

# THE DREAM-ROAD

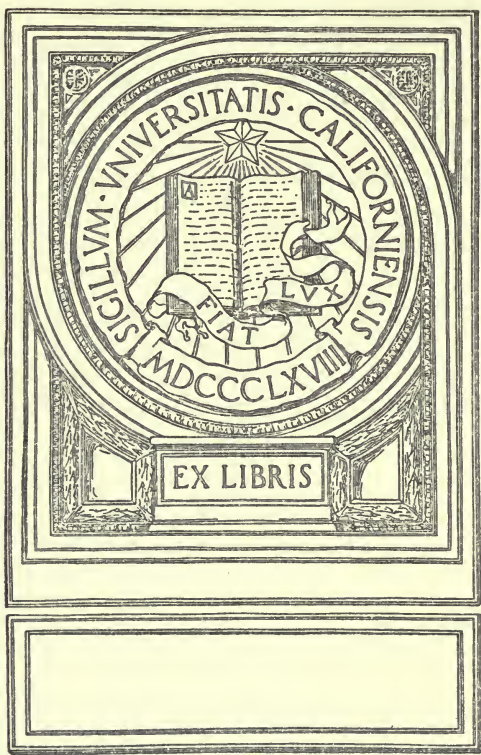
WILLIAM D. GOOLD

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To dear Mrs. Rowell  
from her friend  
Anna S. Rowler

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May 1911









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# THE DREAM-ROAD

AND OTHER VERSES

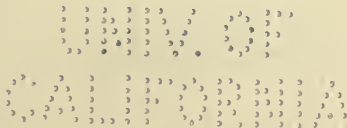
BY

WILLIAM D. GOOLD



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TO  
MY WIFE

M191942



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## THE DREAM-ROAD

THERE'S a broad highway that windeth down  
And out, and up, and far away;  
From the closing gates of Slumber Town  
To the opening portals of Peep O' Day.

The road lies dim in the crawling mist  
And the drowsy night winds wander there,  
And touch, with the wand of an alchemist,  
The shapes that along that highway fare.

O wonder of wonders, that open eyes  
Gain never a glimpse of that well worn way;  
That none of the Dream-Road's mysteries  
Are known to the children of Peep O' Day!

For only the fast-closed eyes can see  
The shapes that are crowding that stretch of  
mist;  
The lift of an eyelid turns the key,  
And locks the door which the sun had kissed.

I have seen—and you—at dead of night,  
A motley throng go trooping by;  
Spirits of darkness, angels of light,  
All shifting, changing, constantly.

For the popped breath of the night wind seems,  
At a touch, to melt some shapes, and some  
Take on new forms, for the children of dreams  
Forever change as they go and come.

Often we see our loved ones there, —  
Those who have long since gone before,—  
For a moment brief, then the vision fair  
Dies, as a wave on the ocean shore.

Thank God for the Dream-Road winding  
down,  
And out, and up, and far away;  
From the closing gates of Slumber Town  
To the opening portals of Peep O' Day!

## THE OPENING DOOR

THE door that shuts the winter from the spring,  
Swings slowly open, and with eager eyes,  
We look abroad and search the earth and skies  
For friends to gladden with our welcoming.

Some blades of green beside a sunny wall —  
The pussy-willow yonder in the field —  
The tiny stream that wanders through the  
weald —  
The scudding cloud that shadow-tints them  
all, —

How glad we are to see them back again!  
How we have missed them through the months  
of cold,  
These friends, forever new, forever old, —  
Truer, more steadfast than the sons of men!

To-day, a crow, bound North on pinion strong,  
Flung down his welcome as he went his way;  
I heard a robin singing yesterday, —  
The Bethlehem shepherds heard no sweeter  
song!

The door that shuts the winter from the spring  
Ere long shall stand wide open, and a host  
Of those old friends that glad our hearts the  
most  
Will seek and find an old-time welcoming.

## SO GROWS MY LOVE

As MATIN songs succeed the midnight hushes,  
As night's soft breath distils in drops of dew ;  
As daylight grows from dawn's first timorous  
    blushes,  
So in my heart there grows my love for you.

As some far spring steals from the rock's cool  
    shadow,  
And leaps in gladness down the mountain side,  
Then glides 'twixt widening banks across the  
    meadow,  
So love for you grows ever deep and wide.

Through April's smiles and tears the buds are  
    swelling,  
And burst in blossom just to welcome May ;  
So love for you — but, ah ! 'tis past the telling,  
So great, sweetheart, has grown my love to-day !

## THE LAMBS AND THE SHEPHERD

A PLEASANT meadow and a Shepherd's call  
Beyond the confines of a crumbling wall.  
I and a flock of lambs together stay  
Upon this side and wait the coming day ;  
And when that kindly Voice is heard afar  
The lambs in gladness leap the wall's slight bar  
And run to meet the Shepherd. I am old  
And without help I cannot reach the fold,  
But lo ! He comes to where I, trembling, stand  
And reaching o'er the wall He takes my hand,  
And now, within the meadow, He and I  
Watch for the brightening of the eastern sky.

## A TRAGEDY

A SILENT figure standing by the door,  
Watching the postman as he comes across the  
    way;  
Then quivering lips, repeating o'er and o'er  
The man's brief message, "None for you to-  
    day!"

## THE ECHO

IN THE brick-walled gullies which men call  
streets,  
Our hurrying footsteps fall,  
While tortured Echo madly beats  
In vain from wall to wall.

In the wide green places which God has made  
Eternal Stillness keeps  
Her faithful watch while, unafraid,  
The wearied Echo sleeps.

## MARTIUS MENSIS

HERALD of April! Thou art boisterous, rough;  
A queen's forerunner should of gentler stuff  
Be made!

The jade!

Methinks, perchance, she sends thee on ahead,  
While she a little longer lies abed

And takes her beauty sleep. 'Tis like the minx!

Nor is it past all reason that she thinks

Our love for her may all the greater be

Because of what we find to hate in thee.

And there is over-much. We scan in vain

Thy rough, rude ways

For aught to praise;

We count the days remaining of thy reign

As doth the prisoner, doomed for some brief  
while

To dungeon deep, look forward to the smile

Of liberty. O March! Who are thy friends?

Not the old tree on yonder hill, that bends

His head when thou dost speak. Nor yet the  
birds

Which shiver when thou passest by; nor herds

Which at thy rough approach show thee their  
backs,

And seek the shelter of the friendly stacks.

Thou hast no friends! Go bid thy lagging queen

Make haste, and when her smiling face is seen,

She shall have welcome; Thou, O Martius

Mensis

Begone! Thy blustering presence an offense is.



## IN LIFE'S FOREST

THE years are as a forest wherein days  
Are trees, 'mongst which the countless winding  
ways

Of life are found. Upon these paths men go  
And come. They meet, and pass, and it is so  
Sometimes, that there is chance for but one cry  
Of greeting; just one glance from eye to eye,  
Then they are gone, perhaps to meet no more  
Till they have passed beyond the Eternal Shore.

If it were given me to live again  
The life which I have lived on earth with men,—  
To pass once more along the way from birth  
To that last day when endeth life's to-morrow,—  
I'd try and live so that each hour some sorrow  
Might holpen be or some pain eased away;  
Would try and leave some mark upon each day  
As I passed on my journey. So, to those  
Who followed after, as the guide post shows  
The hidden road, my marks along life's way  
Should be so plain that men would note and say  
“ He hath been here but yesterday! ”

## MY ACTINIDIA

OUTSIDE my landing window my Actinidia  
climbs —

(O shades of Shakespeare! tell me what with  
Actinidia rhymes?)

And I love my Actinida for his coat of glossy  
green,

Which he wears from earliest springtime till the  
first snowflake is seen.

With his long, far-reaching fingers he lays hold  
of slat or blind,

And if he search in vain and can no friendly ob-  
ject find,

He ne'er gives up, but reaches out and clutches  
at the wind.

Across my landing window he hath woven lattice  
green,

Where the birds of early morning meet to carol  
and to preen,

And through the leaves the level rays of the  
setting sun are seen.

Each morning I have greeting from this sturdy  
friend who keeps  
His faithful watch while all the weary household  
safely sleeps ;  
And his the face I look on last when all good  
nights are said,  
And I have passed the window on my way up  
stairs to bed.

All through the long, cold winter months the  
window, closed and fast,  
Shut him without to face alone the snow and  
sleet and blast,  
And there he clung and waited with a patience  
unsurpassed.

You should have seen his greeting when I flung  
the window wide  
And he saw me on the landing of the stairway  
just inside !  
Shame filled my heart and I must own the truth  
— I almost cried !

So I love my Actinidia with his coat of bright-  
est green,  
For he giveth good for evil as no other friend  
I've seen,  
Which were a God-like thing and one most dif-  
ficult, I ween.

## CRUCIFIED

THEY wait in far Capernaum,  
On Galilee's blest shore ;  
They wait and hope, and long to feel  
His healing touch once more.

How oft He trod their busy streets,  
And healed each one that came ;  
The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the blind,  
The palsied and the lame.

With eager eyes they scan each sail  
Which may the Master bear ;  
They search the mountain and the vale,  
The Healer is not there !

The women of Samaria  
To Jacob's well repair,  
Hoping to hear again that voice,  
But Jesus rests not there !

Within the home in Bethany  
To which the Master's feet  
Turned at the close of weary day,  
And found a refuge sweet,

The sisters sit and wait in vain ;  
The sunset tints the West  
Ere dies the lingering hope that He  
May be, to-night, their guest.

O weep, ye sick by Galilee,  
Ye blind and deaf and dumb;  
Ye lame and halt who sit and wait,  
Still hoping He may come!

Weep ye who heard that gracious voice,  
Beside the deep, cool well,  
And ye who watched until the shade  
Of Olive's Mountain fell!

For, Him ye wait for, Him ye love,  
Hangs yonder on a tree;  
They crucified the Son of God  
To-day, on Calvary!

## HE IS RISEN

DOUBT sits enthroned among the gloomy hours,  
Night's wide dominion knows no gladdening  
ray;  
Grief holdeth fast Hope's swiftly fading  
flowers,  
Joy died long since, and this is that third Day!

But look! What light, down-dropping, cleaves  
the sky,  
Like meteor swift that shames the brightest  
star;  
And hark! On listening ears earth's tremblings  
die,  
Then live again in footsteps felt afar.

'Tis Heaven's host come down to wake their  
Lord  
From self-imposed sleep within the tomb;  
And, breathless, Heaven waits to hear that word  
Which lifts a world from its abyssmal gloom.

Back from the rocky vault an angel band  
In silence rolls the great stone seal away;  
Then forth, with blessings in His outstretched  
hand,  
Comes He whom death had sought in vain to  
stay.

“The Lord is risen!” Shout, ye Heavenly  
throng!

“The Lord is risen!” Earth take up the cry!  
And unborn ages shall the song prolong —

“He lives again who died on Calvary!”

## A FLOWER OF NEW ENGLAND

THERE is a flower whose name I need not call,  
Which shyly hides beside the crumbling wall,  
Or lifts, through drifts of leaves, her modest  
head

And looks about, and asks, "Is winter dead?"  
O venturous flower! Scarce waiting for the  
spring

Ere thou dost come again with blossoming,  
But, through belated snows,  
Thy hardy petal shows,  
As 'neath its downy blanket peeps  
My baby's pink-white toes.

I love thee well, New England flower!

In many a dell, full many an hour

I've spent in search of thee;

I love thee well, for those I love

— Some of them dwell in Heaven above

And some on earth with me —

Have held thee dear;

And every year thy smiling face

Reminds me of a time and place

More sacred than a pilgrim's shrine,

More holy than the vesper hour,

O sweet New England flower!



## THE SACRED HILLS

THREE hills looking down on the river,  
That silently rolls to the sea  
Through the silvery mists that shiver  
In the valley below the three.

Three hills, and they hold in their keeping,  
Making holy the soil and the sod,  
Our dead who beneath them are sleeping,  
Awaiting the call of their God.

O sweet is the rest they are taking,  
The hills and the valleys among;  
And gone from our hearts is the aching  
That venomed the lip and the tongue.

Forgotten, almost, is the story  
Of bitterness, bloodshed and strife;  
Forgotten the battlefield gory,  
Where our loved one bought peace with his life.

The scars of the nation are hidden,  
The mounds on the hillsides scarce show,  
But memory lives, and, unbidden,  
The tears for our dead softly flow.

Blow soft o'er their turf, winds of Heaven,  
Lie gently, O blossoms of May;  
Till the hills everlasting are riven,  
When cometh God's judgment day!

## A DAY OF THE LONG AGO

THERE'S a day I know of the long ago  
When the sky was all one blue;  
And the robin's song the whole day long  
Voiced the love in my heart for you:

'Twas the self same day in the far away  
When the wind blew soft from the sea,  
And the blue bird's song the whole day long  
Told the love in your heart for me.

'Twas an April day that was almost May,  
A day that was made for love;  
And life was all good as we roamed the wood  
While the sun smiled down from above.

We sought the place where the pure sweet face  
Of the modest star flower showed,  
In the sheltered nook where the singing brook  
Runs down by the old mill road.

For the Mayflower's bloom with its faint per-  
fume  
We searched where the old oak stands;  
And how could I miss when you paid with a  
kiss  
For the blossoms I placed in your hands?

Ah, how could I know that my love would grow  
Since that day in the bright spring weather,  
Truer, stronger, through the years that have  
    known both smiles and tears  
O happy, happy years we've spent together!

## THE MARCH OF THE MEN IN BLUE

Down the broad street, with tattered banners  
flying,  
They march, those men in blue,  
As they have marched year after year, defying  
Old Time his worst to do.

Feebler the steps, but hearts are true and  
steady,  
While hope lights every eye;  
To-day, as fifty years ago, they're ready  
To suffer or to die.

But year by year the ranks are thinner growing,  
For Time will have his toll,  
And since a year ago new names are showing  
On Fame's immortal roll.

On life's wide field Death's scouts are busy ever,  
And one by one they go —  
Brave men in blue who battled oft, but never  
With such relentless foe!

In that great camp beyond the last wide river,  
The army of the dead  
Sleeps undisturbed, while shadowy pontoons  
quiver  
Beneath their comrades' tread.

When they have all passed on and memories only  
Within our hearts remain,  
Tears from our eyes shall fall, sad, and as  
    lonely  
As the autumnal rain.

So long they have been with us! Forms and  
    faces  
Part of our lives have grown ;  
God keep them still in the familiar places  
Which they so long have known!

Up to the hills they march with banners flying,  
Grand Army men in blue ;  
Up where their comrades rest who counted dying  
The least that they could do.

Our hearts go with them and we render gladly  
The tribute of our love,  
Tears mingling with the bloom of May as,  
    sadly,  
We bend their graves above.

O NIGHT THE DARKEST EARTH HAS  
SEEN

NIGHT on the slopes of Calvary's hill,  
Night like a funeral pall,  
Where lie the blood-stained crosses still,  
Beyond the city's wall.

Night where the Roman soldiers pace  
Beside the sealèd rock,  
Where lies the hope of all the race,  
Dead Shepherd of the flock!

Night in Gethsemane's garden where  
So oft the sheltering trees  
Caught the low whisper of His prayer  
And shared His agonies.

Night broods o'er Pilate's restless sleep,  
Night fills his soul with dread;  
Remorse within his heart gnaws deep,—  
His dreams are of the Dead!

Night where Iscariot's body lies  
Dishonored and abhorred;  
Shed bitter tears, ye Syrian skies  
For him who sold his Lord!

Night where the mother Mary mourns  
Her well beloved son,—  
“ O cruel cross! O crown of thorns!  
What evil had he done! ”

Night in the home at Bethany,  
Where oft He loved to go;  
Night in the hearts of the well loved three  
As they watch and whisper low.

O night the darkest earth has seen  
Since chaos reigned afar!  
The hate that slew the Nazarene  
Quenched Heaven's brightest Star!

## A TRIBUTE

(G. H. R.)

IN a safe harbor where the Southern Sea  
Earth's circling arms caressed unceasingly,  
I lay at anchor when there drifted in  
A battered ship, with sails and cordage gone,  
Masts cut away, and decks of all stripped clean  
A storm-tossed hulk but laden, one did say,  
With cargo that would ransom all the kings  
Of earth.

So was it with our friend. Life's storms  
Did buffet him and here and yon did drive;  
Adversity beset him oft and beat him back;  
The waves of trouble o'er him broke and when  
In all his sky no star of hope appeared,  
Infirmity's full tide upon him rolled  
And almost overwhelmed. Yet, through it all,  
No cry save that of prayer escaped his lips,  
No murmur of complaint was ever heard,  
But oft a cheery hail to those cast down  
Or hidden in the mist of doubt and woe,  
While ever was his hand outstretched to those  
Whose needs were more than his.



We may not grieve,  
We who are left behind, for well we know  
That he whom favoring wind did seldom kiss  
Hath long ere this felt heavenly zephyrs blow,  
Wafting him onward to that far-off shore  
Where wait his loved ones long since gone  
before.

## RECOMPENSE

BENEATH a leaden sky in cold November  
I planted roses all one afternoon —  
Rough, thorny things;  
While to my bleeding hands I cried "Remember,  
Winter and Spring shall pass and then fair June  
With all her wealth of blossomings, shall hide  
These cruel stings."

## THE WEARY TEACHER

HER day is ended. All the girls and boys  
Have gone away and now the hideous noise  
Which marked their flight gives place to peace-  
ful calm;

And how the quiet of the moment steals like  
balm,

Into her weary heart! How long the hours  
Have been the while the scent of earth and  
flowers

Called from without! Faint on the summer  
breeze

Come Nature's myriad sounds, — the hum of  
bees, —

The birds' sweet song within the nearby trees,

The ploughman calling to his weary team —

The drowsy murmur of the winding stream

Where lazy cattle stand knee deep and seem

Asleep. How grateful to the tired ears,

These summer sounds the weary teacher hears!

. . . . .

The sun's low rays creep through the open door

Making a shining pathway on the floor,

And still she sits, with head upon her hand —

In weariness that few can understand —

The weary teacher when her day is done!

## THE FLOWER TRANSPLANTED

THE Gardener's gift, the flower, which through  
the long  
Bright summer days made glad the passing  
hours,  
And gave its fragrance, as the birds their  
song —  
Or as the April sky its freshening showers —  
Drooped as the summer waned. The Gardener's  
hand  
Lifts tenderly the fading plant and sweet and  
low  
Soundeth His voice — “ To some fair Heavenly  
Land  
I will transplant thy flower and thou shalt know  
Some day, that I was kind and good to thee,  
When clothed in radiant beauty, thou shalt see  
Its fadeless bloom throughout eternity!”

## WHY THE BIRDS SING

BECAUSE the sky is all one blue,  
Because the soft, sweet summer winds are blowing;

Because the grass is wet with dew,  
And fragrant wild flowers in the woods are showing;

Because they hear the hum of bees,  
Among the blossoms of the orchard yonder,  
And catch the drowsy melodies  
Of brooks which through the grassy meadows  
wander;

Because they hear the cattle call  
As slowly down the valley they are heading  
To where the deep, cool shadows fall  
And giant oaks their sheltering arms are  
spreading.

One day in seven doth man sing  
And offer thanks and praise for God's bestowing,  
But these small creatures of the wing  
Through every hour their gratitude are showing.

O heart of mine! Pour out a song,  
Nor hold thy peace while blessings fall in  
showers;

The world is thine! To thee belong  
Sky, wind, bees, brooks, wild woods and fragrant  
flowers.

## THE CALLING WATER

THE Water calls! — There, on the Eastern  
Shore, —

The breakers' sullen roar, —

The rise and fall of tide, —

The stretch of heaving blue, horizon-wide, —

Ah, as the bridegroom calleth for his bride,

So calls the restless sea, —

Calls with insistent, ceaseless voice, Come! Come  
to me!

The Water calls! Down where the hurrying  
brook

Makes pause, a quiet nook —

How well I know the place!

Often the clear, cool depths have held my face

As in a mirror. Now, — O God of grace! —

Something within me calls

To that deep pool whereon the sunlight never  
falls!

The Water calls! The river hastening down,

Cleaving the quiet town,

Slips past the rocks that try

Its course to stay, but still it hurries by

And I can hear it calling, — hear that cry,

The same that came to me

From that dark pool and from the restless,  
surging sea!

The Water called her! Sea and brook and river  
(Ah, man must needs forgive her!)  
Promised the end of pain  
For weary heart, for fevered, tortured brain:  
And now let tears of love and pity rain  
Upon the upturned face  
From which the calling river washed care's  
    every trace!

## ABSENCE

SHE is gone and the house is so still and so  
lonely!

'Tis the ghost of a home, and my heart whispers  
low,

“ Ah! now you well know it is she and she only,  
Who gladdens your life as the days come and  
go.”

Her chair by the window, a bit of her sewing,  
Her thimble left just where she laid it that  
day, —

Her basket, — a bit of unfinished work showing,  
Her clothes in the closet in sweet disarray, —

All, all as she left them, but she, their bright  
spirit,

Has gone, and 'tis like looking down on the clay,  
When a cold, lifeless form is the gift we inherit  
From Death when some loved one is taken away.

Oh the best of my life went away with her  
going, —

The brightness, the sweetness, the joy and the  
zest!

In my grief-clouded heavens no sunshine is  
showing,

My heart lieth heavy and cold in my breast!



Should there be — O my God — should there  
    be no returning! —  
Should the days and the months and the years  
    still to come,  
Hold never an answer to love's tender yearning,  
Should I live on alone in my desolate home!

There's a step on the stair and the odor of roses  
Steals into the room as I wait by the door;  
And then — she is back! and my arm 'round her  
    closes,  
As softly she whispers, "I will leave you no  
    more!"

## MOTHER'S BAKING DAY

I WAS dozing in my armchair with a book upon  
my knees,  
While through the open window came sweet  
summer's melodies, —  
The sound of many song birds and the hum-  
ming of the bees ;

And the breath of June's red roses drifted with  
the summer wind —  
(Now I love the scent of roses and the wander-  
ing breeze was kind,  
And he bore his lovely burden till he found my  
half-closed blind).

In the culinary region underneath, I thought I  
heard,  
Now and then, its clever goddess as about her  
work she stirred ;  
And I caught the sound of singing though I  
understood no word.

Now I wonder if you've noticed as you've gone  
along life's way,  
How some odor will bring suddenly to mind a  
certain day,  
Or a scene, a pain or pleasure, which till then  
forgotten lay.

As I dozed within my armchair came my friend  
the summer breeze —  
Came and stirred the leaves of that old book  
that lay upon my knees;  
Then he whispered to me, gently, “Here’s a  
something that will please.”

’Twas the smell of ginger cookies from the re-  
gion down below!  
And my thought went back to childhood as an  
arrow from a bow,  
And I stood in mother’s kitchen in the years of  
long ago.

With her sleeves above her elbows and her hair  
all tidied back,  
(She used to say a frowsy-headed girl was al-  
ways slack),  
She would spend the half of Saturday in baking  
up a stack

Of cookies, bread and doughnuts, pies and pud-  
dings, Johnny-cake —  
Oh I cannot call to mind the half the things she  
used to make,  
But I know I always liked to stay around and  
watch her bake.

And I'm sure I must have bothered her, for oft  
I've heard her wish  
"I wouldn't get right under foot," then with a  
sudden "sh ——!"  
She drove me out (but afterward she let me lick  
the dish)!

'Twas fun to watch her mix the dough and use  
the rolling pin;  
And when she had it all rolled out (I always  
thought too thin),  
To see her cut out cookies with a heart-shaped  
cooky tin.

And how I teased to have "what's left," to make  
a cooky man!  
And what a time I had to get him safely in the  
pan!  
And when I had him baked he looked just like a  
palm leaf fan.

As still I dreamed of baking days in which I'd  
taken part,  
I was suddenly awakened from my dreaming  
with a start,  
And there stood the kitchen goddess with a  
fresh baked cooky heart!

Now I wonder if you've noticed as you passed  
along life's ways  
How the smell of something baking, on the mo-  
ment, seemed to raise  
A long-forgotten memory of your mother's  
baking days?

## A SUMMER NOON

THE dusty highway and the city street  
Alike are blistering in the noontide heat.  
Quiet is over all. The dying grass  
Uplifts no finger to the sky of brass ;  
Even the leaves of yonder poplar trees,  
Responsive ever to the slightest breeze,  
Hang motionless. The shrinking shadows crawl  
Beneath the trees. Beside the garden wall,  
Backed to its cooling bulk, the house dog lies  
With dripping tongue. His enemies, the flies,  
Give him no rest and presently he goes  
To the dark cellar to escape his foes.  
A robin on the fence post lifts his wings  
To cool his burning body ; then he sings,  
But seemingly his dry and parchéd throat  
Unequal is to its accustomed note.  
Listless and drooping stand the ranks of corn,  
Longing to feel again the dews of morn.  
Down where the brook has widened to a pool,  
And paused beneath the old oak's shadow cool,  
The cattle stand knee deep and chew their cud,  
Their hot hoofs buried in the cooling mud.  
Up from the meadows basking in the heat  
The smell of new mown hay, like incense sweet,  
Drifts slowly o'er the heads of nodding wheat.  
For one brief hour the reapers' blades are still—  
For one brief hour no sound from yonder mill  
Betrays the whirling stones. The pounding feet

Of weary horses, as they slowly eat,  
Scarcely disturb the reapers as they rest  
Within the half-filled mow. Up on her nest  
A swallow twitters softly to her brood  
And for a time forbears her quest for food.  
Rest rules the welcome hour; but all too soon  
That hour has ended and 'tis afternoon!

## THE WOOD ROAD

SWEET with the smell of pine and fragrant fern,  
Bordered with laurel and the late wild rose,  
Charm adding unto charm with each new turn,  
In sinuous beauty through the wood it goes.

How fair each step of all that winding way  
Carpeted deep with needles of the pine,  
Which 'neath a lace of flickering shadows lay  
Where sunlight softly fell through tree and  
vine.

The wind that sighed among the whispering  
trees —  
The faint, far call of some lone wandering  
bird —  
The rustling of a squirrel — the hum of bees —  
Our own soft footfalls — only these we heard.

Like a dim aisle in old cathedral vast  
The arborous arches shut us from the sky,  
Beauty to beauty added as we passed  
The living pillars lifted up on high.

Like a cool hand in benediction laid,  
Or the low tones of long forgotten prayers,  
Fell on our hearts, within that grateful shade,  
Forgetfulness of earth and all its cares.



And O the sacred peace that lingered there  
Within the wide, deep places of the wood!  
The stillness of the ages seemed to share  
With us that holy, tranquil solitude.

## THERE IS MY HOME

THERE is my home where giant elm trees meet  
In graceful arches o'er the wide old street ;  
Where locusts lift to Heaven their fern-like  
leaves  
And the wistarias clamber to the eaves.

There, where the woodbine paints in living green  
The shingled slopes, and weaves a grateful  
screen  
Beside my deep cool porch from which I see  
Twin birches, ever dear to memory.

There, where my actinidia's tendrils reach  
The roof ; where modest lillies gently teach  
Their lesson ; where the fragrant roses bloom  
And honeysuckles scent the evening gloom —

There is my home ; and to my grateful eyes  
It seems the opening gate of Paradise  
When o'er the lawn the lengthening shadows  
creep,  
And nightfall sends me home to rest and sleep.

Fair is my home, but there's one fairer still  
Where ends the slope of life's last, longest hill ;  
And so along my way, steadfast, I fare,  
Faith whispering to my heart, " Thy Home is  
There ! "

## BURIED TREASURE

WITH pick and spade deep down the delvers go  
Beneath the ruins buried ages since.  
Where Vulcan cast his scoria far and wide,  
A city's parks and streets are drifted full  
Of ash and molten rock. The centuries  
Have flung with careless hand the sifting sand  
In temple court and market place. And now  
Mole-like, the antiquary, bit by bit,  
Delves deep and labors long to clear away  
The wreck which time has made. How happy he  
If, after days of toil, by chance he finds  
A bit of pottery or an ancient coin  
On whose worn face he may discern, perhaps,  
The imprint of some king whose dust long since  
Has blended with the sand from which the coin  
Was dug.

Seekers of treasure in the dust  
Of bygone centuries! Here at our hand  
And in our midst ye may, even now, to-day,  
Find buried underneath the wrecks of sin  
And want and woe, vessels the Potter made  
Who formed the plastic earth; may find the face  
Of Heaven's King show faint on human coin  
Lost, years ago, by careless hands or cast  
In anger off by those who should have saved.

## FATHER'S HOLIDAY

WE'RE always glad when Father has a holiday,  
for then  
He stays at home and tinkers (Ma says, "like  
the best of men");  
And when night comes and we look 'round to  
see what he has done,  
We wonder when he says his holiday was lots of  
fun!

That rocker in the parlor which would squeak  
like all possessed,  
He fixed that up so now we think it's just the  
very best  
Of all the chairs. But sister don't. She always  
has to blow  
'Bout something. Guess the reason is 'twont  
hold her and her beau.

The tall clock in the hallway hadn't struck for  
awful long,  
And not a single one of us could tell just what  
was wrong;  
But that's the kind of tinkering that Father  
seems to like, —  
In twenty minutes by the clock we heard the old  
thing strike!

You ought to see him soldering! The tinman  
isn't in it!  
He'll take a leaky milk pan and in just about a  
minute  
It's just as good as ever, so Ma says; (She's  
awful proud  
Of Father, but she never tells him so right out  
'loud).

The doors with broken hinges and the lock with  
key that's lost,  
The back steps heaved 'way out of place (I  
s'pose that was the frost);  
The coffee pot with lid broke off, the dish pan  
with a leak,  
The dinner bell with clapper gone, the screen  
door spring too weak —

All these odd jobs and O, lots more, did Father  
do to-day,  
And just a little while ago he said 'twas just like  
play!  
I'll bet when I'm grown up like him I won't stay  
home and work  
On holidays like Father does; I'll lay 'round  
like a Turk!

## THE VISION

CHILD in whose upturned eyes  
Shineth a light like that of some lone star,  
What dost thou see which sight to us denies  
Of that bright world afar?

Hast thou a vision bright  
Of golden streets where crystal waters flow, —  
Where radiant angels, bathed in Heavenly light,  
Pass ever to and fro?

Tell us, thou star-eyed one  
If, in that throng around the great White  
Throne  
Are those we love, whose work on earth is  
done, —  
Child, canst thou see our own?

Oh, that our eyes, like thine,  
Could pierce beyond the farthest realm of night!  
Where neither sun nor moon need ever shine,  
For the Lamb giveth light!

Falls on thy listening ear  
Sweet harmony as many an angel hand  
Sweeps soft o'er golden harp? Say, canst thou  
hear  
The music of that Land?

Speak, child! What dost thou see?  
Our eyes are holden, — blind to Heavenly  
things;  
Tell us what vision is revealed to thee,  
What song through Heaven rings!

## THE ORGAN MASTER

WITHIN the gilded pipes sweet notes unnum-  
bered  
In silence slept  
Until the organ master, with caressing hands —  
Gentle as love's commands —  
The keyboard swept, waking each sleeping tone,  
And forth they came; softly at first, alone,  
Then, bolder grown,  
A mighty throng,  
They filled the sacred place  
With wordless song,  
And all the vast dim space  
That lies between the arches overhead  
And the worn pave where sleep the holy dead  
Was sweet with music which the master mind  
Had dreamed.

Almost it seemed as though the informing wind  
That softly breathed into the pipes must be  
The echo of some angel melody;  
For into bruised hearts it stole  
And whispering "Peace!" lo, they were whole;  
Bowed forms were lifted when was heard  
That heavenly music. Souls were stirred  
To better, truer, nobler things



And from the deeps of tear-dimmed eyes  
The beams of heavenly hope arise  
As from the forest pool there springs  
The clear reflection of a star  
That hangs in evening skies.

Dream on! and tell the world thy wondrous  
dream,  
O man of music! and thy melodies  
Shall cheer the camps that stretch along life's  
stream,  
Where hearts grow weary for the home that lies  
Beyond the sunset gleam.

## WORK ON

COURAGE, ye lesser ones! There rides on high  
Only one sun, ruling the hours of day,  
But in the blackness of the midnight sky  
Shines many a star that points the homeward  
way

For mariners upon the trackless sea.  
Who knows for whom his life a star may be?

Work on, nor count thy work a trivial thing, —  
No earnest life was ever lived in vain;  
The fragrance of a wild flower's blossoming  
May soothe a grieving heart or ease a pain.  
Omnipotence upholds each distant star, —  
Omniscient love knows where the flowers are.

## THE WIFE

I KNOW a heart as pure and sweet  
As any drop of dew that glows  
Within the petals of a rose.

I know a pair of dainty feet  
That never rest nor know content  
Unless on love's sweet errands bent.

I know a pair of hands that seek  
Each moment's chance to minister  
To him who is the life of her.

I know dear lips that ceaseless speak  
The words of comfort soft and low  
She sends adrift like thistle blow.

I know of eyes that e'en the dark  
Would pierce to see if her love's face  
Bore of distress or pain a trace.

I know of ears that ever hark  
Lest her beloved's faintest cry  
Of pain or need should pass them by.

Kindness and mercy, truth and grace,  
These, like soft draperies she wears,  
As gently on life's way she fares,

And ever the brightness of her face  
Makes radiant sunshine as she goes —  
God bless her life till life shall close!

## HER EYES ARE WINDOWS

HER eyes are windows of a soul  
Fragrant with all that's good,  
As soft, sweet odors downward drift  
From the pine hearted wood.

Her smile is like the light that falls  
On mountain, lake and plain,  
When, after some brief summer shower,  
The sun shines out again.

Her lips are sweet with many a word  
Of comfort, spoken low ;  
Her ears the chalices wherein  
Rests many a tale of woe.

Her feet are mercy's messengers,  
Swiftly obedient  
To do the promptings of a heart  
Ever on goodness bent.

Her willing hands no rest may know  
When love or duty calls ;  
She scatters kindness as, of old,  
The Heavenly manna falls.

Ah, he who wins her heart of love  
Shall find himself more blessed  
Than he of old whose touch to gold  
Turned all that he possessed!

## MEMORY

(An answer to William Watson's "The Fatal Prayer")

WHO looks but once on beauty's face  
Can ne'er forget that sight,  
Though blindness banish every trace  
Of Heaven's effulgent light.

For there's a hidden chamber where  
Fond memory often goes,  
And Oh! that room is wondrous fair,  
And many a picture shows

Upon those walls. Nay, poet, nay,  
Blind eyes no armor wear,  
For memory's halls are bright as day  
To those who wander there.

Close thou thine eyes and thou shalt see  
(And seeing shalt be blest!)  
Thy mother's eyes that looked on thee  
Asleep, upon her breast.

And though an ocean roll between  
Thy best-beloved and thee,  
Still plainly her dear face is seen,  
Revealed by memory.

## TWO DAYS

SHORT was the road and bright, though no least  
ray  
Found the wood path that wound among the  
trees;  
For one dear presence made as light as day  
That darkening trail the sunlight never sees.

O drear and never ending is the way  
Across the mountain meadow's sun-kissed height,  
Untrodden by the feet which, yesterday,  
Led through the gloom and made the darkness  
light.

## THE OLD YELLOW HIGH CHAIR

DOWN the line from father to son  
The old yellow high-chair came ;  
And now, because of the good it has done,  
And not because it is lame  
In its arms or legs, or is getting rheumatic,  
Up there in the attic,  
Under the eaves,  
Where the falling leaves  
And the pattering rain  
Tell over again  
The story of what's going on outside,  
The old high-chair is allowed to bide  
In peace and quiet ;  
While the rush and riot —  
The scramble of life,  
And the world's mad strife,  
Are all shut out by the friendly roof.

There can certainly be no better proof  
Of its friendship than all those little chinks  
So carefully left in its shingled slopes,  
Through which the North star sometimes winks  
And asks if the old high-chair has hopes  
Of finding his way down stairs once more !  
And then, far back along time's shore  
In thought the old chair wanders ;  
And dreamily he ponders  
On that glad day, so far away,

When he was young, and to him clung  
That wonderful first-born baby!  
Gripping his arms (he can feel it yet!)  
And kicking his legs (will he ever forget?)  
Thumping a soft head, maybe,  
Against his back, and resting there,  
So smooth and round and void of hair,  
That wonderful first-born baby!

Seventy years have passed since then:  
More babies came and grew to men;  
But never a one was so sweet and fair  
As the one that christened the old high-chair.

War! and the first born, held so dear,  
Grown to a man, was a volunteer  
When his country called. Ah, many a tear  
The mother shed;  
And the farewell said  
Was said forever.  
For, back to her never  
Returned her boy, her priceless joy,  
And he rests to-day in a far away  
And unmarked grave 'neath Southern skies;  
While the waiting mother's tear-dimmed eyes  
Were closed long since and now she sleeps  
Where the old pine tree forever keeps  
His watch on the middle ridge up yonder —  
Where the sighing night winds meet and ponder  
Of Death and the harvest that he reaps.



Down the line from father to son —  
And seventy years is a long, long time!  
The old chair thinks of them one by one:  
That first baby's father was in his prime  
When the last baby came and the proud chair's  
arms

Received the girl with her winsome charms;  
But alas! it was scarcely more than a year  
That she tarried here;  
Then she went away,  
And the light of day  
Died out of the sky:  
And the weeks went by  
On leaden feet,  
While all there was left  
For the mother bereft  
Was a memory sweet.

Sad thoughts? Ah yes, but the years that lay  
Between that first and this last birthday, —  
How filled they were with joy for the chair!  
For nine little babies soft and fair  
He held in his arms and sheltered there.  
And the sixth of the nine when he grew to a  
man

And had married a wife and really began  
To live a real life,  
To him, down the line, came the old high-chair  
With coat of yellow and stripes of green;

And the proudest chair that ever was seen  
When the sixth son's first born baby boy —  
His father's pride and his mother's joy—  
Was put in his arms to hold!

And now, for fifteen years or more,  
The old yellow chair graced the nursery floor,  
As proud of the new coat of paint he wore  
As he was of the heads of gold  
That bumped and thumped and rumped and  
rolled  
Against his back, till he thought they must  
crack —  
Six little heads, all told.

“Old friends are best,” is a saying true  
Which appeals to me as it does to you;  
And whether the friend be man or chair,  
Or the tree at the foot of the garden there,  
Or the grandfather's clock at the head of the  
stair,  
Give me the old friends though they be few —  
Let those who will, take the young and the new.

The years went by as a dream is dreamed  
And the babies wore all the paint off the arms  
Of the yellow chair till the bare wood gleamed,  
But that only heightened the old friend's  
charms.  
The babies grew (as they always do)

And there came a day  
Alas for the chair!  
When they took him away —  
Up the attic stair —  
And they put him aside, like an outgrown shoe;  
And there he stood for many a year,  
While sometimes hope and sometimes fear  
Came into his life 'neath the sloping eaves;  
For the whispering leaves  
Would tell of the happenings down below,  
How the children continued to thrive and grow;  
How the eldest was almost to manhood grown  
When Death came by and claimed his own;  
And the old pine tree saw a new grave made  
Where the first born boy was tenderly laid  
And covered away from the snow and the cold  
When the year was new and the century old.

But time works wonders and heals all scars;  
The prisoner, waiting behind the bars,  
Fixes his thought on that far away,  
But steadily coming nearer, day  
Which again shall set him at liberty.

So in silence waits the old high-chair  
For the sound of a step on the attic stair;  
For he knows, as the years go, one by one,  
That down the line from father to son  
His way shall lead; and he hopes to see  
The sixth son's son coming up some day

To take him away ;  
Then his arms shall hold,  
As in days of old,  
A wonderful first-born baby !  
And who of us knows —  
Save the wind that blows  
Over the tree tops and under the rose, —  
How soon that glad time may be ?

Wait patiently, old yellow chair  
For the mounting step on the attic stair ;  
Tell over again,  
O pattering rain,  
And whisper, ye leaves,  
To the sloping eaves,  
The story of what goes on outside,  
That the old high chair  
May not despair,  
But in patience and hope may bide.

## A DAY AT SEA

SUNSHINE and whispering breeze,  
A cloud-flecked summer sky ;  
All day we watch the shimmering seas  
And so the hours drift by.

## AFTER SIXTY YEARS

A YOUNG man walking in a garden fair  
Well filled with flowers whose fragrance filled  
the air,  
Found only one that pleased him, just one rare  
Sweet Marigold.

An old man standing in the sunset light  
Is clasping still his flower and still 'tis bright.  
"O Blossom sweet!" he cries, "God bless, to-  
night,  
My Marigold!"

## A PICTURE

THE night was chill and by my study fire  
I sat and nursed my lately kindled ire ;  
For just within the hour my little girl  
Had done some trifling wrong and, like a churl,  
In anger I had struck the child a blow  
And driven her from me. O may God do so  
To me and more also if I repeat  
The folly of that hour! With lagging feet  
She crept away, and through the open door  
I saw her climb the stair. Now heretofore  
Each night she came and sat upon my knee  
And eased her troubled heart, or else in glee  
She told of something that had caused her mirth.  
Ah me! My fire seemed now but little worth ; —  
Its warmth and brightness vanished with her  
flight,  
And how I missed her kiss and low “ Good  
night.”

. . . . .  
A white robed figure steals into the room,  
Like some fair lily full of sweet perfume,  
And with her face pressed close against my  
breast,  
I am forgiven and she sinks to rest.

## THE PRODIGAL SON'S AWAKENING

OUTCAST and stranger still in this far land!  
The fires which flamed so hot within his heart  
Have burned to ashes now, and hand in hand  
With want, he wanders while with maddening  
smart

His conscience pricks him deep. At night, alone,  
His eyes, uplifted, see in every star  
The eye of God. The night wind from afar  
Finds him as, with no pillow but a stone,  
He tries to sleep, and whispers in his ear.  
He dreams of home. Again he seems to hear  
His father's voice and see the kindly face,  
So filled with love, and for a little space  
He is a boy again and back at home!  
Was it the wind that whispered that sweet word?  
Was it the father's prayer that God had heard?  
The sin-sick dreamer woke. Beneath the dome  
Of Heaven he was alone, but there had stirred  
Within his heart some impulse toward the good,  
And when at last the morning broke, he stood,  
A man once more; and as a wounded bird  
Will seek its nest, so did the wanderer, — come  
Again to self, — turn back once more toward  
home.



## THE AUGUST CROAKER

O SINGER of the fading summer light !  
Thy strident, never-ending monotone,  
Shot, thread-like, through the warp and woof of  
    night,  
Makes through the hours a music all its own.

Both requiem and prophecy thy lay ;  
The summer dies and for her thou must sing ;  
While Autumn's footsteps sound far down the  
    way,  
And thou art herald to the season's King.

## SUMMER PASSES

So FAIR my garden is, so rich with bloom,  
Scarce for another blossom is there room.  
All Summer long, with love and tender care,  
I've watched the countless flowers growing there,  
And all the air  
Was laden with their delicate perfume.

All Summer long! Sad words, for Summer  
wanes,  
And the warm days, blue skies and blossoming  
lanes,  
Give place to Autumn's haze, skies overcast,  
And yellowing leaves.  
All nature grieves  
That Summer's pleasant reign so soon is past.

So fair my garden is! And now, some night,  
With killing blight,  
The frost will lay a ruthless hand on all  
The blooms which hold my heart in loving  
thrall;  
And in the morn of some gray, cold to-morrow,  
Will come to me that bitter grief and sorrow  
Which mothers know  
Who weep and mourn their well-beloved dead;  
And I will go  
And mourn, nor will my heart be comforted.

## THROUGH THE VALLEY

IF IT were mine to choose how I would go  
When, at the last, Death's summons comes to me,  
I'd crave of him our meeting place might be  
In some fair, quiet valley, where the flow  
Of crystal water greets the listening ear;  
Where sentinel peaks look on the scene below  
And guard, with jealous care, the vale held dear.  
I'd ask that it might be some autumn day,  
When Indian summer's glamour holds in thrall  
The warm, bright world; when the lone wood  
bird's call  
Comes faintly, like an echo gone astray.

In such a place, on such a day, died he  
Whom I have known and loved for twoscore  
years;  
And when, unbidden, to my eyes the tears  
Will come, I chide my heart and say "Let be!  
He would not have thee grieve; rather rejoice  
That he, who loved the mountains and the wood,  
The sunlight and the sea and all that good  
Which sprang to being at the primal Voice,  
Knew not Death's valley, 'twas so passing fair,  
Nor knew that Death himself was waiting there,  
Until, beyond the stream, One took his hand  
And bade him welcome to Immanuel's Land."

## MY SHINGLE ROOF

BATTALION on battalion,  
Brigade upon brigade,  
Rank after rank, flank touching flank,  
They wait, all undismayed.

Never was such an army  
In battle line arrayed;  
Row after row they wait the foe, —  
But bear no shining blade.

No banners o'er them flying,  
No thunderous cannonade,  
No roll of drums, no shrieking bombs,  
No bursting of grenade.

But braver, truer soldiers  
Ne'er formed on esplanade,  
They scoff at fate, in silence wait  
Time's furious enfilade.

Winds sweep down on them fiercely,  
But never a renegade  
Slips from his place or hides his face  
From the enemy's cavalcade.

By the heat all bent and twisted,  
All drenched in the rain's cascade,  
Torn by the gale, beaten by hail,  
Still they hold their barricade.

And we, in our home underneath them,  
As we ponder the part they have played,  
Have our hearts a glow? Do glad tears flow,  
As we think of them there, unafraid?

Then here's to the battered old soldiers!  
All honor the stand they have made!  
Every foe held aloof on the slopes of my  
roof, —  
Hats off to the shingle brigade!

## THE VANISHED SPIRIT

I SAW her here but yesterday, Spirit of Summer,  
bright and warm —  
O whither has she fled away with all her graces  
multiform?  
But yesterday I felt her breath, sweet with the  
scent of fern and pine —  
To-day, one whispers of her death and even the  
sun forbears to shine.

She was too fair to die, too fair; she seemed of  
life a very part,  
Sweet Spirit, wandering everywhere but always  
shrined within my heart;  
Beyond the brook, beside the wood, where  
meadows blushed with blossomed clover —  
O all the earth was warm and good with Sum-  
mer's Spirit hovering over.

The daisies and the golden rod, the jasmine and  
the meadow sweet —  
How well they knew the way she trod, how  
watched they for her coming feet!  
They droop and pine with grief to-day, they  
shiver in the Autumn storm —  
O whither has she fled away, Spirit of Summer,  
bright and warm?

BUILD NOT THINE EARTHLY HOME  
SO FAIR

BUILD not thine earthly home so fair,  
So filled with things which may thy soul delight,  
Lest thou forget that Mansion in the skies  
Which ever lies  
Beyond thy sight.

Let not earth's music dull thy listening ear  
To those sweet tones which float forever down  
From that far Sphere,  
As though to drown  
The Noise of life which thou mayest hold too  
dear.

## NIGHTFALL ON THE LAKE

A DROP of dew within the rose,  
One star lies in the West;  
And mirrored in the lake one shows,  
That in the zenith burns and glows —  
Diamond upon my lady's breast.  
The far off cries of whip-poor-will  
Faint wandering echoes wake, and hill  
Sends answer back to hill. The brake  
Stirs gently where the ripples kiss  
And die. Upon the pebbled shore  
A boat grounds softly. Now an oar  
Stirs the still waters far away  
In the deep shadows on the bay.  
The fragrant breath of night drifts down  
The wooded slopes. The soft wind stirs  
Among the lifted heads of firs  
And pines. The low-browed mountains frown  
Upon the Lake asleep below,  
But guard her with a jealous care,  
As knights of old their lady fair.  
Beside the road that creeps around  
The slumbering water, cattle stray;  
Faint and still fainter comes the sound  
Of tinkling cow bells low and sweet  
Across the water of the bay —  
Meet Angelus for the closing day.



Dear Lake! In memory oft, our feet  
Shall tread again that happy strand,  
Or, on her bosom, we, content,  
Shall live again the days we spent,  
Thrice happy days! But if Fate cries  
“ It shall not be!” or Love denies  
To you and me the boon we crave,  
Faith whispers low, “ A fairer wave  
Breaks yonder on that Heavenly shore!  
There all shall meet and sandaled feet  
Find rest beside the crystal tide  
That laves the golden street.”

## THE LIVING FLAG

O WONDROUS fair was the sight we saw  
And it thrilled us through and through,  
For there, at the doors of the courts of law,  
Was the red, the white and the blue,

A living flag! our flesh and blood,  
It spread before our eyes;  
Tear-dimmed before that sight we stood,  
'Neath the fair October skies.

Henceforth those steps of carven stone  
That front the coming day,  
Are sacred as the cross whereon  
The Crucified once lay.

Makers of law! when next you tread  
That way of the entering in,  
Go softly, with uncovered head,  
And purge your hearts of sin;

For twice a thousand mothers' tears  
Baptized the fabric fair,  
Of which was wrought, throughout the years,  
The living banner there —

And twice a thousand mothers' pain  
Has hallowed all the spot  
Whereon its priceless folds have lain —  
Defile, degrade it not!

O wondrous fair was the sight we saw  
And it thrilled us through and through,  
To see at the doors of the courts of law,  
The living red, white and blue!

## THE ROOM BEYOND

“WHERE’S Mother?” cries my little child to-day

And I, impatient at her noise, though fond,  
Bid her be quiet; then, more softly, say,

“Your mother rests, child, in the room beyond.”

“Where are our loved ones?” is the cry which  
breaks

From anguished hearts when Death has cut  
the bond

Between us; and ’tis Faith quick answer  
makes, —

“They rest and wait you in the Room Beyond.”

## THE WINDING OF THE CLOCKS

THERE'S a scene I oft recall when Sunday morn-  
ing comes around,  
And I lie abed and listen to the ticking of the  
clocks ;  
And, as I listen, thought goes back to child-  
hood with a bound,  
And one old door in memory's hall that ceaseless  
tick unlocks.

I can see as though 'twere yesterday and I a  
child again,  
Among the countless pictures hung for those  
dear walls' adorning,  
One that stands out from the others, bright with  
joy and dark with pain,  
Of my father as he wound his countless clocks  
on Sunday morning.

Much I wondered in my boyhood why so many  
clocks he had,  
For I never saw in other homes the half of those  
he owned ;  
Nor a clock that could compare, or so it seemed  
to me, a lad,  
With the great tall one I loved, which seemed to  
me the sweetest toned.

He would take me with him often when he went  
around to wind them,  
And I never thought then how the scene would  
linger through the years;  
But all clocks remind me now of him, no matter  
where I find them,  
And their hands point back to childhood's time  
and all its hopes and fears.

One dark, rainy Sunday morning, he and I, to-  
gether standing,  
Watched the heavy old brass pendulum swing  
slowly to and fro;  
'Twas the tall grandfather's clock that stood  
upon the stairway landing,  
With the bell I always loved to hear so sweet it  
was and low.

Always I had thought my father harsh and stern  
and void of feeling,  
For he seldom showed to any one the love his  
heart might know;  
But to me, this rainy Sunday, came a sudden  
brief revealing  
And it smote my tender boyish heart as one  
might strike a blow.

We had stood for some time silent, he with hands  
upon my shoulder,  
And the ticking of the old clock blended with the  
beating rain ;  
Somehow, as we stood there watching, silence  
seemed to make me bolder,  
And I glanced up in his face but quickly  
dropped my eyes again.

For my glance had caught the shining of big  
tear drops, all unshed,  
And his mouth was tense with feeling and his  
face with grief was marred ;  
Quickly stooping down he drew me to his breast  
and stroked my head,  
Then flung both his arms around my little form  
and squeezed me hard.

Not a word he spoke and never have I known  
just why was given  
That brief glimpse of love and feeling which I  
saw in him that day ;  
Nearly forty years have vanished since he went  
his way to Heaven,  
But the memory of that morning shall forever  
with me stay ;

For, when cometh Sunday morning, and I listen,  
as to singing,  
To the ceaseless tick, tick, ticking which fond  
memory's door unlocks,  
I can see, as though 'twere yesterday, that  
shadowy portal swinging,  
And again I'm with my father as he stands and  
winds his clocks!



## THE CHILDLESS WOMAN'S CRY

No CHILD! O pitying Christ, why, through these  
years,  
Hast Thou that priceless gift to me denied,  
Though often I have plead with Thee and tears  
The greatness of my grief have testified?

Nightly I've dreamed these longing arms have  
held  
A tiny form whose eyes were like my own;  
Then waked, to find the vision sweet dispelled,  
And I with mocking sorrow left alone!

O there are some, dear Lord, whose arms are  
filled,  
And still to them Thou sendest more and more,  
While I am childless! Deem me not self-willed,  
But give, O Thou whom sweet-faced Mary bore,

Give me one only child! Birth-pains were sweet  
And death itself a gift I'll gladly take  
May I but feel my baby's heart throbs beat  
Against my own; feel clinging lips that slake  
Their need at generous breasts, dry all these  
years.

O Thou who wast a child! For His dear sake  
Grant me, at last, surcease of these sad tears.

## AT THE YEAR'S END

THE house is still! Those whom I love have gone  
To rest, and sleep has claimed them for her own.  
The house is still: and yet full many a sound  
Falls on the listening ear. Up from the ground  
The snow is caught and on the midnight gale  
Goes swirling through the air and lips grow pale  
When suddenly it dashes 'gainst the pane  
As though the shrieking wind would entrance  
gain.

In cheerful contrast with the world outside  
I watch the glowing logs within the wide  
Old smoky fireplace, while the flame's soft lap  
Makes pleasant music. Now a quick, sharp snap  
Beneath the porch tells of the heaving frost.  
In a far corner where the light is lost  
Among the shadows, lurks a prowling mouse,  
Waiting his chance to search the sleeping house.

The old clock's solemn tick marks steadily  
The march of time toward eternity,  
And I am minded that the hour is near  
Which ends the old and brings the glad new  
Year.

I sit alone and with a thoughtful heart  
Recall the vanished days, setting apart  
Each in its turn and noting how the good  
Or evil marked the hours. Some of them stood

In sharpest contrast with the rest. Dark days  
There were, when Nature's face and heart all  
haze —

Enwrapped, reflected well my own sad mood,  
And seemingly the world held nothing good.  
Then there were other days when, like a song,  
The hours seemed but to sing themselves along,  
And never was the sky so clear a blue!  
Well do I know, to-night, that ever, through  
Dark days and bright, a Father's clasping hand  
Was leading me, as toward the promised land  
In days of old, it led His chosen ones.  
Ah! well for us if we, acknowledged sons  
Of His, would take Him at His word. Then  
might

There be for us no more recurring night  
And day of doubt and faith but that sweet trust  
Which children have in us.

A bitter gust

Brings from the east the sound of chiming bells  
And glancing upward at the clock, it tells  
Me, with both hands upraised as if in prayer,  
“ The New Year is at hand ; the old is—there! ”

## THE LIVING LINCOLN

“SHE is not dead but sleepeth.” Thus the Lord  
To those who mourned and wept, long years  
ago  
Beside the bier of one by death laid low.  
But even death was vanquished by His word  
And when He spake, bidding the maid arise,  
Her willing soul came back from Paradise  
And life and health looked from her opening  
eyes,  
Obedient to the living Voice they heard.

Thou, Lincoln, art not dead! We call thy name  
And lo! Out of the past thou dost arise,  
And once again those sad and tender eyes  
Where shone the truth with pure and steady  
flame  
Look in our own. We see thy grief-scarred  
face  
Where years of war had left their lasting  
trace, —  
The rugged, homely face which oft became  
The butt of fools and, to their lasting shame,  
The jester's sport, the target of buffoons.

We listen and across the stretch of years,—  
Soft as the lullaby the mother croons,—  
Cometh thy voice and into willing ears

Findeth sure entrance. Heart and soul are  
thrilled

As by some sweet and well remembered strain,  
Dear to our youth and now heard once  
again, —

Echoes of voices loved but long since stilled.

Thou livest still! Not more the gracious sun  
Doth bless the earth which soon he shall have  
won

From Winter's icy grasp than doth fond mem-  
ory

Warm us and cheer to-day. O rare sad smile,  
Flashing like sunshine o'er the stern, set face!  
O face where sorrow dwelt, but never trace  
Of anger, passion, hate, resentment, guile!

We may not call thee dead! It is not death  
To leave a moldering body whence the breath  
Has taken flight and find a holy shrine  
Set up in every loyal, loving heart  
Throughout our land! Nay, that great life of  
thine,

Till time shall end, is of our lives a part.  
We bless the day that marks thy humble birth,  
Counting our land the favored land of earth  
Because it nurtured thee. O Man of men,  
Ne'er shall we look upon thy like again!

## IF ONLY——!

When we stand looking down on some dear  
face,  
Death having done his work and gone away,  
Scarce can we find it in our hearts to say  
“’Tis well!” but we would have our dead  
retrace  
The steps that led from us away. With tears  
And choking voice we cry aloud and say  
“Dear heart, come back for just one little day!”  
And shudder as we think of wasted years.  
Ah, could we only look far down the way  
Which we shall travel with our well beloved,  
And could we only realize that day,  
Swift coming, when from us shall be removed  
Our heart’s delight! Then often would we  
show  
The love we feel but all too often hide —  
And when Death comes and it is time to go,  
Almost would our poor hearts be satisfied.

## DISCONTENT

THE rose that blooms within my garden yonder  
Sigheth ofttimes —

“ Might I but scale these frowning walls and  
wander

To other climes ! ”

There is no heart in home's safe shelter hiding  
But sometimes cries :

“ O that I were some otherwhere abiding, —  
Beyond home ties ! ”

Cold are the winds that sweep from yonder  
mountain,

O sheltered rose !

From many a homeless heart a bitter fountain  
Of sorrow flows.

## THE NEW BOOK

AT MID of yesternight one came to me  
As by my burned out fire I sat, and thus  
He spake: "Here is a book whose leaves are fair  
And clean and pure as is a virgin's heart;  
Take it, — thou hast no choice, — and thou  
must write

On every page; that task thou mayest not shun.  
Remember, too, no line that thou shalt write  
On these fair pages may erased be  
But must forever stand, and shall be read  
By all thy fellows and thy God. So write,  
Therefore, that shame's red dye stain not thy  
cheek,

Nor the sharp tooth of gaunt remorse sink deep  
Into thy heart when thou shalt turn thine eyes,  
In backward glance, upon the pages where  
Thy pen hath left, indelibly, its mark."



## O SWEET, MY VALENTINE

UNSATISFIED mine eyes had roamed afar  
Nor lingered long on sun or moon or star,  
But when, by chance, they met those eyes of  
thine,  
They roamed no more, O Sweet, my Valentine!

Mine ears had searched the ether many a year  
Nor found one voice than others yet more dear,  
But when they heard that tender voice of thine,  
The long search ended, Sweet, my Valentine!

Some meed of bliss my lips had sought in vain  
And to their parchèd selves returned again,  
But when at last they found those lips of thine,  
They sought no farther, Sweet, my Valentine!

Vainly my heart, with tender yearnings filled,  
Beat on in loneliness until there thrilled  
Against it that warm, loving heart of thine,  
O heart of hearts, O Sweet, my Valentine!

## LINES

*Written among the Ruins of St. Pierre.*

BENEATH our feet unnumbered thousands lie  
Who drank but once of Pelee's poisoned breath,  
Then, sending heavenward one despairing cry,  
They sank in silence to their dreadful death.

No chance was theirs to flee impending fate,  
For Pelee spake but once and all was o'er;  
And like a blast from Hell's wide opened gate,  
His fiery breath rolled downward to the shore.

Veiled for a season was Heaven's smiling face,  
The sun withdrew in horror from the sight,  
The while the sea fled, quivering, from the place,  
And neighboring mountains trembled in their  
fright.

O city resting so confidingly  
Beside the mountain, towering to the skies!  
O happy people of the Southern sea,  
Upon whose heart no thought of danger lies!

To-day thy city lies in ruined heaps,  
Thy dwellings are thy people's only tomb;  
The sea sings softly and forever keeps  
Her faithful watch beside thy place of doom.

Beneath our feet unnumbered thousands lie  
Who worked and loved and lived without a care,  
And only crumbling ruins meet the eye,  
Where once lay peaceful, trusting Saint Pierre.

## IT IS THE SAME

THE wind that drives against my window pane  
The icy rain —  
That makes the shivering old trees rock and  
groan,  
And send wild moan  
Into the wintry sky —  
Tossing gaunt arms on high —  
Is this the wind that seems so kind  
When June her joy prolongs?  
That fans my cheek as though to speak  
Some message past all uttering?  
That like the faintest fluttering  
Of angel wings, its echo brings  
Of long forgotten summer songs,  
When long forgotten summers came?  
Is it the same? Is it the same?

The Voice that bids His radiant angels go  
(O sad, sad hour!)  
And pluck from love's fair garden here below  
Its fairest flower, —  
Is it the same that bade that garden bloom?  
Can the same Voice be Blessing and its Doom?  
Answers the Voice of Him who overcame —  
“The Voice that gave Me life in Mary's womb,  
Gave Me both death and life in Joseph's tomb,—  
It is the same! It is the same!”

## JESUS GARCIA'S RIDE

JESUS GARCIA, Hero, died  
As of old, that other One  
Who for man was crucified, —  
Son of man and God's dear Son.

His own life he might have saved,  
Had he loved his fellows less;  
Death in awful form he braved,  
Proving his unselfishness.

Not with nations looking on, —  
Waiting victory or defeat;  
Not where flashing sabers shone —  
Not to drum's inspiring beat, —

All alone he rides at Death,  
Gripping hard his iron rein;  
Never once he wavereth,  
This brave son of Mexic-Spain!

Nacozari, stricken dumb,  
Saw him thundering down the track, —  
Nearer, nearer, watched him come,  
Grim Destruction at his back!

Never once he slackened rein,  
Urged his steed to do its best,  
Swept past like a hurricane —  
Nacozari knows the rest.

Jesus Garcia, Hero, died!  
But his name shall never die;  
Nor the story of his ride  
Fade from grateful memory!

## TO MY OLD ARM CHAIR

IN THE business of life we've been partners, old  
friend,  
For many a year, for many a year ;  
And partners we'll be till the business shall end,  
With many a tear, I there, and you here.

How often I've found in your sheltering arms,  
When at rest there I lay, at the close of the day,  
A solace and comfort surpassing the charms  
That would lure me away, that would tempt me  
to stray.

And sometimes, when sorely beset in the fight,  
When foes have been strong and the hours have  
been long,  
Then, your back to mine, we have fought  
through the night,  
And we vanquished the wrong, met the day with  
a song!

Stay with me, old friend, to the close of life's  
day,  
And when the lights fade and the shadows in-  
vade,  
Let me rest in your arms where so often I lay,  
And pass, unafraid, to the Valley's dim shade.

## THE ENGINEER

WITH his hand upon the throttle,  
With his eyes upon the track,  
Thinking only of the safety  
Of the sleepers at his back;  
With the lives of half a thousand  
In the hollow of his hand,  
Hero of the age of iron —  
At “attention” see him stand.  
The Engineer!

You have seen him, or can see him,  
Any day or any night,  
And your eyes have never rested  
On a more worth-seeing sight;  
Sticking grimly to his saddle,  
Urging on his steed of steel;  
Though he knows that Death is waiting  
For the turning of a wheel, —  
He knows no fear!

Fear? He never knew the meaning  
Of a word so mean and base,  
But his courage knows no measure,  
See it shining in his face!  
Seemingly in love with duty,  
As a bridegroom with his bride,  
Hundreds, yea, a thousand, trust him  
And their trust has deified  
The Engineer!

Sing not of the brilliant charges  
Of your far-flung battle line!  
This man hourly charges danger  
With a bravery divine.  
Not a voice to cheer him onward,  
Not an eye to see but God's;  
Not the sound of drum or bugle,  
Just the clanking of his rods  
Comes to his ear!

Boring into unknown blackness  
With Cyclopean eye of light;  
Reeling off the miles which endless  
Stretch before him into night;  
Watching ever for the signal  
Which may tell of waiting death;  
With a hand that feels the pulse beats,  
Ears that note each panting breath, —  
The Engineer!

So through life he rides at danger,  
But at last will come a day  
When ahead will flash the signal  
“Stop! Death has the right of way.”  
Pray Thee, Lord, that of Thy mercy,  
There may be reserved for him,  
Place on high among the angels, —  
Seat among the Seraphim,  
Brave Engineer!



## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Love, like the summer flower that in my garden  
blows,  
May bloom and quickly die ;  
While friendship, like the vine which o'er my lat-  
tice grows,  
Shall winter storms defy.

## GROWING OLD

MY CAT grows old. The sign? Is this, —  
For years when bedtime, mine and his,  
Would come around he seemed to know  
Somehow, the time of night, and so  
Would hide away in some dark place,  
Which plainly meant, when all was said,  
“ I’m not quite ready for my bed.”

But lately, long before the hour  
Has sounded from the old church tower,  
He sits beside the cellar’s steep  
And narrow stair that leads to sleep,  
Begging me with his upturned eyes  
And with his vibrant tail that tries  
So hard to make me understand, —  
Begging that I put out my hand  
And do the thing he cannot do, —  
Unbar the door and let him through.

So we, sometimes, as years increase,  
Sigh for the hour that brings release;  
And often when the way grows steep  
Or rough, we tire and long for sleep,  
And for the Master’s lifted hand,  
That shall admit us to that land  
Where he doth shepherd all his sheep, —  
And give to his beloved, sleep.

## THE OLD BRICK HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY

'Tis Christmas night. A flood of moonlight falls  
Upon the old square house across the way,  
The old brick house, whose solid, well-built walls  
Have, for a hundred years, defied decay.  
Another hundred might have tried in vain  
To batter down those walls or entrance gain  
Through the stout door that shut the wind and  
rain

Of summer, and the winter's driving snow  
From those within, but built for use, not show,  
The modern houses standing near cried, " Slow!  
Old-fashioned! Tear the old house down!" and  
so

The landmark of a century must go!  
The roof is off, and all the windows gone;  
The rafters fling black shadows to the floor  
That lies so strangely bare and ghastly white  
Through the long hours of the December night.  
No sound, no movement, save one chamber door  
That creaks upon its rusty hinge, and throws  
Slow moving shadows when the night wind blows.  
The hour is late, but from my window's height,  
Looking upon the beauty of the night,  
I see, through swift-transforming mists of tears,  
That ghastly, moon-lit skeleton of Home;  
I see the ghosts that throng the hundred years,

Dead, bygone years. Out of the past they come,  
As forms loom suddenly in fog or night,  
And then as quickly vanish from the sight.

I see the ghost of that first year when two  
Came hand in hand, and standing at the door,  
Thanked God for home. How fair it was! How  
new!

How radiant the bride as she passed through  
The welcoming home door, and was lost to view!  
Vanish the year! Another takes its place,  
And through the mist I see another face,  
A dainty, fairy face. How soon 'tis gone —  
How fast the phantom years come crowding on,  
And how they fill with faces new and forms  
That shift and drift like clouds in summer  
storms.

Out of the Past they come, but whither go?  
And why are some so radiantly bright,  
While others seem to merge into the night  
And be its counterpart? Burdened with woe  
Are these, and my unwilling eyes see Death  
With sorrow's garments trailing on the wind.  
Then more bright years, but as I look upon  
Their fading brightness they are quickly gone—  
So fleet is Time when to his children kind.  
The wintry wind sweeps through the wide old  
street,  
Making the aged elm trees moan and rock.

Far off I hear the old cathedral clock  
Strike twelve, and as the last note softly dies,  
The moon goes out, and now the old house lies  
Deep in the shadow of a passing cloud.

As darkness makes the phosphored dial show  
More clearly to the weary watcher's eyes,  
So now an old-time picture stands revealed  
Against the blackness of the clouded skies,  
And ghostly, vanished years their secrets yield.  
I see the house as on old Christmas nights  
It stood adorned with flowers, ablaze with lights;  
Cheerful with fires that cast their ruddy glow  
Out where the old post road lay deep with snow.  
Dim spectral forms fill every room. The fair,  
The brave, the young, the old are gathered there,  
And see! The ghosts of that first happy pair  
Receive their ghostly guests with welcoming  
smile,

Standing before the fireplace where, the while,  
The fire burns on and on but grows no less!  
A happy pair, but O, how older grown!  
A loving pair; I note the soft caress  
She gives the white-haired groom; nor I alone,—  
Children and children's children gathered there  
Make sly and jocund comment and the fair  
Old bride protests her right. A happy pair!  
They are not old to-night; love keeps them  
young,

And as I watch them move about among  
The merry guests that crowd each spacious room  
I wonder which is happier, bride or groom.

O ghost of happiness, seen through falling tears!  
O ghost of love that blessed the hundred years!  
O fireside ghosts of happy Christmas days!  
This is the end! To-morrow earth's highways  
Shall be your trysting place, for the old home  
Shall vanish utterly and nevermore  
May you on Christmas nights together come,  
And, as to-night, with one another meet  
There, in the old brick house across the street.

## THE TREE OF THE CROSS

### *A Legend*

ONCE when I wandered in a silent wood  
With eyes uplifted to the mighty trees  
That people those dim realms of solitude —  
Grim guardians of Nature's mysteries —

My thought turned backward to an olden time  
And older country by the sacred sea, —  
Dwelling on that which was the age's crime,  
The age's blessing to humanity ;

And from much thinking of the cross where  
He  
Laid down his life I came to think at last  
Of one thing only, the accursed tree  
From which the cross was fashioned, and its  
past.

Did it, like these around me, spring from  
earth?  
Did it, like these, through ripening centuries  
grow?  
Or did it have, Minerva-like, its birth  
Full grown, inheritor of awful woe?  
Was it well favored? Had it aught of grace,

Or was the curse of Heaven its only boon?  
Clustered the fragrant wild flowers at its base?  
These questions asked my heart from morn till  
noon,

And when the lengthening shadows eastward  
crept,

Wearied, I threw myself beneath a tree  
To rest, and as I rested must have slept,  
And as I slept this legend came to me, —

Upon that night when Mary's Child was born  
Beneath the Star which hung o'er Bethlehem,  
A little tree stood shivering in the wind,  
Within a wood outside Jersusalem.

The mother tree was O so fair and tall,  
And stately as a ship upon the sea ;  
Her little one, so helpless and so small,  
The tiniest tree in all the wood was he.

Down through the latticed leaves a strange  
new light  
Made flickering shadows underneath the trees,  
And on the stillness of the winter night  
There fell the strains of Angel melodies.

“ O Mother, what sweet music do we hear?  
Why do the angels sing in yonder sky? ”  
And though the mother's heart was sick with  
fear  
She said, “ They sing my baby's lullaby.”



“ O Mother, why has God hung in the sky  
That bright new star that makes the shadows  
here?”

“ Thou shalt know all when thou art tall as I,  
Now sleep, my child, thy mother watches  
near.”

“ But Mother! see how dark my shadow shows  
Upon the ground, and how my arms have  
grown!  
Now you are trembling though the night wind  
blows  
So gently: Why? ” “ O hush and sleep, my  
own! ”

O prescient mother love! O wordless fears!  
O cankering grief that may be shared with  
none!  
O vista through the three and thirty years!  
O death in life and life but just begun!

Upon that night when Judas sold his lord,  
Above Jerusalem, the listening moon  
Heard from a wooded slope, a wailing chord  
That through the clustering tree tops seemed  
to swoon;

And then, upon the rising wind was borne  
The sickening sound of woodman's cleaving  
blade ;  
And ere the crowing cock proclaimed the  
morn,  
Three rough-hewn crosses had the craftsman  
made.

Three rough-hewn crosses and the mother tree  
Looks on and knows what fruit the three shall  
bear !  
Knows what the morrow's midday sun shall  
see  
On Calvary while Mary watches there !

“ O had I human speech ! Then should her ears  
Drink in what comfort it were mine to spare ;  
Then should she know my heart, through all  
these years,  
Held of her grief and mine an equal share ! ”

Upon that night when Joseph's tomb was  
sealed,  
Two mothers grieved within a moon-lit wood,  
And each to each the mother heart revealed,  
Though neither knew the other understood.

For all unwittingly had Mary come  
And thrown herself beneath the mother tree,—  
Spent with her sacrificial grief, and dumb  
With impotent and tearless agony.

She sleeps, but in her troubled dreams, again  
She stands before the cross on Calvary;  
She hears her first born's cry of mortal pain,  
And fears, then hopes, that death may pass  
Him by.

She sees the hands which had so oft caressed  
Her own, with cruel, blood-stained spikes  
thrust through;  
Then, in her dream, she drew upon her breast  
The head which never softer pillow knew.

She sleeps, and stirring, as the night grows  
chill,  
The old tree softly covers her with leaves,  
While o'er the upturned face, so white and  
still,  
The kindly moon a veil of shadows weaves.

At dawn she wakes, and, as her opening eyes  
Note the kind deed which marked the chill  
night hours,  
Clasps with her arms the rough old trunk and  
cries

“ O, next to me He loved the trees and flowers ! ”

“ And yet upon a tree they nailed my Son,  
And I had thought to curse all such as thee,  
But now, because of this that thou hast done,  
The cross forevermore shall sacred be.”

The night had fallen when at length I woke,  
And through the trees I saw the moonlight  
gleam ;

In soft low whispers kindly nature spoke,  
Making more real the substance of my dream ;

And hastening homeward, quickly I trans-  
ferred

To paper all the legend I had dreamed,  
So real to me was every spoken word,  
So sweet and tender every picture seemed.

## NOTES



## NOTES

The Lambs and The Shepherd—Written on the occasion of a church communion service when twenty young people united with the church and one aged woman, unable to be present, had the elements administered to her at her home.

Memory—William Watson's "Fatal Prayer" is given below.

"I vanquish," said the youthful King,  
"My foes on every field;  
Yet, ye strong Gods, to one vain thing  
How helplessly I yield:

"Behold me fall'n a slave each hour  
To some dark long-lashed eye!  
Oh, grant me, Kings of Heaven, the power  
That sorcery to defy."

They heard; and from their ruthless height  
The dreadful gift was thrown—  
The armour against Beauty's might  
Worn by the blind alone.

The Living Flag—During the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, 1909, 2,500 school children were massed on the steps of the state capitol at Albany, N. Y. so as to form an enormous living flag.

Jesus Garcia's Ride—On Nov. 8, 1907, Jesus Garcia, engineer on a mining railroad in Northern Mexico, pulled a blazing train of blasting powder and dynamite past the little town of Nacozari and sticking to his engine till he had reached the open country, perished when the explosion came which utterly annihilated the entire train.







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