HESPERIS

—OR—

POEMS BY FATHER AND SON

BOOK ONE

THE TRANSIENT GUEST, AND OTHER POEMS

By Elbert A. Smith

BOOK TWO

SONG OF ENDLESS LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS

By David H. Smith

(Illustrations by Elbert A. Smith)

Published by Herald Publishing House
Lamoni, Iowa

1911

BOOK ONE

THE TRANSIENT GUEST, AND OTHER POEMS

By Elbert A. Smith

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the man who died at Carthage:

"For his life was given, nor counted loss,
To restore God's word, as when men heard
The gentle Heir of the crown and the cross."

Contents, Book 1.

Illustrations.

Poems of the Soul.

THE TRANSIENT GUEST.

NOW to and fro
The night winds go,
And seek and are not satisfied;
They seek for Him
Who on the dim,
Far eastern hill was crucified.

He held them still
Beneath His will
Upon the troubled Galilee,—
They wander now
On Olive's brow,
And unrebuked they vex the sea.

The night dew weeps
Where Jordan sleeps;
And in Gethsemane again
The moonbeams seek
The lowly, meek,
Great Leader of the race of men.

They can not come
To His dark room;
But when at last the night is o'er,
The morning sun
Gives light to one
Who seeks her Savior's lowly door.

'Tis open quite,
And filled with light,
For He has risen up new-born,—
A transient guest,
The first and best
To meet and greet the Easter morn.

And now we know
The green and low,
Last inn to give poor mortals rest
Is brief, at most,
With God as host,
And every man a transient guest.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

SUCCESS.

TO THE hand that is the first held out
To help an erring mortal stand,
Whose master knows not fear nor doubt,—
The generous, firm, yet gentle hand:
Success!

To the brain that thinks no evil thing,
But daily with the Spirit filled,
Wrestles with that the day may bring,
And conquers it as the Lord has willed:
Success!

To the heart that has itself affixed
Unto the gospel's perfect plan,
And has its daily task to mix
The blood of a good and honest man:
Success!

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO, January 5, 1908.

THE CHRISTIAN.

HEAVY the shadows stray
Along the narrow way;
But, like a ray of light,
The path itself is bright
And leads to day.

Halting the feet that tread
Where Jesus Christ has led;
But the enkindled eyes
Discern the worthy prize
For which he bled.

Weary the form and bent,
In that great journey spent;
Erect the soul and grand,
Hasting at God's command,
Wherever sent,--

Heading no hope forlorn,
By angel hands upborne,
With unseen armor clad,
With inner light made glad,
A son of morn.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

RESURRECTION.

THERE is no waste in nature, nothing lost.
The forest leaves decay, but law does not forget,—
They live again when April melts the frost,
And bloom in the wind-flower or the violet,

Or build the lordly pine, beloved of men,
Whose place upon the mountain top is merited;
Through root, and stem, and bough they mount again
And bud as leaves, their ancient right inherited.

The sun new risen, o'er the mountain range,
Greets them once more, they see the valley palpitate
In purple haze uncertain, and the strange
Small homes of men below, on plains that undulate

Unto the far off sea. 'Tis nature's way,
And nature's kindly ways are God's, immutable,
Who rules that all who live, die, and decay,
Shall live again through laws unknown, inscrutable.

And thus the true philosophy shines forth,
On mountain peak serene, or on the restless ocean;
Death is abhorred, and aught of any worth
Is saved with insistent care and strict devotion.

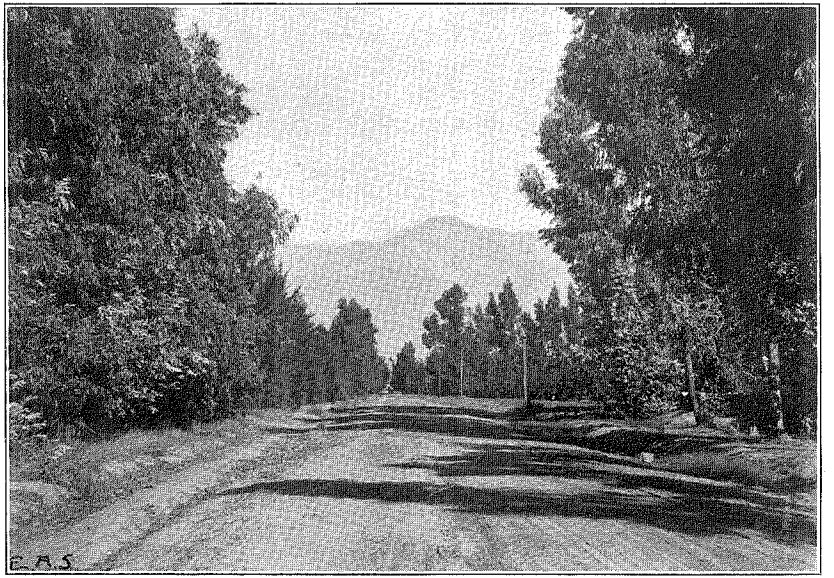
If, then, the grosser elements of earth
  Are kept so stingily, their loss a rarity,
What of the finer things of lasting worth,
  The spirit qualities, faith, hope, and charity,

And all that makes a man, when he attains
  Through study, experience, and demonstration,
Wisdom and knowledge bought with many pains,
  And so becomes the Creator's revelation?

Shall all his nobleness at death be lost?
  A Lincoln, an Abraham, or Christ be wasted?
And of their brethren a mighty host
  Whose souls grew large through heavenly manna tasted?

Not so, for God has work for them to do,
  A new realm, a wider view, a higher region,
To counsel, guide, direct, and rule anew,
  With all of earth's noble ones whose name is legion.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, November, 1901.



" 'Tis good to feel the evening breeze
Flow upward through its dreamy banks
Of swinging grapevines, and of trees,
Majestic in their somber ranks."

(See page 17.)

EVENING BREEZE.

'TIS GOOD to feel the evening breeze
  Flow upward through its dreamy banks
Of swinging grapevines, and of trees,
  Majestic in their somber ranks.

To feel it bathe the fevered face,
  And flow along the weary form,
As some fond lover's soft embrace
  That makes the heart grow young and warm.

To watch the forest as it stands,
  A tawny hulk, that swiftly dims
Into the far-off twilight lands
  Of shadow trunks, with shadow limbs.

To feel the soul grow weak with awe
  At the far-shining stars of night,
Unhampered, yet controlled by law,
  And each to each a welcome light.

O Savior walking by my side,
  Whom all the day I failed to see,
Extend thy patient hand to guide,
  That I may tread the night with thee.

SLEEPY SONG.

THE preacher stands at the head of the street,
And he cries all night in the storm and sleet,
Hear, people, hear!
Awake and repent, the end is near!

But the Devil, singing his sleepy song,
Puts foot to the cradle and swings it 'long,
Sleep, people, sleep!
O let others pray and others weep!

So they dream of power and dream of fame,
Of buying and selling, and deeds of shame,—
Dream, people, dream!
'Neath frescoed ceiling and oaken beam,

Your doors close bolted and your curtains drawn,
Till the very day of your judgment dawn,—
Mark, people, mark!
How the first fierce rays smite through the dark.

And the preacher stands in the narrow way,
In the battle front of the Judgment Day,—
Rise, people, rise!
And behold what glories burst the skies!

But the Devil, singing his sleepy song,
Puts foot to the cradle and swings it 'long,
Sleep, people, sleep!
O let others watch and others weep!

TO ONE WHO WAS MAN AMONG MEN.

THE monarch of Sheba once journeyed afar,
To honor a ruler clad in mortal array;
But we have enlisted to follow a star,
And we seek for a King who is brighter than day.

Her camels were burdened with silver and gold,
As they drew toward the city where Solomon dwelt;
And rich was their tribute, with value untold,
When her sun-darkened slaves before Solomon knelt.

But ours is no offering from mine or from mint,
And no mortal its value can rightly appraise,—
A love without limit, bestowed without stint,
A service free-given, without number of days.

A greater than Solomon reigns as our King,
In the City of David, the whither we go;
With joy and with song and with tears—everything—
For one who was man among men long ago.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.

THE little Master gravely watched the doctors of the law;
He questioned them, and answered them, and he put their school to naught,
For he felt a higher wisdom flowing from above and saw
Much that yet was dim to human eyes and dark to human thought.

"I must be about my Father's work." Thus soon his spirit dwelt
On the higher truths that touch the soul and make the flesh as naught,
And the deep-set inner promptings of the duty that he felt
Led him early thus to mind his Father's business as he ought.

Plain and simple were his lessons yet they vexed the elder mind;
He could draw such depths of meaning from the rock-rose on the hills,
Or the lilies in the valley. Never rabbi thought to find
Half the handiwork of God he showed them in the rocks and rills.

Only twelve the years he numbered, yet how subtle, strong, and true;
Well they marveled that their musty tomes of law became to him

As a stream of crystal water that his clear eyes wand'ring through
Discerned the grains of golden truth that to others were so dim.

He must be about his Father's work! How great it was to be,
And how strong the heart to tranquil beat beneath its wealth and weight;
Small wonder that the rabbis felt what they were but slow to see,
The presence of a master mind and the greatest of the great.

JUSTICE.

AH! FATE is never half so stern
To those who meet her true and brave;
But those who cringe and cower must learn
The sharpest lash is for the slave.

I think God loves a manly man,
Who still will labor and will trust;
To those who shorten the perfect span
Of truth, he is not harsh, but just.

And luck and favor still shall fall,
Or chance or fortune be gainsaid;
But in the eternal test of all
The honest man is undismayed.

GENIUS.

WHEN genius, from chaos, strikes out a bright thing,
And cuts from the marble an arm or a wing,
Or builds from the dust at our feet a great home,
And rears from the quarry a wonderful dome;

When he touches the canvas and makes it to glow
With the semblance of life in its color and flow;
When he smites his hands, in the dusk of the night,
And robes a great city with beautiful light;

When the glow of the soul-fire is over his wings;
When he sweeps with his hands the inanimate strings,
And makes them to live, with the music of years,
Till the soul of man melts into laughter or tears;

When he rises in glory and strength to impart
Of the things that are stored in the heart of his heart;
When he brings the great gift, that none other can give,
And sings the sweet song that for ever shall live;

Then we see in his work the great Infinite One,
The mark of creation is fixed on the son.
The spirit of genius eternally brings
Its power from God who created all things.

The spirit that models a statue from clay,
And compels the world to acknowledge his sway,
Is like, only lesser, than he who has brought
Man's shape from the dust and endowed it with thought.

HOW FARES THE WORLD?

HOW fares the world this Christmastide,
  Through cloudy space and starry light,
With her far sisters who divide
  Their common heritage of night?

The gath'ring shadows from the west
  Pursue us toward the rising sun;
Will they enshroud us ere we rest
  In his clear rays, our journey done?

How fares the world? What need to ask!
  On every shore of every land
The good sits dreaming at her task,
  While evil works with fevered hand.

We know the homes where hate abides,
  The streets where sin and sorrow lurk,
The nooks and dens where treason hides,
  The hearts where murder is at work.

Now gleams the sword, now rolls the drum,
  Insistent shrills the martial fife;
Wars and rumors of wars must come,—
  Disaster, sickness, storm, and strife.

There is no hope! Not so, not so!
  The work of God must still go on.
The shadows thicken ere they go,
  And it is darkest near the dawn.

This Christmastide and ever dwells
  The pow'r above to send us aid;
This Christmastide the Spirit tells
  Of honest souls and undismayed,

Who have not sold the ancient right
  Of manhood to defend the truth:
For such the world rolls on through light,
  To the lost glory of her youth.

The humble ones she bears may groan
  Beneath the weight of present wrong,—
He comes to claim them as his own
  Whose birth we celebrate with song.

This winter time, this time of frost,
  The heart is warm, the spirit yearns;
We shall not perish or be lost,—
  The distant stars say, "Christ returns."

BURLINGTON, IOWA, 1904.

HILL CUMORAH.

WHILE the years unnoted ran their fruitless courses toward the west,
And the world in darkness struggled for the light of truth suppressed,
There lay hid on Hill Cumorah's rocky western slope, in trust,
Truths that yet should rise and smite the ancient idols into dust;

While the older world was troubled with her pestilence and war;
While her soldiers fought for Jesus, or for Jove, or yet for Thor;
While great empires faltered and went down to death and shame,
And their rivals through red carnage fought their way to transient fame.

In the deep and somber forests of a newer world there lay
Golden records that were guarded by a greater yet than they.
Hill Cumorah kept his silent watch and counted still the days
When the sun slid down his mighty arch into the evening haze.

And the angel footsteps pressed his rugged brow and passed away
From their vigils o'er the rough-hewn casket where the records lay;

From their watching and their praying for the time so long deferred,
When the gospel trump again should sound, the gospel truth be heard,

Till the ears of men were ripe to hear, the lips of men to speak;
Till the souls of men were hungry, and the hearts of men were meek;
Till a few should turn from fables, and a few should come to prove
What the learned could never answer and the mighty never move.

Like the fretful waves that circle where swift, mighty currents sweep,
Rise the waves of persecution, but they never stir the deep.
Like the little waves that run to meet and break upon the sand,
They can never shake the granite cliffs where Truth and Reason stand.

Be not fearful; we are working with the Infinite and Just
Who has caused the truth to spring from earth, the gospel from the dust.
We it is who have the message and the precious truths of old.
Angels guard us as they guarded where were hid the plates of gold.

Let the soul that hears the message haste to spread the word
abroad.
Let him hold the Record closely, and be faithful unto God,—
Faithful as the Hill Cumorah; though no man shall see his
strength,
God shall find the heart where truth is hid, and bring it forth
at length.

A VISION OF NAUVOO.

TO THE beautiful city, great and good,
On whose terraced slopes the dreams and hopes
Of the church took form in stone and in wood,
My spirit has taken its easy flight.
Turned back is the page of moldering age
And I enter the home of past delight.

Where its wide streets lie on a wing of land;
And the broad-flung sweep of the river deep
Shall for ever bind it on either hand,
Like an arch of faith, like a bow of hope,
By the great God set, lest we forget
That the work is divine in depth and scope.

And I see God's temple, as stone by stone
From the parent earth it springs to birth
In holy grandeur on the hill alone.
And the people come and the people go;
Casting their light afar in the night,
They sing of their joy or sigh of their woe.

And they play and labor and grow apace,
For a blessed land fills well their hand
With the fruits of earth and the fruits of grace.
And I notice one as I stand apart,
By a sign of grace I know the face,
'Tis one I have treasured in mind and heart;

For his life was given, nor counted loss,
  To restore God's word, as when men heard
The gentle Heir of the Crown and the Cross.
  Have black hearts hated? and have false lips lied?
Yea; a ray of light is not more white
  Than was his clean soul who at Carthage died.

. . . . . .

But the vision is past, the page turned back,
  The mirror is dimmed,—a breath has skimmed
Its polished surface and has left it black.
  The temple is gone and the people fled.
As they hasten by, the waters sigh—
  They think of the past and the past is dead.

THE LATTER DAY.

AS THE earth goes whirling onward
Through the boundless realms of air,
Turns her face still smiling sunward,
Are her latter days still fair?
Are her limbs still full and rounded,
All untouched by care or time?
In their youthful beauty bounded
With her starry robe sublime?

Is her light still full and steady,
Shining o'er a pleasant range?
Or has age now marked her ready
For the fiery time of change?
Comes there yet the doubt and fearing
To the hearts of many men?
As the hour of fate is nearing
And the call is heard again,

"I will gather me a people,
I will make them all mine own.
Worship not with bell and steeple,
Worship with the heart alone."

. . . . . .

Very distant seems the morning
When God sped us toward the light;
All the times are full of warning,
All the days are full of night.

Many sons of men are grasping
  What they deem truth's steady hand;
Air and ashes they are clasping,
  And they totter where they stand.
Is the hope of life then bounded
  By the fleeting things of time?
No! but on their ruins founded
  Rests the structure all sublime

Of fair faith, that rising higher
  Than the earthborn want or care,
Lifts the soul from such desire
  To the sunlight and the air.
And the earth must grow and cherish
  Fruit that blossomed in its youth;
Sin must ripen, sin must perish;
  All eternal is the truth.

As the earth goes whirling onward,
  Comes the gospel's call to men;
Let each creature's face turn sunward,
  Strong with youth and love again.
And once more in joy and beauty
  Springs a newer world to light,
That shall find the path of duty
  With the stars of blessing bright.

COME UP HIGHER.

I HAVE watched the quick resulting of long intervals of time,
And have seen their certain process hasten toward the end sublime;
They have rendered us the token of the latter day complete,
When the world of unbelief has cast its gauntlet at our feet.

Oh, I would that I might sound again the notes that I have caught
From the bugles of the vanguard where the war of truth is fought.
They are calling, calling, calling, backward to the halting mass,
Like the singing of the soft wind in the bending prairie grass.

"There is dearth of manly vigor, there is dearth of woman's truth";
Men and maidens! Sons of Israel! give your years of strength and youth,—
Come up higher! Come up higher! let your footsteps mark the way
Where the mountain peaks are shining in the light of endless day.

I have often felt a spirit o'er our congregations bend,
Like the strong, electric presence of a dearly loved friend,
And have known that Christ was looking with his patient eyes and true,
At the promise of the future which was slumbering in you.

Oh, my Zion! White-robed Zion! stand no more contending here,
Should the brother strike the brother with the victory so near?
As the soul of man is higher than the flesh which turns to dust,
Let our spirits higher rise to meet the infinite and just.

Heed the voices that are calling through the storm and through the calm,
Come up higher! Come up higher! nearer to the great I AM.
Come, ye chosen of Jehovah, ye anointed to the truth,
Let the banner of the higher call unfurl above your youth.

Hark! I hear a distant stirring and the sound of many feet
On the rocky road of ages, with a perfect rhythm beat.
Oh, I hear your pleasant singing and I see your faces shine,
Youths of Zion, as you gather into column and to line.

I would rather far be numbered with the very least of these
Than to flaunt the robe of fashion or to turn the miser's keys.
Let the soul that fails or falters backward turn nor meet the shock,
Let the bugle that would sound retreat be shattered on the rock.

Brightly is our pathway shining like the rainbow's golden arc,
And the Savior's perfect manhood is a beacon in the dark.
Let the worldling, if he chooses, yield to pleasure's soft restraint,
I conceive no higher object than to be a perfect saint.

BLEEDING HEARTS.

AT FIRST with blythesome song and gay
Upon life's rugged road we start;
But soon we climb its upward way
With weary steps and bleeding heart.

Still oft this thought shall speed our feet,
To do whate'er shall be our part:
That Christ shall make our joy complete,
And Christ shall heal each bleeding heart.

A FRAGMENT.

AS THE great hawk that sails on high,
Then like a meteor descends;
As arrow to the target bends,
Or strikes the quarry ere it fly;

So help our spirits, Lord, to rise
Above ignoble things of earth,
But, bending to acknowledge worth,
Exultant bear it to the skies.

EXULTATION.

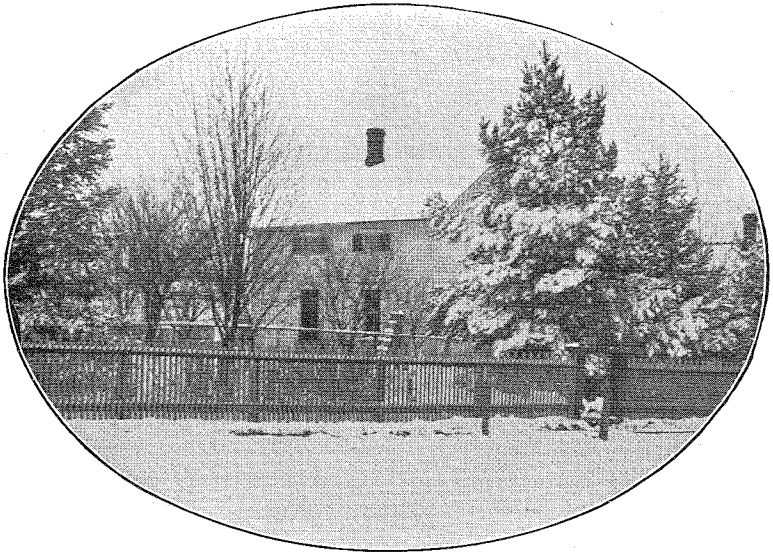
THE snow king from the north came down,
From out the frozen regions,
And marching through the silent town
Upon the meadows bare and brown
Encamped his countless legions.

His tent walls gleaming in the sun
From every hill and hollow,
Give warning of the siege begun;
And from the black clouds, low and dun,
I judge there's more to follow.

But even now the wind has heard,
Despite the winter's warning,
The music of the spring that stirred
Our souls to sing as sings the bird
In summer's brightest morning.

And if perchance death some day come,
From out the frozen regions,
And marching through our sad hearts dumb,
With hollow step and muffled drum,
Encamps his silent legions,

Ah! even then we know that soon
The days of death are numbered;



"The snow king from the north came down,
And marching through the silent town."

(See page 36.)

The spring of life, the morn, the noon,
The warm sun of a day in June
  Awakes the soul that slumbered.

Ah! vainly shrieks the hollow blast,
  And sounds his fateful warning,
Because we hear, as he goes past,
A voice that says, "There comes at last
  Joy's hoped-for, prayed-for morning."

Great Judge of men, thy greatest gift,
  We crave that of discerning
Those truths that shall our spirits lift
Above the adversary swift,
  Unto thy sure returning.

A million hearts are lifted high
  And countless eyes are turning,
To draw pure wisdom from the sky
Whose fountains never shall run dry,
  As have the schools of learning.

O, raise your hearts, O, sing aloud;
  Push back the winter hoary!
O, cast aside the pall, the shroud,
And gather, gather like a cloud,
  To meet the Son of Glory!

MY SICKLE.

O SING and cut the bending grass,
My sickle bright and keen,
And with'ring as a wintry blast
The icy boughs between.

O sing and cut, O cut and sing,
The wild red roses through,
For they, as well as grass, must bring
A tribute unto you.

O splash the dew, and cut the vine,
And chant a death song brave,—
If death shall conquer aught of mine
He cuts like you to save.

AT THE CROSS ROAD.

FAITH stopped at the cross road, she met Doubt there.
Said Doubt, You tread a lost road that leads nowhere.
See yon misty cloud upon the mountain peak?
How soon it doth enshroud the way you seek!
Come and walk with me and you will never fall;
I step where I can see, or not at all.

Said Faith, You walk by sight; God leads me alway.
You may not step aright; He never leads astray.
I will not doubt or fear, though cloudy be my day,
For as I draw near the clouds all melt away.

THE VOICE OF FAITH.

OUT of the midst of the great beyond
Speaks a voice so strong and sweet
That all may hear, though but few respond,
In the lonely country or busy street,
Where women murmur and men despond,
Where woes downgather and troubles meet:

"Every soul on the swift revolving,
Unwearied wheel of driven time,
Between its dawn and last dissolving,
Shall feel the message of faith sublime;
And theirs the choice beyond absolving
To mount to heaven or sink in slime."

GALA DAYS.

I COUNT that day not wholly lost,
  In which some rays of truth shall touch
The somber shades of life and cross
  The doubts that vex us over much.

But count it only just and true
  To mark that day a gala day,
In which some good shall come to view
  Or aught of evil pass away.

If I may grasp some higher truth,
  Of other times or other men,
And make more beautiful my youth,
  I shall be glad and happy then.

To-day though some things make me grieve,
  If good from letters, or from art,
Or yet from nature I receive,
  I set this day a day apart.

IN MEMORIAM; W. W. BLAIR.

A VOICE that many years
Has cried throughout the wilderness, is stilled.
My brethren, your tears
In a just cause are justly spilled.

Oh voice that many years
Has cried through sunlight mingled yet with gloom;
No moan of ours nor tears
May break the silence of the tomb.

But friends, weep not at all for him
Who nobly did a noble work;
Whose eyes, still on the fight, grew dim;
Whose hands, that all untaught to shirk,

Were stayed by him who doeth well—
Our God, though mindful of our loss,
Still called our brother up to dwell,
And serve perchance a greater cause.

The ever-cheerful heart
And brain that death, not doubt, lit down upon,
Are still a space and part
With a great soul that journeys on.

Oh voice that many years
Has spread the truth o'er valley and o'er hill,
Who doubts, to other ears
In some far land it crieth still?

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THERE came knocking at the door of Egypt, in the long ago,
Joseph, who from far Judea fled before a bitter foe.

Came the stately Rabbi Joseph, praying for a little rest
For the lovely mother Mary, with the Savior at her breast.

It was night. They took their stealthy course and shaped it by the stars,
And the moon that walled their desert path with gold and silver bars.

And the course they took none telleth, and the path they went few know,
Save the God of war who went with them, directing where to go.

Who guarded them, by day and night, all the long and lonely way,
To the land that promised safety till the Lord's appointed day.

There came knocking at the door of Egypt, in the long ago,
Joseph, who from far Judea fled before a bitter foe.

And we fancy that the Holy Ghost, descending from above,
Touched the stony hearts of Egypt into something kin to love.

That the Savior's tiny baby hands (soon to be pierced and torn),
That the calm, unruffled baby brow that yet should wear the thorn,

And the tender heart that yet should break to save a fallen race,
Pled for him and pled for them and found for them a dwelling place.

CHRIST'S BIRTH.

WINTER and night in the world;
Snow upon mountain,
Snow upon plain;
Ice in the desolate souls of men;
Snow on the heart of the world:

And only the tremulous
White light of a star
Far in the East,—
Only an infinite soul allied
With weakness and flesh and youth.

Then seeth the world in this,
Murmuring Jordan;
Gethsemane;
Calvary sad, Calvary sublime;
Pure water, then tears, then blood!

Winter and night in the world,
But dawn cometh soon,
Beautiful dawn;
Light of the star leads up to the sun,
The cross a glorified crown.

THE LOITERER.

HOW shall I answer in the time to come,
For all the many idle hours I spend?
For I am not so diligent as some,
Whose constant toilings seem to have no end.

But I—how bright the sun is here to-day;
I feel to thank my God that it is so.
The birds, I would that they might sing alway,
And those cool waters murmur there below.

My life is full, I can not strive to-day;
Let others set persistent hands to toil;
Let others pass unheeding on their way,
Dry-eyed, dry-hearted, as the summer soil.

For there are some who read the heavens lore;
And some who read the strata of the earth,
And adding to their learning more and more,
Shall multiply with passing years their worth.

But I—I rather choose to loiter through
Some pleasant poem, by some genius wrought,
Or passing tale, and note how strong and true
The master hand has drawn our life and thought.

As one who loves to ponder and to think,
  Till all the precious hours have passed him quite,
With deeds undone—a chain that link by link
  Of golden worth goes slipping into night;

The night, the silent night, that comes to those
  Who weary are, and brings them pleasant rest;
When the tired hands may take their last repose
  In folded quiet, upon the quiet breast.

Shall there be rest for those who have not toiled?
  Who come unwearied at the close of day,
With empty hands, and garments all unsoiled;
  Will God's compassion turn from such away?

Or will his mercy have a corner there?
  Where some few birds may come, and waters flow,
With some few pleasant trees that he may spare
  To those who love their beauty here below.

THE UNIVERSE.

THE sun is softly bright to-day,
  The hazy prairies stretch away
Unbroken by the forest shade,
Upturned in spots with plow and spade.
The clouds above us seem at play,
  They float along, or pause in air
To look upon the scene below;
  Perchance like us they find it fair.

The soft winds murmur as they blow,
They stir the leaves, and, loath to go,
They wander through the meadow grass.
We hear them singing as they pass.
We only feel, we do not know,
  We feel a soul in everything,—
A sentient life that shapes the tree
  And bids the flower in color sing.

Our little time and lot are here,
Our binding horizon is near;
Yet far the universe outspreads
Its broad wings o'er our human heads;
And all the day is bright with cheer,
  Because one spirit fills us all;
And man, and plant, and star have felt
  God's benediction on them fall.

MARATHON, IOWA, 1894.

BEHOLD THE WATERS, HOW THEY FLOW.

BEHOLD the waters, how they flow,
The waters of eternal life,
As silently they come and go,
Within their healing depths no woe.
Stoop down, stoop low,
And drink, and go
Declare the message to and fro
That all mankind may come and know
The waters of eternal life.

Behold before us now appear
The wondrous King, the King of life.
No man hath spoken such words of cheer;
A perfect love casts out all fear,—
Draw 'round, draw near.
The message clear,
O haste and tell it far and near
That all mankind may come and hear
The wondrous King, the King of life.

A BIRTHDAY VERSE.

MAY every year that joins the past,
Departing, leave some flowers behind;
May all the future dim and vast
Be with their petals overcast.
May each new birthday coming find
A lighter heart, a happier mind.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

AS A word that is written or thought that is spoken,
As a note that is struck on the strings of a harp,
Is the love of our dear ones engraved on the heart;
The word may not alter, the thought may not change,
The music will linger till the harp strings are broken.

FADING FLOWERS.

OH, LIKE the passing of the hours,
The friends we meet and love to-day;
They leave our hearth and haste away
And friendships are but fading flowers

Beneath the burning summer sky,
Or in the quiet woodland shade,
They bloom a little while and fade,
And are most fragrant when they die.

Our days are quickly sung away,—
We scarcely think till they are past;
And neither joy nor sorrow last;
A little work, a little play,—

Our years have numbered all their hours,
For only youth is gay and blithe,
And age must feel Time's swinging scythe;
Our lives are only fading flowers.

Yet brightest coronals are made
From friendship, life, and love divine,
And all the fading flowers shall twine
In living wreaths that never fade.

THE PICTURES HANGING ON THE WALL

OUR Gracie's baby found the place,
  The painted picture on the wall,
And by the instinct of the race,
He knew his girlish mother's face,
  So lifted his round arms to call,

And laugh, and cry, and seek to clasp
  Her form's illusive likeness there,
The life that had escaped his grasp,
The soul that slipped the broken hasp
  And left life's mansion lonesome, bare.

Ah, Montie, through long rolling years,
  That picture hanging on the wall,
Shall move your heart to joys or fears,
Shall fill your eyes with sudden tears
  And lift your spirit up to call

That God's protecting hand shall meet
  The long deficiencies of time
And make more rounded, full, and sweet,
Her broken life and yours complete,
  United in the life sublime.

Within each heart, secure and fast,
  Are pictures, on the living wall,

Of things forgotten, dead, and past,
Until we find them all at last,
  And stretch our feeble arms and call;

And, sobbing forth our doubts and fears,
  We vainly strive to cast aside
Our heritage of pain and tears,
Increasing with relentless years,
  Of blighted joy and broken pride.

Yet, borne upon our strong despair,
  Comes the white messenger of peace,
In answer to our earnest prayer:
"The Lord is gracious and will spare,"
  The future brings the past release.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

I WOULD not touch the harp to-day,
For life has struck a solemn chord;
But something seems to me to say,
"Go, send thy music heavenward."
In days gone by my heart has sung
The lighter and more thoughtless lays;
But now the lines of life have swung
Into the deep and conscious ways.

Up through the music of the years
There swell the deep, majestic notes,
And strength of purpose soon appears
While yet the pleasant prelude floats;
And through the happy time of youth,
That rings its changes scarcely heard,
We catch the higher call of truth,
And feel our beings deeply stirred.

We see the stately growth that springs
From strong endeavor and from trust,
And note the master mind that sings
Through its weak instruments of dust.
Oh, mighty souls with flesh allied,
Who tremble at no crown of thorn,
But ever at the Master's side
The cruel crucifix have borne!

Can we do less than they, or bring
  With slighting hand a tainted gift?
No, rather let us work and sing
  Till God himself shall stoop and lift
The burden we have borne so long;
  And life shall strike a happy note;
And love and joy shall swell with song
  Each worn and weary pilgrim's throat.

A FRAGMENT.

OUR lives to God we dedicate,—
  He uses them to help our brothers;
And so we come to save ourselves,
  Who willing ran to rescue others.

"Like the spirit of the springtime stood a little lad one day,
Where tiger-lilies grew about him, strong and straight and tall."
(See page 55.)

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW.

LIKE the spirit of the springtime stood a little lad one day,
Where tiger-lilies grew about him, strong and straight and tall;
And he pondered on the miracle that drew him from his play
To watch the sunbeams kiss them where they nodded, one and all.

As he looked into the pendant cups that brimmed with crimson flame,
He wondered in his childish way, perhaps as wise as we,
What force had carved those shapely petals—from whence their color came,
To make them far more gorgeous than a Solomon might be.

So the breezes whispered to him, and the sun in shade and light
Wrote the secret for his scanning upon the quickened sod:
More wise than we, in childish faith, he read the secret right,—
"I know where your colors came from, you got them straight from God."

For the children and the flowers, since the dimmest days of yore,
Have been close to the Eternal, whose secrets we would know,—
Come, scientists, agnostics, from your musty books of lore,
Take your stand upon the greensward and watch the lilies grow.

MY PLEA.

(This poem, the first that I ever composed, is lovingly dedicated to my mother, whose religious instruction and godly example under great adversity helped to establish my faith and direct my boyhood steps toward the true ultimate goal.—E. A. S.)

HE WHO died on Calvary,
He who calmed the troubled sea,
Is not too great to succor me,
His weakest creature.

His arm is ever reaching out,
To compass me with love about,
And draw me from the reach of doubt,
Despondency and pain.

His spirit like a river deep,
Waters the drooping flowers that sleep
Where'er its healing waters creep,
Like medicine divine.

And though temptations quickly throng,
He'll make my spirit firm and strong,
And help me on my road along,
Unto his realm eternal.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

OH, I thought I heard the music of a rushing, mighty sound
That had circled in its travels all our Christendom around;
That had flown with pleasant pinions over mountain tops and valleys,
And had spread its wings of glory o'er the hovel and the palace,—

Like the penetrating music from a harp of lucid gold,
Or the grander, deeper volume of an organ strong and bold;
Like the shimmer of the arrows from the quiver of the sun,
When his passage o'er the dark earth in the morning is begun.

For behold the world in gladness, and the joy of its rejoicing
Finds expression in the message which a thousand tongues are voicing;
And the nations send their greetings, each to each, across the sea,
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He whose hand shall set us free!

Where the stony streets were throbbing since the morning's early start
There has come the deep pulsation of the universal heart;
And the prairie breezes blowing from the fount of early day
Bear the jarring of the boulder by the angels rolled away.

All the hurried, nervous rushing of the world a moment stops,
And the heavy, heavy burden from a weary people drops.
Turn the hourglass back a moment, stop the flowing of the sands,
While the multitude at worship with a risen Savior stands.

You have seen the rainbow drawing from the earth its arc of gold,
And the flowers of spring their color from the dampness and the mold,—
So the vaulted skies are bending where their sure foundation lays,
Thrilled with passion, bright with glory, from a fallen people's praise.

Like the clear-eyed prophets standing in the dim aisles of the past,
We have seen the grander vistas of the temple rise at last;
And the chosen of Jehovah, they who wear the seal and mark,
Are its room of the confessional, its altar and its ark.

So my soul in rapture crieth, Oh, give me voice! give me tongue!
In the sweet, far-echoed chorus that the sons of God have sung:
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! let the last dark prison see
How the mighty hands that grappled death shall set the captives free.

SUBLIMITY.

ONLY to think of the depth and volume of a million voices singing as one,
The world's multitudinous voice singing a hymn to Jesus, the glorified Son.

Swelling and swelling and floating on the swift breeze, to the cloud top'd dome of the sky;
And as musically sweet and pure and free as the messenger winds rushing by.

Only to think of a million beautiful human souls bowing themselves in praise,
All refined and illumined and bright with God's love like the spring sun's golden rays.

Only to think of the meeting and greeting of friends from every time that is past,—
That were a time worthy to live or to die for, and that shall be ours at the last.

In Lighter Mood.

MY APOLOGY.

AT TIMES my rhymes from the sublime
Descend to the ridiculous;
Be patient, pray, the sages say
That is the way with most of us.

MISSIONARY MOODS.

DEJECTEDLY he hums a song,
A solemn, melancholy air,
His eyes are dreamy—something wrong.
He runs his fingers through his hair.

He hangs his head and seldom smiles;
He could not joke to save his life—
He is an elder, many miles
Removed from kindred, home, and wife.

. . . . . .

He briskly walks the path adown,
  And merrily he hums a tune.
Upon his face there is no frown;
  His smile is like the harvest moon.

What secret force one scarcely knows
  Has changed the tenor of his life—
Ah, in his pocket doth repose
  A bulky letter from his wife.

THE ANVIL CHORUS.

(After the "Knockers.")

First:

I ON my favorite street corner stand,
Jackknife and pine stick in my hand,
Regulating other people's lives.
Observe, I pray, the elders' wives:
Wasting their allowance (per mo.) of eighteen dollars,
Buying potatoes, flour, sugar, eggs, butter, coal,
and after that *new hats* and *collars.*

Second:

Now Lord, I know that you have said,
As in section one twenty-six I've often read,
That the financial law as stated by the Bishopric
should be acceded to; that's plain, maybe,
But their interpretation don't suit me;
So, Lord, excusing your oversight,
We'll set the matter right.

Third:

Good friend, this fire burns cheerfully,
Poke it up!
Outside the storm roars fearfully;
Draw 'round the table; we will sup.
I think a lot of home, all right,—
Never have been away a single night.

Wife and the children set great store by me,
As anyone can see.
You were speaking of the elders? Yes?
And their work?
Their most arduous task, I guess,
Is coming home to shirk.
There's Elder A—— home again,
after six months or less;
And *he's*
One of the *Twelve Apostles*, if you please.

Fourth:

Mr. Editor: You mutilated my last communication;
Do you think you're the boss of the nation?
'Twas Brother Jones I was writing about,—
I gave him a pretty good dig, and you marked it out.

All:

Now in conclusion, notice this,
(And we're not the kind to make complaint)
Everything that hadn't ought to be is,
And everything that ought to be ain't.

THE SONG OF THE TRICYCLE.

I'M AN iron horse, that's my claim,
  Though Ronald calls me a burro, the idea!
And others have a different name,—
  Tricycle, velocipede, machine, that's me;

And sometimes Ronald calls me an automobile,
  Or a street car, or a ship, maybe,
Just 'cording to the way he happens to feel,
  Or after something he happens to see.

But I'm an iron horse, that's my claim,
  And though I never have much to eat,
I'm always ready to go, just the same,
  Clattering and prancing along the street.

I'm getting old,—no need to tell,
  And Ronald's only five,—he's my master,
There ain't no boy I like so well,
  And none that makes me go any faster.

I'm an iron horse, that's my claim,
  Sometimes out in the rain, sometimes in the sun.
And all Ronald's friends ride me,—the same
  Explains why my work is never done.

"There ain't no boy I like so well,
And none that makes me go any faster."
(See page 64.)

There's Harold, and Wallace, and Jean,
  Arthur, Wayne, Duane, and Frances, you see;
Altogether more or less than sixteen,
  And always, at best, only one of me.

I'm an iron horse, I still maintain,
  And try, as a tricycle should, to do right;
But sometimes my wheels will squeak and complain,
  On a hot afternoon, along about night.

But let me tell you what happened to-day:
  Ronald's papa found me out in the rain,
Lost by my master in some of his play,
  And like to never get back again.

Now some might think me only a toy;
  But he said, "You poor, patient old thing,
I love you on account of the boy,
  What's fit for him is fit for a king!"

So he up and trundled me home,
And now I'm ready for whatever may come.

DESERTION.

THE unresponsive Earth lies still,
Nor showeth life by night or day;
Her lord, the Sun, o'er many a hill
Of misty cloudland hies away.

His court waxed hot in late July;
It burned itself away ere fall.
In autumn time he passed her by,
And now they do not speak at all.

She dressed herself in scarlet bright,
She decked herself with golden chains,
She did her best to make it right—
She had her labor for her pains.

And now she hath not heart to smile,—
She is not mindful of her gown;
She robes herself in shocking style
With dingy white and dirty brown.

Her lord will come another June,—
He tires of others not so fair;
And she will sing another tune,
And robe herself again with care.

Then waste on her no briny tear,
Her troubles roll from her round side;
We make our summer now and here,
And glorify the Christmastide.

THE MODERN MARRIAGE.

HE KNEW that he didn't deserve her,
And that was the general agreement;
But still he proposed with great fervor,
And she said, No; quite vehement.

He knew that it wasn't decorous,
Not having cash to have buried him;
But he threatened suicide before us,
And then she up and married him.

. . . . . .

After such an intense flirtation,
Thus "compelling of Cupid by force,"
It certainly caused consternation
When *he* up and asked for divorce.

JOHN PESSIMIST.

JOHN PESSIMIST should have died years ago,
That's according to his own conviction;
Seems like his soul's been waiting word to go,—
But must be it just isn't worth eviction.

John Pessimist goes out walking some days,
The sun shines,—but John makes no concession.
Folks stop and take their hats off, that-a-way,—
They think John's a funeral procession.

The only time that John ever feels glad,
Or appears to be at all cheerful like,
Is when some friend says, "You're looking real bad;
You are, for a fact, looking fearful like."

John Pessimist has had all kinds of woe,
From rheumatism to early piety;
But some way Death never said, "John, let's go,"
Guess Death couldn't stand John's society.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

UPON a sea of silv'ry light
There sails a phantom ship;
Her masts rise with the billows,
And with the billows dip.

Upon her decks are shadow forms
Impalpable as mist;
A captain seems to give command,
And gestures with his fist.

Her doughty sailors man the yards,
And drift among the sails,
Like ancient wraiths of mermen blown,
From salt sea gusty gales.

No certain course her compass sets;
Her careless rudder free;
She wanders as the winds that play
Upon the restless sea.

Ah, "Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"
Hold breath and strain the ear:
"The ship of unfulfilled resolves,
From port of last New Year."

Their crew the vows of fickle minds,
Withal a motley band;
They dare not venture far a-sea,
And do not care to land.

Poems of Evening and Morning.

SUNRISE STATION.

THERE'S a light in the east, o'er long, low hills,
A rhythm, half heard, as of wheel on rail,
A thin gray cloud of smoke a-trail,
A vibrant stir that grips and thrills
When the Earth rolls in from her all-night run,
Through tangled yard lights shining far,—
Comet and planet and morning star,—
To the great bright depot of the Rising Sun.

EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE thunder clouds lie massed in splendid grace
And whiteness on the mountain tops.
The evening drops
Its purple veil about the base

Of many ranges, numberless and vast,
Whose canyons, granite walled, break way
To deserts gray
Where burning death has dwelt for ages past.

The sun has set in blaze of wondrous light
O'er Cucamonga's distant peak.
The pine trees speak
In solemn voices of the coming night.

Their language is the language of the seas,
Soft, deep, melodious, and grave;
The far-off wave
Has taught it them upon the evening breeze.

The Cajon Pass with mighty shadows fills,
O'erhead the countless stars are seen,
Joyful, serene,
While far below across the lesser hills

The darkness blooms with lights of many towns,
The reflex of the stars it seems.
The valley dreams
To imitate the jewels in God's crown.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, June, 1901.

OCEAN EVENING HYMN.

THE wind-tossed pines are still at last and rest them from their strife.
A single star in all the vast, blue sky leaps into life.

The waters sing their evening hymn along the sloping shore.
Now falls the purple twilight dim and night draws near once more.

The day is dying on the sea and in the forest aisles;
And yet serene as one might be who falls asleep and smiles.

. . . . . .

How ends the day for you and me, when, all life's tumult o'er,
The sun goes down into the sea and darkness hides the shore?

Shall we be steadfast as the pine?—obedient as the tides
That follow where the hand divine with mighty power guides?

Will our good vessel reef her sail by quiet, friendly shores?
Or rush where storm and wind prevail and angry breakers roar?

God grant us that the twilight dim may shroud some peaceful bay
Whose ebbing tides shall sing of Him,—our refuge night and day.

"The day is dying on the sea and in the forest aisles;
And yet serene as one might be who falls asleep and smiles."
(See page 72.)

GRAY DAWN-LIGHT.

A SHOUT rises up from the face of the river,
For a great white fog has come up from the sea;
And the ships in passing are hailing each other,
As friends might be.

Through the gray dawn-light they have taken their courses,
Out by the channel lamps that are trimmed and set,
Over a watery waste where the river forces
Murmur and fret.

And the incoming swell of their passage travels,
Rolling up through the fog with a restless flow,
Till it laps its way o'er the shells and the gravels,
Softly and low.

A shout rises up from the face of the river,
For a great white fog has come up from the sea;
And the ships in passing are hailing each other,
As friends might be.

MONTROSE, IOWA.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE light, the glow, the pleasant heat
From blazing coals upon the grate,
The patter of swift, happy feet
That pause without the door and wait.

Quick, pleasant greetings far and near—
"A merry, merry Christmas, dear!"
The climax of each gracious plan
When man is giving gifts to man.
The thoughtful deed, the quick surprise,
The dew of pleasure in the eyes.

And over, under, through us all,
A joy that's better, more than mirth,
As silvery voices rise and fall,
"Good will to men and peace on earth."

STARLIGHT AND SONG.

SILVERY star, precious star,
  Shining over Bethlehem,
Guiding wise men from afar,
  In the still night leading them;

Beautiful song, wondrous song,
  Kneeling shepherds wept to hear,
Chanted by God's holy throng,
  Singing peace and joy and cheer;

Baby Savior born at night,
  In the ages long ago,
Angels sang and stars gave light,
  For thy humble home below;

Kingly Savior throned to-night,
  In that holy land above,
Crowned with glory, clad in light,
  Send thy messengers of love;—

Lo! we hear the song o'erhead,
  Lo! we see the star arise,
Like the wise men we are led
  In the still night unto Christ.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

SWIFTLY, oh swiftly slideth the sun
Down the long arch of the sky;
The shadows of maple trees lengthen and run
Far out where the barley fields lie.

Softly, oh softly the poplar tips
Beckon the light from the west,
And lay a long finger of shade on the lips
Of the day as it goes to rest.

UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE STARS.

OUT under the light of the numberless stars,
Of the beautiful, beautiful, shining stars,
The soul seems to glow and to fill and expand
As a flame that is fanned;
We can only choose to be good and be true,
The stars are so bright and the sky is so blue.
The gold of the stars and the blue of the sky
Are the impress of all that is pure and high,—
At once, like a flash of their glory, we find
Our souls in accord with the Infinite mind
Which builded and lighted the numberless stars,
The beautiful, beautiful, shining stars.

OH SING, MY HEART.

OH SING, my heart, in the silent night;
Be glad and sing with a pure delight.

For the world is good and God is true;
Oh sing, my heart, to the upper blue

Where the stars go circling forth to shine
O'er prairie, vale, and the mountain pine.

Oh shine, my soul, with a light as pure,
And higher rise, to their heights secure.

What though the heavens around are wide,
And the darkness rolls on either side,

A little light from the lamps divine,
In the hand of God, afar shall shine.

Stoop you to a fallen world's decree?
No! Lift a fallen world to thee.

Oh shine, my soul, in the silent night,
For others afar shall see your light.

Oh sing, my heart, it is yours to guide
Some other soul to the better side.

THE HILLS OF TRUTH.

The hills of truth the world across
  Are wrapt in mist; their peaks arise
And in the summit cloud are lost
  Close to the everlasting skies.

The force of God lies at their base,
  That heaved them to the upper air;
The ages wrinkle o'er their face,
  But still they soften and are fair

To one who from the desert far
  Has wandered long by withered streams,
And sees at last the morning star
  That o'er their topmost summit gleams.

DREAM OF REST.

THE cornfields, stript and yellow,
In their snowy barrens stand,
The trees their fruitage mellow
Have dropped with a gracious hand.

The rabbit, from his burrow,
Skips out through the fields of corn,
Nor hides he in the furrow
On this pleasant Sunday morn.

For the hunter's gun is still,
The world is a dream of rest.
Six days have taken their fill,
And the seventh day is blest.

Afar in the country side,
And over the hills of gray,
The warmth of the Sabbath tide
Has melted the frost away.

Adown by the river's path,
Where snow is heaped in billows,
The wind has sated his wrath
And sleeps beneath the willows.

And deep in the city's heart,
  Where the traffic roars all day,
The noise has broken apart
  And fled from its peace away.

No bargains are made for gain,
  The trade of the world is still;
For a day it shall retain
  Peace with the infinite will.

OH, BILLOWS THAT COME WHEN THE SUN IS LOW SINKING.

OH, BILLOWS that come when the sun is low sinking
  And break at my feet on the rock-burdened beach,
You follow God's law, though you do it unthinking;
  You came a long journey your lesson to teach.

Thus will I, who can think and can feel and aspire,
  Obey the least law that my Master has made,
And haste without pause toward the goal I desire;—
  Though I die as I grasp it, I die unafraid.

"Oh, billows that come when the sun is low sinking
And break at my feet on the rock-burdened beach."

(See page 80.)

THE SNOWBIRD'S STORY.

Morning.

FIVE years ago, come Christmas Day,
  I set my wings at dawn and flew
Across the stubble fields that lay
  Along the farm of Stephen Drew,

And lit beneath those maple trees
  That are so kind when days are chill,
To break the penetrating breeze
  That wanders down from Struble's hill.

For there the sun was shining glad,
  And there the cattle dozed and slept,
And Christmas Day was not so bad
  As some that I ere this have kept.

Then soon we heard the pleasant sound
  Of silver sleigh bells, many toned,
And from yon corner swung around
  The sleigh and team that Stephen owned.

And by his side there rode that day
  The fairest girl I ever knew;
Too good a girl, I'm bold to say,
  By many odds, for Stephen Drew,

Whose face was dark, whose hair was black,
  Whose eyes were sinister and bold;
With principles a trifle slack,
  But many lands and much of gold.

But well and skillfully he pled
  His cause to her (I could but hear):
"Behold my many farms," he said;
  "My land and houses far and near,

"All, all are yours if you consent;
  But turn from me, your folly blind
You yet shall see, and yet repent.
  A chance like this you seldom find."

But all the bells on frosty air
  Rang out these words, some loud, some low,
"His heart is false, his words are fair.
  Say no—say no—say no—say no!"

She raised her head with flashing eyes:
  "You bargain as by yard or bale,
But you will find, to your surprise,
  There yet live those who're not for sale."

. . . . . .

Evening.

Five years ago, come Christmas Night,
  I closed my wings and went to rest
Beneath the maple trees whose light,
  Long, drooping boughs the snow caressed;

Or, waving in the winter air,
  The ghostly gestures did repeat,
From some skilled actor of despair,
  Who moves the audience at his feet.

Then as I dozed by turns, or thought
  Upon the world's peculiar way,
The jingling sound of bells I caught,—
  The bells of some belated sleigh,—

And soon there passed me once again
  The very girl I saw by day,
But by her side another man,—
  A better one, I'm bold to say,—

An honest man; I knew him well;
  None better in the country side,
But poor, if one should think to tell
  Man's worth by wealth, or dress, or pride.

Yet well he pled, with better art
  Than he who thought true love to buy,

For here there spoke the faithful heart,
  The noble soul, the honest eye:

"I have no wealth; I bring but love;
  'Tis all I ask, nor ask for less.
Your favor is all price above,
  If you might answer me but 'Yes'!"

And all the bells by turn rang out
  In urgency of sweet distress,
"His heart is true, oh never doubt.
  Say yes—say yes—say yes—say yes!"

For lack of words she hung her head
  As one who muses in delight:
She moved her lips and softly said,
  As one who dreams, "Perhaps I might."

HIS REASON.

I FOLLOWED you, my friend, to-day,
  Because I knew the path you took
  Led downward to the woodland brook
Where often I have come to play,
  Or read some old familiar book
With tattered cover, worn and gray.
  I followed you because I knew
How pleasant I should find the way,
  Just where the lines of willows run,
Below the stubble field that lay
  All golden in the summer sun;

How bright the vine in shade and shine
  Climbed through the maples broad and low;
The red and gold of columbine
  Made bright the way that you would go.
Oak thickets by the wayside near,
  Reach forth their scraggy hands to stay
The passing footstep soft and slow;
  I knew that you had passed, my dear,
  I knew that I should find you here,—
That was enough for me to know.

WHEN BILLOW ANSWERS BILLOW.

WHEN billow answers billow, with a soft and pleasant voice,
And the sea has caught the glory from the setting of the sun;
When the heavy ships are laboring toward the harbor of their choice,
And the smaller craft draw homeward from their journeys one by one;

When the mellow winds that waft them, with their varied freight of treasure,
Whisper but of peace and quiet, with no hinting of complaints;
Then the heart is stilled with rapture, and the spirit stirred with pleasure,
To behold the wondrous beauty of the picture Nature paints.

And the waters, softly singing in the even, findeth duly
Answers from the winds that touch them gently as a lover may,
"Thou art lovely! God hath made thee! He hath fashioned thee, and truly,
It delighteth him to look upon his handiwork to-day!"

TO THE FOLKS AT HOME.

A FAR in the land of pepper and palm,
Where the grape, and the orange grow,
Where mountains ancient and stately and calm
Look down on the vale below,

Where sad winds sigh from the sea in the west,
And the desert lies to the east,
There dwell the ones who love you the best,
But who see you, alas, the least.

The mountains are high and the plains so wide,
We catch no glimpse of your faces bright,
As you talk of us in the eventide,
At the solemn dawn of night.

But the night winds list to the words you speak,
And bear them over a sleepy land,
Over desert, and plain, and mountain peak,
To hearts that will understand.

The future of life no man can tell,
It is known to our God alone;
May the Father of mercy guard you well
Till we come again to our own.

May the power of darkness bide away,
And the Spirit of Peace remain;
We would find no vacant place that day,
Nor one of you vexed with pain.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, March, 1901.

ALIENS.

IN DREAMS the dear old home you sought
And found it as one joys to find
Some cherished friend by fancy brought
For days before a homesick mind.

You heard the blackbirds overhead
At eventide their chorus sing,—
The low, slant sunbeams softly shed
Upon each glossy neck and wing.

While through the leaves, among the trees,
And o'er the quiet meadow land,
Thin evening mists upon the breeze
Came forth, a gray and ghostly band.

Oh long, black strips of steaming earth
The plow has turned upon the field,
The farmers prize you for the worth
Of corn and wheat that you will yield;

But those who loved you, even now
Recall how oft they spanned your bound,
Behind the harrow or the plow,
And watched your increase round by round;

And saw in you the grace to be—
The great, green billows that would skim
Across your breath, as on a sea,
To break on the far prairie's rim.

You found the old familiar trees,
  Each one you knew and each you named;
'Twas here you played, and under these
  Your first rude hut of clods was framed;

Or mimic pastures built of sticks,
  With stems of grass and weeds for rails,
Here was your barn, and here your ricks;
  Yonder your hay in stacks and bales.

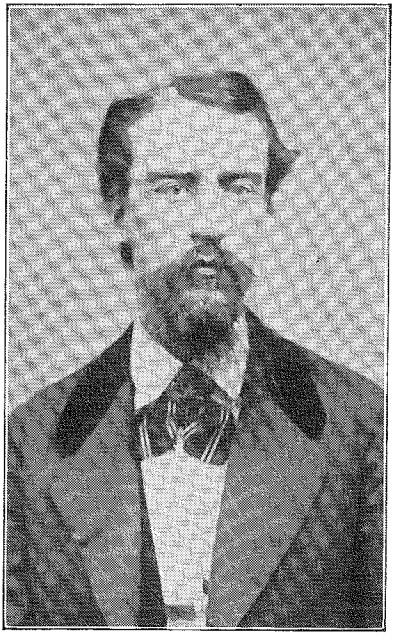
The ants have claimed the little farm,
  And sunk their mines with careful toil;
They rally, at some swift alarm,
  To swear their title to the soil.

. . . . . .

Perhaps 'tis well to change our thought,—
  Old days grip hard upon the heart;
Memory is an artist taught
  In a sad school,—and loves his art.

Ah well, but aliens are they all
  Who wander back to yesterday;
Let lie your castles where they fall!
  Bury your heartaches by the way!

No single scene of the long past
  Can we call back or live once more;
Forward we press into the vast,
  Hope-tinted fields that lie before.



DAVID HYRUM SMITH.

BOOK TWO

SONG OF ENDLESS LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS

By David H. Smith

Blooming under stony ledges,
  Where the talking water creeps,
And in shadows of the hedges,
  Where the dewy evening weeps,
Holding up pale starry faces,
  With strange spiritual graces,
Which the sunset's sorrow lightens;
  Fading ere the morning brightens.

DEDICATION

To Emma, a most noble and devoted mother, her grateful son dedicates this the child of his mind, wishing it more worthy her memory.

Contents, Book 2.

Illustrations.

Evening Flowers.

THE POET'S SONG.

DO NOT expect the Poet's lay
His inner thought will always tell;
The wind that stirs the rose to-day,
To-morrow may be hushed and still.
The impulse that inspires a song,
To shape a life will not remain.
They are like flowers that bloom not long,
Those songs that ring and fade again.

'Tis well to change a mournful theme,
Howe'er its sweetness touch the soul;
While too much laughter weak will seem,
And too much diction spoil the whole.
The rose that widest spreads its heart
Is rifled by the hungry bee,
Who with his spoil will then depart—
The blossom fades upon the tree.

So we will keep some inner cell
  Well stored with faith you may not know,
We give you part, and it is well,
  The best we may we do bestow.
The mistress of a well kept home
  To rooms well chosen, leads the guest;
It were a thankless wish to come
  Into the rooms she prizes best.

Then do not dream he means each line
  A revelation of himself;
Sing of himself—conceit sublime!
  You'd lay his book upon the shelf.
The preacher preaches righteousness;
  The actor seeks to show each light
And shade of feeling, to express
  Our thoughts and keep himself from sight.

And do not think that he has passed
  Through every scene he pictures forth.
Think of the Poet least and last,
  And take his song for what 'tis worth.
An universal life he leads;
  He lives in you, and many more;
From every field a flow'ret steals,
  And gleans a gem from every shore.

NIGHT.

GLIDE forth in beauty, loving Night!
Shake odors from the dusky fold
Of thy broad wings, so swift and light,
With stars o'erstrewn like flakes of gold.
Drop slumber from thy balmy breast
O'er troubled land and heaving sea;
With peaceful rays thy moony crest
Floats o'er the round earth tranquilly.
Speak peace unto the weary heart;
Bring dreams of absent friends to me;
Ward from all evil, and impart
Sweet prayers and hopes forgivingly.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, February, 1870.

I AM NOT AS I WAS.

I AM not as I was," she said, and bowed,
"The frosts have been upon me; and the wind
Of this world's winter,—stormy, fierce and loud,—
Has touched my forehead roughly; and unkind
The will of fate has been. I once was proud,
With a sweet pride, and pleasure filled my mind.

"Now I am broken; and the tresses, then
So free and flowing, wander now no more
In their old fashion, but seem dead; and when
I look into my mirror for the eyes of yore
Those of a stranger answer me. Ne'er again
Can I recall the light that shone before.

"The fair brief morning of my life is passed;
Its wings of rainbow brightness were too swift;—
A change has crept over my soul at last;—
The clouds hang low that o'er my landscape drift;
The beauty and the glory round me cast
By youth's roseate dreams, begin to lift.

"I strive to win again the pleasant thought;
The music only speaks in mournful tone;
The very flowers wear a shade, and naught
Can bring again the halo that is gone;

And every company my soul hath sought,
  Though crowds surround me, finds me still alone.

"I turn unto my tasks with weary hands,
  Grieving with sadness, knowing not the cause;
Before my face a desert path expands,
  I will not falter in the toil, nor pause;
Only, my spirit somehow understands
  This mournful truth—I am not what I was."

IOWA, January, 1872.

THE CACTUS.

WHERE sweeps the hot dust-laden blast,
Across the arid, dreary waste,
By fate my lonely lot is cast.

All day the burning sun beats down;
No wonder that I rear in scorn
The menace of my thorny crown.

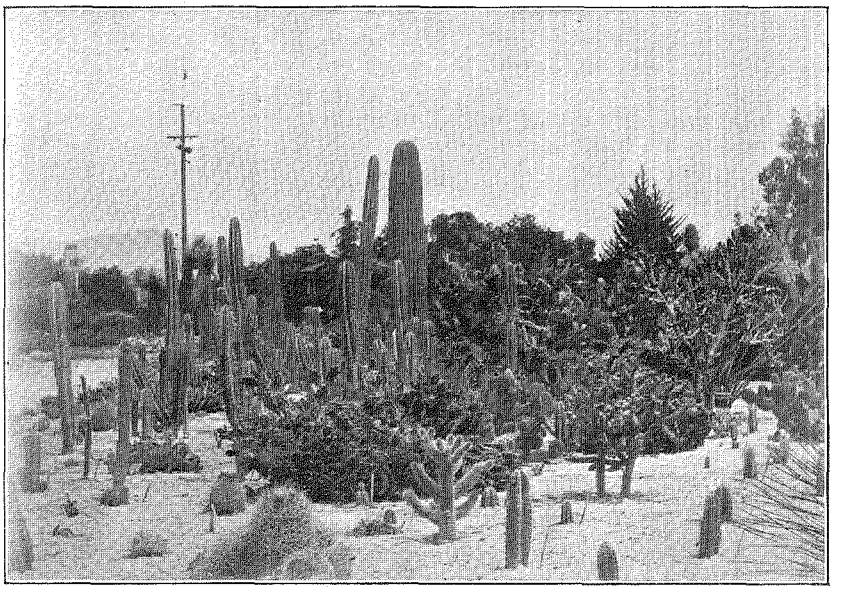
Though fed on saline, bitter food,
And nursed in scorching solitude,
My fibrous heart is unsubdued.

So with the soul of man, when cast
Where wrong and trouble follow fast,
Till all its bloom is seared at last.

Until the gentle hand of love
Essaying kindly art to prove,
Receives a sting, and doth remove.

Until its every power is turned
To hate, and all advance is scorned
With strength, the tortured heart hath learned.

Sometimes the Cactus turns its mood,
And spreads its heart, until a flood
Of blossoms bless the solitude.



"Where sweeps the hot dust-laden blast,
Across the arid, dreary waste,
By fate my lonely lot is cast."

(See page 104.)

And as its life was drear before,
E'en so more rich the fragrant store
That blushes on the desert's floor.

So let us hope the heart of hate,
Though hid its riches long and late,
Will bloom at last with greater state.

PLANO, July 15, 1873.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

DAYLIGHT slowly fading;
Low, sad winds are softly whispering,
With sweet odors laden;
Making solemn strains of music
In the air.
The whip-poor-will is singing in the woodland near,
With mellow accents, high and clear.

Wild doves, mourning, cooing,
Where the shady vines are twining;
Distant herds are lowing,
Drinking at the bubbling streamlet,
Sleek and fair.
The whip-poor-will sends forth her plaint from out the dell,
Upon the dusky air to swell.

Wrap the mantle round you;
Hie you home across the meadows,
Thoughts too sad have found you;
Light the fire and drive away the
Shades of care.
The whip-poor-will across the sunset wends her flight;
On wings of darkness barred with white.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, 1862.

THE PARTING.

THE day hath passed,—the fleeting day of life,—
  Whose morning dawned so radiantly fair;
Whose noontide seemed so full of fevered strife;
  Whose whole continuance brought so much of care.
In the dim, tranquil twilight at its close,
  I stand upon the shore of a wide sea;
Whose unknown depths profound I soon must cross;
  When the last sands of life run out for me.
The clouds have fled. I look back on my life
  And find it brighter than I was aware.
With opportunities of goodness rife;
  All unimproved went by the greater share.
Mine eyes sought the world's ends, my thoughts made haste
  To leave the duty present; the far past
Sends forth a voice that echoes o'er the waste
  Calling me backward: but the die is cast.
How I have lived is written, laid in stone,
  Unalterably fixed. I turn my brow
Toward the waters; their low solemn tone,
  Deep and importunate, demands my presence now.

O thou frail envelope enfolding me,
  Warm, palpitating wave of life, that soon
Shall break and be at rest, I give to thee
  A fond farewell. Thou pallid, altered one,

Well hast thou served me, faithful friend indeed,
  While thou hast held me in thy gentle bands.
Thy feet have to mine errands lent their speed,
  While every service thy strong, supple hands
Could render hath been given. Thy quick eyes
  Rich prospects have revealed of earth, and wave,
With the still beauty of the far off skies;
  Rare beauty from the weed beside the pave,
To the wide branches of the giant trees,
  The broad old rivers, and the grand old hills.
There is a joy in Nature's scenes like these
  That touches me, and all my being thrills
Like a low harp string, when by light winds smote,
It murmurs forth a single, happy note.
Yet I saw brighter things, when thou didst look
Within the pages of Jehovah's holy book.

When the wild birds have sung their mellow lay,
  When the swift winds have swept along the hill,
Where the hoarse waters chant amid their play,
  And the leaves tremble with a subtle trill,
Thine ears have listened. The low pleasant voice
  Of Saints beloved, hath made them music sweet;
All harmony hath made them to rejoice;
  They were attuned its melody to greet.
Companion, thy quick senses have made known
  The world material in its varied forms;

Unto my viewless essence thou hast shown
  Nature, in mood serene, and in her storms;
The chemistry of bitter, sour, sweet;
  The science grand of units in their grade;
Of height, depth and extension, laws complete;
  Phenomena most fair of light and shade;
The blending contrast of all colorings,
That give a glory unto humble things;
So what at first seems plain and commonplace,
On closer scrutiny we find abounds in grace.
Yet the best lesson thou hast heard for me
  Is the pure gospel God hath sent on earth,
Which from the bonds of sin hath set me free,
  Proving indeed a pearl of untold worth.
Each testimony these pale lips have borne,
  Each exhortation, all thy holy words,
In everlasting blessings shall return,
  And settle on thee like a flock of birds.
Another testimony e'er I go,—
  The gospel of the Son of God is true.
His Spirit rests upon me, and I know
  It is the way the heirs of life pursue;
And if I would a little longer stay,
  It were to spread the glorious truth abroad:
But no, the school is closed, I must away.
  Lie down and slumber underneath the sod,
Nor cling so to thy friend. Soon shall I come
Again, to hail thee rising from the tomb

In thine immortal beauty, youth and bloom;
From sin, pain, death, for evermore set free.
And blessed shall our joyful meeting be,
When we again receive our unity;
For He who gave our being still may give
A small nook in the wall where we may live,
Beneath the palms of Zion, where the breeze
Blows over living waters, through immortal trees.

Now, gentle friend, release thy clinging hold;
The spray beads rest upon thy forehead cold;
The tide is ebbing out, and o'er its swell,
I must away across the solemn sea. Farewell.

JULY 15, 1867.

THE MEETING.

BENEATH the altar, where
The just are waiting for the Lord,
Long I have waited; while our constant prayer
Went up to God to cancel his great word.
Through waning ages rolled the circling earth;
With tender yearning we did watch and wait,
In expectation of our coming forth,
When her long night of evil should abate.
That night hath passed; to us not without rest;
Peace, sweet and deep, comfort and company;
Learning of faithful Abraham; and blest
With the pure love of God continually.
That God who touched the pebbles on the height
Of the far mountain Jared's brother scaled,
And from their crystal hearts expressed the light,
Gave us a candlestick that hath not failed.
Together we have mingled oft our welling thoughts
In hymns whose harmony earth never heard,
And sweetest consolation we have wrought
In conversation of God's holy word.
How have we gathered oft in groups serene,
Relating our experience while below,
Picturing magically each past scene
In which the gospel's worth we came to know.

With worthies who have sowed the seed
  And battled for the truth against the wrong;
For its great principles oft called to bleed,
  Joining by martyrdom the waiting throng.
How have they blessed us with their converse sweet.
  By their most precious presence joy profound
Spread thro' our ranks. To make our bliss complete,
  God's Spirit filled our dwelling's utmost bound.

Again arrivals new
  Of spirits from the scenes of men;
Their time of trial on the earth now through,
  They join our number, till Christ comes again
To bid their bodies rise. The angels bright
  Who brought them, as was Lazarus of old,
Filling all Paradise with beams of light
  So bright, though spirits, we could scarce behold
Who blessed us with their radiant loving eyes.
  Their shining hair fresh from celestial skies
That span God's throne; limbs that seemed formed of light,
  Worthy the sheen whose flowing doth enfold
  Their purity. Often we could behold
  The gulf that lies between the drear abode
  Of those who on the earth rejected God,
  And that of those who walked the gospel road.
  The Lord has come; and we have seen his form
  More glorious than a lightning winged storm,—

As peaceful as a silent sleeping lake,—
More full of power than the strong earthquake;
Holding this power in a soft repose,
Like depths of fragrance folded in a rose.
With him we have descended to the earth,
To join our bodies from the grave brought forth.
Soon shall we see them gathered from the plain,
Never to drink the cup of death again.
Here in this little spot my form was laid,
To slumber for a time beneath the shades.
God's Spirit works. Have faith; begone my fears;
The grave divides, the moldered dust appears.
I stand enwrapt in bliss and wonderment
To see the gathering of each element.
Silent and swift, more pure than spotless snow,
Before my sight my well known form doth grow;
Bloodless and saintly, prone upon the sod.
Filled with the Spirit of the living God,
Made glorious and incorruptible,
Thus meet we once again my beautiful.
Awake, companion! I have come once more,
Even as I gave promise long before.
Come from the wind, oh breath! Breathe on these slain,
That they may live and stand upon the plain.

United now again! Embrace most sweet,
When with inflowing of life's bounding wave
The waking body and its spirit meet,
To praise the Lord triumphant o'er the grave.
Fullness of joy the spirit can not reap,—
Matter alone can not be glorified,—
Holy communion these must therefore keep
E'er in celestial fullness they abide.
All's well!
Joy breathes from all around.
A happy anthem's ringing sweet
From all the resurrected throng resounds;
And they are flowing from all lands afar,
To greet with everlasting joy their Lord.
How like a cloud of spotless doves they are,
For all his sleeping saints have heard the word,
And they are mingling like a sunlit sea,
Or like a nebula of living stars;
Newness, freshness, untold felicity,
The end of care, the crowning of their wars.
I must away, long sundered friends to greet,
And pour my gratitude before my Savior's feet.

HOPKINS, MICHIGAN, September 8, 1868.

SUMMER NIGHT.

HOW blessed and bright, the summer night,
When the moonlight gilds the hill and glade;
When fireflies twinkle, swift and bright,
In the woodland's cool, dark shade;
When friends awake those happy songs,
That tell of life, in cheerful tone;
When all our sorrows, cares, and wrongs
From off our wakened minds are gone.

How blest to roam with friends we love,
The dear familiar haunts of home;
When grape-vine flowers scent the grove,
And summer night-birds come;
When stars fill all the quiet skies,
And clouds retire behind the hill;
The lake with rippling laugh replies
To the night wind's kiss, so soft and still.

Among the brown shades in the stream,
The eel like lines of moonlight glide;
And meadow grasses faintly gleam
Where the crystal dewdrops hide.
Oh, then we dream of times as blest,
That made the years now vanished, bright,
And hope the years are not all past
In which to take delight.

WILTON, ILLINOIS, 1872.

IN THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN.

WHEN the night came down with tempests,
Dreary clouds obscured the sky,
Then had we our time of parting,
And exchanged the sad good-bye;
When from out the gloomy distance
Came the rushing, fire-eyed train;
Far away from us to bear you,
In the darkness and the rain.

Lonely seemed your homeward journey;
Lonely seemed our outward way;
But our duty lay before us,
We could only watch and pray.
Nature seemeth sympathetic
With her children's woe or pain;
We meet in sunshine, but our parting,
Comes in darkness and in rain.

Oh, how fleeting seemed our visit;
Oh, how swift the hours sped;
Ere we scarce could comprehend it,
All the golden time had fled.
Earthly joys are always fleeting;
Earthly pride how sadly vain;
All its glory seems dissolving,
In the darkness and the rain.

We shall meet again, dear Mother,
  In a land made bright with love;
Where the sunshine, pure and golden,
  Pours from its free source above;
In the pleasant land of Heaven,
  Where the Savior ever reigns;
Where there comes no time of parting,
  In the darkness and the rain.

BROKEN COLUMN.

I HAD, of silver a treasure;
Of gold, great measure.
Methought to build a palace,
The stateliest and tallest,
Most beautiful and grand,
In all my native land.

So I gathered there my marble,
As much as I was able;
Long ere it was completed
My project was defeated;
Thieves stole my silver store,
And my gold, leaving me poor.

Then I was weary-hearted,
My ambition departed;
I thought to break and damage
The work I could not manage;
But then another thought
Rose with more wisdom fraught.

So I a cottage builded,
Which from the storm has shielded;
And though I did not mean it
I find I'm happy in it;
For roses blossom round it,
And love's soft light has found it.

CALIFORNIA, February 2, 1870.

A FRAGMENT.

ROCK in the top of the cherry tree,
Bird that is gone to rest;
Heed not the wild wind strong and free,
Bide in your downy nest.
Swing and sweep,
Sing in your sleep,
High in your downy nest
Nestle the polished eggs under your breast.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, December 28, 1870.

Morning Rays.

THE SISTERS.

TWO sisters passing from their cottage door,
Clad in neat raiment, though cheap and poor,
Talking their humble state and station o'er.

"Sister," said one, "how poor and plain our lot,
How small our income, how old and mean our cot,
Placed by sad fate in so obscure a spot."

"I do not think our humble cottage mean;
The grassy yard in front is freshly green,
Roses are round its door, its rooms are clean."

"How hard unto our ceaseless toil to go;
To send the tireless shuttle to and fro,
Weaving the endless yards that grow and grow!"

"Ah! but I love to watch the vine increase;
To count the gains when the long day shall cease,
To earn one's bread brings so much rest and peace."

"See the fair daughters of the rich go by—
How white each hand and face; how clear each eye;
They dress in glowing robes, why should not I!"

"I like to see them; truly they are fair;
Their robes are beautiful, let us beware—
They never knew our toil, nor we their care."

"You like to see them—well, I can't see why;
They will not speak to such as you or I;
Behold how scornfully they hasten by!"

"If silken robes bring so much bitter pride
As not to speak to those for whom Christ died;
Lord, let me in my poverty abide."

"Our lot is lonely; father, he is gone;
And mother too, those whom we leaned upon,
Leaving us here alone to labor on!"

"We have a Friend on high; above each grave
How peacefully the golden lilies wave,—
Embitter not the life they kindly gave."

"What hope have we of station or of state?
What will the hard years bring us if we wait?
Is not our future sadly desolate?"

"A well spent life must be a happy one;
All costly bliss is short and soon is gone;
How wide the fields celestial spread beyond."

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

IT WAS a vale of sorrow; all the air
  Environing the place, vibrated with
The accents of confusion and despair,
  And darkened with a shadow as of death.
The brows of men looked black; and in their hands
  Were instruments of strife, while bitter hate
Shone in their cruel eyes. Prone in the sands
  Were flowers trampled—fields were desolate—
Friendship departed—brothers were estranged—
  The strongest tie seemed cause for darkest feud—
All tides of trade and traffic were deranged—
  The meek and timid hid in solitude.
Good men were driven till their weary souls
  Became like iron; then assailed their foes:
The strife, enkindled, glowed like shaken coals.
  Even the dead in peace could not repose;
They lay in thickets, broken thorns and stones
  Were trailed upon them. Their white faces wore
So dread a look of judgment and of frowns,
  Wild creatures fled from them and marveled sore.
The little ones were hidden in dire fear,
  And visited by stealth, and silent were
With a wierd silence, such as doth appear
  In young of hunted beasts, in secret lair.
There was no famine; for the boughs hung full;—

But torn and wasted, broken down and left;
There was no hand of peace to bind or cull,
To sow and reap again of nature's gift;
No pestilence, for man seemed over strong,
Beastlike and sinewy, yet void of rest.
There lacked not teachers, yet they still taught wrong;
Quarreled for leadership, with zeal unblest;
The thought of love they seemed no more to feel.
They far surpassed the worst in cruelty;
Burning each other at the stake. Appeal
From their fierce hatred were a useless plea.
Religion seemed a ghoul, a vampire that on blood,
Would thrive the best. Its martyrs were not pure,
But died without a prayer for aught of good,
Cursing their murderers with vengeance sure.

The air grew ominously dark, as if a fate
Most potent were about to fall, and tell
The judgment of this sad and evil state,
Of hatred most intense, of war most fell.

. . . . . .

It came; but not in thunders, nor in rain
Of fire and death; but a most gentle dawn
Of pure refreshing light, a dewy fragrant stain,
Rosy and silvery, drawing softly on.
The clouds roll back; the living light appears;
A morn to answer prayers of countless years.

There came a form that drew all eyes and hearts,—
Lo! at a word, the spoiler dropped his darts;
Unarmed, save with pervading blessing powers,
With robes all white, like pure and spotless flowers;
Full brow, eyes bright with love, locks waving gold,
Tall, and majestic, with a grace untold.

He stepped between contending brothers fierce,
  The one o'ercome, yet fighting on his knee,
The other with a lance in act to pierce
  The sinking brave who scorned him valiantly.
The victor turned, the shining form to strike;
  But caught the loving eye, the smile discerned;
And, weeping, dropped the lance, robbed of his might,
  Wondering why his wrath so fierce had burned.
The vanquished sank upon his broken shield,
  Forgot his scorn, and drooped away in sleep;
The foe, still weeping, bore him from the field
  To war no more, but kindly watch to keep.

The little ones came forth and caught his robe,
  Clustering around the form so blest and fair;
The sun shone forth a glorious, radiant globe;
  Sweet songs of peace arose upon the air.
Where'er the gracious stranger kindly passed,
  Flowers sprang up; where pressed his snowy feet,
Crime sunk abashed away, and fled at last;
  Joy, righteousness, embrace in union sweet.

The spell was broken—the long hatred slept—
  The sower gathered up his wasted seed;
And o'er the waiting fields broad-casting swept;
  In deeds of love, bigots forgot their creed;
Fair hands bound up the drooping, wasted boughs;
  Men built a forge, and brotherly once more,
Beat swords to pruning-hooks, and spears to plows;
  Fruit trees at once both fruits and flowers bore.

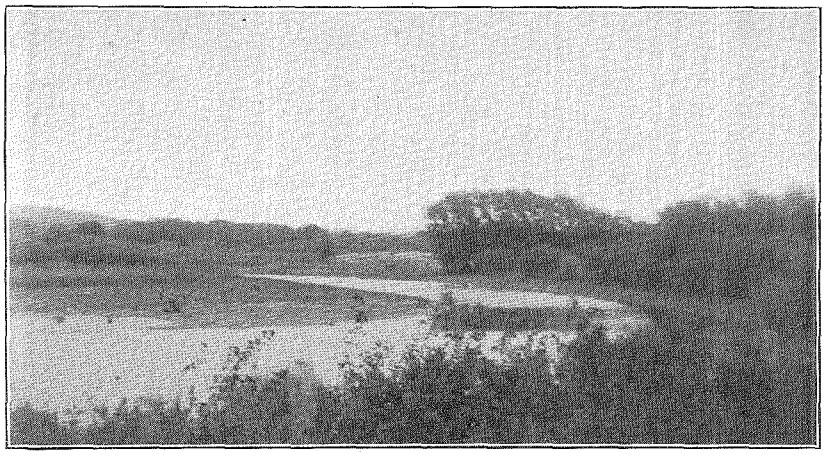
Far through the sky, the spreading glory grows:
On every plain, the lily and the rose;
On every hill, the songs of joy increase;
All hearts expand, and hail *the dawn of peace!*

THE WOODLAND PATH.

ADOWN the woodland path, at break of day, I love to roam,
To brush the dewdrops from the fresh, green grass;
To hear the wild bird singing in his cool, and shady home,
And watch the painted moths and butterflies go past.
The minnows dart along the stream,
And in the golden sunlight gleam;
The distant hills are hazy like a dream;
And all is fair, adown the woodland path.

In every nook some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought;
Some flower blooming by some old gray stone;
Or tiny bird's nest with abundant skill and labor wrought;
Or faithful shadow over shining waters thrown.
The thickets darkly dense and still,
Where scarce the slender vine leaves thrill;—
Unbend, oh, brow! and sad heart, take thy fill
Of rest, beside the lonely woodland path.

Oh, bend above me, honeysuckle, blooming in the wood;
And breathe upon my face thou low, sad wind;
Whose gentle cadences will do my weary spirit good,
While care, and toil, a moment enter not my mind.
The forest brings to me a balm;
Its moving gives my soul a calm;
As if the Spirit of the great I Am,
Came to me, while I roam the woodland path.



"In every nook some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought;
Some flower blooming by some old gray stone;
Or tiny bird's nest with abundant skill and labor wrought;
Or faithful shadow over shining waters thrown."

(See page 126.)

Facetiae.

DRIVING AWAY CLOUDS.

GOOD wife, good wife, the fire is low,
The children raise a row;
The streets are damp, I scarce can go,
And everything torments me so,
I never saw, I surely know,
A darker time than now.

Good man, good man; for shame, for shame,
I filled the stove just now;
The children romp, they are not tame,
They feel so good, who is to blame?
The streets are damp, God wills the same;
Come, smooth your angry brow.

Good wife, good wife, alas! alack!
The flour is getting low;
'Tis empty half way down the sack,
With scarce a good dress to your back,
And Johnnie's shoes begin to crack,
And everything to go.

Good man, my dress is clean and neat,
    I know the flour is low;
We ate it up, it was good wheat;
Cloth shoes I'll make for Johnnie's feet,
And keep him from the dirty street;
    Come, smooth your angry brow.

Good wife, good wife, it does appear
    You do not seem to care;
We shall be destitute I fear,
For everything we buy is dear;
And what to do another year,
    I now am not aware.

Good man, another year will bring
    Both joy, and grief, I trow;
While present joys are on the wing,
Oh! let us give them heed and sing.
Will grieving alter anything?
    Come, smooth your angry brow.

Good wife, good wife, I do perceive
    You have the wiser plan;
I'll do the best I can, and leave
It to the Lord; for thus to grieve
Is foolishness, and I believe
    It ill becomes a man.

Good man, the supper waits for you,
    The bread is white as snow;
With butter from the dairy new;
And very fine potatoes too;
The children crowd the treat to view,
    With not an angry brow.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

THUS it is in life's great journey,
At the *Stations* we must wait;
Still some future good expecting,
When we gain some coming state;
Still o'erreaching all the present,
Missing half its work and joy,
Looking ever, back and forward,
To escape some brief annoy.

Soon the "*train*" will be incoming;
We shall then be called to go,
Out into the unknown distance,
All that great unknown to know.
But we need not go in doubting;
For our welfare should we care,
Treat our fellow-travelers civil,
Be "on time," and *pay our fare.*

When we reach that quiet station,
We shall there with Jesus rest;
Nor be summoned, until earthward
Comes the great train of the blest;
Then, in triumph swift descending,
We with him on earth shall reign,—
Hark! I hear a distant rushing,—
Wonder if it is the Train.

REFLECTIONS; OR, THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

THIS is a splendid edifice, upreared above our heads,
And we will join in a merry dance as soon as *prayers are said;*
It was sanctified a time ago, foundation, wall and all,
To the *work of God,* and makes fine show at our social *ball.*

It takes the fiddler a while to tune,—they say he's a little tight,—
I guess he stopped at that saloon, down Main street on the right;
An eye, with "Holiness to the Lord"; "beer, ten cents a glass."
"Form on a set"; Progression's the word; first principles gone to grass.

"Balance" and "Swing"; my wife on the left, my other one on the right;
For the Book of *Mormon* is laid on the *shelf,* the *Covenants* out of sight;
For times have changed; what God called bad he now calls pure as gold;
If the first wife runs off terrible mad, we marry twenty fold.

You see yon poor man across the room; he apostatized of late;
Don't give him a stitch of work or help, till he begs beside the gate;

We'll bring him round to a right belief, or tell him where he may go;
Though Christ was kind to a dying thief, *we* ain't such fools you know.

"Promenade all." So moves the world, we will save it by our truth;
Don't deal with Gentiles. Let them clear out; what do they here forsooth?
A city that sitteth upon a hill, you know, was an old time song;
We get in a valley and vow to keep still; while the rest of the world goes wrong.

There's a friend, and I have a present for him; for he is one of the stamp,
And gives the right true grip with a vim, though a jolly, fatalist scamp,—
A theater ticket, that is all, 'tis only a dollar for one,—
For the play goes on like a golden ball, by the help of the Temple stone.

"Alamande left." And how are you my dear,—that's a fine young lass I vow;
For in this wonderful city here, one is always in tune for a beau;
For though he marry the twentieth wife, and each be his heart's delight,
Yet still he may lead a youthful life—and go courting each Sunday night.

Why, don't you see it? Though some things go wrong never
speak of it though!
Who cares for the written word? We have the priesthood,—
we can't go wrong you know;
So never bother about the books, but follow your leader in file;
Just pay up tithing, and sail into glory,—the tenth of your
increase a mile.

We will build up the Lord's house, on the top of the mountain
tops,—
Or down in the valley,—what's the difference? Here this
figure stops—
Just do as I tell you, you will be safe, without the trouble or
care;
For now we don't go much on *agency*,—So just remain "*as
you were.*"

BON TON RELIGION.

I GO TO church? Well, yes, I shouldn't wonder,
That is when skies are fair and days are clear,—
And we have quite a grand old house up yonder
Beyond the hill; you see the spire from here.

I order out the carriage some fine Sunday;
(Why did not Jesus keep a carriage too?)
So out I go, and call for Mrs. Grundy.
We go to church; *we have a lovely pew.*

I bear my Cross? Yes, *here upon my bosom,*—
'Tis quite becoming,—*silver diamond set;*
I was baptized once by the Reverend Blossom—
Sprinkled my hair—and got my bonnet wet.

Oh! Yes! It is *the style* to be religious,—
We have it lightly; fast *once a great while;*
We dance you know, and are not too fastidious;
Unless there's some one round that keeps that style,—

Some one that's rich, of course; as to the poor ones,
They have a gallery unto themselves;
We have a *better set* we call the pure ones,—
Some notions we have laid upon the shelves.

As to my creed? What's that? Why, I really
Could not explain exactly how it reads;

But then I do believe—I do—sincerely—
  But Elder Blossom is well versed in creeds—

Just you ask him, for he is *very* able;
  You should have heard him *read*—or—preach last week;
He told us all about the Atlantic cable,
  And the Atlantic too—my—he can speak.

What is our gospel? Have you never read it?
  I scarcely ever have a *moment's time;*
I've *so much company;*—but then they said it
  Would take us home unto the blessed clime.

Don't tell me! Really! You a preacher! Bless you,
  And *no white necktie,* how was I to tell?
Well Reverend—Elder—Mr.—how shall I address you?
  And have held meetings near here quite a spell!!!

Now we hold *sewing circles, fairs, and meetings,*
  We do much good unto the *heathen poor;*
And when I've time I go; (the blessed heathen);
  We *don't encourage begging at the door.*

As to the Bible, I've a splendid new one;
  Fine notes, nice comments, pictures by Dore,—
Those matchless pictures how much good they do one;
  I sat and *looked them over one whole day.*

So you hold meetings?—something new!—that's funny!
  Anything our Blossom does not know!
My time's engaged until the fourteenth Sunday—
  And after that—well—really—I don't know.

A FEW EXCEPTIONS.

OH! I will be at rest,
My heart shall beat in peace;
No hatred shall disturb my breast;
All war with me shall cease;
The golden rule I will fulfill
To all my neighbors round;
Except—that old scamp on the hill,
That good for nothing—Brown.

I will forgive my foes,
Though they may do me wrong—
Spit in my face, tread on my toes,
Revile with language strong;
In humble mood I still can find
Good words to bless them with;
Except—that injury unkind,
Received from—Sister Smith!

I will give up the world;
Its idle vanity;
Silver and gold, diamonds and pearls,
Are nothing unto me;
I dedicate a contrite heart
To perfect righteousness;
But then, to bear a decent part,
One needs—a new silk dress.

Indeed—how very few
  Do lead a righteous life!
Walking upright as they should do,
  In this our world of strife;
And how just God can save the same
  I really can not see;
Except—*a few* that I could *name*,
  And *poor heartbroken*—me.

Oh! I am going to love
  My brethren, kind and dear;
Those lamps enkindled from above,
  To light the earth so drear;
Excepting—that old Sister Jones!—
  Who *could* love her *forsooth!*
Why, poor old soul, all skin and bones,—
  She only has one tooth!

I will live out the word,
  That I so clearly know;
It grinds the conscience rather hard—
  I'll have to keep it though;
'Tis very precious, *that I know*,
  And every word is true;
Except; a little point or so
  I take exceptions to.

NAUVOO, March, 1867.

THE WAY OF IT.

MY DEAR Elder Jones, what a shocking bad hat;
And oh, what a loose fitting coat!
And why in the world don't you wear a cravat;
And a shirt front ruffled to boot?
You're shabby."

"My gracious—what will the nice world's people say,
If they see you in such a sad plight!
You injure your cause when you dress in that way;
You know it is surely not right.
You look remarkably green."

Now poor Elder Jones was dressed in his best;
His garments, though humble, were clean;
And a good wholesome scorn of the world he possessed,
He knew it both shallow and mean—
His hat, like his face, was old fashioned.

But he thought for all that he would spruce up a bit;
His particular friends thus to please;
But strange it may seem, yet he failed in this hit,
They were still very much ill at ease—
In regard to his appearance.

"My dear Elder Jones, how foppish you are!
A hat, and gold ring, I declare!
Why, some of the weakest, I very much fear,
Will apostatize in despair
To see you so fashionable!"

"Your hat and your coat are the very best style,
  Your boots do radiantly shine,
And a cane! Oh, but my, the Saints will smile
  To see you so wonderful fine!—
        It's ridiculous."

So, Elder Jones came to this very just thought,
  That he would dress plainly and clean;
And let others mind their own clothes as they ought;
  Be it broadcloth, velvet, or jeans,
        If the heart were humble within.

To be ragged is sinful; to go clad in gold
  While others are wanting for bread,
Is equally sinful. Let him do as he would
  The world would still toss its proud head,
        And was not at all to be pleased,—
          He didn't care either—
            No how.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 25, 1870.

ON SEEING A SPARROW SCRATCH LIKE A HEN.

HOW now? Miss Hop-and-nip-and-tuck.
Say, do you think you really are a hen,
Or are you acting Biddy? Comic struck
I watch your motions. Now you pause again
To peck what you have found there in the sand.
My! how important; at it now you go,
Flinging the dust about on every hand.
I say, Don't you think you're something though!
A thing so small to hold so much conceit;
Expressed by quirking head and jerked up tail;
Ripping up gravel with your wire-like feet;
Sending it round you like a storm of hail;
"To show great things by small," as Milton says.
So now you peck again, what can it be?
Ha! now on nimble wing you go your ways,—
What you have been about I now will see.
Here is the place the gravel round you flew,—
(Well on my word you are a circumstance),—
While I have been here, idly watching, you
Have eaten up whole dozens of my ANTS.

CARRIE'S SONG.

OH, I am a gay little girl,
As ever you will see;
With eyes that laugh, and locks that curl,
And happy is the time to me.
The sunshine is my very best friend,
I stole my song from the warm south wind;
My laugh from the streamlet running thro' the land,
While Grandma says, "Be happy if you will;
But never forget, to be a good girl still."

I always laugh my fill,—
I can jump the rope, oh my!
To save my neck I never could be still;
So I never mean to try.
For my eye will wink with a funny little jerk,
While Grandma says, "Come, get along to work."
I roll up my sleeves, I never was a shirk;
For you know I may be happy if I will,
If I don't forget, "to be a good girl still."

I have to go to school,
And they all understand,
Though I can't sit still, I won't be a fool;
My lessons are all on hand.
Are all on hand, it's funny to recite;
The teacher tries to scold with all his might;
I know he laughs when I am out of sight;
For you know I may be happy, if I will,
If I don't forget, "to be a good girl still."

TWO FATES.

AN OLD horse stood at the "grocery" door,
And a weary long time he had stood;
His line was half tied, he was aged and poor,
Yet he would not depart though he could.

His master was in at the sloppy bar,
I felt sad for the weary old horse;
But felt as I looked at the two, by far
That the fate of the master was worse.

The dust was beaten like a scorching bed,
And the gadflies tormented him sore;
He was marked with blows, and he hung his head,
As he stood in the filth at the door;

But filthier far the words of the man
As he drained off the glass with a curse,
And hotter the fever that over him ran,
Than the sunshine that scorched the poor horse.

One bore in meek patience what heaven had willed,
Thus degraded, not by his own will;
The other with poison and blasphemy filled,
Cursed fate, and yet willed it so still.

I passed by the corner and went my way,
I felt sad for the poor old horse,
Yet said to myself, "the best I can say,"
Is, the fate of the master is worse.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, August 7, 1865.

January Snowflakes.

AFAR from kindred, and the well known faces
That throng around the board and fire at home,
Amid new scenes and quaintly solemn places,
These half formed thoughts around me thronging come.
Another circle drawn upon the Heavens—
By that well laden ship we call the Earth,
Who to the law that unto her is given
In swift obedience goes gladly forth,
Affording us example of great worth.

To ask where we have failed were unavailing.
Let us serve God, keeping his work in view,
That over every faltering step or failing,
Forgiveness may descend, like drops of dew.
If sorrow's cloud upon us has descended;
Drink of its drops and let them sanctify;
For with our patience and endurance blended,
It will turn into radiance by and by;
Like sunset clouds that dazzle all the sky.

But where the light of truth hath shed its sweetness,
With blest communion of God's Saints below;
Oh! think not that its joy was only fleetness,
Its gathered strength shall cheer us as we go.

Bright memory with silver tinctured pictures,
  In *camera obscura* of the heart,
Shall make these rare reflections lasting fixtures,
  By the rich chemistry of her fair art;
  Until their beauty can no more depart.

Before me rises up a mighty vista,
  Of grand poportions and of noble length;
Airy and vast, yet strangely dim and misty;
  I see, but not in plainness, lacking strength.
It is the new year, I perceive its entrance,
  Floored with the snow and pillared with the ice;
Mingled with icicles in quaint dependence,
  Rare boughs and evergreens (a strange device)
  Form the broad ceiling in adaptation wise.

Adown its hall it brightens into bowers
  Of the most delicate and dainty green;
Anon, its surface glows with myriad flowers,
  Windowed with sunlight changing in its sheen.
And there I hear an echo of a humming,
  The very *shadow* of a voice of song;
While half seen forms amid its summer blooming,
  Seem flitting back and forth, a happy throng,
  On wings that flash but do not linger long.

Again it changes to a time of gleaning,
  A heaping as of harvest, but so far
The faint outlines, I scarcely get their meaning;
  Like the dim glimmer of a distant star.

A glow as of ripe fruit, and leaves autumnal,
  From thence it whitens into wintry snows.
I scarce trace to another year's fair portal,
  So vaguely vanishing and pale it grows;
  Like mists that on the distant slopes repose.

Oh! let us enter, in our Father trusting,
  And with firm steps walk onward to the end;
The evils we have made, by faith adjusting,
  For he who gave the year will be our Friend.
And let us preach the gospel, though in seeming
  The world may be a wall, ice hard and cold;
We'll throw ourselves against it, rightly deeming,
  From some poor soul it may relax its hold,
  Who with us shall partake of joy untold.

Although its coldness chill our very being;
  Its vastness makes us feel most woeful small,
Yet when that soul in safety we are seeing,
  We shall not think upon our toil at all.
When "larger, better *Heralds*" we are reading;
  With "Pleasant Chat, and lovely "Bible tales";
And path to "Blisston" marked out for our heeding;
  Forgetting fingers weak and brain that fails,
  We shall exclaim, "How swiftly Zion sails."

Then courage! Prophets, Apostles, and Teachers,
  Ye Officers bear rule from day to day;
Ye Saints, most dear, remember the best preachers,
  Are those who practice what the preachers say.
Many the New Year's gifts that lie before us,
  Much has been done, much will be done we know;
Then with our Father's watchcare always o'er us,
  We *will* walk this new year as we should go;--
  This is the last flake;—it has ceased to snow.

WINTER AND SPRING.

BRING hither to her Grandpa, little Pearl,
I wish to touch her brow as white as snow,
Smooth with my wrinkled hand each silken curl,
And hear the little darling laugh and crow.
Dear little soul! You say her eyes are blue;
But mine are dim with toil and weary age;
God bless her! Her fresh life, so pure and new,
Revives my heart at even this late stage.
A pretty group we form,—was that your thought,—
Winter rejoicing with the infant spring!
The evening and the morn together brought?—
Do hear the lovely creature's laughter ring!
Against my blanched beard she leans her head,
Crowned with her childhood's coloring and glow;
An early moondrop blooming in its bed
Beside a lingering drift of April snow.
How she condemns us with her innocence;
Yet draws us to her with love's gentle band.
She is a guardian-angel, driving hence
The evil by her presence, pure and bland.
Now you must take her—bless her; won't she go?
Ah! but she must, for Grandpa's hands are weak;
And Grandpa's head will soon be lying low—
But it will rise again when God shall speak.

How like a planet will his lofty brow,
  Shine, when he walks upon that brighter shore;
And he will be as pure as she is now,
  Blooming with youth that fades away no more.
Oh! may he meet his "Pearl" in that fair clime,
  Developed to an angel passing bright;
May strong arms guard her until that blest time,
  And right hearts teach her how to choose the right.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

ROLL down the canyon, tireless stream;
Sigh down the lone ravine, oh, fitful wind;
Sigh in the sedge, murmur along the plain;
Of all the year—this is the last sad day.
Look green and sunny, rounded hills;
Smooth look and soft, in distance far away;
But veil yourselves in delicate white mists,
As if a pensive sadness filled your hearts.
Close up your petals, mountain flowers;
Turn from the searching wind your bashful face;
Give all our 'broidered leaves an inward turn;
Droop, and look sad—this last day of the year.
All things of earth must wax and wane;
All seasons have beginning, growth and close;
Scarcely we note their beauty—when they end;
We lay out plans for life—and then 'tis gone.
Standing upon the hill to-day,
And looking down, how small men's homes appear;
How small the cattle creeping o'er the hills;
All that man does the work of insects seems.
So looking back throughout the year,
How little we have done for cause of good;
How much like trifling seems our every act;
How feeble every effort—and how vain.

Oh, let us be inspired by the zeal
Of him who spreads the curtains of the sky,
And measures out the fountains of the deep,
Planting the deep foundations of the earth,
So when the last day of our life
Shall cause us to reflect upon our work,
We shall rejoice, in hope of pleasant rest,
Within the glories of the home of God.

CALIFORNIA, December 31, 1869.

THE OLD YEAR OUT.

ANOTHER year hath flown, and that to which
We all look forward, hath passed behind
The present. The earth hath gone her rounds once
More about the sun, as she hath gone, how
Long we may not know; since the beginning
God hath said, but who may ask the date, or
Count the ages that have fled for ever.
When the glad year was young, the earth had turned
From the warm sun her northern temp'rate zone,
And over the dear land on which we dwell
The starry flakes of snow came shining down,
Spreading their purity o'er hill and dale.
The earth moved on a little space and bowed
Her face a little to her lord, when, lo!
Her sides grew emerald with the springing life;
Bright flowers opened and the soft winds sang hymns.
A little farther on her circle moved,
The full leaf spread, the young fruit golden grew,
And glorious summer poured her light and heat.
Around the mighty circle she hath sped
Until we near the young year's starting place;
Autumn hath passed; the snow hath come again,—
The year is with the past. A single note
In God's great song. A notch of time. An inch
Of all eternity. What have we done

While it was passing? Have we filled our place
In all its changing scenes? Have we made use,
In righteous judgment, of the priceless gifts
Strewn in our pathway? Have its sorrows taught
The useful lessons that we should have learned?
If so, 'tis well; because the page is full,
With record written, not to be erased,
Revised or altered.
We may not turn back
The estranged friend, the unkind word unsay,
Or do again the duty illy done.
We may not preach the gospel in the year
Now fled; nor yet repent, nor do good works;
That opportunity for good is gone.
The influence we have shed abroad hath wrought
Its work, or still is working, and the year
Hath garnered up its store of good and ill,
And like a servant of the Lord hath gone
To seek its rest. Farewell old year.

THE NEW YEAR IN.

Yet there
Is one thing we may do. Our Father grants
Us still another year, just coming in;
Blest be the Lord, his gifts fail not, for when
Time ends, eternity begins;—and so,
Each mighty dispensation circles on.
The New Year dawns for us, thank God, and we
Can rouse our faith, and fire our hearts with hope;
Lay to our hands again with all our strength;
Begin the record on this yet white page,
That in its freshness our great Master spreads
Before his children, with a high resolve
That the good things recorded shall outweigh
The evil of the other blotted leaf
He hath turned over; that more light and truth
Be added to the store the other held.
Oh! if my hand might raise the veil between
My clouded eye and all the year contains,
The veil would pendant be, I would not lift
The blessed curtain; better that we meet
Our labors one by one, and conquer them,
Bearing our sorrows as they singly come;
Receiving all its gifts with grateful hearts;
It is enough to know, the Lord is good.
And if the world would turn and lay their hearts

Before his throne, and leave their wickedness,
The Lord our Savior would appear this year,
And the Millennium begin on New Year's
Day. Be that as it may be, the year
Shall fail and pass.
And so, the years glide by,
And soon the thousand years, of which we love
To talk, appear. Help us, oh Lord, to hail
The glad New Year.

POEM FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

YEAR that is passing away,
  Fold up the robe and begone!
Numbered at last to a day,
  Thy work and pleasure are done.
Thou hadst never been before,
  And never shalt come again;
A wave on Eternity's shore,
  Rolled up, but not to remain.

The things that were done in thee—
  The mighty deeds and the small,
Are graven in history,
  For ever beyond recall.
And many a year to come,
  Shall weep for deeds thou hast known;
While others shall glow with bloom,
  From seeds of worth thou hast sown.

The distant years shall read,
  Thy wave ripples, turned to stone;
While glorious works shall fade
  And sink in the past unknown.
The earth in her spiral way,
  Has swept around the sun;
Till from his directer ray,
  She has turned her northern zone.

In thee has a man been crowned,[1]
  By a nation, its chosen friend.
One, by its neglect went down,[2]
  To a dark and wretched end.
The soul that scattered good,
  Shall be wakened, as by a song;
Reward, in its plenitude,
  Shall visit with joy ere long.

While the soul that slyly wound
  His *neighbor* in meshes set;
Shall wake in despair, and have found
  His *own soul* wound in the net.
Some faces have worn a mask
  Of guile, till the very heart,
Reflecting the treacherous task,
  Bears stains that shall never depart.

While others have torn away
  The corroding robe of deceit;
To fields more fair than the day,
  Directed their willing feet.
Their faces are shining now,
  With a soul-felt, happy light;
Like a halo over the brow
  Of the moon on a cloudless night.

---

[1] Grant.
[2] Greely.

Souls have leaped into life—
  Souls have lain down in death;
Souls have stood still, as it were,
  And merely measured their breath;—
Souls have progressed to the light,
  Storing their minds with the peace
And riches of wisdom bright,
  Whose fountain shall never cease.

The hills have yielded their stores,
  Of marble, coal, and oil;
With silver and golden ores,
  Poured into the hand of toil.
The city that wore a yoke
  Has shaken it from her neck;
And joyously awoke,
  Her galling chains to break.

The hungry God of Fire
  On cities has made a feast;
And the Pestilence scowled with ire
  In the rich and populous East.
So the year has woven a robe,
  Of motley hue and fold;
Like a weird, discordant witch,
  In rags—in gems, and gold.

What good to weep o'er the grave,
  The passing year has made?
What good to grieve o'er the wrongs,
  That thick in its path are laid?
Let them sleep—but gird the heart,
  The coming year to own;
Its joy to share, its work to bear;
  With lessons the past has shown.

Its steps start with the snow,
  And pass through springing flowers;
Over the summer harvest glow,
  And fruits of autumnal hours;
The leaves fall round its path,
  In the Indian summer clime,
Till trailing its robe and garnered load,
  In snow the second time.

But its lips refuse to tell,
  Of the joy or grief it brings;
Whether its song have a major swell,
  Or moan in the minor strings.

SALT LAKE CITY, January 1, 1873.

Willow Shadows.

THE SISTERS.

Lines on the death of M. E. and M. A. Parsons. Lizzie died in April, and after her death Mary frequently heard her calling to her, and died in June following.

WHEN April rains were falling,
And all the livelong day
The merry birds were calling,
My sister passed away
Across the narrow portal,
Into eternity!
If spirits are immortal,
Why doth she call for me?

O'er all the earth is falling
The mellow light of June,
Whose gentle heat is calling
The roses into bloom;
And now that she is resting,
In Paradise set free,
Among the pure and blessed,
Why need she call for me?

Though others can not view thee,
  Thy voice they may not hear,
Yet still thou callest to me
  With accent low and clear.
Is it that I must follow
  Across the narrow way,
To join thy waiting spirit
  Thou callest thus for me?

Yes, though I were environed
  With walls of solid stone,
All roofed above with iron,
  I still should hear that tone.
I hear thee, gentle Lizzie,
  And I will follow thee,
And join the angel sister
  Whose voice is calling me.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE changes in our dear ones living
Oft give us sorrow deep and sore;
The fountain which such joy was giving
But yesterday, now wells no more.

The fairest scenes in all the world
Embittered by evanishing;
And friendship soon with sails unfurled
Floats from our sight, a fleeting thing.

SALT LAKE CITY, August 13, 1872.

OH! HOW WE USED TO SING.

OH, HOW we used to sing
  In the days that are no more;
As we gathered in a ring
  Round the old familiar door;
When some kind friend would raise
  Some well remembered strain,
Sacred to those happy days,—
  Shall we ever sing again?

Now we sometimes try to sing;
  But the notes are cold and strange,
And an undertone will ring
  'Neath the wildest, sweetest range.
So our voices, one by one,
  Cease to trill the sad refrain;
Are our singing days all gone?
  Shall we ever sing again?

Have our lives become less fair?
  Have we let the flowers die,
That in beauty everywhere
  Decked our path, to cheer the eye?
Have our hearts grown sad and cold
  With the weariness and pain,
That should only prove their gold?
  Shall we ever sing again?

There will come a time more fair;
  Flowers yet more pure and sweet,
With their breath to bless the air,
  Will arise to kiss our feet.
In the crowning of the years,
  In the rest that shall remain;
Far beyond our griefs and fears,
  We shall gladly sing again.

NAUVOO, 1871.

THOUGHTS DURING FEVER.

I THINK of marble mansions, built in shade,
With cool verandas, pillared, high and wide;
Where fountains sparkle in the sunshine, made
By streamlets creeping down the mountain side;

Through the high windows falls the cold, pale light,
O'er carpets of soft buff, and darker blue;
Shielded from dust with linen, clean and white,
Lie heaped cushions of a slaty hue.

Between the trees, the green sward slopes away,
Barred with the sunshine, with the shadows crossed;
Where leaves, like flitting fingers, deftly play
A melody, when by the breezes tossed.

Small, starry flowers in those shades appear
Lifting their quiet eyes with looks of peace;
While faint perfumes upon the atmosphere,
Are blessed with sweetness that bids sorrow cease.

I see the inmates on kind errands go,
With quick firm steps of health and cheerful hope,
Or 'neath their fingers genial tasks do grow,
Bringing no drop of bitter to their cup.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 3, 1870.

ONLY HIRED.

THERE is some one gone from the household band,
An absence we scarcely can name;
We miss the strength of a helping hand
Never prized, till the sad loss came.
We never knew that her lips were so red,
That her cheeks were so pure and white;
The clustering curls of her shapely head
Were so wondrously soft and bright.
We miss her sadly, since she is gone,
Though little she dreamed it could be;
For her last words were, as she died, at dawn,
"There is no one to mourn for me."

It was only the orphan earning her bread
In the house of the stranger for hire;
So we thought not the swift feet would ever lag,
Or the stout, humble heart ever tire.
Now, no money could buy the sweet, glad smile,
Or waken the clear laugh again;
Or the song whose music could ever beguile
The presence of sorrow and pain.

So we gathered around her low bed with surprise,
We did not believe she would die;
We read not the strange light that shone in her eyes,
Nor the sense of her double reply.

We spoke of the tasks she yet would do,
When health would return in a while;
She looked through the pane at the heaven's blue,—
Her answer, a strange, sad smile.

We read in her book, where she used to write,
How she starved for affectionate love;
How she hoped the angels that walk in white,
More friendly and loving would prove.
She has gone to try them, and well we know
They will welcome her one of their own;
Her fountain of sorrow has ceased to flow,
While the fountain of joy has begun.

We wish we had spoken a friendly word,
And given a friendly hand
While she pined with us, like a mateless bird
In a strange, unfriendly land.
We pause for something we may not say,
And think for some kind act to do,—
'Tis vain, she is silent, and calm as the day
When clouds are asleep in the blue.
We can not recall her; in quiet she lies;
Her hands grasp the lilies at last;
While realms far beyond us dawn on her eyes,—
Her toiling and waiting are past.

BOX ELDER, UTAH, October 1, 1872.

REGRET.

OH! EYES so brown and bright!
Would that had never shone
Your trembling, tender light
Deep in mine own.
Oh, kind and pleasant hand!
Would I had never known
Thy magic touch so bland;
Now gone.

Ah! fair, translucent cheek!
Would I had never seen
Thy rosy language speak
The soul within.
Oh, white and radiant brow!
Soft curls enfold,
Darkness seems darker now,—
More cold.

Oh! full, smooth, perfect lip!
Why did I press
Thy speaking curves to sip
Their loveliness?
Oh, gentle spirit! why
Did we thus blend
Our kindred souls, in joy
So soon to end.

Oh! would—not so—not so—
  Thankful we met—
Onward in peace I go;
  We may meet yet
Where spirits pure, without
  Hindrance or let,
Love, free from care, toil
    Or regret.

FEBRUARY 12, 1872.

LITTLE GRAVE.

WHERE the mountain's lengthened shade
O'er the valley slumbering lies,
To her long rest we have laid
Our "wee pet" with starry eyes.
Mountain breezes, gently blow;
Lightly, shadows, come and go;
Sun, shine round her; none may know
How our darling we did prize.

'Tis a story often told,
Of a ringing voice now gone;
Of a little form grown cold;
Of a spirit shining on—
Nearer the eternal throne,
By God's power upward flown
Where life's evils never come;—
Blessed, pure, celestial one.

And with reverence we bow
To the grief we find below;
For we have a portion now
Where the higher glories glow.
So we turn with sorrow shared,
To the hearts that still are spared;
With our thoughts drawn heavenward
By our angel, pure as snow.

SALT LAKE CITY, 1870.

SONGS OF ENDLESS LIFE.

HARK! I hear the rushing voices
Of the dark, mysterious forest,
And my wakened soul rejoices,
While my spirit
Leans, where speaks their meaning clearest—
Leans to hear it.

Where the roaring streams of water
Chant their hoarse, sibilant cadence;
I have marked the things they utter;
Every sentence
Sang of endless change of matter
In existence.

"We have lived in countless changes,
In the mystic years now numbered;
Silent, or in vocal ranges;
Or in bondage
On the granite, we have slumbered
'Neath the frondage.

"Into strata concentrated,
Locked in stony, frozen dullness;
Thence again disintegrated,
Rising slowly
Spread as trees, in leafy fullness,
Green and shadowy.

"Endless path for *thee* extending,
  Crossed with light, and barred with shadows,
Ever changing, never ending,
    Like the trailing
Of the cloud-shades over meadows,
    Slowly sailing.

"Though the waves of death flow o'er thee,
  'Tis the rest that gathers power
For the endless life before thee;
    Fear no dying;
Like the resurrection flower,
    Death defying."

SALT LAKE CITY, November 22, 1872.

Wavelets.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

A RIVER softly flowing,
  Whose banks are green and fair;
Rare flowers brightly glowing
  Display their beauty there.
While silently for ever
  Its waters glide away,
No mortal hand shall ever
  Its ceaseless motion stay.

With sunlight o'er it beaming,
  How bright its ripples seem;
Among the lilies gleaming,
  More lovely than a dream;
But oft the dark clouds hover,
  Of melancholy hue,—
Their shadows trailing over
  Its troubled wave of blue.

Then let us pluck the flowers,
  That bloom upon the shore;
For lo, in later hours
  Their forms appear no more;

Gath'ring the fruits that cluster
  Upon the boughs above,
Casting upon the water
  Our bread of peace and love.

For with unceasing motion
  We scarce may comprehend,
We drift toward the ocean
  And there the stream shall end.
From thence we leave the river
  To gain a fairer clime,
Passing with joy for ever
  Beyond the waves of time.

CRYSTAL LAKE.

EYE of the woodland, by thy fringed lid
How could I linger, thoughtless of the time,
Watching thy clear depths tranquil in the light
Of the midsummer.
Far am I from home,
Yet seem no stranger on thy sunlit sands
That gleam around my feet; a fair contrast
To the fresh green upon thy sloping banks,
And the pure hue of thy melodious waves
Waked by the wind that by thy peaceful marge
A moment blows, and then is still again.
Around thee goodly trees in company,
In stately, silent converse, sagely stand;
While in their aisles the shades lie slumbering.
The plumy crane starts from the reedy brink,
Unfurls his uncouth wings, floating away,
Loosely and shuffling, to the high, dead top
Of yon tall maple, where he idly stands,
Silent, and motionless, as if he were
The spirit of the place presiding there.

Above thy children thou dost brood; I see
In thy transparent waters spreading moss,
And feathery water plants with emerald fronds;
While anchored by long stems, broad lily leaves

Float on thy surface, shading many a bed
Of fresh white gravel, where the sunfish sport,
Turning their scaly sides of burning hues
Toward the sun to catch his sheeny gold,
All their prismatic colors to unfold.

Along thy shores the pale blue lilies stand,
Waving their long blades in the warm south wind;
While blushing flox beneath the hazel boughs
Peep out upon the sylvan scene around,
The tanager across thy bosom flies,
Shining in scarlet splendor as a flame,
Or blood red pulse of summer, a heart throb
Of seasons passionate, of life intense;
He skims the surface for a small, clear drop,
Then hies away to hide within the pine's high top.

Thou art most fair at midnight, when the moon
Floats high in heaven, and the sky above
Is duplicated by a sky below;
And all the trees and rocks upon each bank
Cast their reflections in thy waveless width.
To guide the light canoe across thy plane
When the far whippoorwill sings faint and low,
And fireflies twinkle all among the boughs,
Gladdens the spirit. Looking through the height,
Where floats the far, still clouds, the soul expands,
Drinks the white light—amid the silence lends
A listening ear, to catch the sweet, low sound
As of a weird voice whispering far around.

MICHIGAN, June, 1868.

LONE FOUNTAIN.

FOUNTAIN, afar, in the wilderness lone,
How canst thou murmur so glad and so cheerily;
Welling beside the half sunken stone,
Seeming so lonely, yet singing so free?
"Are not the long grasses bending to meet me;
Cometh not hither the rabbit to greet me;
And the lone willow tree, sadly would miss poor me,
Did I cease murmuring,
Gushing, and whispering
Far in the widespreading
Prairie alone."

Towering rock, in the desert, afar;
How canst thou dwell in the solitude drearily?
Scarcely a blade springs where you are;
Never a flower the sad eye can see;
"Hasteth the traveler hither to bless me;
Lieth the antelope down to caress me;
Sadly the eagle would miss my accustomed good,
Did I cease shadowing,
When the sun's outpouring
Burneth the widespreading
Desert, afar."

Desolate heart, in the wide world, alone;
  How canst thou labor so faithful and steadily?
Scarcely a soul thine efforts will own;—
  Show the pure source of thy comfort to me;
"Do not the white angels bend down to bless me;
And the low voice of my father address me,
Cheering and comforting
All my hard laboring;
    Truth ever upspringing,
      Chideth my lingering,
        Through the wide world leading
          Onward alone."

WHEN WILL OUR WAITING BE OVER?

NOW we are waiting in pain and sorrow,
When will the dawning bring us light?
Strong in our faith we look for to-morrow,
Often we fall in the gloom of the night.
When through the azure the Savior returning
Cleanseth the earth with the power of burning,
Then will we rest from our toil with delight.

Long we have sighed for the glory of Zion,
Noting with patience the signs of the day,
Knowing the strength of the arm we rely on,
Oft in the dark we have sunk by the way;
Glory to God for the signs are proclaiming
Succor is nigh though scourges are flaming;
Thanks to the Lord as before him we pray.

Long we have prayed to Jehovah to guide us
Safe through the snares that are set for our feet,
Shielding our souls from the ills that betide us,
Helping us on till his works are complete;
That we may rise in the first resurrection,
Joyous and bright in robes of perfection,
When earth will be holy and life will be sweet.

Let us be thankful for each dispensation,
  And follow the iron rod hand over hand,
Trusting in God as the God of salvation;
  His promises firm as the heavens shall stand.
And earth shall be bright as the dream of a dreamer,
A thousand sweet voices shall praise the Redeemer,
  Jehovah is holy, and mighty, and grand.

THE JOYS WE SHARE TO-DAY.

THE joys we share to-day, when they have flown
Into the past upon their shining wings,
Are not from out our power wholly gone,
But shall refresh us like deep hidden springs.

Treasured by Memory in her picture hall,
Screened from the busy world of every day,
At lonely times, lo, at her magic call
They shall unfold and flood with light the way!

Then let us take life's heavy burden up,
Looking to see the beautiful and grand;
When we prove faithful God will take the cup
For which we long and place it in our hand.

And that for which we waited sad and long,
To still the soul's deep hunger shall be ours,
And all our being burst forth into song,
As all the pathway blossoms into flowers.

DRIFTING BOAT.

LONELY and sadly I stand,
Here, on the desolate strand;—
Broad is the river and dim,
Far on the horizon rim
The sun sinks away.
Over the swift waters wide,
Borne on the on-moving tide,
Ancient and gray,
Empty and oarless doth ride—
A boat, turned away.

Curving and shapely the bow,
Idly the chain at the prow
Hangs in the water below;
Over the dark current's flow
The boat glides along.
Graceful her lines, and right well
Of a masterly workman they tell;
But marks that are strong
Are left by the years, as they swell
In their wonderful song.

Now, she has darkened to brown,
As the curtain of night cometh down;
My heart is as heavy as sand,
To watch her drift off from the land,
Diminishing fast
To an object the size of a hand
In the distance. Like a soul that is banned,
All recovery past,
Drifting far in the desolate land
Of evil at last.

SPEAK OUT.

LET us speak the truths of heaven,
  Heeding not each selfish fear;
Principles of light are given
  To be taught, that all may hear.
Though the world mistake our meaning,
  Turning all our words to guile,
And with strange perversion gleaning,
  After evil all the while;

Each can teach some useful lesson,
  Tell the little good they know;
Truth when shared will never lessen,
  But will wider, clearer grow.
Words may seem as empty soundings,
  Dying rapidly away,
Yet, (good works and faith abounding),
  They will mighty strength display.

Words with faith brought forth a fountain
  From a rock, long, long ago;
Faith, through words, has moved a mountain,
  As the *word* of God will show;
Through God's word the light came stealing,
  And the darkness fled dismayed;
By his faith, and word revealing,
  Worlds his faith and word hath made.

Though mankind may change and falter,
  And return to sin again;
Though his weak mind strangely alter,
  Yet the word will still remain;
And we hope some future hour,
  When more wise, and yet more meek,
For in purity is power,
  Greater things to know and speak.

Though the day of justice lingers,
  And transgressors wax in might,
We have tongues, and pens, and fingers,
  Let us use them in the right.
Do not fear that none shall hear us,
  For if we are free from blame,
Lo! this happy thought shall cheer us,
  God will bless us all the same.

REAL AND IDEAL.

WITH half-shut eyes we walk our earthly path,
And try to bend the best reality
To suit some idle dream, or fancy wraith,
That we have formed in ideality;
Supposing that our gaudy, half-formed dreams,
Are better than the matchless *living scenes*,
Whose gracefulness with holy purpose teems,
From which our blinding image intervenes.

'Tis not till thoughtlessly we stumble o'er
Some stony fact, those dreams dissolve away;
We see the crudeness, little guessed before,
In what we thought more perfect than the day;
'Tis then we lean more near to Nature's heart,
Catching the impulse of her endless love;
Learning that idealty and art
Are transcript, of a skill their worth above.

But when we bend our dreams to suit our work,
To set the part we play in its best light,
We are surprised to learn how much may lurk
Of beauty, hidden from our earlier sight;
And are consentient with the voices deep
That speak to us on every side we bend,—
What grand realities before us sweep!
Our spirits with our circumstances blend.

The stalking heroes and fair heroines
  For which we sought in life, we fail to find;
And true, warm-hearted, living, faithful friends
  Come smiling up, to greet with presence kind.
'Tis like the Hindoo, in the eastern land,
  Bowing before the uncouth idol form,
Whose hideous lines, carved by his unskilled hand,
  Are shamed by those, his children, living, warm,
Present to him, while they are sacrificed
  Before the rude, barbaric imagery
His own perverted mind has thus devised;
  Once far more shapely as the forest tree.

SALT LAKE CITY, November 7, 1872.

MY MESSAGE.

HEED not thou the dark sad spirit
That would speak to thee of death!
Turn away, and do not hear it,
There is weakness in its breath.

There are small feet close beside you,
That no hand but yours may guide;
And deep sorrow will betide you
Should you let them walk aside.

Is there then, no joy in watching
The young mind's rich leaves unfold,
The earliest fragrance catching
Of the intellect they hold?

There is none to bend above them,
Kindly training where to twine,
And no human heart will love them
With undying love, like thine.

Where the gentle hand to mold them
With a moral force, and strong,
That in life will ever hold them
Safely from the wiles of wrong?

Whose the hand to drop so surely
  Seeds of intellect and worth,
That will bloom and crown with glory
  All your pathway through the earth?

Then, another looks toward you,
  I need hardly mention him,
With his soul so full of shadows
  Like an old cathedral grim.

You those shadows dim, can lighten,
  With a light of many a hue;
You can bless, and you can brighten
  All these lives, and only you.

For their sakes, then, bid the angel
  Upward fly to heaven's shore;
Be you healed, be brave, be happy,
  And resume you work once more.

SALT LAKE CITY, November 2, 1872.

THE JOYS THAT ARE WITH US.

SOME sigh for age, some sigh for youth,
Some sigh for joys to come;
The one at home still looks abroad,
The traveler at home.

The poor man views the rich man's land,
And wishes for his wealth;
The rich man sees the poor man toil,
And wishes for his health.

This should not be; we ought to love
The joys that are around,
Rejoicing in the happiness
That can at home be found.

The flowers that bloom in other lands
No doubt are fairer far;
But should we love the flowers less,
That all around us are?

The joys that come in youth, no doubt
Are lovely to behold;
But do they make the joys the less,
That come when we grow old?

The freedom of the aged is
  A blessing to receive;
And though we have it not in youth
  It should not make us grieve.

Then let the joy and work that come,
  To-day receive our care,
Remembering that for the hour
  All things sufficient are.

UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

O COME and let us clamber up the mountain side,
Where the shrill winds wander free;
Where the dancing little streamlets from the cleft rock glide
'Neath the shade of the mountain tree.

Behold the record of the earthquake shock,
In mighty grandeur, in the splintered rock,—
How many ages do their seams declare,
How old and gray they are.

View the plains below, see the clouds above,
See the wide-spreading, verdure-covered, undulating field,
Where the cattle rove; see the eagle soar
Through the air, how gracefully he wheels;
While silence like a presence broods mournfully there.

Yet when we reach the summit what a boundless view
To the startled eye expands,
How far away above us floats the heaven's blue,
Where the sun in glory stands.

The tranquil waters of the distant bay
Reflect the sunlight with a golden play,
The silver river through the wilds astray
Pursues a winding way.

Note the countless chains of the mountain range
Sublime, innumerable, measureless, and strange.
Here the cold winds sweep, there the high clouds sleep
In the stillness of the upper deep;
While silence like a presence its hushed watch doth keep.

TYING THE VINES.

BENEATH the smiling, tranquil sky,
Blue, ethereal, far and still,
Where great white clouds go sailing by,
Trailing their shadows o'er the hill;
The brown thrush sings her varied song,
The blackbird's throat all golden shines;
With willow twigs, slender and strong,
Firmly I bind the jointed vines.

Gracefully grows the fruitful vine;
Yellow the willows are, as gold;
Up and under with skillful twine
I bind them to the trellis old.
The velvet buds, crimson and green,
Are swelling on the umber stem;
Winds from the west ofttimes blow keen;
Tie we the vines to shelter them.

So with the Christian, humble vine,
The law must hold him on each hand;
Only to strengthen, not confine,
Bearing fruit in the gospel band.
He must be pruned like unto thee,
All that is evil cleared away;
Outgrowths of sin most sad to see,
Killing the fruit ere vintage day.

Binding may seem the gospel band,
  Sharply the knife his fault correct,
Heavy the Master's blessing hand;
  These must be the fruit to perfect.
Then when the trial has gone past,
  Laden with fruit the Saint shall be;
The vineyard's Master come at last,
  Well pleased the clustering joy to see.

O LAMB OF GOD.

O LAMB of God, we bless thy holy name,
That thou between us and our sin hath stepped,
Showing a way to free us from the same,
If we that way in meekness will accept.

O Lamb of God, we earnestly exhort
The sons of sorrow, and of wickedness,
Unto this magic fountain to resort,
Opened by thee in life's great wilderness.

O Lamb of God, may all men come to thee.
We do invite them from their devious way,
Calling upon them kindly, cordially,
To heed thy wishes in the latter day.

O Lamb of God, thy gifts are wondrous free;
All those who keep thy law shall have reward,
Their sins no longer shall remembered be.
Then glory be to God and Christ the Lord.

ORDINATION.

LO! HOW many truths need stating,
To the children of mankind;
Clouds of witnesses are waiting,
To convince the honest mind.

Ye who know these truths, go teach them,
And their practice keep in view;
All these evidences, preach them;
God requires this of you.

Take the sword, which is the Spirit,
In its sheath, which is the word;
Use it oft, as well as wear it,
Till its luster be restored.

In authority and power,
Not as Scribes, nor Pharisees;
Heed not when man's frown shall lower,—
'Tis the Lord you ought to please.

To this calling we ordain you,
Consecrate and set apart;
Praying that the Lord sustain you;—
Be you faithful, we exhort.

Rich the blessings promised to you
When your noble work is done.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Father and the Son!

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BENEATH a company of old elm trees,
Whose spreading, pensile branches swept the ground,
A handful of meek Saints had met to please
The King of glory,—may his praise abound.
The stream that wandered near was summer dry;
Along its bed the drooping grasses grew;
While snow-white, fleecy clouds, across the sky,
As on important errands swiftly flew.
The cheering hymn was sung; the prayer was said;
The preacher rose, his discourse to unfold;
When, suddenly, all outward objects fled;
Before mine inner eyes this vision was unrolled.

. . . . . .

In the vast, upper space appeared a throne
Of marble whiteness, solemnly upheld
On mighty pillars.—Lustrously they shone,
As types of purity. My soul beheld
Above the throne, floating in ambient air,
A rainbow, radiant with colors fair.

Upon this throne, beneath the rainbow's span,
Appeared a form divine, with brow serene.
I knew him. Son at once of God and man,
The once despised—ill-treated Nazarene.
Light was his raiment. His glorious face
Expressed the language of great majesty;

Beauty unspeakable—surpassing grace—
  Wrought by acquaintance with eternity.
There was a look that gave me much surprise,
  Of pure, unbending justice, stern and firm;
Most holy rectitude;—and yet his eyes
  Were full of gentle mercy, kind and warm.
If there were multitudes before his throne,
They were not shown to me. He seemed alone.

Upon the left, below, appeared a cloud,
  Which, rolling upward, formed a mighty wall,
Whose semblance was of granite, cold and proud,
  Traced with the straightest seam,—and mountain tall.
Lo! horizontally with this, a beam, which hung,
  Chained to a bracket which sprang out above;
From either end, on pendant chains, there swung
  A brazen balance, which man's deeds could prove;
An emblem of true justice, level did they stand,
The broad round discs trembling on either hand.

Upon the right, before the throne, there stood
  An elder of the church, with humble mien,
Expecting to be tried,—if bad, or good,
  Most prominent in his life-work had been.
My spirit held communion with his own;
  I saw the great anxiety within his mind.
Fair hope, with fell despair contrasted shone;
  While faith, with resignation seemed combined.

He glanced up at the Judge, but could not bear
  The searching look of judgment right and pure.
So offering for mercy inward prayer,
  He bravely strove the trial to endure.
His soul was wrought by a most keen suspense,
While brooded round solemnity intense.

Anon, appeared a band of angels, four.
  Clad in white robes, and beautiful with love,
Approaching near the scales, in one they pour
  Deeds of the elder's life they could approve.
And there were prayers in golden vials kept,—
  Alms and assistance given to the poor,—
Vigils with suffering, while hard-hearts slept;
  Hopes, thoughts, desires, and actions pure.
Thus heaped they up,—well, quite a little mound
  Of deeds of purity. My heart grew glad
To see the look of hope and joy profound,
  Lighting the elder's visage. Now the bad
Was laid upon the other waiting scale.
  Evil desires,—actions of darker stain:
Alas! how quickly did assurance fail;
  The evil, far outweighing, sank amain.
Again the elder's eyes sought out the face
  Of Him who sat upon the spotless throne;
The looks of mercy kind, had given place
  To one of utter justice! Then was shown

A land of dreariness and banishment,
  To whose precincts the elder must away.—
Though I saw naught of fiery punishment—
  But absence from the Lord of light, for aye.
Then the dead weight of sorrow o'er him came,
And sadness, black as night, oppressed his frame.

He waited till the judgment should be said.—
  Anon! behind the scale that held the good,
A door upon its hinges backward fled.
  Forth thence advanced a goodly multitude,
Women and men, the elder by his word
Converted and baptized unto the Lord,
Filling the scale of good,—the evil, now made light
Flew up as chaff, and vanished from the sight.
The elder, singing, gazed upon his Lord,
Whose look of unmatched mercy was restored;
And bending forward with a smile of love,
Beckoned his servant to come up, above.
The elder spread his arms toward his King,
And now, behold, appeared a wondrous thing;
His darkened, earth-stained robes, became snow-white,
As he rose up to Christ, with swift delight—
As on our Savior's breast he laid his joy-crowned head,
The angels made acclaim, and lo!—the vision fled.

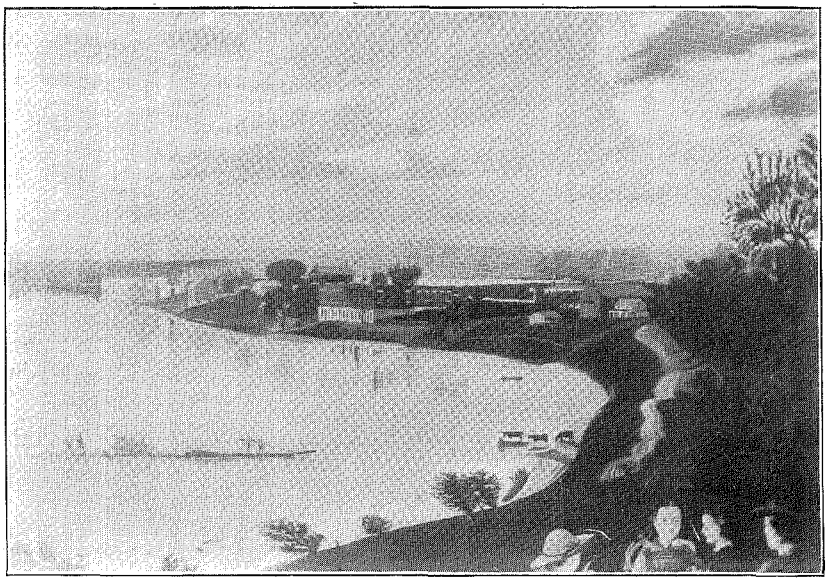
The preacher's words came stealing to my ear;
The trees,—their shade,—the Saints once more appear.
Oh! let us preach the word, and holy be, beside,—
Souls won to Christ, full many a sin shall hide.

AN ANTHEM.

REJOICE ye in the Lord, ye righteous,
As it becometh you to do,
And walk each weary day with patience,
His precepts carefully obey.
Then let your smiles be ever bright,
The Lord is God, a mighty King;
And sing sweet psalms unto Jehovah,
And give him glory in your joy.

He by his mighty faith created
All things that unto us appear.
His Son has given us salvation,—
He gave us glory and a hope.
Then hosanna, hallelujah,
The Lord is God, a mighty one,
And sing sweet psalms unto Jehovah,
And give him glory in our joy.

The Lord will have a chosen people,
And so our trials we must bear,
And exercise our faith and charity,
Till we receive our coming joy.
Then let us sing and be content,
The Lord is God, our staff and help;
And sing sweet songs unto Jehovah,
And give him glory in our joy.



From a painting of Nauvoo, by David H. Smith, about 1863.

"Ye waters flowing gently past Nauvoo,
And you, ye trees, an anthem wave."

(See page 201.)

Ye waters flowing gently past Nauvoo,
  And you, ye trees, an anthem wave,
The Lord has in his strength remembered,
  The pleasant dwelling place again.
Then hosanna, hallelujah,
  The Lord is God, the great I Am.
And sing sweet songs unto Jehovah,
  And give him glory in our joy.

TWO VOICES CALLING.

1 V. Oh, Soul! Come walk with me,
Give up this weary warfare with thy heart;
Look round thee; thou art strong and young and free.
Behold the world, and all its goodly pleasures see;
Walk in its ways and thou canst gain a part.

2 V. Oh, Soul! Quit not the strife;
Curb in thy heart, and teach it how to go,
Or it will chide thee in thine after life.
The pleasures of the world with sins are rife,
And in the end will leave thee to thy woe.

1 V. Why art thou bound so strong?
Cast off this yoke and let thyself be free.
For in thy *nature* there is nothing wrong;
And lo! thy *life* will not continue long;
And farther than the *grave*, what soul can see?

2 V. Oh, Soul! Be free from sin;
For lo! the chains of sin are hard to bear.
God hath a peaceful fold; be gathered in.
Observe the wicked, how his end hath been;
And what comes after *death*, God can declare.

1 V. Oh, Soul! What dost thou gain
By turning from the world and all its joy,
And looking on its *ways* with *mock disdain?*
Will not thy heart desire them all again,
If other days shall all thy *hopes* destroy?

2 V. Soul, *goodly things* thou'lt gain;
And serving God is neither pain nor woe,
But gladly striving, while thy days remain,
To gain a home where neither woe nor pain
Can come, when ages cease to come and go.

Such voices come to all,
And whisper softly in our inmost heart;
They bid us nobly stand, or weakly fall,
And ask us to endure, or give up all.
Say, shall we choose the good or evil part?

Answer, ye saints most dear,
And choose the good things of the Lord, our God;
Trusting in him to bring us help and cheer,
Nor let our righteousness forsake us here;
So shall we be with Christ—nor fear the rod.

NAUVOO, July 14, 1864.

TERROR OF THE PRIESTS IN THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

It is mentioned by Josephus that a short time before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, the priests going by night into the inner court, to perform their sacred ministrations at the Feast of Pentecost felt a quaking and heard a rushing noise, and after that a sound as of the voice of a great multitude, saying, "Let us depart hence."

Long ages ago, ere the Romans' might
  Destroyed the city of God,
Ere Judah, departing the paths of light,
  Provoked the avenging rod;
While yet her proud temple in glory shone,
  The fairest one of the fair,
All garnished with gold and glittering stone,
  While as yet her priesthood was there.

When over Jerusalem hung the night,
  While the still world around her slept,
The stars shone forth with solemn light,
  While the Pentecost was kept;
As the priests passed down the beautiful halls,
  To the innermost court to go,
A quaking passed over the temple walls,
  And trembled them to and fro.

The priests were silent, with hushed breath,
  The lamps shone dimly around,
When they heard in the silence, still as death,
  A mournfully rushing sound;
Like the voice of winds in forests old,
  When the awful hurricane starts,
And they grasped each other with fingers cold,
  And listened with beating hearts.

When a voice swelled out from the temple core,
  And broke on their dreadful suspense,
And down they shrunk on the mosaic floor,—
  For "Let us," it said, "depart hence."
And the Spirit went up from the holy fane,
  And the priests passed on through the halls,
But the *Pillar* and *Cloud* never entered again,
  'Neath the shade of those beautiful walls.

For soon the proud Roman came down in strength,
  And destroyed the city of God;
The ages have passed and her children at length
  Are returning again to her sod.
Then let us praise him who has done this thing,
  And serve him with mind and with heart,
Lest the Spirit that dwelleth in us like a spring,
  Say mournfully, "Let me depart."

A VISION OF LOVE.

My spirit pined upon a land
  Made barren by the frown of God;
No shady forest was at hand,
  No quiet dell with grassy sod;
But all of verdure that I saw
  Was fostered by the hand of art;—
Methought should that hand once withdraw,
  How soon the scant life would depart!
Afar, unfertile hills upheaving
  Their naked outlines to the sight,
Adown their sides, like tears in grieving,
  Clear streams flowed from the mountain height;
Those stilly heights that rear their mighty forms
  Far in the ambient air, holding their pines
Shrouded in clouds, obscured in dismal storms,
  Scarred with the elements, and worn in deep ravines.

My soul seemed like those mountains,—hung with grief,
  Beclouded with the mists of doubt and care,—
Weary with life's fierce storms, and sought relief
  In that sure source of help, the voice of prayer.
When silent, as a beam of light
Breaks through the vapors round the height,
Making the mountain's forehead bright,

Through all my being burst a ray
Sweeping the gathered clouds away
Before its luster, fold on fold
This scene unto my mind unrolled.

I saw a dark, uncertain place,—
A murky stream ran through the same,—
While fluttering on a little space,
A tiny, snow-white insect came,
On feeble wing it wavered near,—
A flying spark, a dancing beam,—
As to anticipate my fear,
It fell into the chilling stream.
Alas! thought I, weak, transient thing,
Thy life is quenched in hopeless death;
Better thou hadst not lived at all,
Than thus to lose thy passing breath.

Suddenly—on the bank I saw,
Divinely tall (a noble form;
His broad, high brow, without a flaw,
His smile was beaming kindly warm;
Around him fell with slumbrous fold
A flowing robe as clean as snow;
A crown of gems his kingship told,
Trembling with lustrous crystal glow,
He stooped, and with a stately hand
Drew the small insect from the wave,
Exclaiming—"He who gave thy life
Hath power that tiny life to save."

I mused a while upon the deed—
A King, so small a cause to heed!
Then I essayed to learn his name;
He vanished ere he spoke the same.

I stood within a sterile vale, where wandered
No stream to give the faded grasses life;
On the chaotic rocks climbing, I pondered
O'er the mystery with which God's work is rife.
Along the valley came, together banded,
A herd of mountain sheep, weak and forlorn;
With short, quick breath, their starved forms expanded;
Their coats, their hoofs, were with the sharp rocks worn.
They dug among the stones to find stray grasses,
Gnawing the bark upon an old dead bough;
For there was drought in all the mountain passes,
And they were famishing with hunger now.

Anon, from out a crevice leaped a stranger,
A stately mountain ram, with fleece of snow,
He gave a call, and every weary ranger,
Straight after him with eagerness did go.
He led them through precarious, craggy byways,
Wide vales of saline, ashy, barren soil;
They followed over lofty, rifted highways,
Through devious paths their utmost skill would foil.
They followed to a vale where, softly sleeping,
A lucid lake in laughing sunshine lay,
Adown whose banks, the meadows verdant keeping,
Full many a stream made music on its way.

Oh! to behold them drink the pleasant water;
  Oh, to behold them grasp the tender grass;
Widespreading oaks were there, affording shelter,
  Reflected in the lake's pellucid glass.
I turned to see the one who led them thither,
  Change marvelous! it was the noble King!
Smiling, he passed from sight I knew not whither,
  But much I pondered o'er the gracious thing.

I saw a saint of God dwelling on earth below,
  Displaying in his life much righteous beauty;
Who diligently sought true principle to know,
  Striving to walk the perfect line of duty;
Compassed with trials sore, besieged about with hate,
  Because his life in good his kind exceeded.
And I beheld this King viewing his servant's fate—
  Each grievous wrong, each hurt was duly heeded.
As you have seen a mountain girt with awful storms,
    Worn with their ceaseless strife, scarred with their thunder,
Rearing with steadfast strength against their wrath its form,
  Bearing aloft its brow, a mighty wonder;
So stood this faithful saint amid the storms of sin,
  So high in moral altitude and grandeur.
Though scornful prejudice, and slander hemmed him in,
  Obscure his fame, he only grew the stronger;
His King smiled on him, gave him strength to stand.

At last there dawned a day, (oh! tragic story!)
This saint's foes took his life with cruel, wicked hands,
The King bent down and bore him to a land of glory.
I saw them pass together from the sin-stained earth,
And all my being sang with exultation;
The blessings showered on this saint e'en from his birth
Were far exceeded by this last salvation.

Yet still, methought, he has the dower,
The riches he can give;
Well may he save whose mighty power
Can cause the dead to live.
He only bends a little way,
Nor shares the care and pain;
Were death with pangs the price to pay,
Would he be gracious then?

Again behold this King,—but softly now,
A shadow rests upon his glorious brow;
He lays aside the shining, kingly crown,
Throwing the scepter of his power down;
Doffing his snowy robes of majesty,
Walking with men, clad in humility,
With hands spread out to heal them; with a mind
Full of all truth to teach them, gentle, kind,—
Unbending toward evil. Oh! I thought,
That he unto such contact should be brought!

Their vileness and their roughness sore will mar
His purity and beauty; better far
Betake him to his high and holy home,
Where naught impure or evil e'er may come.
So I besought him; but his face grew bright,
"For them and you," he said. Oh! piteous sight!

I saw him bought and sold, and with a kiss betrayed;
Covered with accusations, borne to die;
With cruel mockings, and with wrath displayed,
By those who in their night of death passed by;
Nailed to the cross between two thieves, he gave
His life in agony our souls to save.
This proof of love surpassing all before,—
Close up the vision! I would see no more.

Yet one more scene unto my sight was shown.
When the sad tragedy on earth was o'er,
I saw him high exalted to a throne,
In majesty, more glorious than before.
Around him clothed in purity and light,
Were myriads of angels, strong and fair,
Whose homes were temples whose surpassing height
Seemed floating tranquilly in thrilling air;
Through whose wide arcades swept deep melody,
Rolling afar on vibrant wings of sound
O'er blooming fields, or tall, embowering tree,
And strange phenomena that girt them round;

Prismatic rainbows over floods of light;
  Stupendous glories unto man unknown;
Colors that never shine for mortal sight;
  Delights that only are in glimpses shown;
Schools where the depths of wisdom's wealth is taught;
  Powers our puny minds have never felt;
Undying works by stainless fingers wrought;
  Beauty that all my being seemed to melt;—
Unlawful were it to unfold the scene
  To eyes impure with love of lower earth;—
The best of all, the never-failing stream
  Of God's great love for ever flowing forth,
Thrilling the whole wide throng with nameless bliss
Unspeakable in world so low as this.
My soul, unable to behold such glory long,
Awoke, and lo! the vision of God's love was gone!

THE CHANGE.

FIRST PHASE.

THE season was waxing ripe,
In the life invoking rays,
From the orb that is a type
Of the highest home of praise.

The breath of the south went by,
Where murmuring corn rows stand,
The wealth of the mid July
Was poured out over the land.

I wandered into the field,
The ripening grass to view,
And to watch its full ranks yield,
As the scythe blade rustled through.

I marked the words of the men;
Unguarded they talked and sang,
Till the woods beyond the glen
With quavering echoes rang.

They mentioned the price of hay,
And "times" as they passed along;
Condemned events of the day
In an idle burst of song;

Repeated many a tale,
  That would hardly do to tell;
The venomous serpent's trail,
  Displayed itself too well.

They urged each other to race,
  And caught each other with guile,
Till their shouting filled the place;
  I, moralizing the while,

Thought we resemble the grain
  That grew so thriftily now,
But old Time would sweep the plain,
  And lay the thriftiest low.

The sound of their laughter jarred
  The music of nature's rhyme;
The tone of their converse marred
  The peaceful tone of the time.

They swept up over the hill
  And hurriedly passed from sight;
The mild summer air grew still
  With its floods of warmth and light.

Photo by C. I. Carpenter.

"Again when I passed that way,
And the harvest was at hand,
The golden sunshine lay
All over the smiling land."

(See page 215.)

SECOND PHASE.

Again when I passed that way,
  And the harvest was at hand,
The glorious sunshine lay
  All over the smiling land;

Somber in shadowy gloom,
  The forest a fine contrast
To the grain in yellow bloom
  That was being gathered fast.

I listened to hear the men;
  Their conservation seemed strange;
I compared the "now" and the "then,"
  Remarking a wondrous change.

Of doctrine holy and sound
  They spake, and of that great plan
The God of heaven sent down,
  The gospel, to save poor man.

As they paused to whet each scythe,
  They spake of the Spirit's might
To keep them keenly alive,
  With bucklers and armor bright.

Pointing each blade with a text,
  Lucid and ready at hand,
They seemed not at all perplexed
  Among the mysteries grand.

They turned to the work again
  With weapons no longer dim,
Pronouncing the glad refrain
  Of a spirit stirring hymn.

Ah! the serpent's trail was not,
  For a purifying wave
Baptismal, had swept the spot,
  With its holy power to save.

The Bible, an open book,
  They appeared to know by rote;
The power of evil shook,
  At each text I heard them quote,

Or saying of truth rehearse.
  As they passed over the hill
The sound of chapter and verse,
  Seemed murmuring round me still.

The thoughts accorded so well
  With the tone of all the scene,
That a benediction fell
  On the plain and forest green.

A TRIBUTE.

Dear "Foolish Galatians:"

ALONG the path of life we met with pleasure,
Sharing the golden sunlight of the way,
Joining our tuneful voices in the measure,
That wafted unto heaven's king our lay.
You being (thanks unto the Father) many,
I only one, brain weak, and fingers slow,
I could not write each one, yet if to any,
My idea is to write to all, you know.
So, dear "Galatians," I would thus address you
In Michigan's most fair and pleasant land,
The "*Mighty God*" we love, for ever bless you;
Language is weak, but you will understand.
I fear not, you know "*who*" that I am meaning,
You that dealt kindly with the pilgrim one,
When in sheer weakness on his Father leaning,
He came among you. For the good deeds done;
For the wide open door, and cheery welcome;
For the kind words you never failed to say,
Though he be poor, remuneration shall come
From Him who sent that pilgrim on his way.

Now let me write a word of exhortation;
Be like the unchanging foliage of your pine,
Growing upright upon a sure foundation,
Not blooming for a season, then decline.

Yet bear a smile of glory like the sunlight,
  Shining upon those pines at close of day;
Not like those hypocrites who always shun light,
  Lest their soul's littleness it should display.
Keep in your minds a vein of gentle sweetness,
  Such as your lofty maples furnish you,
That gives their noble form this rare completeness,
  Of being good to use as fair to view.
I need not tell you not to fear nor tremble,
  When the world's teachers seek your face to grind.
For when the gospel they would fain dissemble,
  Will not the scriptures crowd to fill your mind?
Yet speak in charity, for you remember
  They have enough of sorrow, being blind;
Contrast your Summer life with their December,
  The rougher they assail, be still more kind.

Unto your president, who leads the meeting,
  Who in humility and worth excels;
Also—my—*favorite,* I send him greeting—
  He who sat next me at the feast of shells.
How often hath the holy gift of healing
  By his kind hand descended on my frame,
And new awakened strength and courage sealing,
  Bidding disease depart to whence it came;
Also, his lady, whose free ministration
  Spread with rich fare the pleasant homelike board,—

Would of such Saints we had a very nation,
  To hold a conference before the Lord.
There is another faithful soul who sought me,
  When with the multitude I stood alone;
Oh! the assistance that his dark eyes brought me,
  When unexpectedly on me they shone.
Many the faithful souls that I might mention
  That comfort gave, but space would fail, I fear;
But while my memory holds its retention,
  In prayer they shall be numbered, if not here.

We parted soon with you, I could not linger,
  Although the time had been one golden dream;
For destiny, with an unbending finger,
  Points out my way along life's troubled stream.
Wherein my thoughts were uttered as in lightness,
  Forgive, I pray you—all my faults, forgive;
But where the truth hath shone in words of brightness,
  Remember by it you should strive to live.

When you behold the spring's pale timid flowers,
  Or summer's scarlet blooms, when wild birds call;
Or when in autumn's melancholy hours,
  You see the leaves of many colors fall;
When you look up into the sky's blue distance;
  When downy moss and feathery ferns you see;
Where'er in nature beauty hath existence,
  And you behold it, you will think of me.

FEBRUARY 1, 1869.

ATONEMENT.

ALL the sacrifices offered
From the days of Abel down,
Forward look to this one proffered
On Golgotha's rugged crown.

All the prayers and sacrifices
In the future yet to be,
Backward turn their weird faces
To the form upon this tree.

From all pain and anguish gleaning,
That have been, or e'er shall be,
'Tis an hour of grandest meaning,
And most potent mystery.

All ye wayward and forsaken,
All ye tried, despised, and poor,
View the heart, now for you breaking,
Take the gift and sin no more.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the skies' softening graces where day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the house of devotion—the season of prayer.

You may value the friendship of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

You may talk of your prospects of fame or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,
Take away ev'ry other, and give me but this.

Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from thy word;
I will walk to the altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed from above.

THE SAINTS SHALL WEAR ROBES AS THE LILIES.

THE saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain.

Then praise ye the Lord for ever and aye,
For glory and honor are his;
With songs and flowers we'll strew the glad way,
For roses and lilies are his.

By the side of the murmuring waters,
The roses in beauty shall grow;
And Zion adorning her daughters,
Shall dress them in lilies of snow.

Her walls shall be covered with roses,
Her streets be with violets lined;
Her temples shall glitter with jewels,
The columns with lilies be twined.

Our Father, who clotheth the lilies,
And giveth the roses their hue,
Will watch o'er his flocks in the valleys;
His word and his counsel are true.

Then let us be pure as the lilies,
And joyous and glad as the rose,
So when Jesus selected his jewels,
In Zion we'll find our repose.

THE PEBBLE HAS DROPPED IN THE WATER.

LET us shake off the coals from our garments,
And arise in the strength of our Lord;
Let us break off the yoke of our bondage,
And be free in the joy of the word.
For the pebble has dropped in the water,
And the waves circle round with the shock—
Shall we anchor our barks in the center,
Or drift out and be wrecked on the rock?

Let us waken our songs in the morning,
And let them at noontide resound;
Then the evening shall find us rejoicing,
While the law in our hearts will be found.
For the Lord is remembering Zion,
And bringing her comfort once more;
Shall we anchor our barks in the center,
Or drift out and be wrecked on the shore?

Thank the Lord for the plan he has given,
That will render us pure as a child,
That will change this cold world into heaven,
By his spirit so holy and mild.
And the hope of a portion in Zion,
Shall cheer us till trials are o'er;
Let us anchor our barks in the center,
And be safe from the rocks on the shore.

Passion Flowers.

YOU NEVER SANG OF LOVE.

YOU never sang of love, yet knew not why;
You sang of all things beautiful to you,
Yet never dared the theme of love to try;
But from this subject modestly withdrew.
It seemed too sacred and half understood,
As of an inner nature, to be hid,
And fortune never found you in the mood
To sing of love as other singers did.
Ah! now, to you it is the dearest strain,
More pleasant than all sights of earth and air,
The trial only is but to refrain
From singing of it. Without thought or care
The words arise, its loveliness to prove;
Where lies the secret, I need hardly ask;
The reason is that you yourself do love,
That lends a glory and inspires the task.

CALIFORNIA, January 8, 1870.

REST.

A HARP is not always in tune;
Relaxing the strings brings repose,
That tensioned too tightly would soon
Give way and the music would close.
Then let thy hand cease from thy toil,
Give place to a season of rest;
Or the overwrought judgment will foil
Intentions the brightest and best.

Contend not so earnestly long;
The word thou hast spoken may live;
Lest thy striving render too strong
The will, and it never forgive.
Cease toiling then, carestricken mind;
Come forth from thy hobby a while,
Cast thy trouble and grief to the wind,
Rejoice in the sunshine's fair smile.

IOWA, 1872.

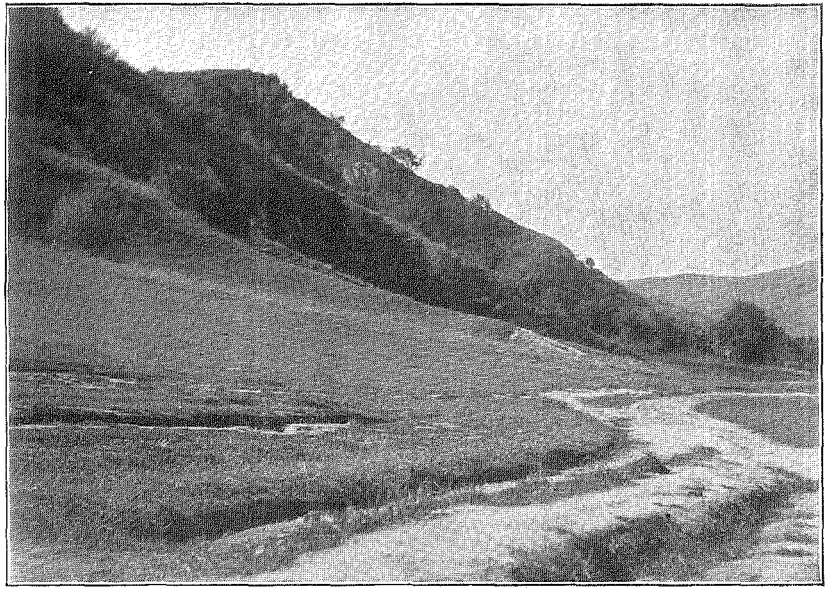
DISCONTENTMENT.

BEHOLD the hills sweep down with round outline
As if their hearts were happy; see the sun
Shed forth broad bands of golden luster fine;
Hear the swift winds go singing as they run;
How glad the atmosphere of this fair day;
All nature silent stands as if to pray.

Let me be happy too. Oh! restless soul,
Fold thy quick limbs and rest from care a while;
Watch the great clouds in fleecy volumes roll;
The lakelet in the sunshine seems to smile;—
Would God my friends were here to share my thought,—
Would I could find the rest I long have sought.

Would I could speak the language of the hills;
Would their plush velvet grace I could make known;
Could I translate the talking of the rills
That from their crowning dimples wander down,—
I would not sing, and yet I can not cease;
I can not murmur, yet I have no peace.

CALIFORNIA, December 28, 1870.



"Would I could speak the language of the hills;
Would their plush velvet grace I could make known."

(See page 226.)

HOME AGAIN.

WHEN the springtime doth come,
And the dapper little wren,
Returns to build her nest
I' the hollow post again;
The gauze-winged "Katy Did"
Wakes her music down the glen,
We will hie us to our dear old home.
How gladly we shall greet
The homely old front door,
That opens to the street
By the locusts shaded o'er;
While we hear the bounding feet
Coming o'er the well worn floor
To welcome us, again at home.

Our mother shall be there,
With a tear-drop on her cheek;
Right kind and gentle are
The words that she will speak;
Our sister mild and fair,
With deportment calm and meek,
Shall receive us in our dear old home.
The laughing little boy,
The bright eyed little girl,
With features full of joy,
Both in a perfect whirl;
While we gather in a ring
And a merry ballad sing,
As a greeting to our dear old home.

Right precious do we hold
  The friends we meet with here;
But the friends we loved of old,
  Seem far more near and dear.
Ah, may we ever find
  Such friends to bring us cheer
As shall greet us in our dear old home!
  These fields are fresh and fair,
When violets do come;
  But buds we gathered there,
Seem fairer in their bloom;
  Though their hues may be less bright,
  Still they fill us with delight,
For they blossom round our dear old home.

We go to sing once more
  The songs that sweetly swell,
To tread the springing floor;
  To drink from out the well;
All about the southern door,
  The lilac buds to smell,
In the presence of our dear old home.
  To bend above the bed,
Where we planted early flowers;
  Where oft in seasons fled
We have squandered happy hours;
  To sing a merry song, a merry, merry song,
As a greeting to our dear old home.

TO THE ABSENT.

OH! I miss thee, gentle friend,
And my soul cries out for thee;
When our waiting shall have end,
Blest and happy shall we be.

When I wander on the hills
To enjoy the flooding light,
Still I miss you; were you there,
Even sunshine were more bright.

The old shadowy mountain, dim,
And the valley filled with wheat,
Sweeping round me like the brim
Of a vase, for flowers meet.

Every scene has lost a charm
That thy presence here would bring;
We might wander arm in arm,
Or beside the streamlet sing.

For the strong electric force
Of your presence, I await;
When together we rejoice,
Then the shadows will abate.

Some may sing of angel band
That in heaven they shall join;
I on earth have found the hand
That is company for mine.

Wherefore wait until the dawn
Of millennium for love?
There will be no trials then
Those we lean upon to prove.

Open wide the callous heart;
Set the spirit's doors ajar;
Let its lifting guests come in,
It were happier by far.

Wherefore silent, sit alone,
Till the light of day depart?
Till the changeless shades are thrown
O'er the cold and withered heart?

So I long to lean my head
On the absent one's kind breast;
There to feel the strong, true arms,
Round about me tightly pressed.

CACHE VALLEY, September 14, 1872.

THE STOIC.

NOW, life, thou hast a tyrant been,
Who gave me scarce a moment's peace;
Hast called and beckoned me, and when
I sought thee, answered not my quest.
When I have culled the opening flowers,
They soon have withered in my hand;
Success has shunned the toilful hours;
Withheld the price, and coldly scanned
The suppliant for the favor sweet.
All withered lies the broken thought,
And cheated hope. Ah, was it meet
To fly me thus when most I sought!

Now, I have built for me a home
Of pearl and silver, and its hills
Are barren, for no flowers shall bloom
To mock and wither. All its rills
Shall flow 'neath ice, and nothing warm,
Nor radiant, nor rosy hued
Shall enter in to work a charm,
To break and be with tears imbued.
Its colors shall be gray and cool;
And if small joy it yields to me,
Peace shall arise and softly school
My soul to rest, like a calm sea.

Like those colossals by the Nile,
  Whose features wear a placid light,
All passionless as if the while
  They dwell in some gray, somber night,
And waited for a morn that ne'er
  Shall dawn, to break the monotone
Of their existence; for the cheer,
  The life, the pride, for ever gone,
That once flowed round their marble base
  They wait in vain. It did accord
With their expression—now each face
  Is like a strange, unmeaning word.

The love of God still flows to me,
  But seems so far off, pure, and high,
His face my poor eyes can not see;
  I'll wait until my Lord draws nigh.
I've prayed and called with heartfelt moan,
  I'll call no more, but quiet be;
And lay my forehead on the stone
  And wait till he remembers me—
The broad cool stone that forms the stairs
  That upward lead unto his throne—
It will extract the heat that fires
  Of care and sorrow have made known.

I'll speak, and men shall hear and feel
  How much of glitter, fire, and power,
Can spring out of a heart of steel,
  While it grows harder every hour.
I'll sing, and every single note
  Shall thrill with passion—but you know
It springs no deeper than the throat,—
  The gilded marble seems to glow.
I'll work—but not as heretofore,
  Enthusiastic, wrapt, and blind,—
'Twas sweet, but it shall come no more—
  The toil shall enter not my mind.

I'll aim my arrows at the height!
  If they should strike bright success,
It shall not move me; if their flight
  Fall weak, and short, 'twill move me less.
I'll strike with cool, deliberate strength!
  If I shall reach the hidden truth,—
I might have missed—and so at length
  Have risen over joy or ruth.
I'll strive to land my boat on shore;
  But if it choose, despite my all,
To sink amid the rack and roar,
  It sinks—without a groan or call.

This is not bitterness; for that
  Were something full of passion's glow,
While this—well—'tis a peaceful state;—
  Pure, cold, and silent, like the snow.
The law is just—then why complain—
  The track is straight—then walk it through.
Perhaps my quick and careless aim
  May carve a line more justly true,
Than if untold anxiety
  Caused the weak hand to thrill with nerve;
Those who have least at stake, may be,
  Are the less apt to shrink or swerve.

Some men may speak their words of praise,
  And laud the skill, and see the power;
Their worthless wreaths I scorn to raise,
  Although they fall a perfect shower.
And they may blame, but what to me
  Their blame? I'll look them in the eye,
Even so light my scorn shall be,
  I shall not know I pass them by.
'Tis not rebellion—may be God
  Has dropped this robe about my form,
That I may walk the burning sod
  Untouched, and pangless, through the storm.

FEBRUARY 14, 1871.

OASIS.

O SAY not that the world is all
A desert where no flowers bloom;
Where no true light may round us fall,
Until we walk beyond the tomb.
Say not, all hearts are cold and dead;
Say not, all smiles are worn a while,
To hide the thoughts that still are fed
By insincerity and guile.
For I have drunk one healing draught,
Of full communion, pure and deep;
That with harmonious magic wrought
My soul from out its numb, cold sleep.
I wandered in a barren land,
O'er wearying snows, o'er chilling streams;
Shutting away, with steady hand,
Even the cheering light of dreams.
At last I reached a portal where
I leaned a while to rest my frame;
It opened and a vision rare
Before my wakened spirit came.
I looked within—a thousand flowers
Opened their quiet starry eyes;
I backward looked—a thousand more,
Blushed back their fair and full replies.
Whene'er within this temple rang,
A symphony of sweetest range;

My spirit thrilled and joyful sang,
With answering cadence, soft and strange.
A hand held to my fasting lip,
A brimming goblet, full of life;
Ah! such the nectar angels sip,
Beyond these fields of toil and strife.
Come, toiling strife; come, care and storm;
Come, long, wide waste of cold, pure snow;
The mem'ry of that music's charm;
The perfumed flowers' blushing glow;
The brimming of that crystal vase,
Shall dwell with me. Though ne'er again
Its welling waves my spirit taste,
Its hallowed influence shall remain;
And, in the world that lies beyond,
By these I know its entity;
These harmonies again shall sound;
That full communion mine shall be.

FEBRUARY 14, 1872.

SOLITAIRE.

FOR A FRIEND.

HE SOUGHT the canyon where the wind
Came whispering low and plaintively;
There from the sun's warm rays to find
Release beneath the laurel tree.
Where modest flowers and fern leaves green,
Would tempt one's feet the slope to climb;
Where dear old rocks together lean,
Conversing of an ancient time;
Where from the wormwood springs the quail
And hies him through the emerald grass,
While shadows from high cloudlets pale
Athwart the round hill's forehead pass.
On high, the hungry eagles go,
With dizzy sweep and aerial whirl,
Watching the sagey hills below
For chance to seize the burrowing squirrel.
Around him broods the air, so still
He hears the eagle's rushing wings;
Some mighty secret seems to thrill
The giant hills like sentiate things.
Below, the valley spreads away,
In undulating meadows green,
To where, reflected in the bay,
The distant mountain range is seen.

The bees among the laurels come
  For sap that from the leaves exudes;
Sweet, wild-voiced singers make their home
  And sport amid the solitudes.
Within the tree his form to place
  He clambers up its winding arms,
And opens to a pictured face
  In silence to enjoy its charms.
And here it is he pens these lines
  To her, whose shade before him lies;
To tell her how the love-light shines,
  For her, within his longing eyes.

"Thou sweet reflection! Magic art
  That fixed thy shape my soul to bless,
When we were sundered far apart
  By woodland, wave and wilderness.
Whose perfect eyes so darkly bright;
  Whose loving lips and cheeks so fair;
Whose brow so broad and smoothly white,
  Embowered in its clustering hair,
With eloquent intelligence
  Speaks in each curve's expressive line;
And love with matchless eloquence
  From brow, and eye, and lips doth shine.

"The dawning of another life
  Sweeps upward clad in roseate hues;
With deeper tenderness 'tis full,
  With higher aims and broader views;
With darker shadows underlined;
  With trials heavier to bear;
Strength more increased, and more refined;
  Joys sweeter, beauty far more fair.
Bless God for gift all price above,
  This door that opens from the dark;
This sacred chalice brimmed with love,
  For sinking soul a saving ark."

. . . . . .

The door that opened from the dark,
  Alas, was opened—but by death;
A coffin was the saving ark,—
  He sleeps the laurel tree, beneath.
And she, whose lovely pictured grace
  Awoke the love hope in his breast,
On other suitors turned her face,
  Forgetting him who lies at rest.

CALIFORNIA, January 8, 1870.

A STORY ON A SUMMER EVE.

PRELUDE.

COME, let us sing a careless lay,—
  Don't hear it, critic, pass it by,—
Nor care I how the accents play,
  Or how the idle rhymes reply.
Come, gather round, my gentle friends;
  The four of us, so kind and true;
Now as the time for toiling ends,
  And daylight dies in gold and blue.
The humming bird has sought his nest,
  No more he winds the garden's rounds;
The dew is on the rose's breast,
  Whose tree with bloom bows to the ground.
Here in this corner let us hide,
  For we are chosen friends, we four;
Throw back the gauzy curtains wide,
  And let the moonlight gild the floor;
The floor with carpet thick and deep,
  Whose flowers dyed in light and gloom,
In the pale moonlight seem to heap
  Themselves into a real bloom.
All day we toiled with purpose strong,
  With needle, book, or what you please;
At eve we woke the cheerful song,
  Or trilled the snow white, even keys.

The south wind murmurs low and bland;
  The distant night bird singeth low;
How pure and white gleams ——'s hand,
  And, ——'s dark eyes, how they glow;
——'s shoulders strong and broad;
  Kind honest face so calm and clear;
Ah! life for us seems a bright road;
Long may it wear its present cheer.

THE RECITAL.

Canto First.

Long had she plied the threaded steel;
Long had she whirred the busy wheel;
On the fair hand her head reclined
And lonesome fancies filled her mind.
Then spake the mother's gentle heart,
"Come, daughter, from your toil depart;
Long have you wrought and patiently.
  Take thy brown mantle, braid thy bright hair up;
Go, wander in the woodland pleasantly
  And gather newer life and hope.
Cull just a handful of the roses rare,
I have so often seen you bring from there,
Where bright the waters shine, 'neath brighter skies,
And bring their light home in your eyes."
The maid, arising, bound her long fair hair;
  In shining bands about her waxen brow;

That, like a pearl, shone purely clear and fair.
A veil of blue her temples clasp, and now
She dons the light brown mantle set astray,
In folds eccentric, o'er a dress of gray.
Forth from the cottage in the well known way
Towards the woods that to the northward lay.
Around her throng the beauties that obey
The bounteous summer in its gentle sway;
She bares her forehead to the pleasant air
And springs along with glad steps free from care;
At length she gains a resting place so fair,
The fairies might have held a revel there.
A hawthorn tree upon a streamlet's bank,
Where the long grasses grew in wildness rank;
And many a dainty flower the moisture drank
As with a laugh the wavelets rose and sank.
Seated, she doffed the veil so blue and cool,
And from the hollow tree drew forth a spool,
A slender steel that ended with a hook,
And fell to weaving as she eyed the brook
Rare flowers, that like snowy frost-work fell
About her fingers as by magic spell.
Above the water dreams began to rise
Like exhalations fair before her eyes;
All lovely scenes expand as they unroll,
The gift of Nature to the fresh young soul.
So let us leave her to her happy dreams,
Sequestered in the woodland by the streams.

The mother rose, and with her usual care
The evening's simple viands to prepare,
Spread forth the snowy cloth and placed each chair,
Humming the while some glad old-fashioned air.

Anon, a well known step salutes her ear;
A tall man enters, saying, "Well, my dear."
"Early to-night," said she, "my, we are smart,"
"No. Rather say, some lateness on your part.
How would you like a letter?" Quizzical his air;
Meanwhile he stroked his shock of bushy hair.
"Right well, indeed," said she, with softer tone.
So he at once communicative grown,
Drew forth the letter, while the lady quoth,
"Mr. and Mrs. Then it is for both."
Wiping her glasses, she to read began
The said epistle, on this wise it ran.

Dear Friends:

Well known in happy days gone by,
  Accept my proposition, for their sake,
And look with kind and well approving eye
  Upon the proposition I shall make.
Wanting employment, and being lone,
  I purpose leaving this unfriendly place,
Hoping with you to find a sheltering home;
  That is, if you will kindly grant me grace.

For which a reasonable price I'll pay,
As thus I hope to make my humble way;
Attached to this behold my well known name,
Your old acquaintance, Hyrum Peter Graham.

P. S.—Come to the depot, "Uncle" John,
On Friday next, at half past one.
It is a lucky day for me
I'm yours, etc., H. P. G.

"Wife, can we board him?"
"Yes, of course we can;
And glad to have him come, if I am right,
He is a very promising young man.
To look at him were good for damaged sight.
What of your daughter, John, so young and wild."
"Yes, bless her, I was thinking of our child."

"I could not wish a better mate for her;
Nor any as company could prefer;
Even a splendid *husband* he would make
And I could wish it for her precious sake."

"Why not encourage it and have them wed."

"With our encouragement the plan were sped,
To hatch a wedding needs abundant tact;
To meddle were to spoil it all, in fact.
So we must manage it, as if it were
The last thing we had thought of, I declare."

Canto Second.

Mother.

"Come, Emily, put by your wheel,
And aid me in the mid-day task;
A boarder comes to-day from Thiel.
So your assistance I must ask."

E. "A boarder! Who, I want to know?"

M. "His name has passed my mind just now;
It matters little; you must pay
Little attention to this man;
As you must meet him, day by day,
Be just as distant as you can."

E. "I need not speak, if 'tis your will."

M. "I would not have you treat him ill;
Be simply civil, nothing more.
Only a carpenter by trade.
He wrote to us a week before,
That if the train was not delayed,
He should be here by half past one;
Your father has to meet him gone."

"Now help me—get the fish to fry;
Roll it in flour; it is fine.
This wood burns ill, 'tis not dry;
Replenish with a little pine.

Go to the cellar and bring forth
  Those nice strawberries in the can;
A cake also; a pie, of course,
  To welcome this our boarder man."

Adown the stairway tripped the maid,
  Nor for the gossip longer stayed;
Musing with strangely puzzled smile
  Of this newcomer all the while.

Brought the rich pie, and dainty cake,
And berries tart, without mistake.
A hasty toilet then to make
She sought her little, cozy room;
To 'noint her 'kerchief with perfume;
And drive away the too bright bloom
Of each pink cheek, with water pure;
Setting each braid of hair, secure;
Making things generally sure.
A spray of myrtle in the braid
Set off the brightness of her hair;
A dress of gray, her form arrayed;
Two small white cuffs, whose magic made
Her hands more small and fair;
The merest hint toward a broach,
So small it was beyond reproach,
A collar at her throat confined;
And one more fair you scarce can find;

Smooth brow, straight nose, small mouth and true;
Eyes like two bluebells dipped in dew,
Or aught else beautiful and blue.
Sighed she, this is some old man gray;
Or *ignoramus* anyway,
With a low forehead and black eye;
Lips broad and thick, and stiff, harsh hair;
At all events, what need she care,—
With this she gave once more a sigh.

She aided with the dinner still,
Whatever was her mother's will;
Until the table all was spread
With spotless ware and snowy bread;
And then, to while the time away,
Went forth to gather a bouquet;
At this she made so long a pause
That when she entered, there he was.

So there he was, and that was he!
Not an old man, that she could see;
But rather young, and very tall;
Upon the whole, what we might call
Rather good looking; with a Grecian nose,
And dark beard, curling round a lip of rose;
An ample brow, o'er which was laid
A wealth of waving hair of raven shade;
Slender, arched eyebrows; eyes as clear and gray,
As shaded waters on a sunless day.

No farther could she note, 'ere they arose
  And round the table drew their chairs in place;
Her father, with a calm air of repose,
  Lifting a rough hand, said an humble grace.

The meal was passed without a single word
  Of introduction to their handsome guest;
The like of which she ne'er before had heard;
  So felt indignant, awkward and oppressed.

He felt for her the keenest sympathy,
For the exact position he could see.
When it was through, the mother, rising, said,
"This is our daughter"; turning, said again,
"This is our boarder." Hyrum bowed his head
Observing coldly, he was vexed, 'twas plain;
"I hope *our daughter's* health is good." Said she,
"It is; so may *our boarder's* ever be."

The mother's face was turned away, to hide
The laughter that they soon would have descried;
The father spoke about the town to Graham,
Then brought their hats; they went to see the same.

Emily remarked, with glowing cheek and brow,
"I thought my mother had good sense—but now
I am quite doubtful."
"Why! what have I done?"
But more she could not say; the girl was gone.

In the next room arose a buzzing sound,
As angry fingers whirled the wheel around;
The thread was twisted so extremely tight
It broke, in tangles twining, vexing quite
The fretful spinner, though herself to blame,
The cause that troubled her could hardly name.

CANTO THIRD.

The days went by, the stranger came and went,
  As did her father, to and from his task;
Though how and where the tedious time he spent,
  The fair girl neither knew nor cared to ask.
Her shining needle, or the whirring wheel,
  Filled up the circle of her lonely hours,
Which never would her quiet face reveal,
  Save only to her birds and pleasant flowers.

One eve the stranger stayed away quite late;
  She trimmed her lamp and sought her room upstairs;
Her father went to bed with drowsy pate;
  The mother placed the tables and the chairs,
Leaving a lamp upon the stand for him
Turned down, and burning rather low and dim,
And then retired. Shortly home he came;
Drew forth some old-time book with an odd name;
Ensconsed himself securely in a nook;
Brightened the lamp and read from this old book;

The while an undertone of subtle thought
  Led him to think of those now gone to rest;
The pleasant picture of the fair girl brought
  Before him, and a fear disturbed his breast;
Fear that she scorned him, something of the kind.
And then the many times he called to mind
When he had made remark, as if to her,
  And ere an answer she could speak
The mother would speak up, and thus defer
  The opportunity, until a week
Had passed without a single word
By her addressed to him, which was absurd.
Her parents seemed on other subjects free;
  Talking quite sociably of good old days;
Of her they were as close as they could be;
  But used him always well in other ways.

The lifting of a latch, the swinging door,
The merest echo on the white pine floor,
She stood before him with a startled look,
Her lamp half out, and in her hand a book.
Ah! in the stilly night and broken glare
Of the spent lamp, she seemed a vision rare;
She faintly blushed, then pallid grew in fear;
"Excuse me sir, I knew not you were here."
She turned to go. "Nay, do not run away,
My lamp will shine for both, a moment stay."
Slowly she turned, extinguishing the flame;

Putting away the lamp she softly came,
And with a self-possessed, yet modest air,
Accepted with low thanks the proffered chair.
Seated, they read in silence for a time;
He, his old book; she, some old fashioned rhyme.
At once he put aside his book and said,

"Come, let us talk a while; it is not good
For eyes to read by lamplight; we have read
As long a time as we in reason should."
She raised her eyes, and so they held converse
Of various topics, such as young folks choose;
Of music, painting, discourse, prose and verse;
Of rides, and parties, and the latest news.
So interested were they, that before
An hour had gone past, he had agreed
To make a fernery in which to store
Choice ferns and mosses. Still, so little heed
Paid they to time, the clock upon the shelf
Startled their ideas by proclaiming twelve.
Up she arose, saying she must be gone;
Up he arose, making apology;
"If either is in fault, I am the one";
She said, "Do not forget the fernery."

Nor did he; for before a week went past,
He brought it in, all finished up complete;
All his spare time he wrought skillfully fast;
And beautiful it was; made true and neat,

A parallelogram, low sides and ends;
  Braided, and tacked all round with willows fine,
While o'er the top a curved bow extends
  Round which the pattern of the lilies twine.

Emily, perceiving it, came all aglow;
  But ere she had the time a word to say,
Her mother cried, "Ah! Mr. Graham; I know
  You have made that for me; I thought to-day
That I should like a box, my flowers to hold."
He let her have it; but his looks were cold.
She took it graciously; what could he say?
The girl unto her spinning turned away.
The dinner passed off coldly; Mrs. Brown
  Did all the talking; all her overtures
To draw out Mr. Graham failed that day.
  Rising, he said, "*Miss* Brown, the box is yours."
Emily thanked him. He sought out the town.
  This on the mother acted like a charm;
A storm of words on Emily came down;
  She only placed the box upon her arm,
And sought the pleasant woodland streams, to gather
The ferns and mosses in the sunny weather.
And beautifully looked they, gathered into
The fernery, and sheltered in her window.

CANTO FOURTH.

"Currants are ripe," said the bird in the tree;
"Currants are ripe," said the bug and the bee;
But the ant; O, never a word said he,
But helped himself to the dainty free.
"Currants are ripe," exclaimed Mrs. Brown;
As she to the garden went softly down;
Holding with care a bright tin pan,
Making it serve instead of a fan,
In a well-stuffed cushion resembling a hand;
While to keep her features from being tanned,
Very broad was her bonnet's shade,
And portly and tall the lady was made.
Her eyes were black as the sloes in the glade;
Her dress was purple, that never would fade;
Around her neck was a 'kerchief light,
Thin and clean of a spotless white;
She fell to plucking with all her might,
The berries, clustering, red and bright.

"Oh, dear!" said she, " 'Tis two months to-day
Since Mr. Graham came here to stay;
And just one week since he went away;
For which I am blamed, and have to pay.
I kept him away from our daughter fair,
When if there's a want for which I care,
It is for a wedding between the pair;
I am likely to have one I declare."

"Here comes our neighbor's little girl,
With eyes aglow and locks a curl."

"Come here, my little dear to me;
  How very neat and sweet you are;
So fresh a face one joys to see;
  See the ripe berries, have a share."

The little maid drew shyly near,
  To hear what Mrs. Brown would say;
Though what was said counts but little here;
  Yet ere an hour passed away,
The trusty (?) maid had shown a note;
  Carelessly written and not sealed;
Of which the words we will not quote;
  But this in substance it revealed.
That Emily must try and steal,
  By some pretext, excuse, or plan,
Away next day and go to Thiel;
  Where he, the happiest young man,

His chosen bride would gladly meet,
  With a few friends that she might name;
From thence repair to Newcomb street,
  And change her name from Brown to Graham."

Then followed such a pleasant talk;
How they had stolen many a walk;
Also, how lonely he had been;
Since her bright face he had last seen.

All this the mother did not heed;
But folding, bade the young girl speed,
And bring the answer back again;
  In order that she too might read;
So understand the matter plain.
  The maid to this at once agreed,
  Giving the lady's counsel heed;
Who promised that apron full
  Of berries ripe, and to this add
A silver quarter beautiful,
  Should be hers ere a week had fled

She promised she would not prevent
In any way, or circumvent
The hasty wedding now on hand;
But only wished to understand
How things were moving in the land.

To make a lengthy matter short,
She saw the answer, and with sport
Read its consenting; while the maid
To eat the luscious currants stayed;
To fill her apron with the same,
And bear the note to Peter Graham.

Soon Mrs. Brown went in the house;
Silent and scheming as a mouse,
Unto her daughter lightly said,—
  "I wonder how your cousins are?

It is a month since I have read
  A single line that came from there;
I wish that you would visit them;
  They live, of course you know in Thiel;
You shall be farther then from Graham;
  You then by letter can reveal,
If they are well, or ill, or poor,
And I shall know more clearly sure."

The daughter straightly made excuse;
But found out soon it was no use;
Still she could hardly think it so,—
She hoped not with such ease to go;
Thinking her mother did not know,—
But it was wondrous lucky though.

She packed her trunk without delay,
And in the stage coach went away;
But just before she left the town
At Peacham's door she did get down;
To send a note to Peter Graham,—
Of course, her mother read the same.

When the old stage was fairly out of sight,
And Graham had his note all nice and right;
The mother, aided by the Peacham maid,
Engaged in cooking at a rapid rate;

Until the pantry shelves, with good things laid,
Groaned with the fullness of the luscious weight;
To tell their number, your belief would shake;
Pork, poultry, pies, puddings, preserves and cake.

Brightly the morning dawned; the peaceful day
  Came on in splendor o'er the earth so green;
At ten a. m., in Thiel, might have been seen,
  Of fair young people a procession gay.
The manly bridegroom, and the loving bride;
  The groomsmen, bridesmaids, and a few choice friends;
Up Newcomb street, upon the sunny side,
  Until they reach a church, where the ride ends.
They formed in brief procession up the aisle;
The minister in waiting there the while;
The groom is noble, with a gracious mien;
A sight more lovely I have seldom seen
Than the fair bride, in dainty, snowy dress;
A little pallid in her timidness.

But lo! what couple enter quickly now—
He with face averted; she, with veiled brow—
The young bride starts and trembles in her fear;
"It is my father and my mother there."

The preacher rising, an old hymn was sung,
All through the arching roof the glad notes rung.

The prayer was over, and the preacher said,
"Is there objection why these two should wed?"
This o'er the company a silence throws,
But to be broken when the father rose;

Slowly he spoke, as if to make more long
The awkward spell that held them all so strong;
"Objections there may plentifully be;
But if there are, they do not rest with me."

The friends began to find some small relief;
But still the bride was overcome with grief.
"It is my mother will object," she cried;
"Nay," said the groom, "be of good cheer, my bride."

But fearful of a scene indeed was he,
As she had risen up as all could see;
And with her anger she did surely shake;
That is, they thought so, but they made mistake;
For all her efforts, which indeed were strong,
Were but to keep from laughing loud and long.

"Objections plentifully there may be;
But if there are, they do not rest with me.
And after you are wedded, both bride and groom,
Groomsmen, and bridesmaids, and their company;
Also the minister, will please to come

Unto my house; and there partake with me,
An humble dinner, such as I could prepare
On two days' notice; thankful that my prayer
Is answered by the marriage of this pair."

So were they married, the poor theme is told;
And they who sought to sell, themselves were sold.

CONCLUSION.

The moon is gone, the tale is told;
  The night mysterious hides the earth;
The wind has died, the air is cold;
  The far off stars go marching forth;
Go marching forth—and the heart grows old,
  Seeking—and finding naught of worth.
Waxing and waning, yet the day
  Will soon awake to busy thought;
Spreading abroad its cheering ray,
  That good or evil may be wrought;
But why do good or evil stray,
  In an idle song, at close of day?

BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.

SPIRIT of flowers! spirit of doves!
Spirits of kindness, and of peace!
Bend o'er a heart that fears and loves,
Oh! bid its painful longing cease.
Bend low thine ear, patiently hear,
A message I ask thee afar to bear.

Fly o'er the distance long and lone;
O'er mountains barren, bleak, and cold;
O'er weary deserts with ashes strown,
And bear to a dreamer a thought I unfold;
Awake in her breast a dream of rest,
With my form and presence doubly blest.

Embower her round with boughs of flowers;
Shade her about with fragrant trees;
Clasp her sunlight and balmy hours;
With all of beauty the eye to please;
Fold up her beautiful, velvety arms,
Make her believe they shield me from harms.

Watch o'er her slumbers from dark till dawn;
Give her free spirit the fullest joy;
Leave an influence when night is gone,
Pure and unsullied with any alloy;
Give her, I pray, strength for the day;
Beautiful Spirit haste thee away.

CALIFORNIA, December 29, 1869.

AT LAST.

THE morning's long sought cheering light,
Comes pouring o'er the eastern hills,
Flecking the lake with silver bright;
The vale with pleasant radiance fills.
The night of watching now is past,
The morn of gladness dawns—*at last.*

Slowly the sun is sinking now,
Amidst a wilderness of hues;
Till on the western mountain's brow
His broad round disc the toiler views—
Now it is gone—the light fades fast;
The day of toil is *o'er—at last.*

God's work goes on; its course the same;
Now loved by many, now by few;
Many who now despise the same,
At last may serve it well and true;
Many who now stand proudly fast,
Shall, tried and tempted, *fall—at last.*

Look well upon the quiet flowers;
Note while you may the wild-bird's song;
Use while you can, God-given powers;
Count you his blessings all day long;
Soon shall the snow, from heaven cast,
Drift round your lowly grave—*at last.*

Speak kindly to the humble one,
  However humble he may be;
For every club and every stone,
  Cast by thy hand, so cruelly,
Each jest and taunt upon him passed,
Return with added force—*at last.*

Trust on, lone one; trust firmly on;
  Be pure and true, and God will see,
Thou shalt have rest when years are gone
  Into the past eternity;
Songs shalt thou sing of darkness past,
In happy, love-lit *home—at last.*

Toil on, weak hand, so feeble now,
  Beset with faltering and pain;
Toil boldly, by thy toil I trow
  Thy power and thy strength shall gain;
Until thy chains behind thee cast,
Thou soar as on great wings—*at last.*

At last, dear Saints, the warfare o'er,
  How shall we sing on Zion's land!
Those who are now despised and poor,
  Shall nobles in God's kingdom stand;
Brows on which storms beat thick and fast,
Lean on Emanuel's breast—*at last.*

COCOANUT PALM.

ON A lonely Floridian shore,
There standeth a stately palm,
And it beareth its feathery coronel
In revery, fair and calm.
It beareth its fruitful load,
And droppeth them into the brine;
They float afar o'er the waters broad,
Where the sparkling bubbles shine.

They float afar, over the wave,
And the sailor, adrift on the sea,
Recordeth a gratitude joyfully,
And blesseth the lonely palm tree.
The waters roll over its feet,
As it standeth so dimly and tall,
And break in their liquid melody,
As their shimmering circles fall.

The ships as they're passing along,
With their crews, and freight in store,
Grow weary in seeing the lonely palm,
And the rocks at its feet on the shore;
Their sails grow full with the wind,
And echo with bustle and song;
Yet they breathe farewell, with accents kind,
On their journey so varied and long.

PLANO, ILLINOIS, October 21, 1874.

INVOCATION.

LIKE the dew upon the hilltop in the evening softly falling,
When the willows bright and golden wave their branches to and fro,
Where the long grass by the streamlet, where the katydid is calling,
Bends to dip its shining tassels in the dimpled wave below,
Gentle Spirit, Holy Spirit, come and soothe me as I go.

Like the rain upon the meadow when the clover leaves are fading,
And the wind as from a furnace bids the lily droop and die,
From the west the gentle rain cloud, with abundance heavy laden,
Comes to drop its fruitful coolness from the gray and solemn sky,
Mighty Spirit, potent Spirit, come in answer to my cry.

Mighty source of holy power, bidding flowers of rarest beauty,
Lift their radiant heads of glory in the desert of the mind,
Causing souls of rugged nature to come tamely to their duty,
Gently holding up the weakest with influence wondrous kind,
Thou art welcome as the hand that bringeth sight unto the blind.

Thou art stronger than the earthquake, yet thy working goeth sweetly,
Like the falling of the autumn leaf that flutters through the air,
Thou art very, very precious; may my will for ever seek thee,
While I purify my body as a temple of thy care.
In the name of Christ, my Father, grant to answer this my prayer.