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LEAVES OF ALL SEASONS

Hymns and Other Verses

BY
✓
EPHER WHITAKER



SOUTHOLD, N. Y.
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1894

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TO MY WIFE.

As billows heave when tempests move the sea,
So throbbed my heart when first I called thee mine ;
Thy presence thrilled me with a hope divine,
And made the heavens a bridal canopy.
The years have flown. That hope has come to be
Far more than holy faith and purest bliss —
The rapture felt when trustful lovers kiss —
That hope has grown to life's reality.
Thou art my sun, whose beams resplendently
I Ilume my day. More beautiful than stars,
That deck the sky when night her gate unbars,
Thine eyes direct my path. There dwell in thee
The virtues, graces, joys, all full and free,
Than earth more wide and deeper than the sea.

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I.

RELIGION.

LOVE TO LOVE DIVINE.

O God, how wonderful thy grace ;
Thy Love, a vast, unfathomed sea !
Thy bounty feeds our fallen race,
Whose goodness reacheth not to Thee.

Through all the earth Thy glory shines,
Both night and day proclaim Thy praise ;
The golden corn, the teeming vine,
Declare the goodness of Thy ways.

Thy mercy saves our souls from death ;
For us the Friend of sinners died ;
Let praises fill our latest breath,
To God in Christ, the Crucified.

To Thee we give ourselves away,
Our hearts and all our powers be Thine ;
Oh, may the world devoutly pay
Its debt of love to Love Divine.

October 29, 1871.

DEVOTION.

To Thee, O Christ, my Saviour,
I give my life, my all ;
I take my cross and bear it,
Obedient to Thy call.

Thy love divine constrains me
From sin to turn aside,
With all my heart to serve Thee,
Since Thou for me hast died.

It is my only purpose
Thy pathway to pursue,
And to Thy gracious kingdom,
Be faithful, firm, and true.

It is my high endeavor
To do Thy holy will,
With body, soul, and spirit
My duty to fulfil.

And when I flag or falter,
Or from the right depart,
Let Thy right hand restore me
O Master of my heart.

For Thou art my Redeemer,
And life is not so dear,
For when the earth shall vanish,
With Thee shall I appear;

And in Thy glorious kingdom,
Thy goodness will I sing,
And with Thy saints forever,
Will laud and praise my King.

February 26, 1893.

THE SERVICE OF LOVE.

By love serve one another
The word divine requires,
And thus each Christian brother
The life divine inspires :
The life that comes from union
With Jesus in His love,
The life of sweet communion
With blessed saints above.

With Christ this life is hidden
In God, a treasure sure,
Where sin is all forbidden,
And every heart is pure ;
The life of faith and duty
In harmony complete,
Where goodness, truth, and beauty
Make all serene and sweet.

This service of affection,
Which animates the soul,
Is proof of God's election,
It makes the spirit whole ;
It crowns our toil and trial
With glory of the blest,
And changes self-denial
To everlasting rest.

March 7, 1893.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

My God, Thy conscious presence here
Is joy within my grateful heart.
Oh, may I know Thee ever near
Until I know Thee as Thou art.

Amid the watches of the night
I lay my head upon Thy breast ;
Then darkness turns to floods of light,
That show me visions of the blest.

The peace Thou givest makes me sing
The praise of Thine eternal love,
And wait the hour when death shall wing
My soul to perfect joy above.

And while I tread the toilsome way
Which holy feet have often trod,
My richest comforts, day by day,
Spring from the presence of my God.

November 19, 1871.

THE LIVING WATER.

In my heart forever springeth,
Living water, joy divine,
And my soul forever singeth,
I am Christ's, and He is mine.

Though my days be transitory,
Though the hopes of earth decay,
Christ in me, the hope of glory,
Is the joy of endless day.

And the joy of His indwelling —
Deep and deeper how it grows
Like a mighty river swelling —
Beareth joy from whom it flows.

Let this living water never
Cease to flow from soul to soul,
Spread it deeper, broader, ever,
Like a sea from pole to pole.

November 20, 1875.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

THE temple of my God,
Like heaps of rubbish strewn,
Lay prostrate on the cheerless sod,
With brambles overgrown.

The walls and lofty dome,
The courts and arches fair,
Though once the Holy Spirit's home,
Had now become a lair.

The vilest beasts of prey,
That roam and rage at night,
Within this ruin, through the day,
Found refuge from the light.

This ruin was my soul,
The den of foulest sin;
But grace divine restored the whole,
And made it pure within.

Built on th' eternal rock,
Forever shall it stand,
Nor tremble when the judgment-shock
Shall rend the solid land.

From guilt and fear set free,
By sin no longer trod,
My soul shall never cease to be
The temple of my God.

December, 1871.

THE SAFE DWELLING-PLACE.

O DWELLING-PLACE of all Thy saints,
Thou Home of faithful souls,
Apart from Thee our spirit faints,
The tempest o'er us rolls.

The doves unto their covert fly
When foes appear in air,
Beneath Thy shelter, vast and high,
For refuge we repair.

The mountains break the stormy blast,
And stay the mighty sea;
Be Thou the bulwark, strong and fast,
Of those who trust in Thee.

Oh, save us, Lord ! The floods of grief
O'erwhelm us in our tears ;
Thou only canst afford relief,
And banish all our fears.

January 21, 1872.

THE FOUNTAIN OF JOY.

O God, Thou Source of highest joy,
Thou Fount of life and peace,
Thy praise shall all our powers employ,
Though time and nature cease.

Thou Spring of all celestial grace,
The living Stream of love,
Soon shall we see Thee face to face,
And worship Thee above.

Soon shall we end our toilsome way,
Our weary work be done ;
And then will shine the heavenly day,
For Christ will be our sun.

Oh ! make us meet for that bright land,
Whence sin and sorrow flee ;
Where free from trouble we shall stand,
For there is no more sea.

October 11, 1872.

THE GLORIOUS REDEMPTION.

How bright thy glories shine,
O Heart of Love Divine,
 Before my sight.

The grace of God appears,
Dispels my gloomy fears,
Dries up my flowing tears,
 And gives me light.

O Lamb of God, in Thee
Let me forever see
 My sacrifice.
From out Thy heart has flown
The blood that doth atone
And seal me for thine own
 In paradise.

Thither would I ascend,
With seraph-worship blend
 My song of praise.
But while I linger here,
I trust thee without fear,
For Thou art ever near,
 In all my ways.

Yet I shall see Thy face,
Within the heavenly place,
 And hear Thy voice.

Then in eternal light,
Where all is pure and bright,
And faith is lost in sight,
Shall I rejoice.

November 12, 1872.

THE LAND OF THE HOLY.

IN the beautiful land of the holy,
In the region of peace and of rest,
Where the lofty delight in the lowly,
And supreme is the joy of the blest,
Through the vision of faith I am present
By the river of life where it flows,
And companions and scenes are so pleasant,
They afford the most grateful repose.

In that realm of supernal devotion,
Where each heart is a fountain of joy,
There is love deeper far than the ocean,
And the worship is free from alloy ;
For they dwell with the Lord in His glory,
They behold the bright face of their King,
And they tell to each other the story
Of the grace that impels them to sing.

In the songs of salvation their voices,
In the bliss of redemption, their souls
Rise in rapture, while heaven rejoices
And the flood of their harmony rolls

Far abroad among thrones and dominions,
Mid the worlds which His glory display,
Where the angels fly swift on their pinions
The commands of their Lord to obey.

August 8, 1873.

DELIVERANCE.

FOR me the Saviour came to earth
And shed His blood upon the tree ;
To me the Spirit gave new birth,
And set the captive free.

The chains of sin enthralled my soul —
No rest nor rescue for the slave ;
My dreadful foe had full control
Till Jesus came, and came to save.

Now joy and gladness fill my heart —
My song of praise shall never cease ;
For Christ, my Lord, will not depart,
Nor fail to give me peace.

His Spirit dwells within my breast,
And manifests Himself in love,
The earnest of eternal rest,
Within my Father's house above.

February 11, 1893.

THE FREEDOM OF LOVE.

THOUGH I withdraw from all mankind,
And walls of solid stone
Exclude from me each human face,
Yet I am not alone.

My Jesus, full of love divine,
Supports me on His breast,
And Him I clasp with rapture high
And on His bosom rest.

No narrow eell, nor chilly walls,
Can damp my ardent soul,
That burns with love unquenchable,
More free than planets roll.

And He returns in burning flame,
The passion of His heart ;
The rushing stream of bliss untold,
I feel in every part.

O Jesus, full of love divine,
Forever dwell with me ;
Thy presence breaks all chains and bonds,
And sets my spirit free.

March 10, 1887.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG.

AMONG the hills of Bethlehem,
While darkness veiled the night,
The shepherds watched their folded flocks,
And waited for the light.

But when the midnight hour had come,
The sky with glory blazed,
The angel of the Lord came near,
The shepherds were amazed.

“ Fear not,” he said, and cheeringly
His shining wings he furled ;
“ Good tidings of great joy to men
I bring to all the world.

“ This day is born in Bethlehem,
King David’s native place,
The Holy Child, the Saviour Christ,
Immanuel, Prince of grace.

“ Behold, this sign I give to you,”
The kindly angel said,
“ The Babe is wrapped in swaddling clothes,
A manger for His bed.”

Then suddenly the heavenly host,
All rapturous with joy,
Broke forth in lofty praise to God,
This song their lips employ :

"To God on high all glory be,
And on the earth be peace,
Good will from heaven now comes to men,
And never more shall cease."

December 29, 1884.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

O GOD, our prayer attend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And life impart.

The mighty work begin,
Destroy the power of sin,
And make us pure within,
Renew the heart.

O Spirit of all grace,
Through all the Christian race
Conduct us well.

Permit us not to stray
From wisdom's narrow way,
But keep us safe each day
From death and hell.

O Christ, Redeemer, Friend,
In glory without end
Crown us with Thee.
And when the work is done,
The joy of heaven begun,
To Father, Spirit, Son,
The praise shall be.

November 22, 1885.

THE COMFORTER.

O COMFORTER divine,
Dwell in this heart of mine,
 For ever more.

Dispel the gloomy night,
Disclose Thy gracious light,
And put all doubts to flight,
 For ever more.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Do not Thy help defer,
 For ever more.
Through all the toilsome way,
Be my support and stay,
Till shines the heavenly day,
 For ever more.

O Comforter and Guide,
Let me not turn aside,
 For ever more.
Then will I praise the grace
That led me to the place
Where Christ reveals His face,
 For ever more.

October 23, 1885.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

JESUS on the cross I see,
Bleeding, dying there for me,
While revilers pass Him by,
Mocking all His agony.

Round Him wait the Roman bonds,
Drops His blood from piercèd hands ;
Nature shudders at the sight,
Turns the noonday into night.

In the gloom His prayers arise,
To His Father, God, He cries —
In His anguish on the tree —
“ Why hast Thou forsaken Me ? ”

Oh, the pain that none can tell,
Oh, the rage and power of hell !
When for sinners Jesus died,
When our Lord was crucified.

Oh, repent, my sinful soul,
Jesus bled to make thee whole ;
Died from sin to set thee free,
Died to open heaven for thee.

November 20, 1875.

THE RESURRECTION.

OH, depth of darkness and despair !
Though tender love and zeal combine
To wrap in bands of linen fine,
With ointment rich and spices rare,
The precious form whence life is fled,
The gloom of night enshrouds the dead.

Yet faithful hearts, at dawn of day,
In sadness take their painful way,
Within the garden to the tomb.
But fairest lilies cannot bloom
While hope sheds not a cheering ray
To light the grave where Jesus lay.

Oh, wonder and dismay !
Oh, who has borne away
The body of the Friend divine ?
Lo ! robed in white the angels shine
And to the mourners say :
The stone is rolled away,
And death yields up his prey,
The Lord is risen to-day.

Oh, bear the joyful story
To hearts that faint with dread ;
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen from the dead.
Let songs of alleluia rise,
And joy and praise fill earth and skies.

He lives ! The King immortal !
He lives for ever more !
In vain was closed death's portal,
He burst the rocky door !
For you, O saints, the Lord victorious
O'er death and hell has risen glorious.

The lilies spring and bloom,
They ring their bells with joy ;
They yield their rich perfume,
Let men their songs employ.
Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our mighty foes are captive led.

April 22, 1886.

EASTER CAROL.

As the rainbow from the cloud
When the tempest flees away,
So from tear-drops on the shroud,
Springs the joy of Easter-day.

Like a dark and gloomy cave,
Closed by rocks from mountain-side,
Was the prison of the grave,
Where they barred the Crucified.

From on high an angel sped,
And the stone was rolled away,
Christ is risen from the dead,
Great the joy of Easter-day.

January 22, 1891.

GRATEFUL ANTICIPATIONS.

How pleasant the hours of the day
That Jesus arose from the tomb,
And went on His conquering way,
And took from the grave all its gloom.

How grateful to taste of His love
Who rose to the home of the blest,
Who calls all His people above,
To dwell in the mansions of rest.

How charming to think of the hour
When Jesus to earth shall return,
And show forth His love and His power,
Which mortals are backward to learn.

How sweetly the words of His voice
Will sound through the realms of the soul,
How gladly the saints of His choice
Will yield to His righteous control.

Oh, hasten that moment of bliss,
When Jesus shall come in His might,
Our pain and our grief to dismiss,
To fill us with peace and delight.

And while we are waiting the day,
When waiting and longing shall end,
To Thee most devoutly we pray,
Come quickly, O Heavenly Friend.

January 5, 1873.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

By faith, O Christ, I see
Thyself enthroned with majesty
In light divine.
Not on the shameful tree
Art Thou in pain and mockery ;
But where the holy worship Thee,
Thy glories shine.

Thy day of anguish past,
The earth is not with gloom o'ercast,
No rocks are riven.
Now peace will ever last ;
Salvation free, redemption vast,
Eternal life in love Thou hast
To mortals given.

The Comforter is here ;
Thy promise that He should appear
Is now fulfilled.
His light is full and clear ;
His presence gives support and cheer,
His gracious aid has banished fear,
My heart is stilled.

April 5, 1886.

PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

SAVIOUR, boundless is Thy mercy,
For the sinful, even me ;
Thy compassion for the helpless,
Wider, deeper than the sea.

Rescue for the soul in peril ;
For the weary, rest and peace ;
Ransom for the pining captive,
Changing bondage to release.

I was lost : my Saviour found me
While I wandered from the road ;
I was weary, and He lifted
From my soul the heavy load.

I was chained : He broke my fetters ;
Great His goodness unto me ;
And to crown His benefactions,
Gave me perfect liberty.

Lord, my soul in adoration
Lowly to Thy feet I bring ;
Thine the praise of my salvation,
Shall my heart forever sing.

February 22, 1887.

ON THE WAY.

LEADER of men, my thankful heart rejoices,
 Bounding to celebrate Thy love divine,
While on the way are heard ten thousand voices
 Singing for joy harmonious with mine.
Leader of men, guide me on the way,
Up to the mansions where shines eternal day.

Bright as the sun Thy glory beams around me,
 Earth has no joy so pure as that above ;
There blest immortals tenderly implore me,
 Peace and delight to find in perfect Love.
Leader of men, guide me on the way,
Up to the mansions where shines eternal day.

Fairer than Eden glows the scene before me,
 While on the way I gladly walk with Thee ;
Grace inexpressible for aye upholds me,
 Setting my soul from sin and bondage free.
Leader of men, guide me on the way,
Up to the mansions where shines eternal day.

February 15, 1887.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

O Son of God, Thy throne is high,
Celestial powers before Thee fall ;
Yet lowly men would feel Thee nigh,
And gladly own Thee Lord of all.

For broken hearts are Thy delight,
The bruised reed Thou wilt not break ;
All contrite souls are in Thy sight,
The needy Thou wilt not forsake.

O Son of God, almighty King,
All heaven and earth Thy sceptre sways,
And men and angels freely bring
To Thee their songs of joy and praise.

Oh, hear their grateful worship, Lord,
And deign to show Thy smiling face,
While tongues and harps sound every chord
To praise Thy majesty and grace.

Thy peerless empire over all
Includes the penitent who sigh ;
And tears of grief that hidden fall,
Escape not Thy discerning eye.

No lofty anthem can proclaim
The grandeur of th' almighty King ;
Yet, gracious Lord, our souls inflame,
While we Thy grace and glory sing.

NEED AND HELP.

O JESUS, walk with me to-day,
The sky is dark and rough the way ;
The burden weighs upon my heart,
And all my joys depart.

My life is toilsome and severe,
My spirit faints with grief and fear ;
Thy help alone can strength supply,
O Jesus, aid me, or I die.

'T was thus I cried, in want and pain,
And prayed in tears some help to gain ;
The Saviour heard my earnest cry,
And helped me from on high.

He gave me strength, and hope, and joy,
He made His praise my lips employ,
Thanksgiving in my bosom glow,
And gratefulness my heart o'erflow.

For He my spirit cheered and blest,
And sweetly soothed my heart to rest ;
His hand divine supports my head
And drives away my dread.

My tongue shall praise Him day and night ;
Serve Him, my heart, with all your might ;
For Him, my feet, run swift your race,
And all my powers show forth His grace.

February 12, 1893.

DIVINE SALVATION.

JESUS, hear our supplication,
At Thy feet we sinners lie ;
Humbly we entreat salvation,
Hear our penitential cry.

We our sin and guilt confessing,
Own our condemnation just ;
But we crave Thy gracious blessing,
And in Thee is all our trust.

Lord, for us Thy blood is pleading,
Were Thy cross and death in vain ?
Great High Priest, Thy interceding
Can for us redemption gain.

All our chains and fetters sever,
Rescue us from woe untold ;
Fruitless is our own endeavor,
If Thy grace Thou dost withhold.

Save us, Lord, nor let us perish,
Though our sins deserve Thy wrath ;
Thy compassion for us cherish,
And restore us to Thy path.

Then with grateful acclamation,
Welcomed to Thy blessed face,
For Thy rich and full salvation,
We will ever praise Thy grace.

GOD'S BOUNTIES.

ALL gracious Lord, Thy love unknown
Has built the earth and spread the sky ;
On every hand Thy gifts are strewn,
For all a full supply.
The hungry feed, the weary rest,
The sightless see, the dead arise ;
Thy grace makes e'en the sinful blest
In realms beyond the starry skies.

What gift, O God, can I bestow,
To show my thankfulness to Thee,
Since all my treasures here below,
Are gifts of Thine to me ?
My heart I offer, O my Lord ;
Canst Thou withhold Thy righteous scorn ?
Can love divine Thy grace accord
To one so sinful and forlorn ?

Be glad, my soul, thy God is kind,
His love is deeper than the sea,
His gracious Spirit can, I find,
Have mercy upon me.
I will for ever sing His praise,
My all to Him I freely give ;
He saves me from my sinful ways,
And bids the dying sinner live.

February 13, 1893.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

I WILL not leave you comfortless,
 But I will come to you ;
And all your trouble, toil and care
 Shall prove my promise true.

I will not leave you comfortless,
 When weary and oppressed ;
When pain and sickness burden you,
 My hand shall give you rest.

I will not leave you comfortless,
 When storms of life increase ;
When winds arise and billows roll,
 My voice shall bid them cease.

I will not leave you comfortless,
 When mighty foes assail ;
When direful ills beset you round,
 Mine arm shall never fail.

I will not leave you comfortless,
 When earthly streams are dry ;
My grace divine for all your wants
 Shall be a full supply.

I will not leave you comfortless,
 When friends and kindred fall ;
In sad bereavement you shall hear
 My answer when you call.

I will not leave you comfortless,
Along the darkest way ;
For I will lead you to the light
Of everlasting day.

I will not leave you comfortless,
Mid shades of death to roam ;
For I will guide you to the joy
Of my eternal home.

February 24, 1893.

EVENING REST.

I LAY me down to rest,
O Christ, I fear no ill ;
Naught can my peace molest,
My comfort is Thy will.

I lay me down to rest,
Within my heart no dread ;
The poor in Thee are blest,
Thou hast the hungry fed.

I lay me down to rest,
Thy love is rich and free,
As when Thy hand caressed
The blind and made them see.

I lay me down to rest,
And tremble at no doom ;

I know Thy way is best ;
Thy voice can rend the tomb.

I lay me down to rest,
Thy word has calmed the sea,
Thy power is manifest,
Thy joy Thou givest me.

I lay me down to rest,
Nor life nor death I fear ;
I cannot be opprest,
My gracious God is here.

I lay me down to rest,
From doubt and peril free ;
This is my sole request :
Lord, evermore with Thee.

August 30, 1891.

MY LEADER.

My Leader is the Son of God,
His path I gladly see ;
The way of life His feet have trod,
Therein He leadeth me.

Through regions dark, or places light,
Serenely on I go ;
I walk by faith, and not by sight,
My Leader well I know.

E'en though He leads me through the vale
Where mortal shadows fall,
His mighty arm will never fail,
No danger can appall.

The open grave cannot alarm
The soul that knows my Guide,
Not death himself can do me harm,
For Christ is at my side.

The sepulchre is glorified ;
From thence my Leader rose ;
The tomb is blest ; Christ crucified
Has triumphed o'er my foes.

Through gates of pearl He leads within
The city paved with gold,
And there for ever, free from sin,
I shall His face behold.

December 26, 1889.

TIME'S ONWARD COURSE.

Not well they deem who vainly think
Our years have fled behind ;
For Time, that flies with swiftest wing,
Speeds forward like the wind.

The passing days press on before,
And bear their record true ;

The deeds we do, the words we say,
They ever keep in view.

The deepest feelings of the heart,
The actings of the soul,
The motives and the purposes,
Which animate the whole —

All these take wing and soar with Time,
They fly from day to day ;
To overtake them, soon or late,
We march upon our way.

We travel slower than their flight,
But still their track pursue ;
And when we reach our proper goal,
Shall overtake them too.

All thoughts of brain, all throbs of heart,
What multitudes immense !
All acts of love and sympathy
Shall then find recompense.

On all the secrets we have hid
Throughout the life-long flight,
On good and evil then alike
Will shine resplendent light.

The revelation will make known
What deeds we sent before ;
And all our works will then decide
Our fate for ever more.

CALL TO REPENTANCE.

WHY spend in vain and empty show
The years that never cease to flow?
Why waste in guilt the fleeting breath,
And sink the soul in endless death?

Why prize the pleasures that will cloy,
And forfeit heaven's eternal joy?
Why dream that sin can e'er bestow
The cup of bliss, and not of woe?

Who knows not, beauty fades away
Like rosy hues of closing day?
Who deems that love or strength avails
To ward from death when he assails?

Oh, while the breath of life remains,
And God the stroke of death restrains,
Repent of sin, in Christ believe,
And pardon, peace and joy receive.

Then may you know, and gladly own,
The grace and mercy God has shown,
And raise your song, with saints above,
To praise and bless immortal love.

November 3, 1885.

THE CHANGELESS COURSE.

COMPANIONS of my early years,
Five decades now have sped their flight
Since bounding hearts and footsteps light
Dispelled as vapors boding fears.

We hailed the signal for the race,
Besought no favor, used no guile,
We scorned all hindrances as vile,
And looked all perils in the face.

We shunned the wrong, pursued the right,
Feared no imaginary god,
Ignored all coldness of the sod,
And kept the happy goal in sight.

Our journey onward cannot fail,
For hope is bright and will is strong,
And be the passage brief or long,
The sea is smooth o'er which we sail.

We count no steps upon our way,
To slow or swift we give no heed,
Who takes no thought shall never need,
He naught desires beyond to-day.

Whate'er the course we choose to run,
Our path is sure, the end is well,
The peerless realm all signs foretell,
We deem its crown already won.

If truth and falsehood be the same,
We never lose what once we 've got;
And life and death can differ not,
Their only change is change of name.

Life is but pastime, death is gain,
Whatever comes must likewise go ;
The tides that ebb must also flow,
And waxing moons must surely wane.

The outward form will change its robe,
As summer hastens after spring,
But thought pursues on tireless wing
The changeless course throughout the globe.

September 21, 1885.

TO THE PROMISED LAND.

SHEPHERD of Thy chosen sheep,
Guide us by Thy gracious hand,
Through the desert and the deep,
Safely to the Promised Land.

Onward to the sea we go,
Though the billows dash and roar ;
Backward now its waters flow,
Dry the land from shore to shore.

Onward, onward lead us through,
Though the wilderness be drear ;

With the guiding cloud in view,
Let us never yield to fear.

Lead us to the home of peace,
Where in joy we shall abide ;
Bid our toil forever cease,
And for all our wants provide.

Safely in the land of rest,
From our foes and bondage free,
For our portion with the blest,
Glory will we give to Thee.

September 29, 1873.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

O God of grace, Thy will be done,
To Thee my footsteps tend ;
In all the race that I must run,
Thou art my goal and end.

In Thee alone my soul is blest,
From Thee I will not roam ;
Thou art my joy, my perfect rest,
And my eternal home.

The prospect of the blissful place
Incites my longing heart ;
Flag not, my spirit, in the race,
Nor from the way depart.

The path is hard, and rough, and steep,
And much of it untrod,
But courage, heart, nor faint, nor weep,
Thy vigor comes from God.

He calls thee from His throne above,
Thy strength will He supply,
The more He fills thee with His love,
The swifter shalt thou fly.

August 4, 1886.

PRAISE THE LORD.

PRAISE the Lord, His works divine
In creation brightly shine ;
Lo ! He spake and there was light,
Sun and moon and stars of night.

Praise the Lord, at His command,
Life sprang forth in sea and land ;
Sinless man the garden trod,
In the likeness of his God.

Praise the Lord, adore His name,
All His wondrous love proclaim ;
Sing His mercy and His grace,
Ransom for our fallen race.

Praise the Lord, His Son He gave,
Sinful men from death to save ;

For our guilt the Saviour died,
On the cross was crucified.

Praise the Lord, His deeds of might,
Beam with glory on our sight ;
He from death has raised His Son,
Triumph o'er the grave has won.

Praise the Lord, for Christ is King,
Heaven and earth His praises sing ;
Angels worship and adore,
Praise Him, saints, for ever more.

May 3, 1886.

PRAISE.

THE earth and sky, the air and sea,
Uplift, O God, their songs to Thee.
The angel bands with sweet accord
Unite with men to praise the Lord.

All celebrate Thy power divine
Revealed where stars in glory shine ;
All own the goodness of Thy sway,
Where mighty thrones Thy word obey.

Thy people here show forth Thy grace,
Their daily walks Thy mercy trace ;
And boundless love for souls undone,
An ocean flows through Christ Thy Son.

Our grateful tongues, O God, proclaim
The glory of Thy holy name ;
Let earth below and heaven above,
For ever sing redeeming love.

April 25, 1887.

THE RIVER OF LOVE.

WHAT is the river that flows on its way ?
'T is the river supernal, the river of love,
Clearer than crystal, and brighter than day,
For it springs from the depth of the Fountain above.

What will you add to this river so free
From the depth of your heart whence the fountains
o'erflow ?

Pleasure or strife or deceit shall it be,
To convert the sweet stream to a river of woe ?

Here is the poison of passion and lust,
Is it these that you cherish as objects supreme ?
Avarice hankers for treasures that rust —
Will you pour these base elements into the stream ?

Strong from the heart of the lover of power,
Shall the ruinous tide of ambition rush in,
Fearful and dismal as thunder-clouds lower,
To befoul the pure river with torrents of sin ?

Nay ! Let its channel be filled and o'erflow
With the tender affection that springs from the
heart

Where the unselfish most thankfully know,
That the joys of the generous never depart.

Deeply and wide let the river increase,
With the streams of benevolence joining its course,
Kindness and friendship and fondness for
peace,
In their swiftness and fullness displaying their force.

These and their kin are the affluents fair,
That become the pure stream from the Fountain
divine;

Unintermitting with praises and prayer,
Let us pour them in floods and their forces combine.

Thus may the river advance on its way,
And unceasingly mirror the glorious skies,
While on its banks in their goodly array,
The fair dwellings of men and rich cities arise.

February 22, 1885.

OH, PRAISE THE LORD.

Oh, praise the Lord with heart and voice,
Praise Him evermore ;
His goodness makes our souls rejoice,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord through everlasting days,
Make known His ways,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord throughout the world,
Praise Him evermore ;
For us His banner is unfurled,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord through everlasting days,
Make known His ways,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord for victory,
Praise Him evermore ;
He sets the slaves of Satan free,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord through everlasting days,
Make known His ways,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord in heaven above,
Praise Him evermore ;
His love for us is perfect love,
Praise Him evermore.

Oh, praise the Lord through everlasting days,
Make known His ways,
Praise Him evermore.

March 17, 1873.

PRAYER FOR REAPERS.

BEHOLD, the fields are white,
And for the reapers wait ;
Lord of the harvest, send them forth,
The harvest is so great.

These harvest fields are men !
 They crowd the city street,
 They seek the prairie's utmost verge,
 Where sky and prairie meet.

They stream o'er all the sea,
 They spread o'er all the earth,
 They delve in mines of gold and gems,
 That measure not their worth.

- Lord of the harvest, hear ;
 For reapers now we pray ;
 The harvest-fields are perishing ;
 Send reapers forth to-day.

February 8, 1887.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

LET heralds of salvation,
 Through all the world proclaim
 To every tribe and nation
 The Saviour's precious name.

Then shall the times of anguish
 And sorrow pass away ;
 Then Zion shall not languish,
 But shine in perfect day.

Then shall the happy voices
 Of all on earth arise,
 And while the world rejoices,
 Their anthems reach the skies.

Then human degradation,
And crime and war shall cease ;
For every land and nation
Shall serve the Prince of Peace.

January, 1873.

THE CROWN.

I HEAR from the height of the heavenly place,
The promise of God, 't is the word of His grace,
That he who shall conquer, a crown shall receive,
His promise I hail, and His word I believe.

For the crown I will battle,
And the crown I will win ;
I will conquer and triumph
Over Satan and sin.

The strife must be fierce ; for the legions of hell
Combine with this world my assault to repel,
And the foes in my heart are a traitorous crew,
But dauntless in Christ I will press my way through.

For the crown I will battle,
And the crown I will win ;
I will conquer and triumph
Over Satan and sin.

For th' might in this contest is not my weak arm,
'T is the strength of Jehovah that shields me from
harm.

The Captain almighty will open my way,
And Victory perch on my banner to-day.

For the crown I will battle,
And the crown I will win ;
I will conquer and triumph
Over Satan and sin.

And when in the realm of the holy above,
Where bliss is eternal, and infinite Love
Gives welcome to conquerors crowned with their
King,
There gladly I 'll worship, and gratefully sing.
For the crown I will battle,
And the crown I will win ;
I will conquer and triumph
Over Satan and sin.

March 27, 1886.

THE MARCH TO VICTORY.

ONWARD we march to victory,
Soon we shall win the field ;
God will subdue our enemies,
He is our strength and shield.
Vainly they trust in human power,
Vainly they rage and shout,
Loud as the sea their tumults roar —
He will their forces rout.

Never shall trail our banner dear,
Never the Cross decline ;
Jesus, our Captain, leads the van,
Bearing the crimsoned sign.

Nor shall our hearts be faint this day,
 Onward our standards go ;
Fierce is the fight which we must wage,
 Death to our haughty foe.

On to the stormy battle-shock,
 Onward in firm array,
Daring to face the fire and hail,
 Eager we press our way.
What though the conflict thunder loud,
 What though the strife be long,
Jesus, who conquered death and hell,
 Maketh His warriors strong.

March, 1879.

THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

O JESUS, now Thy reign extend,
 Let all the world before Thee fall.
Almighty God, Thy Spirit send,
 Baptize with fire the hearts of all.

Why stays the hour when truth shall run
 And win her triumphs far and wide,
When every soul beneath the sun
 Shall love and serve the Crucified ?

While ages roll, the heathen rage ;
 Thy people pray : Thy kingdom come ;
Oh, hasten, Lord, the golden age,
 The Satan-bound millennium.

Then shall the praise of men arise,
Like mighty voices of the sea ;
The songs of joy ascend the skies,
And all the world hold Jubilee.

December 3, 1871.

THE TRIUMPHANT CONQUEROR.

TRIUMPHANT Jesus, Thou hast trod
The path to glory from the grave.
To helpless men, O Son of God,
Now show Thy wondrous power to save.

Behold the ruin of the world !
The hosts of hell in full array
March on with banners all unfurled,
To crush mankind beneath their sway.

Display Thy banner in the sky.
Strike terror to the direful host ;
Sound through the earth Thy battle cry :
The Word of God, the Holy Ghost.

Lift up Thine arm. Thus end the strife,
And all the foes of man destroy ;
The dead in sin restore to life,
Fill heaven and earth with boundless joy.

August 27, 1872.

THE DIVINE KINGDOM.

REVEAL Thy power, Eternal Word !

Display Thy grace through earth and sea ;
Wherever men Thy truth have heard,
Lead captive Thy captivity.

All power is Thine in worlds above ;

The angels fly at Thy command ;
On wings of fire, with hearts of love,
To do Thy will they move or stand.

How long, O Lord, on earth below,

Shall floods of sin its millions sweep
Into the gulf of endless woe,
While angels veil their face and weep ?

Oh, hasten, Lord, the final day

When all mankind Thy name shall own
Thy kingdom prosper 'neath Thy sway,
All nations worship God alone.

October 12, 1872.



II.

PATRIOTISM.

THE PILGRIMS' PLANTING.

OVER the sea to unknown shores,
Exiles of faith, the pilgrims came ;
Freedom they sought, not golden ores,
God's book their law, their trust His name.
Sighing they left their fatherland,
Tracing the flight of Liberty ;
Here on this spot that faithful band
Planted the cross and freedom's tree.

Here shall that cross forever stand,
Symbol of life to dying souls,
Firm as a rock mid shifting sand
Where in his wrath the Ocean rolls.
Vital and fair abides that tree,
Throwing its arms to every wind ;
Under its shade for aye shall be
Rest and delight for all mankind.

August 28, 1867.

DECORATION DAY.

How well they sleep — our noble dead !
Heroic men, our country's boast !
They sweetly sleep, each in his bed ;
They face no more the rebel host !

The summers come, the summers go ;
The flowers bloom, and fade, and die ;
The stormy winters rise and blow ;
But calm, unmoved, our soldiers lie.

The days their swift procession keep,
The starry nights as swiftly pass,
But undisturbed our brothers sleep
Where roses bloom and springs the grass.

We deck their graves with fragrant leaves,
The lilies mark their purity ;
And where each mound so gently heaves,
We plant the flag of liberty !

That flag they bore through leaden hail !
They quailed not when the strife was stern ;
The havoc that made thousands wail,
They dared with valiant hearts to spurn.

When freedom, country, law and right,
Demanded courage, toil and death,
They girt themselves with truth and might,
To battle till their latest breath.

They saw just before them the conflict, the strife ;
'T was hard to forsake the belovèd, the wife ;
With parents in anguish and sisters in tears,
While hope at the best had to struggle with fears.

The present was dark and the future unknown,
With death and destruction their way must be
strewn ;

But nobly they rallied with no one to lag,
Come life or come death, they would stand by the
flag !

For duty and danger their bosoms aspire ;
For right and for freedom their souls are on fire ;
The call is their country's, they bravely respond,
From Orient's meadows to Mattituck's pond.

They left the dear old Town,
To put rebellion down ;
They met the haughty foe,
And laid his armies low ;
They swept the bloody field,
And made their foemen yield.
Yea, more ! Like mighty waves
When stormy ocean raves,
They broke the horrid bands,
That fettered shackled hands ;
They bade the slave go free
And sing of liberty.
They closed the deadly strife,
And saved the nation's life.
Let praises fill both earth and sky,
And glory be to God on high !

Hail to the heroes who conquered or fell,
Hail to the men who ne'er tarnished the blue,
Hail, while our voices their victories tell,
Hail, while with garlands we crown them anew.

Hail to the men who in triumph return,
Welcome and honor we give them with joy ;
Ever with rapture our bosoms shall burn,
While with their praises our tongues we employ.

But not with streaming flag and rattling drum
Do all our brave ones in the ranks appear,
For some are absent who will never come,
Although forever to our hearts most dear.

And some we sadly welcomed when they fell ;
Their precious forms we deemed our sacred trust ;
The starry banner draped their coffins well,
And hallowed graves received their cherished dust.

And some who came to homes and kindred dear,
And swelled the song of gladness when they came,
Are not among the living gathered here, —
They sleep with those who won a deathless fame.

The late and early fallen, in our hearts,
Alike in honor and in love we hold ;
In war, in peace, they acted well their parts,
Gentle in peaceful scenes, in battle sternly bold.

Oft as returns the all-encircling year,
We deck their graves with spring-time's fairest flowers,

And with affection drop the tender tear,
And weep their absence from our brightest hours.

Not for themselves they filled their early graves,
For us, their country, and mankind they died ;
And while the nation lives, its banner waves,
Their names shall brightly shine, their deeds be
glorified !

May 30, 1885.

COMMEMORATION.

BLOW, bugle, blow ; beat, rolling drum, no more.
The days of peace have come. The war is o'er.

But not all tears are shed.

We weep the early dead ;
And with our tears, like summer showers,
Bedew the graves we deck with flowers.

Weep, tender eyes ; mourn, hearts that love our
land ;

With gratefulness recall the noble band

Who gave their lives for you.

Oh, who can pay their due ?

Not words and songs, but deeds and death
They lavished with their latest breath.

Their worth who can make known ? They gave new
birth

To freedom's land, the choicest of the earth,
The home of Liberty
And Law from sea to sea.

These men that sleep in peaceful graves,
Struck fetters from four million slaves.

Then honor to the men who nobly died,
And honor to the men who by their side
 Survived the cannon's hail,
 With hearts that did not quail
When all our country's fate was cast
For life or death in war's fierce blast.

So pile on high the monuments to tell
From age to age how bravely and how well
 They struggled in the strife,
 And saved the nation's life
When foul rebellion fired the gun
That shook the earth and veiled the sun.

O men of courage, men whose hearts were right,
Who bore the flag triumphant in the fight,
 Our hearts beat quick and swell
 With gratitude to tell,
In speech and song, your noble deeds,
But speech and song your worth exceeds.

But when at last you fall ; for so all must ;
Your honored graves shall be our holy trust.
 The fairest flowers that bloom
 Shall deck each hallowed tomb,
And make commemoration tide
For ever more our country's pride.

May 19, 1892.

THE NATION'S SAVIOUR.

THE Herald of salvation
Said to Manoah's wife,
That one to save the nation
From her should draw his life ;
That neither son nor mother
Should taste the ruby wine ;
His strength should be far other
Than cometh from the vine.

A Nazarite for ever —
For so the Angel said —
No razor e'er should sever
The locks that crown his head ;
His strength from God the giver
Should overcome his foes,
And thus should he deliver
The nation from its woes.

This strange and joyful story
She told unto her spouse,
Then to the God of glory
He paid his solemn vows.
He asked for needful teaching
To train the promised son ;
This favor, thus beseeching,
Manoah quickly won.

The Herald of salvation,
The Man of God, besought,

Soon made the revelation,
And wondrously he wrought.
He gave the same direction —
To shun the ruby wine —
And filled them with reflection,
His nature to divine.

Their offered kid declining,
He bade them raise on high
An altar fire, whose shining
Would please Jehovah's eye.
Manoah did not falter
To mind the "Secret Name,"
That from the rocky altar
"Ascended in the flame."

At length the nation's saviour,
Within the camp of Dan,
Displayed the strange behaviour
That showed the coming man.
The insolent oppressors,
Whose crimes were ever new,
And thousands of transgressors
In life and death he slew.

Alas! His sad alliance
With treason's wicked wiles!
Alas! His sad compliance
With treason's tears and smiles!

The woes of his enslavement
Should teach all men to fly
The source of his depravement,
That made him fail and die.

January, 1863.



III.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

DEDICATION.

To friendship and affection
We dedicate these pages,
For friendship and affection
Shall live throughout the ages.
While flowers bloom and forests wave
Beneath the summer sun,
And ocean-shore the billows lave,
Then vanish one by one—
While hope and pleasure bud and spring
Within the human heart,
And death, who flies on rapid wing,
Hurls fatally his dart,
Let friendship and affection
Shine bright upon these pages,
For friendship and affection
Shall live throughout the ages.

June, 1858.

DESIRE.

HITHER, ye western winds, your message bear,
And fill my waiting ear. Come, while I stand
Night spreads her starry mantle o'er the land,
Nor deigns to bless mine eye with vision rare
And rapturous of one supremely fair,
High-souled and wise, replete with grace and
truth,
More beautiful than Dian in her youth,
And holy as the saints who breathe the air
Resounding with the songs of praise and prayer.
I wait to hear her name — to me as far
Above all names beneath the sun as are
Fair palaces above a savage lair.
Oh, tell me she is blest, then all my care,
Repelled, shall yield to peace and joy; delight
Come to my heart, and make all heaven bright.
Eternal hope shall bar all fell despair.

December 3, 1851.

TO H. M. F.

THE wintry blast that sweeps across the plain,
Howls like the roar of Ocean on the strand,
And sable Night now brooding o'er the land,
Shakes from her wings the blinding snow amain.
Darkness is on the deep. No gentle rein
Can hold the raging waves that leap and dash
Like foaming steeds beneath Bellona's lash.
Fearful the seaman braves the hurricane.

The stars are quenched, nor can the moon retain
Her silver throne. The weary traveler gropes
His darksome way ; but resolutely copes
With storm and night and tempest, to regain
His dear abode. For him your prayer deign.
Then will he onward go, nor toil in vain.

December 22, 1851.

TO H. M. F. W.

THOU lovely bride, joy of my early years,
With shapely form, and winsome grace bedight,
Thy beauty rare was precious in my sight,
Thy love for me was rapture barring fears,
And all my heart o'erflowed with pure delight,
Thy presence glorifying darkest night.
On thee most gently Time has laid his hand,
Nor soiled the fairness of thy angel face,
But rather lent the master-touch of grace,
And bound together with a well-knit strand
All virtues of the soul, a peerless band.
Thus hope has grown to faith and worship due ;
And life has proved thee more than good and
true ;
Thou art a boon immeasurably grand.

March 20, 1889.

AFTER SWEET SLEEP.

FAIR Summer has folded her eyelids,
To rest on her couch in the sky ;
But surely to come forth in sunlight
When winter and storms are gone by,
After sweet sleep.

Her vesture of beauty is faded,
The rose and the lily are dead ;
But beauty will come forth in fragrance,
When Summer shall lift up her head,
After sweet sleep.

My Love has reclined on her pillow,
In dreams fairest visions to see ;
She wakes at the sound of my footsteps
To welcome a visit from me,
After sweet sleep.

November 12, 1878.

SONNET.

I MOURN departed hours that once were bright,
I mourn the absence of some dearest friends,
But thy return into my bosom sends
A ray of joy as pure as heaven's own light.
Thy presence oft has been a blessed charm,
To calm my soul and lay each "carking care,"
That like a demon foul and wont to bear
E'en Satan's form, has come to do me harm.

When thou art here, the whole creation sings,
The heavens and earth all beautiful appear ;
When thou art gone, my heart is dead and sere,
And in the wilderness no fountain springs
To pour its living water all around,
And change the desert into fruitful ground.

December 5, 1893.

THE BIRTHDAY.

THE years, the changing years,
They come, they go !
How full of hopes and fears,
How full of smiles and tears,
How swift they flow !

They give to youth its glow ;
And beauty charms.
But beauty soon must know,
That years become its foe
With hostile arms !

The strength they bring to man,
When life is high,
Continues but a span,
'T is Nature's changeless plan ;
Then strength must die !

The courage which they bring,
In life's full noon,
Opens a cheerful spring.
Alas ! to flow and sing,
It fails too soon !

Yes, beauty fades away
And disappears ;
And strength must soon decay,
And courage lose its sway,
With flight of years.

Yet one thing never fails,
Though life depart.
Whatever storm assails,
Love evermore prevails
Within the heart !

Then let the years speed by,
Nor cease their flight.
Love here shall never die,
Nor e'en above the sky
In holy light.

Now fourscore wanting three
Have fled away,
And brought us all to see,
With joy in full degree,
This natal day.

In gratitude profound,
For years that throng,
Our thankful hearts are bound
To her whom God has crowned
With life so long.

August 14, 1886.

IV.
FESTIVAL.

THANKSGIVING.

. THY blessings, Lord, give harvests birth,
With riches fill the teeming earth,
Adorn the fields with golden grain,
And heap with treasures hill and plain.
To cities give their wealth and peace,
And make the nation's large increase.
Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold ;
For loving kindred, home and health,
Are better far than boundless wealth.

The rain falls gently from Thy hand,
And beauty spreads o'er all the land,
While every where among the hills
Is heard the music of the rills.
Thy breath in fragrant breezes blown,
Gives life and joy to valleys sown.
Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold ;
For loving kindred, home and health,
Are better far than boundless wealth.

The circling seasons, full of glee,
Lift up their voice, O God, to Thee ;
The king of day, the stars of night,
The changing moon with silver light,

Are radiant with a thankful mind,
And all proclaim : the Lord is kind.
Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold ;
For loving kindred, home and health,
Are better far than boundless wealth.

For tables spread with loving care,
And garnished with delicious fare,
For welcome in the kindly home,
For worship in the sacred dome,
Our thankful hearts, O God, we raise,
And sing to Thee our song of praise. /
Thy bounty, Lord, is manifold,
Surpassing all the worth of gold ;
For loving kindred, home and health,
Are better far than boundless wealth.

October 30, 1885.

HARVEST HOME.

FROM city, village, farm, we throng,
And lift the grateful prayer and song ;
We talk or sing, we sit or roam,
And share the joy of Harvest Home.

The smile of summer cheers the earth,
And gives the welcome harvest birth ;
The ranks of corn in beauty stand,
And plenty fills our happy land.

We dwell in peace, and fear no strife,
That threatened once the nation's life ;
No storms of war their thunders peal,
To rouse the soldier's burning zeal.

Our gratitude is justly due
To men who wore the Union blue ;
And most of all to God on high,
Who pours His blessings from the sky.

Loud swell the notes of joy and praise,
To Heaven all hearts and voices raise ;
And make the welkin, like a dome,
Echo the song of Harvest Home.

July 21, 1886.

DIVINE BOUNTY.

LIFT up the heart of praise,
And let all voices ring ;
The field and forest join the song
And loud and gladly sing :
The barns are full of grain,
And sweet the new-mown hay,
No fear of want, no dread of storms,
Nor icy winter's day.

The toil of man is blest,
The ranks of corn rejoice,
Their banners wave, they clap their hands,
Exulting is their voice.

We own the grace divine,
That gives to all their food ;
While heaven and earth unite to say :
The Lord, our God, is good.

With thankfulness and love
We bless the lavish Hand
That scatters bounties rich and free
O'er all our happy land.
And while we here abide,
Or if perchance we roam,
We 'll heed the Voice that bids us keep
Our joyful Harvest Home.

July 24, 1888.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

THY works, O God of might,
Sun, moon and stars of night,
Obey Thy will.
The earth yields up to Thee
Her tribute full and free ;
At Thy command the sea
Is loud or still.

All people bless the Lord,
Give thanks with one accord,
And sing His praise.
He gives us health and peace,
Makes harvest fields increase ;
His bounties never cease,
Through all our days.

The wonders Thou hast done,
O Christ, God's only Son,
 Declare Thy grace.
In truth and love arrayed,
Redemption Thou hast made,
The ransom fully paid,
 For all our race.

Thy loving kindness, Lord,
We praise with one accord,
 Our hearts are Thine.
We consecrate to Thee
Ourselves, henceforth to be
From sin and death set free
 By love divine.

November 4, 1885.

SOUTHOLD'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

THE years, O God, are thine !
 The centuries that roll
Fulfill Thy wise design ;
 Thou art their living soul.
Our fathers made Thy word their guide ;
They trusted Thee. Thou didst provide.

Thy favor blest their toil,
 Thy goodness crowned their days,
And from the fruitful soil,
 The harvest sang Thy praise,

Here freedom grew, with law and peace,
And piety — a rich increase.

The virtues of our sires,
May all their children show,
Let holiest desires
In every bosom glow.

From age to age, in right and truth,
May our old Town surpass her youth.

March 15, 1890.

SOUTHOLD'S FOUNDERS.

FIVE semi-centuries of years !
How swift beyond the starry spheres
Their flight has winged its way,
Since, full of hope and faith sublime,
Our fathers, in the bright spring time,
First sailed Peconic Bay.

With Christian courage, love and zeal,
They landed here. For common weal
They formed a church and town.
Religion, freedom, law and right !
They wrought for these, with all their might,
Nor feared a tyrant's frown.

The desert owns their hardy toil,
Their cheerful hands turn up the soil,
More fragrant than the rose.

The virgin fields with grain are bright,
And active life brings with the night
 The balm of sweet repose.

The dwellings multiply apace,
While spring to autumn runs the race,
 And homely comforts grow.
The children go to school by day ;
They learn to walk the Christian way,
 With health their faces glow.

The Meeting House on Sabbath days
Is vocal with the prayer and praise
 Of godly worshippers.
The faithful pastor in his place
Expounds the word of truth and grace,
 And every bosom stirs.

No despot's hand with cruel wrong
Can bind in chains and fetters strong
 These worshippers of God.
They own the land, they make the laws,
No man can suffer but for cause,
 For justice holds the rod.

For us, they crossed the stormy sea,
For us, they planted liberty !
 How rich its fruit to-day.
May all their children worthy be
To share the birthright of the free.
 For this, O God, we pray.

O sons of freedom, men of might,
O women, full of faith and light,
 We own our debt to you.
In love to men and love to God,
The path of right you nobly trod,
 And gave to all their due.

Your course of life upon the earth
Gives your example priceless worth
 To all who know your ways.
Oh, may your virtues us incite
To do our best with all our might,
 Until we end our days.

1890.

V.

SEA SONGS.

THE PASSENGER SHIP.

PRESS on, press on, with swifter speed,
O bark, with treasure fraught ;
To neither winds nor waves give heed,
To cyclones, not a thought.

Thou bearest on thy stately deck,
More wealth than mines of gold ;
Thou must not sink nor suffer wreck —
In thee is worth untold.

Thanks, thanks ! Thou comest at our call ;
Thy prow divides the sea ;
Swifter than sea-birds in a squall
Behind the billows flee.

The master, standing on the bridge,
Marks out by day and night
The trackless course, from ridge to ridge,
Of thy unceasing flight.

He knows thy frame of well-wrought steel,
Thy shipmen brave and true ;
He knows the hand that guides the wheel,
And all thy faithful crew.

Then speed thee on, and swifter fly,
Subdue the mighty sea ;
More than our lives on thee rely,
They live or die with thee.

God bless the master and the men,
Who sail the ocean wave ;
Who brave the storm, nor tremble when
The wild tornadoes rave.

More than the commerce of the land —
The kindred of our blood,
The friends we love, a priceless band —
They bear across the flood.

January 19, 1892.

THROUGH STORM AND SNOW.

Not on an even keel,
But tossing to and fro,
Though heeding well the wheel,
She fares through storm and snow.

The way ahead is drear,
With more than mist and fog ;
The storm is too severe
Wisely to throw the log.

The billows sink and swell ;
They make our good ship groan ;

Her pain no one can tell,
Her fate is all unknown.

The snow enshrouds the night,
The constellations die ;
There is no gleam of light
From all the howling sky.

As through the storm she fares,
She strikes a berg of ice ;
We lift to God our prayers,
He saves her in a trice.

The tempest louder raves,
It blows, and hails, and snows ;
She stems the winds and waves,
And bravely forward goes.

We gird ourselves anew,
And lift up heart and head ;
We are a faithful crew,
And duty never dread.

We fill each one his place,
Below or on the deck ;
We fear not death to face,
Only our good ship's wreck.

We therefore watch and pray,
And do the best we can ;
We hope a brighter day
For her is in God's plan.

THE TREASURE BEARER.

LOUD roars the wild voice of the tempest,
The snow hides the light of the stars,
The foam of the sea from the billows
Flies over her deck and her spars.

The ice on her hull and her rigging
But adds to her toil and distress,
Yet bravely she faces the surges
That dare her fair bosom to press.

Now upward she rides on the mountain,
Then sinks in the trough of the sea ;
But always she keeps up her courage,
Nor thinks from the danger to flee.

Unfailing as earth's revolution,
Unceasing by night and by day,
As true as the steel of her compass,
She speeds her untraceable way.

O ship of our eager affection,
Thy worth to us cannot be told ;
In thee are the richest of treasures,
More precious than millions of gold.

We know thou art prompt to thy duty,
And never thou laggest behind,
But runnest thy race in due season,
A pattern for all of mankind.

So bring us the faces we cherish,
The hearts that are loving and dear;
From perils of ocean preserve them,
Dispelling their trouble and fear.

Then praises to thee will we render,
O ship of our hope and our joy,
And prayers of thankful devotion,
To God shall our voices employ.

February 20, 1893.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE lighthouse crowns the rocky point
Where many ships go by;
Where stormy winds and billows roar,
And foaming waves dash high.

O ship, how soon the cruel rocks
Will crush thy shapely side;
And death rush in for all on board
Through seams that open wide!

The gloomy night no star reveals,
The tempest rages loud,
The seas leap o'er thy sleety deck,
Ice makes on sail and shroud.

What mighty hand can help afford?
What voice the storm abate?
What miracle can give relief,
And save thee from thy fate?

Oh, joy ! The lighthouse flashes bright
Across thy dreary deck !
It turns thy course to breast the storm,
And shun the fatal wreck !

No mighty hand affords thee help ;
No miracle is wrought ;
The lighthouse makes the light shine out,
As Christian people ought.

No word divine subdues the storm,
No voice says : " Peace, be still."
The lighthouse makes the light shine out,
As Christian children will.

How oft amid the storms of life
We gladly find it true,
The lighthouse makes the light shine out,
As God's own people do.

January 21, 1880.

THE HELPLESS IN THE SEA.

BEHOLD a speck upon the sea !
It falls and rises high.
A living thing ! What can it be ?
No help nor hope is nigh !

O God ! It is a human soul
That struggles in the wave ;
The billows break and o'er it roll ;
No earthly power can save.

O Christ, Thy feet have trod the sea,
Thy voice hath calmed the deep,
Rebuked the storms of Galilee,
And hushed them into sleep.

Have mercy on this helpless soul,
By waves of ocean tossed ;
The storms obey Thy firm control.
Why should the soul be lost ?

Have pity, Lord. Display Thy might,
And show Thy grace divine.
Oh, work salvation in our sight ;
The glory shall be Thine.

September 8, 1872.

THE FREE SALVATION.

O Joy of contrite hearts,
New life Thy grace imparts
To dying souls.
Thy wounds divinely pour
A flood of crimson gore ;
A sea without a shore,
Salvation rolls.

How free the vital flood,
Thy precious, cleansing blood
Saviour divine.
Our hearts within us burn
To make Thee some return ;

Do not our service spurn,
But own us Thine.

Then shall our love increase,
Our worship never cease,
Through all our days.
Thy grace our tongues shall tell
Till here we cease to dwell,
And heavenly anthems swell
In songs of praise.

November 10, 1872.

ASPIRATION.

O COMFORTER divine,
Do not Thy work resign
In my unfaithful and rebellious heart,
Nor from my lost and sinful soul depart,
Lest evermore
The mystic shore
Beyond the boundless sea,
Where souls from guilt are free,
Shall be no place for me
Through all eternity.

O Comforter divine,
Renew this heart of mine,
And fit it for Thy temple on that shore
Where sin and guilt and fear and death are o'er,
And evermore
Have ceased to roar

The raging winds that blow,
And waves of war and woe,
That thunder here below
Like battles to and fro.

O Comforter divine,
Enlighten and refine
This evil heart of mine from all its dross,
And save me from the doom of endless loss.

So evermore
Upon the shore
Where sins have lost their stain
My soul shall ne'er complain ;
But peace shall aye remain
And Love immortal reign.

February 3, 1890.

LOVE DIVINE.

LOVE divine, holy One,
Light of life, Star and Sun,
Round us shed the light of the day,
Darkly driven far from the way,
Far from heaven our home.

Love divine, holy One,
Gracious Lord, God's own Son,
Hear us, help us, tost on the wave.
Love omnipotent only can save,
Save in heavenly peace.

Love divine, holy One,
Not our will, Thine be done.

Wave nor storm nor death will we fear,
Mindful only that Jesus is near —
Source of heavenly rest.

December 30, 1882.

RESCUE.

THE tempest roared, the ocean foamed,
And darkness filled the sky ;
The rattling hail, the blinding spray,
Proclaimed that doom was nigh.
The gaskets broke, sails blew to shreds,
Our craft all helpless lay ;
We knew not if the night would pass,
And bring the light of day.

Through gloom and storm the laggard hours
Wore heavily and drear ;
The breaking seas, the howling blast,
Were messengers of fear.
From keel to deck our good ship writhed
With frame and body strained ;
To mount the billows rolling high,
No longer strength remained.

We felt her quiver 'neath our feet,
The trembling of her spars ;
The dismal gloom enshrouded her,
And dead were all the stars.

We could not yield her up to fate,
To Heaven we raised our cry :
“ Oh, send her not to ocean’s depths,
God save her lest she die.”

Great Heaven, that hears the earnest soul,
Gave ear unto our voice ;
The tempest ceased, the day returned,
And made our ship rejoice.
Whatever perils on their course
Are set in dread array,
Relief and safety come from God
To all who work and pray.

July 31, 1888.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

How blest the day of death !
The spirit wings her flight.
While heaves the breast its latest breath,
Fly open gates of light.

The storm and tempest o’er,
The port is made at last ;
The raging billows cease to roar,
The dread and danger past.

The day of toil is done,
The place of rest is found,
The battle fought, the triumph won ;
Delight and peace abound.

The Father's house appears,
 The domes of glory shine ;
 No sorrow there, nor bitter tears,
 But happiness divine?

The spirits of the just,
 Made perfect evermore,
 The Son of God, in whom they trust,
 They worship and adore.

They joyful welcome give
 The sinner saved by grace,
 Who there in Paradise shall live,
 And see the Saviour's face.

January 14, 1890.

THE PEACEFUL DEPTHS OF OCEAN.

AMID the deep sea-sounding,
 O'er many a spreading vale,
 In forms of life abounding,
 The mollusk navies sail.

These forms, when life is ended,
 Sink gently to their rest,
 As snow-flakes, air-suspended,
 Or down from eider's breast.

They fall in countless number,
 O'er hill, and vale, and plain,
 Where human navies slumber
 Beneath the whelming main.

They cover rocks and mountains,
Far down below the storms,
Where neither streams nor fountains
Disturb the sleeping forms.

They round each point and angle
To lines of beauty rare,
And rest on ocean's tangle,
As hoar-frost, bright and fair.

Oh ! what a world of beauty
And wonders passing thought,
To teach mankind their duty,
Has God in wisdom wrought !

He works in lowly places,
Amid the deepest seas,
And guides the feeblest races
To keep His wise decrees.

He rules the teeming creatures —
Too small for human eye —
To show in charming features
The heart of God Most High.

The peaceful depths of ocean
Proclaim His wondrous skill,
Its rest and wild commotion
Alike obey His will.

March 20, 1873.

VI.
DESCRIPTION.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

OUR life glides not with equal pace
From infancy to later years,
But flies more swiftly in the race
As nearer the bright goal appears.

The days of youth are shallow streams,
That softly flow through rush and sedge ;
And purposeless as idle dreams,
They loiter by the grassy edge.

The strength of manhood's glowing noon,
That opens wide the fairest flowers,
And promises a richer boon,
Gives fleetness to the wingèd hours.

To growing age years seem a day,
The seasons gleam with rapid flight ;
And life so quickly flits away,
It envies not the speed of light.

'T is ever thus. The gladdest day
Flies faster than the saddest time ;
And age, that moves in wisdom's way,
Darts quickest to the realm sublime.

Fly swifter, swifter, latest years,
Mature in virtue, truth and love,
Set free from sorrow, doubt and fears,
Oh ! speed us to the home above.

July 29, 1881.

HAPPY AT HOME.

HERE where I lived in tender childhood,
Happy I stay.

Here sings my heart like birds in the wildwood,
Sings all the livelong day.

All up and down the fields and beaches
Joyful I roam.

Still glad to learn what Nature teaches,
Happy I live at home.

Though the world be sad and dreary,
Where afar men roam,

Here nevermore my heart grows weary,
Here evermore is my home.

Here o'er the little farm I wandered,
When I was young,

Not many days I vainly squandered,
But many songs I sung.

Here, where I played with sisters, brothers,
Happy am I.

Here well I love both them and others,
Here let me live and die.

Though the world be sad and dreary,
Where afar men roam,

Here nevermore my heart grows weary,
Here evermore is my home.

One lowly cot mid many an acre,
 One that I love,
Stands like a blessing from my Maker,
 Nor from it will I rove.
Fair lie the fields with grain all growing,
 'Neath heaven's dome.
Here will I reap for all my sowing,
 All round my good old home.
Though the world be sad and dreary,
 Where afar men roam,
Here nevermore my heart is weary,
 Here evermore is my home.

July 22, 1886.

WINTER'S RETREAT.

THE valleys hail th' advancing sun,
 And break their icy chains ;
The urns of Spring have now begun
 To pour their mellow rains.

Old Winter lingers on the hills,
 And on the mountain stays,
Whence melting snows send down the rills
 That cheer the summer days.

Not willingly old Winter bends,
 Nor slacks his frigid reign ;

In wrath, he from the mountain sends
His storms upon the plain.

But Summer presses after Spring ;
They climb the mountain high ;
And Winter hears their voices ring :
“ The grim old King shall die ! ”

A mortal terror grasps his heart,
Oh, whither shall he fly ?
The mountain top he must depart ;
He leaps into the sky.

March 9, 1886.

SPRING.

THE vernal skies beam cheerfully,
Kind Nature's heart throbs full and free,
And Spring sends forth creative breath
To end the reign of cold and death.

The buds and leaflets feel the glow
Of Earth's maternal breast, and know
The love she bears her children dear,
Who come to bless the circling year.

The daffodils lift up their head,
Nor longer keep their wintry bed ;
But conscious of their wealth untold,
They crown themselves with purest gold.

The birds return from southern lands ;
They fill the woods with singing bands ;
From tree to tree they wing their flight,
And make the hills and valleys bright.

The forests doff their sombre gray,
And deck themselves in glad array ;
The groves responsive make reply,
And lift their leafy banners high.

The brooks, released from icy chains,
Rejoicing run through fertile plains ;
And music rings on every breeze,
From warblers nesting in the trees.

The cattle crop the tender grass
In fields o'er which cloud-shadows pass ;
The ploughmen sing their songs with glee,
In hope of harvests soon to be.

O welcome days of vernal prime,
Your charm exceeds all flowing rhyme ;
No joy of earth can ever seem
To equal yours but love's young dream.

March 5, 1886.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

THE Spring came tripping up this way
In verdure clad, and crowned with flowers,
The children of the April showers,
And offspring of the fields of May.

Her eyes were brilliant as the dew
That sparkles on the grassy blades
Where festive rustic swains and maids
Make love and dance when life is new.

She touched the forests ; and their gray
They doffed, and robed themselves in green,
While through their boughs the silver sheen
Made fitful shadows sport and play.

She called the ploughman to his toil ;
Delightedly he knew her voice ;
Her presence made his heart rejoice,
And cheerily he turned the soil.

He scattered the fruitful seed,
He covered it smoothly and well ;
He scouted the fear of need,
He counted on plenty to sell.

She praised his cheerful hope ;
She told him not to mope,
But trust her kindly hand
With hindrances to cope,
And for his joy to ope
The treasures of the land.

She gave new life to Beauty's form,
To Pleasure, and to Love,
And made each swelling bosom warm
And pure as heaven above.

Wide open she threw the pearly gate
To usher rich Summer in,
Who came with delight in queenly state
The homage of men to win.

Then swift and sure the Summer gave
Her message to many a field,
And far and wide the harvests wave
Their pledge of a plentiful yield.

The harvester rattles along
And merrily chirps to his team ;
He reckons that rattle a song
Far sweeter than dreamer can dream.

The fragrance of the new-mown hay
Makes every stack a rich bouquet,
And every barn is doubly sweet
With crowded mows of oats and wheat.

The farmer looks his treasures o'er,
His fruits of toil he highly rates ;
And thankful for the gathered store,
The Harvest Home he celebrates.

July 13, 1892.

THE WOODLAND FLOWERS.

THE flowers spring at their sweet will
Along the woodland way ;
Their perfumes all the breezes fill,
Their beauties, all the day.

They ope their blossoms one by one,
 Their leaflets dance and play,
 They spread their petals to the sun,
 And make their home look gay.

They speak the language of the heart,
 No guile is on their face,
 And far beyond the reach of art,
 They charm us with their grace.

O children of the shady wood,
 More beautiful than youth,
 Your virtues are supremely good,
 Simplicity and truth.

November 26, 1885.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE golden radiance of the long ago
 With gentle voices heard in memory's halls,
 The nut-brown curls that waved in breezy flow,
 Triumphant hope leaping the mountain walls,
 Ye bring your aid unto my darkling soul.
 How vain your toil to make my spirit whole !

Fair blushing Morn outruns the marching stars,
 The wild bird sings her matin in the shade,
 My cherub's hand the gates of joy unbars,
 And shows the path which angel-feet have made.
 Full oft they call the weary heart to rest ;
 There is no peace for Sorrow's heaving breast.

Rich fragrant blooms adorn the brow of earth ;
The clasp of Love gives safety without end,
And bliss, that ne'er shall need a second birth,
 Beyond the reach of thought to comprehend.
All fruitless strive these visions of delight
To chase away the shadows of the night.

October 25, 1871.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

THE harvest moon serenely bright,
Outpours her wealth of silver light,
And spreads o'er all the world bedight
A lovely veil that charms the sight,
While evil omens take their flight,
And earth and heaven to rest invite.

The forest waves in leafy green,
The river runs with gleaming sheen,
The fragrant meadows intervene,
The fields of corn in ranks are seen,
The verdant pastures lie between,
And beauty decks the whole terrene.

The distant mountains lift their head,
Their wintry torrents all are fled,
No angry storms above them spread,
No bolt of fire is swiftly sped,
No thunder wakes a trembling dread,
The smile of peace o'er all is shed.

The towns and hamlets gently sleep,
The dewy airs the senses steep,
No sentinels their vigils keep,
No evil doers darkly creep,
The calm of heaven is sweet and deep,
And tearful eyes forget to weep.

The weary take their welcome rest,
No more with care and toil oppress,
Each heart beats softly in the breast,
And holy souls are doubly blest,
For earth and sky, in glory drest,
The love and might divine attest.

July 28, 1885.

AUTUMN.

ALONG the wires that form the paths of thought,
And tell to men what time and change have wrought,
Ten thousand swallows, to the season true,
With prescient instinct, make their rendezvous
Before they spread their wings and sail away
To find in warmer climes a brighter day.

From homes of men the robin now retires,
His song scarce heard amid the forest choirs.
No more the rain-crow shouts his coucou note,
But seeks a home in sunny lands remote.

Yet forms of insect life in millions throng,
While katydid untiring pipes his song.

The cricket's organ never ceasing plays,
And filmy webs the cunning spider lays.

But on the trees no caterpillar weaves
His toils, destructive to the tender leaves.
No hornets buzz around their heart-shaped home,
Nor build with paper-walls its spreading dome.

But countless golden rods, in fields and ways,
Unfold the glory of the autumn days.
The rustling corn lifts up its tasseled head,
And shows its fruits with silky veils o'erspread.
The purpling grapes mid failing leaves appear,
While verdant fields give place to brown and sere.

The Wisdom that revolves the seasons round
Changes the year, and stormy winds resound.
But ample stores are for the winter made,
And autumn has the summer's toil repaid.

September 11, 1882.

THE BEAUTY'S FATE.

UP sprang a lily from the mould :
 It was not cold.
She spread her petals to the air
 In beauty rare,
And shed her fragrance all around,
 Above the ground.

A bee came humming on the breeze
 Beneath the trees.

He saw the lily standing there,
So wondrous fair.

He loved the nectar in her cup,
And sipped it up.

A butterfly soon came along,
But sang no song.

He fanned the lily with his wings,
The painted things.

Her beauty pierced him to the heart,
And could they part?

A human hand appeared in view,
'T is sadly true;

The butterfly then flew away,
Alas, the day!

The lily's stem was cut in twain,
Her hope was vain.

March 4, 1886.

THE OLD YEAR.

THE faithful year has matched the sun
With diligence unfailing;
He now retires, his duties done,
His steps with glory trailing.

For strong and skillful are the feet
That hasten his departing,
Well trained to make the journey fleet
Beyond his speed at starting.

He scattered freely on his course
 Of gifts unbounded treasure,
Forever pouring from their source
 His riches without measure.

He multiplied the happy days
 And filled them full of gladness,
He taught the mourning heart to praise,
 Dispelling grief and sadness.

He lightened all the darker hours,
 And kindly gave them fleetness,
Of bitter things his magic powers
 Turned wormwood into sweetness.

Our grateful hearts now say adieu,
 Old year, to thee retiring ;
Oh, be the youth, that comes in view,
 To thy good deeds aspiring.

December 28, 1889.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

No wine nor beer
 Can make good cheer,
Nor brandy, whiskey, rum :
 It must appear,
 And very clear,
That drink makes wrath to come.

Though tiplers drink,
 And vainly think

It is no harm to sip ;
From bloodshot blink,
They well may shrink,
And never take a nip.

With all its might
Drink spreads a blight
Upon the drinker's life ;
A painful sight,
His dreadful plight
Is wretchedness and strife.

The drinker rends
From kindred, friends,
The love they felt of yore ;
His money spends,
And right offends,
And grovels more and more.

While home bewails,
Drink want entails,
And hastens to consume ;
While it prevails,
No help avails
To stay the drunkard's doom.

So therefore be
Forever free
From vices high and low ;
From tipsy glee,
And sottish spree,
And all the drunkard's woe.

VII.
TRANSLATIONS.

WHEN THE INFANT APPEARS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

WHEN the infant appears, how the family band
All applaud his loud shouts, and a wave of his hand
 Makes the eyes of all bright.
He is welcome ; all laugh ; the soiled faces, or sad,
When the infant appears, quickly smile and are
 glad
 With his sweetness and light.

Let the verdure of June overshadow my door,
Or December's cold blast make the chairs on my
 floor
 Close encircle the fire,
When the infant appears there is joy at the sight ;
Then I call, and his mother, with fear and delight,
 Sees him walk to his sire.

There are times that we speak — as we stir up the
 flame —
Of the soul, of the country, the poets, God's name,
 And our hearts to Him turn.
When the infant appears, then adieu to the sky,
To the soul, country, poets ; discussions all die ;
 From the infant we learn.

In the night when man sleeps and the soul is in dreams,
 When one hears, like a sigh, the soft whisper of streams,
 As they flow through the grass,
 If the dawn quickly breaks, its pure light from on high
 Wakes a fanfare of bells, and of birds in the sky
 As they pass and repass.

Thou, dear child, art the dawn, and my soul is the field
 Yielding fragrance the sweetest that flowers can yield,
 When thy breath on it falls.
 And my soul is the forest whose mansions of green
 Are replete with soft murmurs and silvery sheen,
 And for thee are its halls.

For thy beautiful eyes sparkle only to bless,
 And thy hands, fair and small, are most fit to caress,
 And from evil are free.
 Thy young steps have not touched our defilement
 of mire,
 Thy fair head with blonde hair would an angel inspire
 Thy companion to be.

Oh, the beautiful child with the smile that invites,
 His good faith, and his voice that to laughter incites,
 While his tears fade as mist.

He permits his rapt vision astonished to stray,
And he offers his soul to the life in his way,
 And his mouth to be kissed.

Oh, defend me, great God, and my kindred and
 friends,

Oh, defend e'en my foes, though they make no
 amends

For their wrongs, fierce and wild,
From the sadness of seeing the hive without bees,
The spring without flowers, no leaves on the trees,
 And the home with no child.

August 2, 1883.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOUL.

An angel near a cradle-side
 Bent o'er it with celestial grace,
And smiled to see his image there
 As in a brooklet's shining face.

“ O charming infant, like myself,
 The earth unworthy is of thee ;
Come, fly away with me,” he said,
 “ Together we shall happy be.

“ Here sorrow mingles with delight ;
 There bliss and gladness are complete ;
Here cries of joy give place to sighs,
 And pain and pleasure often meet.

- “ No festival without its fear ;
 The calmest day and most serene
Can guard no morrow’s coming hour
 Lest storm and darkness intervene.
- “ Ah, why should heart-aches and alarms
 Disturb a face so pure and true,
And with the bitterness of tears
 Bedim these eyes of heavenly blue ?
- “ No, no ! Remote in fields of space
 With me, O infant, fly away ;
For Providence affords thee grace
 To leave behind earth’s gloomy day.
- “ Let none within thy earthly home
 Defile thy garments pure and white,
But all behold thy latest hour
 As spotless as thy morning light.
- “ No shadow on thy face should fall,
 No tomb await thee on thy way ;
To one within thy tender age,
 Thy last must be thy brightest day.”

The angel spake, and shook his wings,
 Then took the treasure from the bed,
And soared to his eternal home.
 O mother dear, thy child is dead !

June 29, 1883.

WEEP NOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Know you how many stars
Shine brightly in the heaven ?
Know you how many sails
Unto the winds are given ?

Know you how many swarms
Within a sunbeam soar ?
Know you how many hearts
One holy Name adore ?

God knows them all, and well.
He lives and never sleeps.
He sees where eagles fly
And where the glow-worm creeps.

And wilt thou courage lose ?
Dost thou not hear the lays,
The songs that sparrows sing ?
Hear thou, and also praise.

June 30, 1883.

THE DREAM OF THE TRAMP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

HE has fallen asleep by the side of the road,
And the staff that upheld him as onward he strode
 Has escaped from the grasp of his hand.
Though a tree gives him shade, he has rolled in the
 dust,
But the book half-concealed in his rags, makes him
 trust
In the Christ, though he tramps through the
 land.

His august and grave face has laid hold of my
 heart —

“ What regrets, aged man, or what griefs could im-
 part
The grand lines that are writ on thy brow ? ”
It is God who has given the peace in thy breast,
And the word of His truth shows the promise of rest
 To the pilgrim in poverty now.

To thy limbs, over weary, how sweet the sun’s rays !
And thick clouds, on high mountains, with light-
 nings ablaze,

‘ Thunder softly above thy bare head.
Swiftly dies the long day, and the night with alarms
Comes in fury. No matter. Repose in the arms
 Of the Friend who protects thee from dread.

What is this that I see ? Though discolored and
bare
Is thy head ; yet again, and surpassingly fair,
Shines the brightness of beautiful youth,
While thy features all glow — 't is a holy surprise —
And thy face, bathed in tears from thy closely shut
eyes,
Shows the rapture of heavenly truth.

Oh, what charm has suspended the force of thy
grief ?
What delightful remembrance, or hope, brought
relief
From the anguish that flooded thy soul ?
'T is the Heavens, the Heavens, that doubtless have
made
A display of the glory that never shall fade
While the ages eternal shall roll.

Where the palms wave their branches in Eden
above,
Dost thou see not, oh, tell me, that Master of love
Who has died on the earth for our sins ?
Does He see on thy brow the sure sign of His
grace ?
Does He say : " Faithful soul, thou hast finished
thy race,
And thy rest on my throne now begins ? "

Does thy heart feel the rapture of welcome so sweet ?
With the transport of joy dost thou fall at the feet
Of the King who gives life evermore ?

While the jubilant choir swell their harps and their voice,

And the dwellers in heaven exult and rejoice,
And beholding thy faith, they adore.

Thus thy heart with new courage gains strength for thy fate !

Lift thy head : take again thy great load : do not wait ;

But defy the fierce storm and the night.

Though the lightning reveals but the dreariest way,
In thy breast is all heaven, far brighter than day,
The whole heaven of glory and light.

September 10, 1878.

MISFORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRÉ MARIE DE CHÉNIER.

EACH man his ills most deeply feels,
But with a cheerful front conceals,
Nor to his brother man makes known,
The sorrows that are all his own.

Each man complains of weary days,
But onward walks in painful ways,
While to himself he makes his moan,
And thinks he bears the pain alone.

Each envies other men their lot ;
Whate'er their ills he knows them not,
Nor thinks misfortune's rising tide
Floods them with ills which they would hide.

And every man with tearful eyes,
And breast that cannot hush its sighs,
Deems his own self the saddest mind
Through all the world among mankind.

All are unhappy, and their cry,
Importunate, ascends on high,
And pleads for change in their estate —
Some change — to ease their heavy fate.

The change is made, and soon they find
A deeper sorrow of the mind.
They feel no comfort for their smart ;
They feel instead a broken heart.

August 10, 1882.

THE ERLKING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHO rides so late through the night and the blast ?
A father who holds his son so fast.
He grasps him firmly within his arm,
He clasps him closely and keeps him warm.

“ Why hidest, my son, thine anxious face ? ”
“ See, father, the Erlking is coming apace,
Dost thou not see him with crown and train ? ”
“ My son, ’t is a cloud of mist or rain.”

“ Thou lovely child, come, go with me !
Most beautiful plays I ’ll play with thee ;

Many gay flowers the shore caress,
My mother has many a golden dress.”

“ My father, my father, dost thou not hear
The Erlking’s promises in my ear ? ”

“ Be quiet, my child, and calm thy mind ;
The dry leaves rustle beneath the wind.”

“ Wilt thou, fine boy, now go with me ?
My daughter shall charmingly wait on thee ;
My daughter shall lead the dance each night,
And sing thee to sleep in visions bright.”

“ My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erlking’s daughter in yon dark spot ? ”

“ I see it, my son, as plain as the day,
There shine the old willows in mantle gray.”

“ I love thee, fair boy, and do not refuse ;
If thou art unwilling, then force I use.”

“ His grasp, my father, I could not avert,
The Erlking surely has done me hurt.”

More swiftly the father rides, and fears ;
He holds his child, whose groans he hears ;
He reaches his home with pain and dread ;
And clasped in his arms, his child is dead.

January, 1885.

LORELEI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

I KNOW not what it signifies
That I am sad at heart,
A legend of the olden time
Will not from me depart.

The air is cool. It darker grows ;
And calmly flows the Rhine ;
The peaks and mountain tops on high
In evening sunlight shine.

The beautiful young maiden sits
There, wonderful and fair ;
Her golden jewels gleam and flash ;
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb ;
She sings the while a song,
Whose melody is wonderful,
Alluring, mystic, strong.

The boatman in his little ship
Cannot his fate defy ;
The rocky reefs he sees no more,
He only looks on high.

I think the waves will deep engulf
Both man and boat ere long.

The Lorelei has done the deed —
She charmed him with her song.

January 30, 1885.

THE FISHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE water brawled, the water swelled,
A fisher plied his art;
And watched his hook most tranquilly,
Cool to his inmost heart.
And while he sits and waits for luck
The water there divides,
And from the agitated waves
A maiden upward glides.

She sang to him, she spake to him :
“ Why practice thy deceit,
And lure my brood by human craft,
Up to the deadly heat ?
Ah, if thou knew’st how happily
The fishes dwell below,
Thou wouldst step downward as thou art,
And find it truly so.

“ Doth not the sun refresh himself,
And moon, within the sea ?
Turns not his wave-enjoying face
Twice beautiful to thee ?
Allures thee not the heaven profound,
The moist resplendent blue ?

Allures thee not thy face, to dwell
Within th' eternal dew ? ”

The water brawled, the water swelled,
He wet his naked feet,
His heart grew full of strong desire,
As when true lovers greet.
She spake to him, she sang to him,
His fate was quickly o'er;
Half drew she him, half down he sank,
And thence was seen no more.

February 10, 1885.

DOST THOU LOVE ME?

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. A. RÖTHE.

WHEN care and grief thy heart o'erflow,
And heart and eye are weeping ;
When all thy prospects darker grow,
And helpers seem all sleeping ;
Then speaks the Lord and asks of thee :
Dost thou love me ? Dost thou love me ?

When lower than thy heart aspires,
The Lord makes thy condition,
Prohibits what thy soul desires,
And fills thee with contrition ;
Then speaks the Lord and asks of thee :
Dost thou love me ? Dost thou heed me ?

When from the world's incessant din,
Thy soul escapes with trembling ;
And mighty forces draw within,
Thy deepest wants resembling ;
Then speaks the Lord, and asks of thee :
Dost thou love me ? Draw'st thou to me ?

When those who have their friendship proved,
In heavy trials languish ;
When those God gave are hence removed,
And thou art left in anguish ;
Then speaks the Lord, and asks of thee :
Dost thou love me ? Giv'st them to me ?

When pales for thee the light of day,
Thy soul its cords untwining ;
When all thy mortal ties give way,
No more to earth confining ;
Then speaks the Lord, and asks of thee :
Dost thou love me ? So come to me !

February 28, 1885.

A WINTER'S TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ECKELMANN.

THE Earth now sleeps ! With spotless white
The Winter veils her closed eyes.
She is not dead, but only sleeps
Until the Spring shall bid her rise.

And as the young and tender babe
Clings fondly to the mother's breast,
So in her bosom safely lie
The budding flowers, lulled to rest.

There dream they of the gentle air,
The sunshine, and the sparkling dew,
And see, unconscious of all gloom,
Green woods and meadows come to view.

They listen to the song of birds,
And hear the brooklet on its way ;
They chat with kindly butterflies,
And softly hum the bees : "Good day."

The flowers stretch themselves on high
To see the splendor far and near,
Then fades the lovely dream away,
And lo ! the Spring is truly here.

January 15, 1885.

THE AUTUMN FLIGHT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS RACINE.

THE birds that dread our winter's wrath,
Instinctive take the southward path,
And shield themselves by flight sublime,
In lands that boast a milder clime.
They never let the season drear
Surprise their army lagging here.

In council wise the chiefs have met,
 And for the flight the day is set.
 It comes ; all leave ; yet one inquires —
 A youth among the wingèd choirs —
 Beholding all the scenes of mirth
 That grace the country of his birth :
 “ When will the spring-time come once more,
 To exiles on a distant shore,
 That shall recall the waiting band
 To see with joy their native land ? ”

August 29, 1878.

BALLAD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF A. VAN HASSELT.

“ O LIVELY swallow, flying on high,
 Through pearly mansions, up in the sky,
 Say, have you seen him, him whom I love ? ”
 “ No one has named him here up above.”

“ O singing skylark, over the lawn,
 You welcome th’ sunbeams, rising at dawn,
 Say, have you seen him, dearest to me ? ”
 “ No one has met me, whom you would see.”

“ O leafy forest, murmuring lays,
 With verdant branches barring the rays,
 Say have you seen him whom my heart craves ? ”
 “ No one has past where th’ foliage waves.”

“ O lofty mountain, piercing the cloud,
The home of th’ eagle, screaming aloud,
Say, have you seen him, whom I adore ? ”
“ No one can walk where th’ eagle doth soar.”

“ O rapid torrent, foaming and deep,
Your waters seaward mightily sweep,
Say, has he crossed, whose absence I weep ? ”
“ Deep on my bed he sleeps his last sleep.”

July 7, 1883.

HOPE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUISE SIEFERT.

THE storm is past ; but frequent blows
Of angry waves assail the land.
The broken spars, the fallen mast,
Attest the tempest’s mighty hand.

The storm is past ; but ocean’s rage
Yet hurls the foam against the rock.
The winds have died, the skies are blue —
That lifeless form makes known the shock.

The morning sun illumines the deep,
The gentle airs their warmth renew,
And rising from the sea-green waves
A white-winged sail appears in view.

With endless danger — trust sublime —
The fisher seaward sails to cope.

Thus o'er my soul — another gulf —
On verses frail sails forth my Hope.

July 11, 1883.

RONDEL.

FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF LE DUC CHARLES
D'ORLEANS.

Now Time has doffed his mantle dun
Of wind and cold and dismal rain,
And wears the robe of Spring again,
Embroidered by the shining sun.
Each beast and bird has now begun,
In his own speech, the glad refrain :
Now Time has doffed his mantle dun
Of wind and cold and dismal rain.
The fountain, brook and river run
With silver drops, that deck the land
Beyond the grace of artist's hand,
And robed anew sings every one :
Now Time has doffed his mantle dun
Of wind and cold and clouded sun.

July 9, 1884.

PEACE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. STURM.

No breath of air stirs in the trees,
The little birds no vigils keep,
The flowers, laden with the dew,
Serenely bow their heads and sleep.

Ten thousand golden stars march round,
With silent step, the arching height,
And softly, from the heavenly sphere,
Pour on the world their cheerful light.

And rest is granted yet to me ;
So in the soul it must increase,
Where Nature kindly takes me up
Into her perfect, hallowed peace.

February 13, 1885.

HOPE FOR THE BETTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How greatly men discourse and dream
Of better times in coming days ;
To win the bright and happy goal,
They chase and run their toilsome ways.
The world grows old, the world grows new ;
Man ever keeps the good in view.

'T is hope that brings him into life :
It flutters round the playful boy,
Its magic sheen inspires the youth,
The aged man well knows its joy.
Down to the grave his footsteps fare,
He plants his hope forever there.

'T is not an empty, vain conceit,
Sprung from a silly brain forlorn,
Loud in the heart this voice is heard :
For what is better we are born.

This voice the hopeful soul must heed,
The inner voice will not mislead.

February 14, 1885.

REPENTANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PLATEN.

WHEN quickly I rose in the night, in the night,
And felt myself drawn forward marching,
Forsaking the street which the watcher kept light,
I wandered from sight.
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the high-pointed arching.

The brook through the rocks in its quivering flight
Rushed under the bridge which it greeted,
There leaned I and looked at the wavelets so bright,
In motion so light,
In the night, in the night,
And saw that no wavelet retreated.

The numberless stars all aflame in the height,
Melodious move, as in dances,
And with them the moon in soft splendor bedight ;
They sparkle so bright,
In the night, in the night,
Far distant their movement advances.

I looked to the sky in the night, in the night,
I looked again downward beneath me,

Oh, how hast thou done to thy days foul despite,
Now calm thou aright,
In the night, in the night,
Th' repentance thy errors bequeath thee.

February 23, 1885.

SLEEP NOW, MY HEART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

Sleep now, my heart, in peace !
The dews of night increase,
The flowers seek repose,
Man's weary eyelids close.

Sleep now, my heart, in peace !
God's watch doth never cease,
Life sleeps on earth below,
When stars celestial glow.

Sleep now, my heart, in peace !
Who gives the world release,
Will safely shelter thee,
From care and sorrow free.

Sleep now, my heart, in peace !
In faith thy strength increase,
Preserved from evil dreams,
While hope serenely beams.

Sleep now, my heart, in peace !
Thy joy shall never cease,

In yonder world of light,
When death comes in the night.

July 21, 1885.

CHILD ROLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

FRAU Bertha sat in the cleft of rocks,
She mourned her bitter fate.
Child Roland played in th' freest air,
His mourning was not great.

“ O monarch Charles, my brother grand,
Alas ! I fled from thee !
For love I left my pomp and state,
Now burns thy wrath for me.

“ O Milo, husband, sweet and kind,
The flood robbed me of thee,
And though for love I quitted all,
Now love abandons me.

“ Child Roland, thou, my dearest child,
Art honor, love, to me ;
Child Roland, hither quickly come,
My trust is all in thee.

“ Child Roland, to the city go,
And beg some food from thence,
Whoever gives thee any gift,
God give him recompense.”

The monarch Charles at table sat,
Within his gilded hall,
And servants ran unceasingly
To heed his beck and call.

With flute and harp and lute and song,
Each heart is all elate ;
The sound melodious reaches not
To Bertha's lonely state.

Without the doors, around the house,
Sit beggars in a throng,
Who cheer themselves with food and drink,
More than with harp and song.

The monarch looks within the crowd,
Clear through the open door ;
A boy amid the multitude
Is pressing on before.

The robe he wears is wonderful,
All patched with colors four ;
But proud he spurns the beggar's lot,
He seeks the palace door.

Within the hall child Roland walks,
Nor deigns a word to say,
But from the board he lifts and takes
The dish he bears away.

The monarch thinks : what do I see ?
This is a fashion new.

But while he lets it happen thus,
So others let it too.

This lasted but a little while ;
The child with self-control,
Walked quickly to the mighty king,
And grasped his golden bowl.

“ Heyday ! Hold on ! Thou saucy wight ! ”
Aloud the monarch cried ;
Child Roland yielded not the bowl,
The king he calmly eyed.

The king at first looked very dark,
But soon his smile was seen —
“ Thou walkest in my gilded hall
As in the forest green.

“ Thou takest from my board the dish,
As apples from a tree ;
Thou drawest as from living springs,
The ruby wine from me.”

“ The farmer’s wife draws from the well,
Plucks apples from the tree,
But game and fish and wine befit
My mother’s high degree.”

“ So noble is thy mother now,
My child, as thou dost boast ?
Has she a pleasant citadel,
And knights, a stately host ?

“ Say on ! Tell who her steward is,
And who doth bear her cup ? ”

“ My own right hand her steward is,
My left doth bear her cup.”

“ Say on ! Who are her watchmen true ? ”
“ Mine eyes of blue in youth.”

“ Say on ! Who is her minstrel free ? ”
“ My rosy mouth in truth.”

“ A servant bright the lady has,
But dressed in strange array,
With colors many as the bow
Seen on a rainy day.

“ Eight vanquished boys, the city through,
Gave heed to my decree ;
They brought as tribute fourfold cloth
To make a dress for me.”

“ This lady has, it seems to me,
The best boy in the land ;
The queen of beggars she must be,
And give with open hand.

“ Far from my house and court should not
This noble lady be ;
Up, ladies three ! and up, three knights !
And bring her unto me.”

Child Roland nimbly bears the bowl,
From out the splendid hall,

Three ladies followed, and three knights
Obeyed the monarch's call.

It lasted but a little while ; —
Upon the distant heights,
The monarch sees in swift return,
The ladies and the knights.

The monarch cries out suddenly :
“ Help, Heaven ! See I right ?
I've mocked my kindred in my hall,
In my retainers' sight.

“ Help, Heaven ! Sister Bertha, pale,
In pilgrim raiment gray !
Help, Heaven ! In my splendid hall,
A beggar's staff her stay ! ”

Frau Bertha falls before his feet,
Her fears his wrath presage ;
The storm of anger rises quick,
He looks on her with rage.

Her eyes Frau Bertha drops at once ;
To speak, her courage fails ;
Child Roland lifts his sparkling eyes,
And loud his uncle hails.

Then speaks the king in milder tone :
“ Arise, thou sister mine ;
For sake of thy beloved son,
Forgiveness shall be thine.”

Frau Bertha rose most joyfully :
“ My brother, dear, oh, see !
Child Roland will make recompense
For thy good deeds to me.

“ And like his king, he shall be fit
A hero’s might to wield ;
Shall bear the hue of many a realm
Upon his flag and shield.

“ And at the board of many a king,
Shall take with his free hand ;
Shall bring to health and honor new,
His sighing Motherland ! ”

1885.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE LITTLE FISH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BESELDT.

A FISHERMAN sat by a river
To catch a small fish with his hook ;
But all the day long it hung empty,
Not even a minnow he took.

At last it was drawn, and rejoicing,
He saw that his prey had been caught,
For there was the little fish hanging,
And thus for his life he besought :

“ Dear fisherman, oh, do unloose me,”
In words that were tender he prayed,

“ Permit me to live in the water
Until I grow larger,” he said.

The fisherman answered : “ No, never ;
And no lamentation will aid ;
For now, should I let you return there,
My toil would be poorly repaid.”

“ Yet think of my smallness, I pray you,
For scarcely three morsels am I ;
If now to the river you give me,
Regret will not cause you to sigh.”

“ Since you are so pretty and youthful,
So little of life have you known,
To you some delay shall be granted,
Some mercy and favor be shown.

“ However, when you shall be greater
Remember the promise you make,
Come hither next year for your capture,
And never your covenant break.”

Then gladly away sprang the fishlet,
To live in the watery ways,
And merry in mind, and delighted
To gambol and sport in his plays.

The year was soon past ; but the promise
Had not from the memory fled ;
For true to the contract the fishlet
Returned to the place, as he said.

The fisherman deeming this conduct
Should fill the young swimmer with glee,
Thus spake to the truth-keeping fishlet:
Since you are so true, you are free.

February 3, 1885.

THE COBBLER AND THE BANKER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

THE cobbler sang from morn till night,
His soul was glad, his heart was light,
And cheerful was his lay.
He made the path of life a glee,
His toil from care and sorrow free,
From dawn till close of day.

The seven wise men, at their best,
In ancient times were not so blest,
Nor half so well content.
He never thought of wealth or state,
He felt no envy of the great,
While o'er his work he bent.

His neighbor, though the robe he wore
With shining gold was spangled o'er,
Could little sleep or sing.
If, at the dawn, he fell asleep,
Then, in his ears, both loud and deep,
The cobbler's song would ring.

Morn after morn his slumber fled ;
In vain he kept his downy bed,
 He could not even doze.
He blamed the plan of Providence,
And grieved, that with a vast expense,
 He could not buy repose.

The market offered food and drink ;
Was God so stupid as to think
 That none would purchase sleep ?
Would not all rich men gladly pay
Their gold for slumber, night or day,
 And deem the market cheap ?

He called the cobbler to his gate,
And to the man with song elate
 He put this question plain :
“ What wages will you take per year ? ”
But when the words fell on the ear,
 The singer thought them vain.

“ Per year ? ” he said with merry tone —
For he would rather laugh than moan —
 “ Per year is not my way.
No, no ! I do not reckon so ;
For me, each day shall come and go ;
 I heap not day on day.

“ My manner is, with spirit gay,
To sing my song in work and play,
 And sleep at night in bed.

It is enough that with good cheer,
Some pleasant day will end the year,
 Each day brings daily bread."

"Ah! well! what wages by the day?"
"By day the wages one must pay
 Or more or less may be.
This evil all the year is plain:
Some days that should give honest gain
 Are not for labor free.

"They ruin us with fast and feast;
Of some new saint, the curate priest
 Loads us with tiresome speech."
His frankness pleased the banker well,
Who said: "Hereafter you shall dwell
 Where want can never reach.

"To-day I seat you on a throne;
To you I give, to you alone,
 Three hundred golden crowns.
Now take and guard them carefully,
And they from need shall keep you free,
 Whenever fortune frowns."

The cobbler thought he could behold
In such a pile of shining gold
 The product of the earth,
Not for a day, but for an age;
And taking it, in counsel sage,
 He soon forgot his mirth.

He bore it home, and safe to keep,
He hid it in his cellar deep,
 And with it all his joy.
No more of song. He lost his voice.
His heart of care could not rejoice,
 Nor give his tongue employ.

Possession now the cause of pain,
He sought for gentle sleep in vain ;
 All slumber fled his eyes.
He had for guests the brood of cares,
Suspicions, fears of plots and snares,
 And dread of foul surprise.

All day he kept his eye on guard ;
All night his fate was not less hard ;
 It told upon his health.
If any cat another sought,
The cat to be a thief was thought,
 Stealing his hidden wealth.

At length the poor man, sick and sore,
Ran to the man he waked no more,
 And made this earnest prayer :
“ Give me again my song and sleep,
Take back your gold, and I will keep
 My joy, and not my care.”

May 27, 1879.

THE ROPE DANCER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN.

UPON a tight rope in a ring,
A youth, well skilled to leap and spring,
Drew crowds to see him vault and prance,
To keep the step and sing and dance.
Along the narrow way he goes,
Nor seems to touch it with his toes.

His rod in hand, his head on high,
His air is free, his foot so spry,
He rather skips than walks along,
And gives delight to all the throng.

He stoops or rises at his will,
Retreats, advances, stands all still,
Or like a bird that skims the sea,
Right through the air he passes free.
Our nimble youth, so proud and gay,
His heavy pole would cast away.

“This pole,” he said, “encumbers me,
And makes my movements all less free;
No longer shall it tire me so.
I ’ll dance without it. Let it go.”

Quick as the words dropped from his tongue,
The rod from out his hand he flung;

But ere the staff had touched the ground
Our gay young dancer sadly found
How needful was its heavy weight
To save him from a shameful fate.

In vain his wide-spread arms arose,
He tottered, fell, and broke his nose.
His vain conceit was rudely chaffed,
To see him fall the people laughed.

Young friends, young friends, oh, be not fools !
Without the rein, without the rules
Of virtue, reason, law, commands —
Which some may deem restraining bands —
Your wayward steps will cause you loss ;
Your safety is to bear the cross.

And though it seems a heavy load,
Whoever walks the narrow road
('T is always so the world around)
Must keep the rod or kiss the ground.

August 10, 1882.

THE OXEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE DUPONT.

I HAVE two oxen, red and white,
My stable gives them rest at night ;
My curving plough of maple wood,
And holly goad are strong and good.

My oxen's toil — that makes the field
The golden grain of summer yield.
They earn each week, in heat or frost,
More money far than all they cost.
If I had to sell them, I solemnly vow,
Sooner than sell them, I'd hang myself now.

I love Jane, my true wife,
Love her more than my life.
But rather may she yield her breath
Than my great oxen suffer death.

The splendid creatures ever keep
The furrow straight — they plough it deep —
Defying rain, the storms that beat,
The winter's cold, the summer's heat.
And when I stop a drink to take,
A mighty cloud their nostrils make ;
And then I see a charming sight —
On their dark horns small birds alight.
If I had to sell them, I solemnly vow,
Sooner than sell them, I'd hang myself now.

I love Jane, my true wife,
Love her more than my life.
But rather may she yield her breath
Than my great oxen suffer death.

As strong as any oil press, they
Are gentle as the lambs at play.
Each year the buyers make their rounds
To purchase oxen in our bounds.
And they would lead my own away
To grace the Mardi gras array,

And then to butcheries resign !
It shall not be ; for they are mine !
If I had to sell them I solemnly vow,
Sooner than sell them, I 'd hang myself now.

I love Jane, my true wife,
Love her more than my life.
But rather may she yield her breath
Than my great oxen suffer death.

If ever there shall come the day
When our rich banker's son shall say ;
" May your fair daughter be my bride ? "
For her my money I 'll provide.
But if for dower he should seek
My great pied oxen, strong and sleek,
My daughter will the wreath decline ;
I 'll keep my oxen ; they are mine.
If I had to sell them, I solemnly vow,
Sooner than sell them, I 'd hang myself now.

I love Jane, my true wife,
Love her more than my life.
But rather may she yield her breath
Than my great oxen suffer death.

July 9, 1883.

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NOTE.

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