
I love to see and count her toes,
And gently touch her handsome nose,
I love her smile, I love her charms,
And love to take her in my arms.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

She slaps me hard to make me cry,
Then watches for the swelling eye,
And when she sees that I am sad,
Kisses me quick to make me glad,
Then rubs her cheek against my face,
And clasps me in a fond embrace,
O that my life could be so good,
As bubbling, loving, babyhood.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

They tell me that Heaven is grand,
A beautiful and happy land,
Imagination hath its dream,
And unknown things delightful seem;
I ask no land more grand than this,
Where babies live to swell our bliss,
With sickness out this world would be,
A happy land for all like me.
Her father's pride, her grandma's pet,
My darling Flora's Margaret.

THE RICH, SWEET SOUND OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Many sounds are heard by the human ear,
Sounds that are delicate, or loud and clear,
The rustling of leaves by the gentle breeze,
Or the hurricane crashing thru the trees;
Sounds in the mountains and sounds on the sea
And sounds wherever man happens to be;
But of all known sounds the sound of man's choice
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The sweet little birds can charm by the hour,
By the songs they sing with all their power,
How freely they stretch their dear little throats
As they pour out floods of delicious notes.

And few are the sounds man ever has heard,
More pleasing to him than songs of the bird,
And still he can say, the sound of his choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The cracking bud of the bursting flower,
The spattering rain drops from the shower,
The bark of the dog when he barks in play,
The rumble of wheels on the hard highway,
The babble of brooks as they run along,
And the cataract's never ending song;
Are sounds that are cheering, and still man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The rattle of war when great armies clash,
The howling tornado's terrible crash,
The splashing of waves on the ocean shore,
The startling grandeur of the thunder's roar,
The alarming sound of the cannon's boom,
And the bursting volcano threat'ning doom;
Are sounds that are thrilling, but still man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The sweet violin in a master's hand,
Gives delightful music at his command;
It is made to imitate many sounds,
That man often hears in his daily rounds,
(The human voice and the warble of birds,)
And to almost express these sounds in words;
But tho 'tis charming, the sound of man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The pianoforte can delight and please,
When a Paderewski fingers the keys;
The great church organ has inspiring notes,
That expand the music from human throats;
The cornet's shrill notes are stirring and clear,
And fill the music loving soul with cheer;
But of all known sounds the sound of man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

The martial music of the fife and drum,
That calls the nation's defenders to come,
And the thrilling chorus brass bands produce,
Are grand when applied to the country's use,
Even the bagpipe's persistent humming,
Is sweet when it means relief is coming,
But nevertheless the sound of man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

Not a sound of instrument ever heard,
Nor loveliest note of the singing bird,
Nor sounds produced by the wave, or the wind,
Compare to the voice of a Jenny Lind;
And when Patti sings, O heaven! how sweet
Is the entrancing voice her hearers greet,
Thus proving it true, the sound of man's choice
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

It may be the voice of a loving friend,
Kindly offering your sorrows to mend,
The voices of children engaged in play,
And happily passing the time away,
Or the gentle voice of a sister dear,
O'erflowing with tenderness, love and cheer,
And then it must be, the sound of man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

It may be a father warning his son,
And kindly teaching him the course to run,
Or a mother pleading in accents mild,
"O God, have mercy on my darling child;"
The voice of a father, sister, or brother,
And tender voice of a loving mother,
Make clear the fact that the sound of man's choice,
Is the rich, sweet sound of the human voice.

THE MAN FOR THE TIMES.

The man for the times is one with a soul,
And a heart that is tender and sound,
Who keeps his conscience in his own control,
And who bends his ear to the ground.

His mind should be clear and his body strong,
And his habits correct and clean;
He should stand for right and fight against wrong,
And rise above everything mean.

His views should be broad, liberal and wise,
And his acts conform to his views,
Quick to listen to humanity's cries,
And give every creature his dues.

Bomb proof against bribes and corruptions base,
With record and honor unstained,
Proving always the right man for the place,
With no conduct to be explained.

Wide awake to the progress of events,
Marching with the leaders of thought,
Watching what science creates and prevents,
And what wonders are being wrought,

Master of electricity and steam,
Also compressed and liquid air,
And the power contained in wind and stream,
And know how these forces compare.

The wireless telegraph and telephone,
Should be simple toys in his hand,
And all sciences that to man are known,
He should fairly well understand.

He should keep posted in man's inventions,
And his rapid progress in art,
And in all proper works and intentions,
Take a leading and manly part.

With courage and noble ambition,
He should grasp the problem of life,
And raise the standard of man's condition,
Or perish in the throes of strife.

His heart should be fired with burning love
For his suffering fellowman,
And his soul fragrant with balm from above,
Should elevate the human plan.

Large hearted, whole souled and lofty in aim,
Not worshiping dollars and dimes,
But working always for honor and fame;
Such will be—the man for the times.

PART III.

POEMS OF FEELING

TO MY SOUL.

When passions lure thee to deeds of shame,
And sorely tempt thee to stain thy name,
Arouse thy manhood, let virtue win,
And carefully shun the path of sin,
Turn away! turn away, my soul!

When boon companions present the cup
Of sparkling liquor for thee to sup,
Reject the offer, don't stop to think,
For snakes lie hidden in the first drink,
Keep away! keep away, my soul!

When the gambler tempts thee to his den,
Where a dollar ventured brings back ten,
Tell him begone, you've a better plan,
You'll work for wealth like an honest man,
Be honest! be honest, my soul!

When rogues approach thee with scheme and plan
For helping them rob your fellowman,
With indignation, rebuke and scorn,
Make the rascals wish they'd ne'er been born,
Act bravely! act bravely, my soul!

When brazen women with tricks and snares,
Seek to entrap thee within their lairs,
Beware! O beware! The fatal spell
That hurries men down to death and hell,
Fly away! Fly away, my soul!

When cares and troubles distract thy brain,
And weigh thee down with sorrow and pain,
Cling to thy virtues with all thy strength,
And life's great battle you'll win at length,
Be manly! be manly, my soul!

When fortune crowns thee with earned success,
Cease not to think, or to labor less,
But kindle anew the fires of youth,
And bravely uphold the cause of truth,
Be noble! be noble, my soul!

And should you perchance be called a fool,
For striving to live by Christian rule,
Be not discouraged, but brave and strong,
Adhere to the right, denounce the wrong,
Have courage! have courage, my soul.

The pleasures of earth and heaven too,
Are due to the good, the wise and true,
Then rejoice, my heart, the way is clear,
To a life of love and right good cheer,
Be happy! be happy, my soul!

DEAR ROLLA.

Verses on the death of a child about three years old, written
to comfort his parents.

Dear Rolla, tho gone, is just gone on before,
To welcome you home to a happier shore;
The time will soon come when you, too, will away
For the home of the Lord with Rolla to stay.

Christ loves little children and calls them away
To keep their sweet charms for a happier day,
Like the flowers you plant to adorn and bloom,
He has gone to sweeten your heavenly home.

By Christ he was called, by God he was given,
You gain by the loss an interest in heaven,
Your hearts now are broken, your reason most wild,
So deep is your grief o'er the loss of your child.

In God, your kind Father, rest hope and belief,
And He in His mercy will bring you relief,
Have faith in His power, believe in His love,
And He'll lead you in safety to heaven above,
Where Rolla's charming voice so sweet and so true,
Is calling, "Pa and ma, I'm waiting for you."

TO THE MEMORY OF A GOOD WOMAN.

Gone from a life full of sorrow and care,
Gone to that realm where the good only go,
Gone from a world where true pleasure is rare,
Gone to that place so delightful to know.

Now she will find the rest so long needed,
Now she is free from all toil and burthen,
Now she will meet the Lord she has heeded,
Now her sweet soul is happy in heaven.

No one can fill the place she left vacant,
No mother now teach her children the way,
No grief can come to her home so distant,
No perils of life endanger her stay.

O may her spirit shine forth like a star,
O may its light ever brighten our path,
O may it lead where she awaits us afar,
O may her love ever save us from wrath.

Sweet be thy home, dearest mother and friend,
Sweet as the peace that can never depart,
Sweet be thy life in the world without end,
Sweet as the love that o'erflowed from your heart.

MEMORIAL LINES.

On the death of Mrs. Maggie Blood, an exceedingly bright and popular young wife.

O God! why teach us how to love so strong?
Why make our hearts so warm, soft and tender?
Why fill the world with happiness and song,
Since we must all to cold death surrender?

Why take from us this good and noble life,
In spite of love and skill in human arts?
This precious daughter, sister, loving wife,
And make us weep and mourn with broken hearts?

Why take the brightest and best in the land,
And leave those behind we can better spare?
Is it to place them at Thy own right hand,
Where bliss eternal they will ever share?

Does heaven demand this great sacrifice,
That we should have cause to love it the more,
Think less of this earth with its sin and vice,
Take more interest in the other shore?

When earth is deprived of the good and true,
Do they join Thy hosts in the world above?
O tell us, God, is Maggie there with You,
Safe, well and happy in the realm of love?

How will it be known when the answer comes,
Must we show our faith ere we can hear it?
Then drive the sorrow from our saddened homes,
For Thou, O God, hast power to do it.

TO THE MEMORY

Of Mrs. Fidelia Whitaker, the excellent wife of my old and good friend, Byron Whitaker of Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Whitaker had many fine qualities, and commanded my respect and esteem to a high degree.

Come listen, friends, the while I paint
Upon your hearts a picture true,
Of one whose love was never faint,
But full and strong and true to you.

No master's skill can I command,
To imitate a face so fair,
But love will help to guide my hand,
And draw the lines with tender care.

First I will mark those large bright eyes,
So full of life, so full of cheer,
Sparkling with love yet meek and wise,
Touching our hearts to draw them near.

That noble brow I next observe,
Fountain of thoughts so pure and sweet,
Teaching us all the way to serve
Our fellow men whene'er we meet.

Now as a whole I will define,
That pleasant smile, that charming face,
That beams with joy in ev'ry line,
And wraps our hearts in love's embrace.

Oft have we felt the friendly glow,
That bubbled from her gen'rous soul,
Like as a spring whose overflow,
Yields cooling draughts to make us whole.

Her tender voice no more is heard,
Her friendly acts and pleasant way,
Her gentle hand and soothing word,
Are gone away, all gone away.

But graven on our aching hearts,
Her loving face is firmly cast,
And fortune's sway, nor sorrow's darts,
Can wash it out while life doth last.

BRAVER THE SICK.

Brave are the soldiers who go forth to fight,
Tho chances of death are one in a hundred,
Brave are the sailors who stand for the right,
Tho the hours of battle are soon numbered.

Brave are the life savers who plunge in the main,
And rescue the drowning and land them on shore,
But braver the sick who long suffer pain,
And bear it as Christ once bore it before.

DO NOT DIE TONIGHT.

Written in answer to the poem "If I Should Die Tonight."

Do not die tonight.
Your friends would sadly miss your pleasant face,
Their joy depart and sorrow take its place,
Their hearts would mourn for one they loved so long,
And solemn hymns displace the joyful song.
Kind loving words might stay their grief awhile,
But naught could take the place of thy sweet smile
If you should die tonight.

Do not die tonight.
Your friends all know how your warm heart doth bleed,
In sympathy and love for all in need,
How oft by kind words and good deeds you prove,
The depth, and strength, and wealth of human love;
Beautiful flowers will bloom by your side,
And all your friends rejoice you have not died,
If you will stay and do not die tonight.

Do not die tonight.
Your wayward friends will all return to you,
Forgetting days when they were not so true,
And eyes that chilled with cold and selfish glance,
Will beam with love and glow with radiance,
And evermore will bless your happy way,
And change your night into bright and cheerful day,
If you will stay and do not die tonight.

Do not die tonight.
Your friends will fondly kiss your sweet white brow,
And dearly love you, warmly love you now,
They know how nobly you have done your part,
How sweet your friendship, true and warm your heart,
Henceforth their love will be more manifest,
So please postpone the day of death and rest,
And do not die, pray do not die tonight.

MEMORIAL LINES

On the death of my niece, Mary McElroy, of Lapeer,
Michigan, a bright, intelligent and amiable girl, twenty-one
years old.

Grieve not, dear parents, your duty is done,
Your daughter is safe in the land of rest,
You brought into life this beautiful one,
And led her in ways, the wisest and best.

Grieve not, dear brothers, Mary is not lost,
She has only gone to a better home,
Where bliss eternal is had without cost,
There she will patiently wait till you come.

Cherish her memory, think of her kindly,
Follow her good ways in actions and talk,
Let her light guide you, wander not blindly,
O walk the same path that Mary did walk.

Grieve not, loving friends, Heaven is brighter
Richer and sweeter since Mary is there,
Let the tears you shed make your hearts lighter,
For Mary's sweet voice will plead for your care.

Grieve not for Mary, her sorrows are past,
She trod the bright path of truth and honor,
No life e'er so sweet forever can last,
Tho' decked with the crown love placed upon her.

Gloomy this sad world now seems without her,
Wretched and lonely to hearts in distress,
Cut down in spring-time, life all about her,
Deep is the sorrow we cannot express.

Loving and truthful, pleasant and cheerful,
Pride of her father, charm of her mother,
Delight of her friends, spirits so youthful,
Heart always open unto each brother.

Gentle as ev'ning, bright as the morning,
Sweet as the flowers that shine by her side,
She will bloom again at the great dawning,
When Heaven's broad gates are opened out wide.

Take her loving soul, kind God, to Heaven,
Surround her with joys as sweet as can be,
Return her ten fold the love she has given,
Welcome, kind Savior, dear Mary to Thee.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH.

The following article was suggested and started while sympathizing with a neighbor's family in the loss of a young child stricken suddenly by death, but was not completed until after the death of a much loved lady school teacher, when it was finished on the request that I write something for the memorial exercises, February, 1894. I was very busy at the time and this, my first literary wrestle with Death, was hot and fast.

Hail, Death! But why need we hail thee?
Thou comest without our call;
Yea, thou comest when wanted not.
Thou comest when and where thou wilt,
And chooseth whom thou wilt.
Thou art no respecter of time, or conditions.
Thou takest thy victims from every age and station.
None so venerable that thou would'st spare them;
None so strong thou canst not conquer them:

None so pure as to be exempted;
None so humble as to escape thy notice.
The good and the bad are at thy mercy;
Nay, not that, for thou hast no mercy.
Wherever man goest, thou goest,
The deepest caverns of earth;
The highest mountain top;
The darkest, densest forest;
A thousand miles of stormy sea afford no protection.

Go whither man may, thou pursuest him;
Side by side thou marchest with him, like a treacherous friend, ready at any moment to become his murderer.
The barricades of parental love that shield the tender lives of innocent childhood, are as cobwebs before thy relentless power
for destruction.
Naught can stay thy gluttonous appetite for victims.

If thou hadst discretion we would fear thee less; but thy cruel drag net is set for all, and there is no escape from thy
devouring grasp.
We charge thee, Death, with unwonted cruelty.
There are those whom thou might'st spare for the general good,
These are the young, the happy, and the useful; innocent babes in their mother's arms; prattling darlings on their father's
knees;
happy boys and girls in the temples of learning, active and ambitious young men and young women, these, all these are some
only whom thou could'st pass by for a time when reaping thy harvest.
There is another class, Death, whom I would plead for: it is that noble class engaged in the high calling of training the
youthful mind and fitting it for the duties of life.
If thou would'st spare any, spare these.
Enter not, O cruel Death! Enter not the school house door.
Rob us not of the noble teachers, whose loving-kindness, gentle words, and pleasant smiles, have drawn around them the
heart strings of affectionate children, unused to sorrows, untrained in the mysteries and miseries of life.
Lacerate not their tender hearts.
Break not these strong ties of affection.
Stand off! Keep away! Lay not your tyrant hands on loving childhood's noble friend.
But I plead in vain.
My prayer comes too late.
It would have come too late had it come sooner.

All human ingenuity, all human power falls before thee, Death.
Thou ridest rough shod over all man's contrivances to hold thee back.
Thou enterest every gate, every house, and to thy shame it would be said if thou hadst shame, or any sensation, thou hast
crossed the threshold of the school house door.
A hundred hearts are mourning, two hundred eyes are weeping, for the flower of their concentrated love, the golden rod of
their admiration, a noble woman, a kind teacher, a loving friend, has been torn from them mercilessly, wantonly,
cruelly—and thou art the robber.
Thou art exposed, Death; this act betrays thee; thou art a monster.

Come now, Death, we challenge thee to combat.
Be a heartless monster no longer.
Choose thee "foemen worthy of your steel."
Choose the white haired, the aged who fear thee not.
Withdraw, coward! From the unequal contest thou wagest against the young, and
the feeble, and those who love this life not knowing its hardships.
Come on, tyrant! Cross arms with your equals!
We, the aged; we, the experienced; we, who are weary of the world; we, who are sinking down, being crushed into the earth
by the heavy burthens of life, care not for thee.
Come on! Strike us! Spare the young, strike us!
We know that thou wilt win the final battle.
We know that we shall soon be numbered among thy victims, and yet we dare thee to tackle us.
We can not stop thy murderous progress, and yet we seek to check thy course.
We fain would keep thee busy, wrestling with the old and gray, and give thee no time to search for the young the hopeful,
and the happy.
We, the old, crippled by disease;
Worn out with trials and disappointments;
With great sorrows in our hearts, that never can be taken away.
We who have suffered from thy cruelties, and know full well thy unconquerable power, nevertheless defy thee.
We dare thee! We taunt thee! We challenge thee to mortal combat!
We are weak and wounded, and are fast nearing the brink of the dark chasm of eternity, and we implore thee, monster,
tyrant, demon that thou art, to busy thyself with blotting out our poor lives, that the young and innocent, the pure and
useful, and all those who are healthy and happy, and all those who love this life, and have friends to love, and friends
that love them, may be spared to enjoy this beautiful world.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of Mrs. Hon. Justin R. Whiting, a brilliant woman. May 22nd, 1900.

First among the first, leader of leaders,
In the front ranks of life she found her place;
A student of books, at home with readers,
In household duties well up in the race.

In social life a bright ornament,
Pleasant and cheerful, quick witted and wise,
Graceful in manners, not prone to dissent,
Respecting custom and family ties.

Sincere in religion, true to her church,
A Christian by rule, a Christian at heart,
Liberal, diligent, full of research,
Ever and always found acting her part.

Active and foremost in charity's work,
Helping the poor, her heart full of pity,
From mercy's appeals she never would shirk,
Nor stay her hands at bounds of the city.

Grand was her example in cheerfulness,
Courteous alike to the proud and humble,
Casting off sunbeams of sweet loveliness,
Honoring a name time will not crumble.

Kind as a neighbor and true as a friend,
Strong hearted and brave when sorrow prevailed,
Ready to assist and willing to lend,
And quick with relief when sickness assailed.

Devoted and kind, a dutiful wife,
Ready to labor and ready to share,
With her good husband the burdens of life,
And lighten his load of worry and care.

In his ambitions helping with good will,
To grand achievements of honor and fame,
Working with courage, genius and skill,
To raise and uphold the family name.

But as a mother her best work was done,
She gave her children the tenderest love,
And taught them the way their lives must be run,
To reach a haven in the realms above.

Each childish sorrow appealed to her heart,
And sweet soothing words soon washed it away,
In her children's plans she took active part,
And led them wisely in study and play.

Great their affliction, deep is their sorrow,
But slowly and surely time will it heal,
Love is a blessing they cannot borrow,
We will not ask them to tell how they feel.

CAPTAIN ARCHIE MORRISON.

On the 31st day of May, 1900, a bolt of lightning struck one of the spars on a new steamer nearly finished, but still on the stocks, at St. Clair, Michigan, and instantly killed three men, of whom Archie Morrison was one. Mr. Morrison was a good man. I knew him well, and wrote the following testimonial to his character, to comfort his family and friends.

Come, death, in a flash from the sky!
Come in the lightning's stroke!
Our Archie was prepared to die,
He well had worn his yoke.

No notice, or threat was needed,
He lived in peace with God,
The golden rule he had heeded,
And virtue's path had trod.

He had no forgiveness to ask,
He did not give offense,
No person could bring him to task,
He needed no defense.

True as a magnet to the pole,
He did what conscience said,
He took the advice of his soul,
And followed where it led.

With carefulness he steered his ship,
To a port of safety,
And well may those who make the trip,
Follow pilot Archie.

For him no pity need be sought,
His sorrows are all past,
His noble character he brought
Safe to heaven at last.

But there are those who deeply mourn,
His wife and children weep,
Their greatest grief must now be borne,
Their hearts are wounded deep.

That sudden, cruel, bolt came down,
And blasted all their hope,
But they have many friends in town,
Who'll with their trouble cope.

Rally, good friends, to their relief,
And all take active part,
Wash out all color of their grief,
And mend each broken heart.

PART IV.

POEMS OF DESCRIPTION

WHERE THE WIND BLOWS.

Over the mountain top,
And thru the valley deep,
Waving the farmer's crop,
Lulling the birds to sleep.

Over the ocean wide,
Making the billows roll,
Without a compass guide,
Sweeping from pole to pole.

Over the tops of trees,
The giant redwood's crown,
And where the gentle breeze
Scatters the thistle down.

Over the steeples high,
Swinging the weather vane,
In seasons wet, or dry,
In sunshine and in rain.

Over the clouds of snow,
Wafting the aeronaut,
Where birds do never go,
In skies with danger fraught.

Over the salty sea,
Driving the noble ship,
Laden with silk and tea,
Unon her homeward trin.

Over the desert plain
In Afric's sunny land,
Carrying in its train
Great clouds of burning sand.

Over our heads so mild
We scarcely feel its breath,
Or in a tempest wild
Strewing its path with death.

Over the mighty west,
Where roused by maddened ire,
It bears upon its crest
An awful prairie fire.

Over the stormy sky,
Where currents meet and clash,
And make the lightning fly.
With sudden dart and flash.

Over the ocean shore,
Tossing the waves in spray,
And in the thunder's roar
Heard many miles away.

Over the tinted cloud,
Under the shining sun,
Ruling over the proud,
Since life was first begun.

Over the busy town,
Bearing away the smoke,
To where it settles down
Among the country folk.

Over the garden wall,
Where pretty flowers bloom,
From early spring till fall,
Shedding their sweet perfume.

Over the human race
And ev'ry form of life,
Upon the earth's broad face,
Living in love or strife.

Over the rich man's tracks,
In highland and moor,
And whistling thru the cracks,
In homes of starving poor.

Over the happy crowd,
Feasting on pleasures sweet,
Near humble voices loud,
Praying for food to eat.

Over the good and wise,
And Christ-like loving soul;
Striving to win the prize
Of peace, in heaven's goal.

Over our country grand,
Waving the flag of peace,
Ruled by a Mighty Hand
Whose love will never cease.

Over all things we see,
And ev'ry place we know,
Upon the land or sea,
Is where the winds do blow.

ODE TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

Written 1855.

O glorious lake, thy waters tell,
A divine hand hath made thee well;
Thy stores of health,
And mines of wealth,
Are wondrous works of nature, too;
Thy granite rocks and mounds of sand,
And mountain shores of richest land,
All with reverence bow to you.

O beauteous lake, thy gorgeous size,
To us doth prove that God is wise,
Thy copper, aye more,
Thy iron ore,
Is the best found in all the earth;
Thy waters flow thru one river,
And enrich thy shores of silver;
So great art thou, none know thy worth.

O richest lake, thy wondrous beauty,
Makes praise to God become our duty,
Thy waters clear,
And pure atmosphere,
Strengthen many an invalid;
Thou givest wealth to man his portion,
Then ebb and flow just like an ocean,
We rejoice, great sea, thy wealth's not hid.

THE DUNDAS VALLEY.

A few miles west of Hamilton, Ontario, is one of the most beautiful sections of country it has ever been my pleasure to see. The Grand Trunk Railway cars run along the side of Dundas Mountain for several miles, and the view of the valley from the cars is magnificent. In passing over this route in the summer of 1892 I was charmed by the view and inspired to write the following little poem.

Hills above hills in beauty rise,
And mark their outline on the skies,
And close inspection shows that man
Is helping on the mighty plan.

Here valleys deep, and valleys wide,
And gushing streams from mountain side,
Present, o'ercapped by dome of blue,
A splendid panoramic view.

THE ST. CLAIR RIVER.

O beautiful river, I have longed for the hour,
My muse would awaken and give me the power,
To ring out the key note and tune my sweet lyre,
To sing of thy glory with spirit and fire.

Oft charmed by thy beauty, and amazed at thy size,
I've gazed on thy grandeur with keen wondering eyes,
Watched thy clear blue waters as they slowly pass by,
Reflecting true pictures of the clouds in the sky.

So deep is thy bottom and so broad is thy stream,
Thy volume is greater than thy looks make it seem,
Tho slow is thy current, great force there is in it,
Moving a million tons of water each minute.

Many are the sources that provide the supply,
That keeps this great river from ever running dry,
The inflow and outflow do so nearly conform,
That the river's level is very uniform.

Far away in the north, in the land of the moose,
In the cool summer home of the fleety wild goose,
Where the valleys are deep and the mountain tops are white,
And the snow rarely melts above a certain height.

Where springs burst from the hills and trickle down their sides,
And enlarge into brooks that go to swell the tides,
And joining rivulets from the dissolving snow,
Are gathered into lakes in the basins below.

Where the small lakes are brown like the rocks on their shores,
And tho they are numbered by near an hundred scores,
And near their dark waters into brown lakes of blue

And pour their dark waters into large lakes or blue,
The larger lakes remain unto their color true.

Where the lazy brown bear sleeps the warm winter thru,
And beavers build houses and live in comfort, too,
And the lone loon's shrill cry sounds far off, yet is near,
And the wolf lies in wait for the innocent deer.

Where summer nights are short and winter nights are long,
And the tumbling waters keep up an endless song,
Where the forests are thick and in their native state,
But for the woodman's ax will not have long to wait.

Where many hills contain copper, silver and gold,
And iron mines hold wealth in vast millions untold,
Where precious stones are found of great beauty and worth,
And nickel and sandstone add value to the earth.

Where lumbermen find wealth in the forests of pine,
And other valued trees within the drainage line,
The red birch, yellow birch, white birch, hemlock and spruce,
And the numerous trees man converts to his use.

Where millions of acres of farming lands are drained,
And many bright children are in school being trained,
And thousands of people are toiling for their bread,
And rarely go hungry, thank God it can be said.

And hundreds of rivers in the north, south and west,
Are working night and day, and striving at their best,
To empty their contents just so quick as they can,
Into lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan.

But vast is the country they are called on to drain,
So heavy the snowfall, so frequent the rain,
Tho these rivers work hard and have no day to spare,
They can only supply the great river St. Clair.

Lake Huron takes the flow from long Lake Michigan,
And Lake Superior since the work first began,
And tho these great bodies all empty into one,
That one's capacity is never overdone.

The river pours its waters into Lake St. Clair,
And the waters pass thru Detroit River fair,
And thence thru Lake Erie to Niagara Falls,
Where it drops in a chasm between two rocky walls.

Thence to Ontario, the last lake in the chain,
And reaching this level it ne'er comes back again.
Now the great St. Lawrence carries it to the sea,
And there its journey ends is plain to you and me.

Where this water comes from, my story now has told,
And whither it all goes, it does likewise unfold;
There is one more question I'll answer with delight,
And it gives me pleasure to know I answer right.

The God who made the earth revolve around the sun,
And who made the seasons their yearly courses run,
The God who made the rain and also made the snow,
Made this mighty river so it always will flow.

And now I find my song is only half complete,
As praising my subject affords me pleasure sweet,
So on its great beauty I must a moment dwell,
Or else my song will end ere I have sung it well.

How pretty thy waters when the south wind is high,
And white caps are breaking as the billows roll by,
And sailing vessels plow into the heavy seas,
As they scoot by swiftly before the driving breeze.

And small boats are flying on the top of the waves,
And the spray they dash high is ducking sailor braves,
And all things are lively in tune with the water,
And the ten mile steamer seems a twenty knotter.

When ruffled thy waters, to ride them is thrilling,
And quickens man's spirits when the heart is willing,
The rich ozone one breathes brings a glow to the cheek,
Giving vim to the strong and vigor to the weak.

When placid thy bosom what a change then is there,
Not a ripple stirring, not a zephyr of air,
Then great is thy beauty, magnificent river,
Reminding man of God, the generous Giver.

Shining sometimes like glass, so transparent and clean,
At other times wearing a light tinge of dark green,
Tho the sun and the clouds give thy color a hue,
Thy color unfading is the pretty sky blue.

So pretty, so charming, and so apt to beguile,
The lover of nature is soon wooed by thy smile,
Enchanted by the view of the beautiful stream,
Man soliloquizes until lost in a dream.

Thy bright pretty waters are embellished by banks,
And rare must be the shores that their splendor outranks,
Sloping banks of beauty and sandy beaches low,
With steep bluffs and headlands, and points that sailors know.

Here the elm tree is grand in beauty and in size,
And the pretty maple grows in plenty likewise,
The oak and hickory are native to the land,
And help by their presence to make the forest grand.

Here the silver aspen turns white to ev'ry breeze,
And the laughing poplar babbles for all the trees,
The walnut and cherry, the butternut and plum,
The thorn and mulberry, yield fruit for all who come.

Fine orchards of apples, and other kinds of fruit,
The sweet and the bitter, differing tastes to suit,
Fields of wheat, oats and corn, and large meadows of grass,
Are admired by watchful travellers as they pass.

Lovely flowers and vines, and lawns of downy green,
Add their attractiveness to beautify the scene,
Hundreds of pleasant homes adorn the pretty shores,
And many grand hotels hold summer guests in scores.

The river's eight islands are turned to pleasure's use,
And if it is not found, no man need make excuse.
Here is hunting, fishing, and games that all can play,
And people joyfully can pass the time away.

Indians hold a part of the land on one side,
But now they are peaceful, having cast war aside,
Many sorts of people form the population,
And by their enterprise help to make the nation.

Mineral waters cure the rheumatic and lame,
Restore health to people and give the river fame;
Thus good health and pleasure come from river and bank,
And give the location a standing high in rank.

On either side the river a railroad runs along,
Thus accommodating the gay and happy throng,
Who gather for pleasure and spend a little wealth,
In hearty enjoyment and in renewing health.

How beautiful to see steamers passing at night,
When brilliantly lighted by the electric light,
Showing on the waters their pictures as they pass,
As lively and pretty as in a looking glass.

Travellers who have seen the Rhone and pretty Rhine,
And rode on the waters of the blue Danube fine,
Have seen the famous Nile and the great Amazon,
Say the St. Clair excels in beauty ev'ry one.

'Tis not alone beauty that gives this river fame,
Its great utility adds glory to its name;
When constructing the earth wise Nature took a halt,
And under this river made a vast sea of salt.

In many factories this salt is now refined,
And no where in the world is found a better kind;
The farmers raise fine crops for man and beast to eat,
And large refineries make sugar from the beet.

Large mills manufacture flour, staves, hoops and lumber,
And other industries exist in large number,
The plodding explorer finds reward for his toil,
As the land on the shores bears sulphur, gas and oil.

In the towns there are built fine ships of wood and steel,
By workmen as handy as ever laid a keel,
And these ships are handled by men as smart and brave,
As ever left a port, or rode upon the wave.

No bridge was ever built over this mighty stream

No bridge was ever built over this mighty stream,
But beneath a tunnel so strange as it may seem,
And cars by the hundreds pass thru it ev'ry day,
Bearing a large commerce upon its destined way.

Far greater the traffic that daily passes thru,
In the thousands of ships that sail thy waters blue,
Sailing ships and steamships, and boats of ev'ry form,
Fit to sail a river, or face an ocean storm.

How wonderful the change since five score years ago,
From the Indian canoe that was so small and slow,
To the mammoth steel ships of immense size and weight,
Large enough to carry eight thousand tons of freight.

Numerous are the styles, between these two extremes,
And various in size with which the river teems,
There are skiffs and light sculls, that carry only one,
And row boats, and yawl boats, with room for half a ton.

Sailing yachts for pleasure, quite safe when handled right,
Glide across the water and furnish great delight,
Fast electric launches and naphtha boats are seen,
And beautiful steam yachts, nice enough for a queen.

Schooners, scows, sloops and brigs, navigate up and down,
And are a pleasing sight when sailing by a town;
While passenger steamers of great beauty and speed,
Carry many thousands and furnish what they need.

But greater the freight ships, full five hundred feet long,
With thirty feet of hold and in proportion strong,
And large are the cargoes these great ships can transport,
Food to feed a city, or supply a large fort.

A whole township of crops in one enormous load,
Or railroad rails enough for eighty miles of road,
A copper cargo worth three millions of dollars,
Or cloth enough to clothe four millions of scholars.

Many are the products transported by these ships,
And vast is the volume for they make many trips,
So great is the traffic it is safe to relate,
There's no other river has a commerce so great.

Michigan, Wisconsin and big Minnesota,
Furnish the greater part of the immense quota,
And the states further west help augment the treasure,
And Canada assists with a handsome measure.

Grain comes from all the states in the thrifty northwest,
And Manitoba's wheat takes rank among the best,
Millions of tons of grain are yearly carried by,
And fill elevators that tower in the sky.

Lumber comes from the lakes above the river's head,
And from the many streams by which the lakes are fed,
Copper and iron go east, coal always to the west,
And ordinary goods the way that pays the best.

Tea and silk from China, India and Japan,
And thousands of products, the handiwork of man,
Fruits from California, elegant wines from France,
And ev'ry thing on earth that does man's wealth enhance.

One product not mentioned that moves itself along,
Is the excellent fish that in the river throng,
Myriads in number, of great value for food,
Catching them for pleasure does the fisherman good.

With commerce unequaled and beauty unexcelled,
And water as pretty as ever river held,
This elegant river, its story now outlined,
Deserves to be admired by all ranks of mankind.

PART V.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

COMPENSATION.

Under nature's just laws,
All effects have their cause,
And bear each other a true relation;
And the good deeds of man
Are measured by this plan,
And in some way receive compensation.

What tho a loving wife
Be united for life,
To one heartless as the moon or the sun;
Her soft love may entwine,
Like a beautiful vine,
And embellish the whole life of that one.

If a true hearted man,
Who lives by moral plan,
Should be bonded to an ill-natured wife;
Of one thing he is sure,
'Tis the love sweet and pure,
Of warm, sympathizing friends all his life.

There's a trait in the heart,
That espouses the part,
Of the sorrowful, the weary and meek,
And a just common sense,
Awards due recompense,
To the long-suff'ring who bear with the weak.

The tall monument grand,
Is oft fated to stand,
Alone by itself, aloft in the sky;
But 'tis thus its great height,
Is revealed to man's sight,
And its true grandeur appears to the eye.

The snow covered mountains,
Far above the fountains,
And the sparking rills that spring from their base;
Make the landscape more fair,
While they temper the air,
And are awarded by nature a place.

There's a road that leads down
To the dregs of the town,
Where strife, poverty, and sorrow abound;
But the higher men climb
Toward regions sublime,
The more delightful the journey is found.

The unfortunate may
See their lives pass away,
Before they succeed in gaining a prize;
But the more men aspire,
To realms that are higher,
The grander the view that opes to their eyes.

The wise, ambitious man,
Who has failed in his plan,
And doubts if the world is using him right;
Will learn from his trials,
And brave self denials,
How grandly to win success in the fight.

Little children at school
Think it is a hard rule,
That keeps them confined so much of their time;
But the knowledge they gain,
Pays them well for their pain,
When they arrive at the age of their prime.

'Tis a long tedious fight
To bring children up right,
And parents wear out while under the spell;
But rich compensation,
And sweet consolation,
Comes to the parents whose work is done well.

There's the mother whose share,
Is a life full of care,
With thousands of griefs and pains to smother;
But O what high honor,
Nature confers on her,
In the hallowed and sweet name of—mother.

The physician whose life
Is never ending strife,

In battling with sickness common to man,
Finds great satisfaction,
In the benefaction,
His skill confers thru his life-saving plan.

The surgeon whose trained knife,
Cuts in deep to save life,
May be criticized, called brutal, and spurned;
But his fame reaches out,
To wide regions about,
And brings distinction and honor well earned.

The chemist who mixes,
And otherwise fixes
Powerful compounds, assumes a great risk;
But science advances
By taking great chances,
The world is the gainer and life more brisk.

The inventor whose fate
Is to work and create,
And burn out his life by the fires of thought,
Is consoled by the fact,
That his genius and tact,
Have lifted mankind thru work he has wrought.

The air navigator,
And bird imitator,
May fly to his death, then sad the story;
But the one who succeeds,
Has accomplished great deeds,
And established his fame to his glory.

'Tis the brave pioneers
Who inhabit frontiers,
And many hardships and trials endure;
But the work they begun
Often ends if well done,
In rest, happiness, and comfort secure.

The man who discovers,
And nature uncovers,
Meets dangers that try him from sole to crown,
But his triumph is great,
When he gains for his state,
An honor that brings him lasting renown.

The richest mines of gold
Are found in regions cold,
And where it's so hot men scarcely can stand;
But the dangers o'ercome,
There will always be some,
To gather great wealth that spreads o'er the land.

The poets whose stories,
Sing the nation's glories,
May be ignored when honors are given;
But the thoughts they imbue,
Are ennobling and true,
And make patriots and Christians of men.

The statemen who are wise,
Have bright thoughts men despise,
Because greatly in advance of the age;
But the wisdom they show,
If well rooted will grow,
And be emblazoned on history's page.

The minister may work
With the zeal of a Turk,
And not break the grip of sin upon man;
But he reaps his reward
By still serving the Lord,
Determined to save ev'ry soul he can.

The man of advanced thought,
May see it come to naught,
Because others do not see the same light;
But by going before,
He has opened the door,
To beautiful realms now coming in sight.

There's no loss without gain,
Is quite true in the main,
And will apply to man or a nation,
And each sacrifice made.

And such success make,
To lift higher man's grade,
Nature rewards with just compensation.

The strictly honest man,
Who adheres to his plan,
Thru all the trials that over him roll,
Can endure with a smile,
For he knows all the while
He is living in sweet peace with his soul.

When man's record is right,
His good deeds make it bright,
And bloom in his manhood like golden rod;
'Tis his vindication,
And brings compensation,
In lifting his soul up nearer to God.

EXPANSION.

The spirit of progression has spoken,
The hour for expansion is here,
The thralldom of ignorance is broken,
A wave of advancement is near.

A war for humanity's sake was fought,
That exalted the soul of man,
And lifted him up to a region fraught,
With work on a Lordlier plan.

His horizon is vastly extended,
He stands on a loftier plain,
His fine talents can now be expended,
For his benighted brother's gain.

His mind has been delivered from bondage,
And filled with buoyancy and hope,
Will grow and expand to advantage,
And cover the world in its scope.

With his soul as free as the thunder's roll,
And as sure as the lightning's stroke,
He can circle the earth from pole to pole,
And abolish tyranny's yoke.

No more will boundary lines restrain him,
Nor walls of granite stay his course,
The brotherhood of man will sustain him,
And the love of God be his force.

The age of enforced delusion is past,
Man's spirit is gathering light,
The slavery of the mind can not last,
Against the advancement of right.

No army of men, nor murderous gun,
Is needed to open the way,
The greatest victories by love are won,
Where the spirit of Christ holds sway.

It is love alone hath power and scope,
To penetrate the heathen mind,
And cause it to expand with faith and hope,
And a nobler ideal find.

Expansion is right, expansion of soul,
And expansion of liberty,
Expansion of love till it gains control,
And all the world's people are free.

These are the principles that must prevail,
In ev'ry land beneath the sun,
And there's no more oppression to assail,
Ere the work of love will be done.

FEAR NOT, LORAIN.

The following poem was written at Lorain, O., November, 1897, and published in the "Evening Herald" of that city. It was intended to stimulate the courage of the people, who were

gloomy, altho the prospects were good.

Fear not, Lorain, thy future fate
Is not to roll in seas of mud,
A golden key will ope the gate,
A warm spring sun will burst the bud.

Flowers will bloom and scent the air,
Large plants will rise from thy strong soil,
Your solid men and women fair
Reap rich reward for years of toil.

See the halo that lights the sky,
Where flaming fires burn night and day,
Dispelling gloom from ev'ry eye,
And raising hopes that cheer your way.

Rejoice! Be glad! Have doubts no more,
Prepare to greet the coming boom,
Should the town grow a thousand score,
It still could give a million room.

Let croaking stop, let discord cease,
Lift high your town above the mire,
For soon success will bring you peace,
And warm your hearts with furnace fire.

With courage strong and cheerful face,
Push on your work with might and main,
Prosperity will win the race
And bless your town. Fear not, Lorain.

THE TEACHER.

Trees in the forest grow stately and grand,
Some are beautiful and others are tall,
Each is the product of one mighty hand,
But the teacher's art can improve them all.

The grass of the fields is useful for food,
And provides dumb beasts a bountiful store,
And the teacher who saw that grass was good,
Made two blades grow where but one grew before.

The wheat and the corn, and all kinds of grain,
Grow wild and scattered without any plan,
And the harvest is poor and reaped with pain,
Until improved by the teaching of man.

The fruits of the trees grow stunted and small,
And meager the crop when the pickers come,
But the skilled hand of the teacher can call,
A mighty response from the things that are dumb.

Then the cultured tree is laden with fruit,
The sweet and the tart according to plan,
The epicure finds a taste to his suit,
And learns that teachers are blessings to man.

Beautiful flowers, God's tokens of love,
Grow sickly and pale for want of man's care,
When the training hand like balm from above,
Restores them to health and beauty most rare.

When warmed by the sun and cooled by the breeze,
How pretty they grow, how sweet their perfume,
Whatever man's taste they're certain to please,
For God made them and the teacher is groom,

The mighty rivers that run thru the land,
Gathering power as onward they roll,
Are each and all at the teacher's command,
For his skill can bring them under control.

Beasts in the forest roam savage and wild,
And woe to the man who crosses their path;
But the teacher makes them gentle and mild,
And by strength of mind can bridle their wrath.

The great elephant, ponderous and strong,
Tho dangerous in his natural state,
When trained by teachers to do nothing wrong,
Serves his master with fidelity great.

The beautiful horse in freedom how grand,
As proudly he trots o'er the prairie track,
Is trained to obey his teacher's command,
And canters gayly with man on his back.

There lives not a man with love in his heart,
Who lacks the good sense to freely endorse
The teacher's grand work, his wisdom and art,
Or fails to admire and love a good horse.

The much abused dog when savage and wild,
Is useless to man and game for his gun,
But when trained becomes docile as a child,
The faithfulest creature under the sun.

Innocent children are never quite pure,
And need good teaching to keep them from crime,
To fasten in their hearts their morals sure,
And assist them to lead a life sublime.

Human teachers are useful in their line,
And wisely, and nobly perform their part;
But the great teacher is the Teacher Divine,
From whose grand example man learned the art.

A GEM.

A gem is a beautiful thing,
Or even a beautiful thought,
Or that which will happiness bring,
Or the love that can not be bought.

A gem is a beautiful stone,
Or beautiful shell from the sea,
Or a voice of elegant tone,
Or something more precious to thee.

A gem is a token of love,
Or gift from the heart of a friend,
Or sweet note by wings of a dove,
With balm all your sorrows to mend.

A gem may glisten like new gold,
Or sparkle like stars in the night,
Or charm like the rubies of old,
As they glow in the sun's pure light.

A gem may belong to a queen,
Or shine from the crown of a king;
But the richest gem ever seen,
Is love of the genuine ring.

Some gems are delightful to see,
And their owners may justly boast;
But the best of all gems for me,
Is the friend that loves me the most.

THE CHINA WEDDING.

Read at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Robertson, on the twentieth anniversary of their marriage, December 16th, 1887. Composed the same evening after supper.

There are fountains away in the north,
From whence waters flow down to the sea,
There's a heart in the bosom of man,
From whence love courses warmly and free.

There are diamonds that dazzle the eye,
And rich gold that's a pleasure to see,
But there's nothing so pleasing to man,
As the love that flows warmly and free.

There are men who have merits and wealth,
And kind husbands they gladly would be,
But Mary took a fancy to Hi,
For his love flows so warmly and free.

There are women of beauty and worth,
Whose sweet smiles are a pleasure to see,
But Mary was the choice of them all,
For her love flows so warmly and free.

They have kind friends who admire them both,
And they're gathered this night just to see,
How well they are enjoying this life,
Where sweet love flows so warmly and free.

THE HONEST MAN'S FATE.

Written January, 1866.

Friends have advised me to give up my plan
And shun the sad fate of the honest man.
They tell me 'tis hard, his comforts are few,
And what they tell me I know to be true;
But still I prefer to stick to my plan,
And cherish the fate of the honest man.

I have dear children to clothe and to feed,
And a father's love that knows what they need,
Grief comes to my heart, gray hairs on my head,
For fear I will fail to keep them in bread,
Yet I am trying to do what I can,
And cherish the fate of the honest man.

My wife is gloomy, down-hearted and sad,
She fears my troubles will make me go mad,
Poor soul, she don't know how heavy the weight
That hangs on my heart and threatens my fate.
Still I'm determined to do what I can,
And cherish the fate of the honest man.

Debts overwhelm me and creditors call,
No more can I pay, they already have all.
The sheriff may come to bleed me afresh,
And take by the law one pound of my flesh;
But now, nor never, will I change my plan,
For I cherish the fate of the honest man.

In liquid poisons I do not indulge,
Nor by vile language my weakness divulge:
From labor and right I never do quail,
And still my efforts continue to fail,
Yet I keep trying to do what I can
To merit the fate of the honest man.

O, God of the poor, extend thy good word,
And grant the honest a better reward,
Save them from Shylocks, temptation and pain,
Make troubles on earth in heaven their gain,
O, give me the strength to live by my plan,
And die the proud death of the honest man.



TIME AND TIDE.

Composed while dreaming about time and tide.

"Come, Time," says Tide, "along with me,
For we must go together,
And join our forces at the sea,
Nor wait for wind or weather."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Written at the request of my daughter Grace, then eleven years old, to be spoken by her at the holiday exercises in school, December, 1887.

There never had been a Christmas morn,
Till near nineteen hundred years ago,
When Christ our glorious Lord was born,
And peace and good will began to grow.

Christ taught fathers and mothers to pray,
And how good, pure and kind they should be,
And when some one pushed children away,
Said, "Suffer them to come unto Me."

We all should rejoice and be thankful
That Christ loved little children so strong,
And strive to be happy and cheerful,
And never to do anything wrong.

It pays to be good and be pleasant,
And pleases our kind parents so well,
We are sure to receive a nice present,
When old Santa Claus comes with his bell.

Now, my good friends and my teacher, too,
I have one strong wish for which I'll pray,
I wish for me and I wish for you,
That Christ will come back some Christmas day.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

A little nonsense is, now and then,
Highly relished by the best of men,
And women, too, are so fond of fun.
They laugh for joy when a game's begun.

There are games of skill, and games of chance,
And games with sweet music and the dance,
Some play at whist, and some at poker,
But all enjoy progressive euchre.

A goodly party is twenty-four,
There may be less, and there may be more;
Twelve ladies fine you first invite,
And twelve gentlemen to spend the night.

The tables now you arrange and fix,
And number them plainly one to six,
A pack of clean cards on each you lay,
All ready for the approaching fray.

Use thirty-two cards, be uniform,
And in conduct to the rules conform;
Your table number is fixed by chance,
And good order will the fun enhance.

By lot their partners gentlemen choose,
And then kindly treat them, win or lose,
Present your left arm with smiles and grace,
And escort your lady to her place.

On the first table place a small bell,
And when all are ready ring it well,
The ladies now cut for woe or weal,
And the lowest card takes the first deal.

Shuffle them well, let right neighbor cut,
Fair play's a jewel, truth's eyes are shut,
Deal three cards to each the first time round,
Then two the next time, that's fair and sound.

Turn up the trump so all can see it,
Those at left in turn, pass or play it;
When the trump is named be sharp and still,
Do not underrate your neighbor's skill.

Remember this is honest euchre,
And played for sport, not filthy lucre,
No true gentleman, or lady sweet,
Will play unfair, or stoop to cheat.

The right is boss, the left's his brother,
And the good old ace a kindly mother,
The king comes next, now king indeed,
And even the queen you often need.

Jack is a knave, make the best of him,
And when not bower all detest him;
But there are times when jack is master,
And then his foes meet with disaster.

The little cards you should not despise,
For they sometimes help to win the prize;
Watch sharply the game and win with suit,
Whenever you can fairly do it.

Three tricks count one point, a march counts two,
And euchre counts the same for you;
When you are sure to make one or more,
Play it alone and try to make four.

When five points are made at table one,
That ends one game and then all are done;
The winners go one table higher,
But those that lose go to the lower.

All change partners and the game proceeds,
And the manager records your deeds,
These frequent changes as you advance,
Give the poorer players a fair chance.

'Tis not a game for spoils or treasure,
But a social game just for pleasure,
And if by good luck one wins the day,
Don't condemn the man nor spurn the play.

Three hour's play is plenty long enough,
For the feeble ones and for the tough,
When the time has expired look and see,
Who the best players have proved to be.

To the first lady give a small prize,
And the first gentleman treat likewise,
A second prize is by some awarded,
The booby prize should be discarded.

A simple lunch is now provided
By hosts who may have so decided;
But refreshments are not in the game,
And all are free to omit the same.

Now put on your hats and bid adieu
To the gen'rous host that welcomed you,
Favors accepted you may have learned,
Should at the proper time be returned.

With happy hearts now seek your own hearth,
And kindly feel towards all on earth,
Remembering to always treasure
The game that brings you health and pleasure.

THE WINNER.

Don't give a prize
For 'tis not wise,
So say our honest Christian folk;
But men will fight
With all their might,
To make their fellows wear the yoke.

Some men are dull
And count for null,
And some are bright as glist'ning gold;
Say what you will
The truth is still,
We're not all cast in the same mold.

Some take their time
While others climb,
And struggle with their might and main,
And when they win,
Think it no sin,
To wear the crown they fought to gain.

'Tis luck, they say,
And fools can play,
And nature grows a heavy crop;
Give me the game,
I'll bear the name,
And laugh when fools come out on top.

A WALK BY MOONLIGHT.

The moon is sweetly shining,
And the stars are entwining,
A wreath for my dear Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

While all the world lies dreaming,
My heart with joy is beaming,
I'm happy with my Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

All nature now is sleeping,
No living thing is creeping,
I'm all alone with Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

The silent trees look neater,
The flowers, too, are sweeter,
But naught's so sweet as Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

My head with thought is turning,
My heart with love is burning,
I'm so happy with Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

Sweet nature is insisting,
I must not be resisting,
I'll ask the hand of Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

THE QUESTION.

"O say, my lovely creature,
Thou brightest work of nature,
Do you love him, dear Annie,
Who is all the world to thee?"

THE ANSWER.

"Do you love the sweet Savior?
Do you seek his kind favor?
Do you love your dear Annie,
Who is all the world to thee?"

"Will you live with the wisdom,
That rules the holy kingdom,
And please the heart of Annie,
Who is all the world to thee?"

"If you'll shun the evil tempter,
With true love for a helper,
Accept the hand of Annie,
Who is all the world to thee."

THE REPLY.

"I'll pious be and holy,
I'll do my duty truly,
I'll earn the hand of Annie,
Who is all the world to me.

"I'll love thee as no other,
But our Heavenly Father,
I'll live and die for Annie,
Who is all the world to me."



THE PAINTER.

Written on a postal card and mailed to a lady, as a token of
my appreciation of her skill as a painter.

Happy is he who can catch a fine thought,
And fit it to prose, or dress it in rhyme,
But happier she whose fingers are taught
To paint sweet nature in colors sublime.

Inspiring the thought when nature's the theme,
Uplifting one's soul to the world of bliss,
Where painters and angels will ever beam
With love and kindness on the poets of this.

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

"Just Think of Something Else."

In the summer of 1898 I was taken quite sick at a hotel over two hundred miles from home, and was confined to my room for five days. On complaining to the doctor that I was not getting well fast, he said I should not worry about my sickness, but "Just think of something else." I took his advice and the same night wrote the following verses.

When sickness comes and joy departs,
And you are forced to lie in bed,
Don't fret about the aching parts,
Remember what the doctor said,
"Just think of something else."

No matter if the pain is great,
And racks you thru from foot to head,
Be patient still and meekly wait,
Remember what the doctor said,
"Just think of something else."

When medicine has failed to act,
And you can't see much hope ahead,
Why just ignore the trifling fact,
Remember what the doctor said—
"Just think of something else."

What matter if you're far from home,
And no kind friend is near your bed,
Let all your thoughts most freely roam,
Remember what the doctor said,
"Just think of something else."

Don't mind your great debility,
Nor count the pains that fill your head,
The sick must show humility,
Remember what the doctor said,
"Just think of something else."

And when your friend presents his bills,
In language kind and manners suave,
Give him a dose of his own pills,
Remember that advice he gave,
"Just think of something else."

Ah, no! my friend that will not do,
The doctor kind deserves his pay,
The honest course is best for you,
No matter what the doctors say,
Don't think of something else.

HERE I AM.

A little grand-daughter wrote me a little letter and in it she said, "If I were a little flower, this I would do: I would be happy all the day." Under these words she made a sketch of a bush bearing flowers, and wrote beneath the sketch, "Here I am." I replied as follows: To the sweet little flower, "Here I am," formerly Miss Rose.

Caterpillars change into butterflies,
And eggs into birds that fly in the skies;
But I did not know a child had power,
To change her body into a flower.

But what need I care since flower and child,
Grown in the city, or on mountain wild,
Both receive from me the tenderest care,
I find a flower and a child is there.

—GRANDPA.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

Lines sent with a large fat turkey to a friend for Christmas,
1862.

A Christmas present is easy to make,
But a token of friendship should follow,
Mine is enclosed in the turkey you take,
Which is solid proof it is not hollow.

As a toothsome sign of love it is sent,
And to show you what our Maker can do,
He tells us to love with earnest intent,
And has provided this turkey for you.

Take it, and bake it, then richly enjoy,
And forget not the friend you befriended,
Whose heart will ever remember with joy,
The kind assistance you promptly lended.

May God bless you and your family dear,
And keep all of you healthy and happy,
That you may gladly welcome each New Year,
And on every Christmas be merry.

TO MRS. HARRIET S. DELANO AND HER BABY.

Written 1858.

Sweet innocence, love and beauty rest,
Wrapped in affection on mother's breast,
While hopes and fears in profusion rise,
And fill with sweet tears the joyful eyes
Of the kind mother whose heart is bent,
In meek thankfulness to Him who sent
This type of beauty, sweet child of love,
Rich token from the heavens above,
To cheer the pure and unselfish heart,
Of a mother who with life would part,
To save her child from the paths of sin,
And guide her so she heaven will win.

Then in the soft realms of earthly bliss,
Made lovelier by her mother's kiss,
She will need no more a guide to show,
The straight road she has been taught to go.
The mother has then her duty done,
Who so well instructs her little one,
She covers her with a mother's love,
Then trusts her to the wise God above.
Now to the babe and to its mother,
That you may each one love the other,
And never from your good reason part,
I will beg and pray with all my heart.

FOR THE BABY.

O what a charming baby I see,
Dancing on its kind father's knee,
With eyes as pretty and as bright,
As the white stars that shine at night.

And cheeks as lovely as the rose,
Which add much beauty to a nose,
Made handsome by a pretty chin,
And ruby lips nicely set in.

And what is more her name so sweet,
So charming, dainty, nice and neat,
Darling Hattie, short and pretty,
And that's why I wrote this ditty.



LINES ON MY FATHER.

The oak its mighty branches spread,
And gathered in the cooling dew,
And thus by gen'rous nature fed,
To a noble old tree it grew.

So sought he knowledge far and wide,
And grew in wisdom as in age,
And when his worn out body died,
He was a ripe and honored sage.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

First think of something good to say,
Then take great pains to say it well,
Make sure you know the proper way,
To fairly write and rightly spell.

Now clear all matter from your mind,
Except the work you have in hand,
And study hard until you find
Good rhyming words at your command.

Compose one verse from end to end,
With equal feet in every line,
See that the words in metre blend,
And that the rhyme is true and fine.

Beware of mistakes when you write,
Never say what needs correction,
Then men will say what you indite
Is poetry in perfection.

Don't mix grand thoughts with silly ones,
Nor call men by improper names,
If things weigh pounds don't call them tons,
Nor make the world appear in flames.

Remember you're an honest youth,
And never write what is not true,
Be governed by the laws of truth,
In every thing you say or do.

In language manly and refined,
Praise in song the heavenly plan,
And use the lowers of your mind,
In lifting up your fellowman.



AN ACROSTIC.

Written for a niece of P. T. Barnum, 1863.

Fear not the scoffs of the heartless,
A manly self reliance show,
No want can make thy head brainless,
Nor money make thy spirit low.
Yield not thy honor nor courage,

True principles ever maintain,
Hold to thy noble lineage,
On their record permit no stain.
Make no friendship with the wicked,
Prefer poverty to their love,
Show with heart and mind united
On the God of heaven above,
No one can turn thee from His love.

CHARLEY'S PUPPY.

Charley wrote me that his puppy was white but had a black spot on his back.

A spot of black
Upon his back,
Will plainly mark your puppy dog;
A spot of red
Upon his head,
Would show he's not a little hog.

What puppies know
They scarce can show,
Until their mammies let them out;
Like little boys
That play with toys,
They hardly know what they're about.

A master once,
A cruel dunce,
Struck hard his puppy while at play;
The puppy sad,
Felt awful bad,
Dropped down his tail and ran away.

A master kind
Will quickly find,
That puppies try to do their part;
So gentle be,
Let puppy see
There's no black spot upon your heart.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Written for Children.

Merry Christmas, friends, I wish you all well,
And many pretty things for your pockets,
May your Christmas box be a great big shell,
Filled with everything nice but sky rockets.

May England and France, with Turkey and Greece,
All contribute to your pleasure and mirth,
And chickens and quail, with turkeys and geese,
Make you feel as if you owned the whole earth.

And when you're happy as happy can be,
Think of your parents so kind and clever,
And live such sweet lives you always can see,
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas forever.



TEMPERANCE.

Lord, hasten the day, pray hasten the day,
When supported by righteous laws,
We will win the fight, for virtue and right,
And the glorious temperance cause.

THE FOLDING PUZZLE.

The first line was written on the outside, the rest on the inside.

Open this quick
And see the trick,
If there's a trick about it;
This thing is nice
And low in price,
But one could do without it.

Some rack their brains
With toil and pains,
In making things fantastic;
But soon they'll find
If they're not blind,
They'll need a purse elastic.



IN FLORENCE'S ALBUM.

A loving heart wears a smiling face,
And a cheerful mind is a source of joy,
She that carries both adorns her race,
And shines bright as gold without alloy.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM

of Lizzie Leonard, a very tall young girl, at her mother's home near Middleboro, Mass., December, 1881.

The meanest of creatures low down are found
And slimy reptiles crawl upon the ground,
The innocent birds live in purer air,
And blest are they who find their level there.

That you may grow to a loftier size,
And increase in wisdom as up you rise,
And ne'er let your height your head turn dizzy,
Shall be my prayer, my young friend Lizzie.



IN HENRIETTA'S ALBUM.

If in your mind good seed you sow,
And nourish it with tender care,
A splendid crop of fruit you'll grow,
And reap the kind you planted there.

IN WORTHY'S ALBUM.

Watch how regular
Seasons come and go,
Summer brings the rain,
Winter brings the snow,
And the sweet flowers
Never out of tune,
Always wait their turn
And blossom in June.

Thus from kind nature
This good lesson learn,
Patiently to wait
Till it is your turn,
Then like the flowers
Meekly take your place,
And by pure living
Ornament your race.



IN FLORA'S ALBUM.

By the side of a beautiful river
Whose clear waters continue to flow,
There may you live, happy forever,
And in wisdom and loveliness grow.

IN ETTA'S ALBUM.

The little flowers perfume the air.
And make the earth look pretty and fair,
And that you, my dear, will do your share
To make life sweet, is father's prayer.



IN GRACE'S ALBUM.

The sun ne'er fails to do his duty,
Nor moon and stars to show their beauty,
Thus sweet little girls are taught the way,
To do their duty day after day,
To work and shine in every place,
And fill the big world with love and—Grace.

THE GALLOP OF LIFE

The infant at home
Unable to roam,
And enter in the fields of strife,
Drops on hands and knees,
In—go as you please,
And starts in the gallop of life.

He often is dumped
And severely bumped,
When he is learning how to walk;
But he keeps trying,
Even while crying,
Until able to tread the chalk.

Next he tries talking,
While still or walking,
And coins words not used in the past;
But keeps on gaining,
Without much training,
And really gets on quite fast.

He'll soon be at school

And breaking the rule,
Which never is fit till it's broke;
'Tis always too tight,
For boys that do right,
And hangs on their neck like a yoke.

At Sunday School next,
He watches the text,
And the lesson that's given out;
The teachers are kind,
And easy to mind,
And of Christ he learns much about.

He's now a strong boy,
And with shouts of joy
He becomes a player of ball;
He knows where he's at,
Soon learns how to bat,
And seldom is caught in a fall.

He wants a pony
To be his crony,
And to carry him on its back;
He masters his horse,
And shows no remorse,
When he hits his pony a whack.

He loves the water,
Dives like an otter,
And swims with the grace of a seal;
He flounders and flops,
And finally stops,
With skin slippery as an eel.

He now wants a boat
To sail and to float,
And thinks he could manage a ship;
He bends too much sail.
Is dumped o'er the rail,
And may be ship-wrecked the first trip.

He has ambition,
And disposition,
To tackle everything men do;
What he lacks in skill,
Is made up with will,
And he always finds a way thru.

He is now of age,
And tho not a sage,
Is a full fledged American;
Is proud of the fact,
And ready to act,
And to do all the good he can.

He votes and would fight
For justice and right,
And manfully freedom defend:
No traitor is he,
And never will be,
His country can on him depend.

When in politics,
He despises tricks,
And sets an example to all:
He's right in the swim,
Has courage and vim,
And wins without doing things small.

In war a hero,
When cold as zero,
Or hot as the entrance to hell;
Never stops to think,
Nor halts at the brink,
But bravely does his duty well.

In the bus'ness crush
He goes with a rush,
And his energy makes things hum:
He holds a full hand,
Is brave in command,
And never shrinks when hard times come.

His cup now is full.
He has a strong pull,
He's right in the crisis of strife;

To hold all his gain,
He must bear stiff rein,
He's riding his gallop of life.

WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE WE KNEW.

Where are all the people we knew
In the generations gone past,
The thousands of men, false and true,
And who have disappeared so fast?
Whither have they gone, do you know?
To what vast haven have they sped?
Are they reaping as they did sow?
Are they living, or are they dead?

They died and were laid in the ground,
And kind words said over their graves,
But some were lost and never found,
And some perished under the waves;
Some were left on the battle field,
And became food for birds and beasts,
Others were forced their lives to yield
That cannibals might have their feasts.

Some bodies to ashes were burned,
And others have changed into stone,
A few into mummies were turned
And preserved in the skin and bone.
How they died it matters not now,
Nor if their race was lost or won,
They are gone and we meekly bow,
And say—O Lord, Thy will be done.

Have those bodies been born again?
Were they restored to life and health?
Are they supplied with blood and brain?
Are they in poverty, or wealth?
A God that can revive the dead,
A perpetual life can give,
Therefore we hold it may be said,
The body has but once to live.

But what has become of the souls,
That lived in the bodies now dead?
Are they counted on the same rolls?
Or have they from their bodies fled?
What is the soul, can you explain?
Is it an invisible thing,
Without flesh or blood, heart or brain,
Can it talk, or fly; can it sing?

Can it out of the body live?
Is it without physical life?
Has it no need to take or give?
Is it clear of trouble and strife?
If free from the body since death,
Was it not free before it died?
If independent of man's breath
Why does it adhere to his side?

If freed at death where does it go?
Methinks that—to Heaven—you say,
And then I ask, how do you know?
Does any person know the way?
Have any come back that went there?
Can any one describe the place?
Is it upon some planet fair,
Or the realm of unbounded space?

Living bodies have souls, we know,
We hope they live on forever,
So long as man can come and go,
His soul forsakes him never;
But there's a question to explain,
Does the soul live without the man?
When man goes does the soul remain?
Let any one answer who can.

THE HONEST MAN.

I love the man who speaks the truth,
And never tells a lie,
Whose honesty bloomed in his youth,
And was not born to die.

I love to see him take his place,
In busy ranks of men,
And love to see his honest face,
Glowing with manhood then.

In office, or in place of trust,
Watching the people's vault,
His ev'ry act is right and just,
And no one fears default.

With soul upright and conscience clear,
And heart in virtue strong,
There is no force can make him steer
In any course that's wrong.

He pays his debts whene'er he can
And never should be prest,
No need pursue the honest man,
He always does his best.

His conscience is his beacon light,
It always guides his way,
His path is blazed with glory bright,
He does not go astray.

He loves his God and loves his soul,
And knows that both love him;
He gladly yields to their control,
And with them keeps in trim.

Adversity's dread winds may blow,
And carry off his wealth,
And fell disease its seeds may sow,
And undermine his health.

His fortune which is breakable,
His foes may rend apart,
They'll find his soul impregnable,
And can not break his heart.

His soul approves each manly deed,
And cheers him in his race,
And in the time of greatest need,
Wreathes smiles upon his face.

His truest friends endorse his plan,
And admire for his worth,
God's noblest work, the honest man,
As nothing else on earth.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

There's many an elegant thing
In this beautiful world of ours,
It may be a bird on the wing,
Or a bed of beautiful flowers.

It may be a mountain, or hill,
Or beautiful valley of green,
And it may be a pond, or mill,
Adorning the beautiful scene.

There are many rivers that flow,
That are beautiful things to see,
And many dainty plants that grow,
And many a beautiful tree.

There is many a charming brook,
That becomes a beautiful stream,
As it winds with many a crook,
And with beautiful trout may teem.

There are oceans mighty in size,
And many a beautiful lake,
With water as blue as the skies,
And that beautiful pictures make.

There are mountain ranges sublime,
And beautiful forests of trees;
There are rocks grown hoary with time,
And beautiful sights on the seas.

Many brilliant diamonds are found,
And beautiful rubies and pearls,
And many rich things in the ground,
As beautiful nature unfurls.

Gold is difficult to obtain,
But a beautiful thing to own,
And tho it is hard to retain,
Few more beautiful things are known.

A lovely and delightful thing,
Is a beautiful city park,
Which does pleasure to thousands bring,
And a beautiful landscape mark.

But most charming of things men see,
Gardens of beautiful flowers,
Can fill his heart with ecstasy
And beautiful thoughts for hours.

A landscape of hill and of dale,
And beautiful river of blue,
With steamers and ships under sail,
Is indeed a beautiful view.

There are pretty and tasteful homes,
And beautiful capitols grand,
Embellished with towers and domes,
And built on beautiful land.

There's sculpture in marble and stone,
Beautiful in work and design,
And monuments standing alone,
Of beautiful progress a sign.

There are elegant works of art,
And beautiful paintings by man,
And hundreds of things in the mart,
Beautiful in color and plan.

Even pretty insects there are,
And thousands of beautiful birds
With plumage that glistens afar,
And beautiful cattle in herds.

Wild beasts that roam over the plain
Are often beautiful to see;
But cannot be used for man's gain
As the beautiful horse can be.

There are men of honor and worth,
And women beautiful and mild;
But the handsomest thing on earth
Is a beautiful little child.

THE NURSE.

Among all the duties of life,
A most difficult place to fill,
Is that of the invalid nurse,
To the suffering thousands ill.

The sacrifice is very great,
That nurses are required to make,
And there is no reason to doubt,
'Tis made for humanity's sake.

A desire to comfort the sick,
Must ever be the ruling thought,
For without a merciful heart,
The work can never well be wrought.

Sweet pleasures are at her command,
In which she seldom can take part;
She has consecrated herself,
To the grand work that fills her heart.

Only the noblest human souls
Engage in woman's highest work,
The selfish and hard-hearted ones,
Can always find excuse to shirk.

The sick are hard to satisfy,
And the nurse exerts her trained skill,
Sometimes to give, sometimes deny,
And mildly sway the fickle will.

By sweet smiles and true devotion,
She makes the invalid her friend,
Who appreciates the kindness,
With which she does his wants attend.

When wild becomes the fevered brain,
The patient thinks the nurse his foe.
Imagines he is in a fight,
And strikes his friend a fearful blow.

With wondrous strength she holds him down,
"Let go (he cries) I'll break your head,"
And when his frenzy has expired,
Sinks back exhausted, almost dead.

Now the nurse's fine work begins,
The right remedies are applied,
She calls the doctor, orders help,
And does not leave the patient's side.

With noble zeal, the doctor's help,
And support from the patient's friends,
Reason returns, the strength's restored,
And the sick man's condition mends.

Thru all the trials in her work,
The nurse must wear a smile serene,
The patient may rave, scold and swear,
No frown upon her face is seen.

The splendid self control she shows,
Is worthy of the highest praise,
May Heaven grant well earned reward,
And fill her life with happy days.

A SWEET DISPOSITION.

Brave deeds have been done and glory oft won,
By the heroic and strong;
Their lives they have braved and thousands have saved,
And well they are praised in song.

The soldiers who fight for country and right,
And often suffer great pain,
Deserve the applause of friends of the cause,
That they ventured their lives to gain.

The active and brave, on land and on wave,
We praise for every good deed;
The skill they've acquired, is warmly admired,
And people bid them God speed.

But there's a small class, that none can surpass,
In whatever condition,
'Tis those who are blest, with love in the breast,
And a sweet disposition.

For such is reserved and richly deserved,
The best love our hearts can give;
For we feel quite sure, the sweetest are pure,
And the best people that live.

'Tis the warmest love that comes from above,
That fits for its high mission,
The heavenly face abounding in grace,
And a sweet disposition.

Happy is the mind to virtue inclined,
That can one's temper control,
And never show wrath, no matter who hath
Grave insults offered its soul.

'Tis sound common sense and brings recompense,
To be patient and be good;
His mind must be strong, that never goes wrong,
And always does as he should.

Great is the delight in knowing one's right,
In every position,
And happy and rife, is the journey thru life,
With a sweet disposition.

THE SCOW RACE.

There were twenty scows in the fleet,
Waiting at Detroit for a breeze,
They were bound to have a fine meet,
Under the rule—go as you please.

They were all bound for Anchor Bay
At the north end of Lake St. Clair,
About thirty-five miles away,
And quickly reached when winds are fair.

"A sail ahoy," a sailor cried,
I see her coming round the bend,
The wind is from the starboard side,
And seems to give her a fair send.

"All hands on deck, unlash dem sails,
Jus see de Foam she's caught the breeze,
Heave dat anchor, come on, you gales,
We'll beat de Foam wid greatest ease.

"Hoist de foresail, shake out dem reefs,
We need all de breeze dat's comin,
Mind your Cap'in we're not all chiefs,
We'll soon have de ole scow hummin.

"Joe, take de helm, Jack, go for'ard,
Hoist de stanin jib, fly aroun,
Up with the flying jib, Dorard,
Hoist de main sail, now off we're boun.

"Keep out de current, Joe, look out,
Keep close shore American side.
See dem trying to beat us out,
And Dolphin on Canada side.

“Never mine rushes, don’t be fraid,
Wine that center board clear up tight,
Now we will lead de whole parade,
We can beat em all goin light.

“What’s dat, Jack, de Annie’s gainin?
Too much current, Joe, hold her in,
Pay off main sheet, now it’s rainin,
Dat’s good, our ole sails hold more win.

“See dare! de Sweeper’s ahead now,
She’s boun to pass de light house firse,
Never mine, she’s light draf scow,
In de lak we’ll give her a burse.

“Here we are in ole Lak St. Clair,
Take de helm, Bob, give Joe a res,
Lots of room here if all play fair,
And we’ll not be de secon bes.

“See de White Pigeon how she scoots,
She has de bes breeze in de fleet,
Cap’in Isaac swells in his boots,
When he gets home he’ll have to treat.

“What’s de matter? we’re fallin back,
Dare is four or five ahead now,
See de Lucinda in our track,
And de Ruffin crossin our bow.

“Set your fore gaff and your main gaff,
Wing out dem sails, mind your helm, Bob,
We’ll let em know we’re not a raff,
To beat us da got a big job.

“See de Abe Lincoln crawlin up,
She’s hard to beat when by de win.
But wid fair win can’t git de cup.
And we are sure to beat her in.

“Now de Comet’s pushin hard,
Her big square sail catches de breeze,
I wish we had a good fore yard.
Never mine, she’s only a tease.

“Git dat ole canvas out de hole,
Lash it to fore riggin each side,
Stretch it out good wid dem pike pole,
Now Miss Comet can step one side.

“Where’s de Louise an Margaret,
St. Stephen an Napoleon?
De Betsey’s behine, poor old Bet,
De sweet Alvina’s comin on.

“Where’s de Bronson and de Eugene,
And de Margaret Alice too?
Da’s way behine and can’t be seen.
And de Axford all do she’s new.

“What’s dat you say, she is groanin,
Fire dat cannon, give em a greet,
When she’s groanin den she’s goin,
De ole Fair Trader leads de fleet,

“Vansaw, bring out your ole fiddle,
Play—de girl I lef so handy,
Den Sallie go down de middle,
And sweet Yankee doodle dandy.

“Haul in dat main sheet, come in stays,
Drop anchor, make dat cannon boom,
Cap’in Poquet will git de praise,
De ole Fair Trader’s won de broom.”

A HAPPY CHOICE.

We met at a party,
The greeting was hearty,
And her conduct was lady-like and kind,
I noticed her reserve,
And quickly did observe,
That she was educated and refined.

She was dressed so neatly.
And she smiled so sweetly,
And her manners were so pleasing to me,
That I felt enraptured,
And was fairly captured,
And I wondered what the result would be.

My plans were helped along,
By some who did belong,
By friendship and relation to her side;
They called me a good catch,
And sought to make a match,
And see their friend become a happy bride.

Then I aimed to acquire,
The one I did admire,
And to make her my partner for life;
I did not have a doubt,
That she would carry out,
Ev'ry duty that belongs to a wife.

I told her my intent,
And asked her to consent,
And promised I would love her evermore;
And then she did reply,
She was pleased to comply,
And love me as she never loved before.

Now we are man and wife,
Have entered married life,
And are settled in a sweet little home;
I always do my best,
My wife does all the rest,
And neither one has any wish to roam.

We have a little boy,
Our greatest source of joy,
Of sweet disposition like his mother;
He is a darling pet,
And we will not forget,
Is a tie that binds us to each other.

We work well together,
Serve and please each other,
And do not know of any better plan;
Our home is one of peace,
And we will never cease,
To make it as attractive as we can.

My wife is always kind,
She has a noble mind,
And is as good as I thought she would be;
I've reason to rejoice,
I made a happy choice,
And that my darling wife is pleased with me.



BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

The beautiful flowers turned their faces to me,
And the sweet little flowers threw kisses at me.
The larger flowers gently beckoned to me,
And all the pretty flowers talked love to me.

I turned toward the river, it was grand to see,
Its banks were as pretty as river banks can be,
The trees dressed in gay colors were smiling at me,
'Twas a world filled with beauty, with beauty for me.

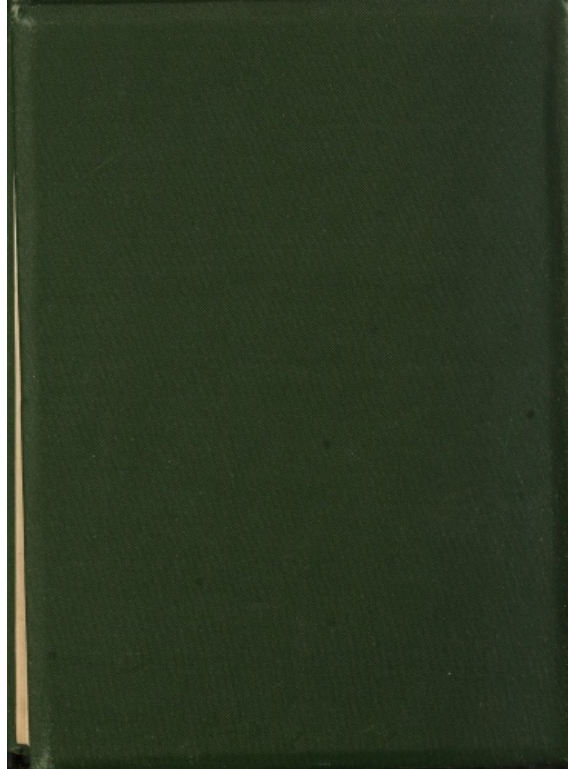
THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

How few there are who appreciate
The value of a friend,
Whose love is so deep, sincere and true,
You can on it depend.

How often amid the storms of life,
A little help you need,
How cheering then to have a friend
That is a friend indeed,

And when those storms continue to rage,
And friends to shelter go,
The genuine friend stands by you then,
And helps ward off the blow.

God pity the man who would betray
The Christ-like loving friend,
Whose heart is with him everywhere
And will be to the end.



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